

## Election Board

Every year the Election Board comes in for criticism, and this Spring is no exception.

In several dormitories there was an inadequate supply of ballots. This should never happen. The board could just as easily have prepared an adequate supply of ballots for every person in the dormitory.

Unused ballots are easily disposed, but an inadequate supply of ballots prevents students from voting.

The Election Board is at least in part responsible for the small turnout in the elections.

Furthermore, there were more than forty potential voters in the infirmary with measles. The Election Board neglected to have ballots sent to the infirmary. There were several elections, including one of the four major student government officers elections which hinged on less than forty votes. The Election Board may have cost some people the election.

The Election Board in fact did cost one person the election in a student council race, when it did not print the candidate's bi-partisan section board endorsement next to his name on the ballot. This candidate was lucky in that he had previously been elected an officer of this group and hence is a hold-over member. There is considerable doubt as to whether there should be hold-over members. However, although he was lucky, someone in the future might not be so fortunate.

The night of the election, the Election Board was also lacking in vision. Usually by 7 p.m. ballots have been sorted and are at that time ready for counting. This spring it took a person not on the board to see to it that the ballots were sorted; after nothing had been done by 7. The procedure cost the ballot counters an hour, and stretched the counting procedure to sometime after 9 a.m.

There was another area where there was some trouble. However, this was only partly the Election Board's fault. In some areas there were no poll tenders. Thus, there was no one to see that the Election was conducted correctly. This was only partly the Election Board's fault in not providing enough ahead of time for poll tenders, but it is also the fault of a student body, which takes no interest in campus affairs, when there are not enough available volunteers to tend polls for one hour on one or two days of the year.

On the credit side the Election Board did a capable job of handling the melee of counting on Tuesday night and in getting a speedy recount of the elections in doubt.

Another factor on the credit side of the Election Board picture, but definitely on the debit side of the student body picture is that they handled the election fairly adequately with a minimum amount of members. The job of the Election Board is a thankless one, but surely more students could help out to see that the job is done right rather than just griping about it afterward.

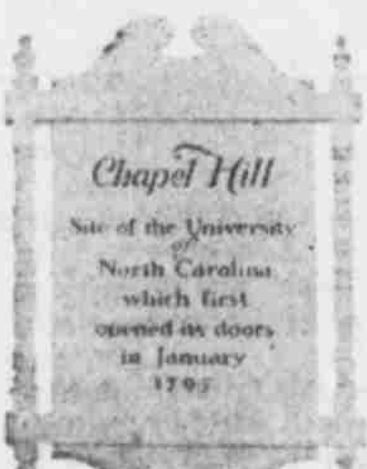
The entire problem of student unwillingness to do anything for anybody else is pictured in the entire election picture.

Next Tuesday the student body has a chance to help out the Election Board by serving in those capacities which are unfilled. There will be a need for poll tenders, for counters, for sorters, and for people to keep the Election Board on their toes to see that they remember the things they forgot this election. A small group of people can't think of and do everything.

The student body has another small obligation—to take two minutes of their time and vote.

## The Daily Tar Heel

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## Ad Libs

Whit Whitfield

There's more than one way to make the headlines, and a former UNC law student has found the way.

The fact that he is a former Tar Heel may help explain the fact that he has embarked upon an enterprise such as he has, and that enterprise is—walking for Sheriff of Durham County. The candidate is Alonzo G. Squires who is presently employed as zone manager for Investors Diversified Service, Inc.

The unusual nature of his candidacy has come as a pleasant surprise to many Durham residents, for Mr. Squires has been blind since birth. This has not been a particular handicap to him however, for previous to his position with the investment firm he was a successful radio advertising executive for twelve years.

Proof of the fact that the actually intends to run is the \$80.08 filing fee which he has already paid, becoming the sixth man to enter the sheriff's race.

Squires admits that his platform is somewhat shaky, but he intends to run because he needs the \$8,000 per year salary the job offers. How honest can a candidate be? How sincere? It's a shame that more of the campus politicians don't follow this example, then the students would know for sure what they are getting when they vote.

Commenting on his motive for running, Squires said, "I feel that it would be in the best interest that I walk for the office . . . I want everyone to be fully aware even I am doubtful as to whether I would make much of a sheriff, but my motive is purely and simply that I need the \$8,000 that the office pays each year."

Concerning his campaign staff: "I didn't have the filing fee. However, my brothers in an organization to which I belong, Dead Broke Anonymous, were not willing to see one of their brothers flounder around in such a dilemma, so they raised it for me." (Sounds a bit like student politics on the march.)

