

O Lost!

Why is this generation different from any other generation?

Why is the delinquency rate higher now than before? Why do some people apply the appellation "Beat" to a large segment of the population of the United States?

Why are things reputedly so much worse in this generation, when the motivating cause of this deterioration is the same as the cause for any human thing in previous generations — people?

What has happened? What has gone wrong? And how are people now different from people then?

Perhaps the answer can be put in one word — security.

There is no age in history when security was so much prized as it is today, and there is no age in history when security was so unobtainable as it is today.

In times past there were many avenues to security.

Isolation was one of those avenues. An individual could be a hermit, find himself a cave, and isolate himself from the worries of organized or disorganized society.

A nation might pursue a policy of isolation, and not be involved in the troubles of other nations.

An atomic bomb can reduce the hermit's cave to rubble from many miles away, and the lines of communication and the ambitions of men and nations have made isolationism a policy of the past.

Even an idea such as Laissez-Faire, which is a relatively modern notion, has no credence with national economies so inextricably bound up and dependent on one another.

Numbers used to mean security to many people. It used to be true, that if you had more than the other guy, you were safer than the other guy, for your numbers would shield you.

It now takes one man pushing one button to destroy one city. The value of numbers is little in the modern age.

Money used to bring security. In another era, a person could accumulate wealth, sit back, relax, be free from the cares of society, and maintain a certain amount of control of society. A person could be wealthy and derive pleasures which would relieve any feeling of insecurity that he might harbor.

The possession of wealth no longer brings such satisfaction. A person can be wealthy and be vulnerable. Pleasures that used to take one's mind away from trouble only serve to reinforce the feeling of insecurity after the pleasureable period has gone. Money is no longer a protection from warfare or even from debt, for in this age financial fluctuations are common and the world has seen at least one hair-raising depression. Moreover, earned wealth is not wholly kept by the earner, and an ever-increasing percentage of this wealth goes to government, which in turn holds the fate of many, including the earner, in its hands.

Religion was once, not long ago, a panacea for insecurity.

One could clutch religious tenets with a grip of iron, and God would protect one from troubles. One could go into servitude to God, and governments listed these as financial and legal unobtainables. One could search the scriptures and find meaning to life. One could have faith and not worry.

But the annihilation of six million Jews in World War II made man ponder the value of holding to religious principles or of having a religion at all. The actions of many "Christians," who were wont to kill and maim, in the course of the war brought more than a few to wonder whether Christianity was good or not. There are also many individuals in the world who can go to church every Sunday and be faithful in form and deed, and still be insecure as to the here and now. To many the after life is a long way off, and these same individuals want to keep it that way. Moreover, there is today more doubt than ever before as to the existence of such an afterlife, and if it does not exist, what purpose has life. These people look to others to give them that answer, and the others are still asking the question.

Furthermore, religion has tied itself into the secular further and further, until now the problems of the world are today's sermon and tomorrow's "get out the vote" campaign. No longer can a man find sanctity in the church, and no longer is man able to rely on the Bible in the face of the hydrogen bomb.

There have been other avenues to security. Many have led through the road of unreality. Liquor and other carnal pleasures have been roads out of insecurity. Yet, the result of a good evening of sloth at the present time is a hangover and reinforcement of the difficulties that have been worrying the individual.

There has been an escape to the simple, but there always comes the realization that the new society — today's society — is complex.

At one time success was security, but in this complex society, success can only be measured relatively and success is not security.

A successful man is today dependent on the party in power, the government in general, the financial stability of the world, and that one man who could push the button and annihilate him and a million of his brethren in a matter of minutes. Achieved ambition is not sedative from the insomnia of world troubles.

Thus, the traditional avenues are closed. Isolation is a thing of the past, and religion in the sense that it is known today is broken down. Escape, which never really worked, does not satisfy now.

What is significant about these avenues is that they are all external to the individual, and the individual is even now turning to sources outside for help. But the sources offer no help, for they too are looking for help, and the individual ends up unsatisfied. He ends up only more confused of others, whom he expected to lead him to that mythical world of security.

It is here that modern man distinguishes himself. He looks to outside sources and comes up wanting. In this he should see at least a partial answer — to consult himself — to look within his own resources to find answers.

The art of self-government and self-determination has been lost for a long time, but faith