Concerning his competition: "Although some deputies are running against me I take no offense at it, because all they want is the job. So, when I get to be sheriff they can have the job; all I want is the \$8,000."

Concerning bootlegging (a major problem in Durham County): "I have the distinct impression that sheriffs are sometimes faced with capturing a great deal of illegal liquor, and that in most cases it is poured out. Well, I believe that liquor, illegal as it may be, was made for someone to enjoy, and although I do not drink a drop of it, I feel that my friends who come down to the office to see me would enjoy it, so I don't plan to pour out any of it."

Concerning sheriff's censorship rights: "I'm afraid that if I declare war on pretty pictures of pretty women, some people will say I'm just jealous because I can't see them myself. I believe that almost every human being has to have some weaknesses, and for that reason every night when I say my prayers I say 'If every man does have to have some weakness, then please let mine be women.'"

Concerning personal dangers: "Some folks feel that since I am blind, it's too big a risk for me to take, that I might get shot at and the like. Well, I don't want anyone laboring under any misapprehensions, for I don't plan to do enough to get shot at. I'll let those who wanted the job in the first place take that risk."

Concerning what the public can expect from him: "When I'm your sheriff you won't have to hide anything, for whatever goes on in the county, you can depend on me not to see it. I promise never to miss a payday and, further, that if you elect me as your sheriff you'll have at least one sheriff in these United States that you know is blind."

Squires' candidacy did not go unnoticed outside of Durham County either. In a nationwide CBS newscast, Eric Sevareid devoted his entire program to Squires and his campaign, commending a man who can laugh at his affliction and at the same time do a public service.

There will be a minimum of five red faces in Durham if he wins, and why not?

## A Sane Nuclear Policy

Norman Cousins

pointed at least partially of self-serving legends and myths of invulnerability and superiority.

Two extreme and conflicting viewpoints, as we say, have grown out of these facts.

One viewpoint, now only expressed, is that nuclear war is inevitable and that the United States is not under the obligation to wait until it is hit first. According to this argument, our only chance of victory is to be the first to drop the hydrogen bomb. Besides, it is contended that the advantage of surprise attack is so great that we can almost count upon it as certain that the Soviet Union will strike the moment it is ready. Therefore, we have to hit whether we like it or not.

The contrasting viewpoint, generally identified with Bertrand Russell, is that the West should submit to the Soviet Union as the best way of preventing a nuclear war that would expunge life on earth. The price of submission may be high, Lord Russell admits, but it will not continue indefinitely, for Communism may eventually succumb to its own weaknesses. But if war should come, then all life will be expunged.

The first viewpoint leads to mutual suicide, for it precipitates the very nuclear war it ostensibly seeks to limit. The second view-

point leads to the annihilation of the free man, for it equates survival with surrender.

But it is false—tragically and hideously false—to say that these are the only alternatives. We don't have to be run by our jitters and drop the big bombs that could put an end to the age of man.

Nor do we have to fall on our knees before a colossus in order to keep him from waging nuclear war.

What we can do, first of all, is to stop deceiving ourselves as to the nature of peace and the requirements of peace. We can recognize that peace and unfettered national sovereignty cannot go together in a world which can be circled in ninety minutes by a device than can vaporize whole cities in one blow. We can make a total commitment to the cause of a United Nations with the effective powers of government adequate to deal with the basic causes of tension and conflict.

We can emancipate ourselves from the seductive nonsense to which we have given our energies and allegiances in such large measure since the end of the war. We can decide that the most important thing in our lives is not the height and sweep of automobile tail-fins but the height and sweep of our ideas on creating a world under law.

This is what we own, this is what we believe, this is what we can do, we can say to the world. "We make a total and unequivocal commitment to a safe world and a better one. Our preoccupation is to sustain and serve the gift of life. We state readiness to accept and support the concept of a federated world to replace the present anarchy. We will work for such a concept to any extent that may be required."

The alternative to either suicide or surrender is still sanity.

## Columnist

The editor is looking for anyone who wishes to write a column on national and international politics, music, art, or on local student government.

There is also a need for one or two persons to help out with research for the editorial page.

Anyone interested in any of these jobs is asked to please come by the editor's office any afternoon during this week or next week.

## "By The Way, Don't Expect 100% Cooperation"



## VARIATIONS

## Springtime And Sunbathing

Gail Godwin

Now that springs is here and the fur-lined jackets are hung in the closet to rest and all self-respecting sports cars have their tops down, Carolina gentlemen and coeds are faced with new problems. They amble through the arboretum, sprawl in deck chairs on fraternity, house porches, sneak that extra sunbath between classes, and don wearing apparel suitable for the bright new season—bermudas and sun glasses. But there are still the problems.

Different people have different problems. The alikes are trying to decide whether it is quicker to the ABC store in Durham or to the one between Raleigh and Chapel Hill. It would seem that Durham would

win out, but there is always less traffic on the Raleigh road.

For the girls in general one black trouble looms in the foreground. How to possibly keep all those summer clothes stiff and starched and stand-out-ish. How to keep looking cool when one is roasting inside and out.

And for both coed and gentleman, there is the problem of what to do with all the free time one has during one's class cuts. Whether to sit in Y Court or on the steps of South Building. Whether to walk across campus crosswise or lengthwise. Whether to buy a coke or a "big orange."

And now that studying is well nigh impossible, the nights must be planned and arranged and scheduled so that there is not a minute in which one is not having

fun. Will it be a show? What if one has seen all the shows? How about the local night spots? But shall we drink coffee or beer or shall we get up and dance? But which record shall it be? "Billy," or "Tequila," or "Mosquito" (same as "Tequila," only the word "mosquito" is substituted.)

Yes squire! Even such a season as spring brings its problems for us college folks. Mother and dad never had it so good. Ike thinks he has problems with the recession! Ha. Let them come down here and try to cope with our problems.

And the funny thing about all this is that when we get their age we will probably look back and say: "Ah, good old college days. They were the best we ever had. No problems."

## Postscript

Jonathan Yardley

I think I am going to sit down this afternoon and read *Winnie the Pooh*. What a revolutionary thought that is; a college student, supposedly mature, is going to spend an afternoon perusing a book which twelve year olds scorn as being childish.

It might be suggested that it is not this student who is being immature, but the twelve year olds and his peers who scorn him for occasionally reading *Winnie the Pooh* or *Alice in Wonderland*. The wisdom contained in these books is considerably greater than that of such as, well, the highly heralded *On the Road*.

It may be, of course, that my outlook is a little too idealistic, a little too starry eyed. Yet, in the final estimate, which outlook is the best? Is it better to be cynical, "worldly" — I cannot resist the quotes, because I don't think that many people who read and revel in *On the Road* and the like are really terribly worldly—and disillusioned, or to be optimistic, essentially peace-loving, and regularly defeated in one's contention that the world could be a nice place to live in? I don't profess to have the answer, but I have my ideas.

All this is getting me a long way from *Winnie*, but what I really want to talk about is the "Beat Generation"—its critics and its members. And most of all whether or not it really exists.

The idea of the "Beat Generation" was made popular in Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*. The name and the idea caught on fast, and now a lot of boys and girls who once looked perfectly respectable in their quasi-Ivy League clothes are wandering around pretending to be "beat."

Apparently the word "beat" does not signify rock and roll or a good solid crack on the jaw, but the word as used in that languid good old South phrase "Ah'm beat." So Jack Kerouac has placed the stigma of "Ah'm beat" upon us all. Ah, ain't beat, and ah'm gonna fight these beat boys to the last day of my life.

Personally, I don't think the "Beat Generation" exists any more than the Lost Generation did. The so-called Lost Souls of the twenties were nothing more than a bunch of confused kids who got the brilliant idea that they were lost. Well, they were not at all lost. They were just confused—confused because they were in the aftermath of the most terrible war the world had ever known and no one knew just what to do, and confused because so many new ideas were popping around their heads. They were lost in the sense that they didn't know what was going to happen, but they did have at least one and a half feet on the ground.

The "Beat Generation" is in the same fix, but this time it is even worse because we have to contend with great big, powerful bombs, rockets, sputniks, Dulles, Eisenhower, the Republicans, the fundamentalists—bless their God-fearing souls—the *Reader's Digest*, and Elvis Presley. But we'll come out of it—unless we get so involved in our beaten-ness that we beat ourselves out of existence.

In reality all these trick names for generations are nothing but meagre attempts at self glorification. We, as did our predecessors, feel insecure, unsure of ourselves, and incapable of meeting the demands this twentieth century is going to toss on our un-padded — thank God — should-ers, so we invent an excuse in the form of an apologetic phrase, in this case the Beat Generation.

I got pretty annoyed in one of my classes a few days ago when the instructor suggested that we—the college students of America—are complacent and in general not worth a tin penny. He's wrong—dead wrong. If not wanting to go out and tear the world down in search of some misguided principle is wrong, he's right. But, again, he's wrong.

Adults keep telling us what a lousy world we're going to inherit, and that we've got to do something about it—now. Well, we aren't going to be in much of a position to do something about it for quite a while. Until then, why don't the elders shape up a little. For instance, why not think before you vote. We wouldn't have MacCarthy or Eisenhower problems then. We want to give a decent world to our kids, but in the meantime they might start the job for us.

## Education: To Train Citizens, Statesmen

Henry Steele Commager

(This the second of two parts of Dr. Commager's article which appeared in the March edition of *Hadassah Newsletter*. The first part appeared Thursday.)

The ultimate decisions that confront our society are, in a broad sense, political decisions. To be healthy and prosperous, to be secure, a society must train statesmen rather than scientists—statesmen who can be trusted to find the scientists and the technicians who are needed and to apply their findings to ends that are not only useful but moral.

The training of statesmen is not a formal affair. It is nothing that can take place, in some formal fashion, through a series of courses in some school of politics or through a series of conferences among civil servants. In the training for statesmanship, as in the training of moral values, a straight line is not the shortest distance between two points. Broad civic and moral values are not so much taught as they are learned; they are the product not of formal courses but of the intellectual and moral atmosphere of a society.

There is no assurance that any one kind of education will produce the statesmen who are needed, but our own experience, and that of Britain, gives us ground to believe that an education grounded on the study of earlier civilizations, of literature, philosophy, mathematics, the arts and music, will be more likely to provide us with the kind of leadership we need than will any other.

Only less dangerous than our emphasis on science and technology is over-emphasis on the national character and national ends of education. At the lower and intermediary levels, education is, of necessity, local, but on the higher level it should emancipate itself from localism, provincialism, and even nationalism, and attempt to become cosmopolitan. For learning is, by its very nature, cosmopolitan and universal. Philosophy, literature, art, music, science, these are not the property of any one nation or people, nor can they be; they are the property of mankind, and of the future as well as the present age.

If learning is required to serve only the obvious interests of the nation that is of the dominant forces in the politics and economy of the nation—it will betray its own nature. For the university is the guardian of the great cultural inheritance of the past, and the vehicle whereby it is transmitted—in enlarged form—to the future. In order to serve these functions it must be free from overt pressures, pressures of the state, the church, the economy, and even society. It must be free to pursue the disinterested search for truth. If it contains to be an instrument of government, it cannot remain disinterested.

Once again the experience of Nazi Germany is relevant to this problem of what happens to learning when it is required to be the hand-maiden of the state; But we need not go abroad for our example; our own history furnishes an example.

The ante-bellum South persuaded itself that slavery was not an evil but a positive good. It would not tolerate any criticism of that institution, or any questioning of its ultimate good. To obtain general approval of this position, the South silenced criticism of all kinds, and drove out critics. It required schools to teach that slavery was a blessing. It imposed this principle on colleges and universities, driving out scholars who questioned the virtues of slavery! It closed the doors to disinterested research in the history, the economy, the sociology, or the science of slavery and of race. And because institutions of learning were not allowed to question and to challenge the course of the South, it was not possible for education to raise up a generation able to deal with slavery by any means except that of violence and counter violence.

All efforts to use the schools and scholarship to advance nationalistic ends are fraught with peril. It is not irrelevant to remember that the great men who won our independence and set up our nation were not trained on American history, but on the history of Greece and Rome and Britain. If we are to solve the problems that will confront us, we must keep education, science, scholarship, free from all improper pressures that would deflect them from their true function—the disinterested inculcation of wisdom, the disinterested search for truth.

## View & Preview

Anthony Wolff

### FREE FLICK

Tonight's free flick, scheduled for 7:30 and 10:00 in Carrol Hall, is the film version of Arthur Miller's "All My Sons." Mr. Miller has had varying degrees of success in his examinations of the modern situation, but his efforts are almost always provocative and skillful.

### PETITES DRAMATIQUES

The main attraction on campus tonight is the opening of the Petites Dramatiques' production of Anouilh's "Antigone." The play is a resetting of the "Antigone" of Sophocles, the last play of the Oedipus Trilogy.

The performance begins at 8 p.m. in Gerrard Hall, and admission is free. The show will be repeated on Sunday evening.

### ROBERT FROST

Those interested in poetry, and particularly those who have been entertained and enlightened by Robert Frost during his annual visits to Carolina, will enjoy the treatment of Frost's "Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening" in the current issue of the Saturday Review.

John Ciardi, the magazine's poetry editor and himself a poet of some reputation, gives this most famous of Frost's poems a thorough analysis; in the process, he makes some interesting and well considered comments on the art of poetry in general.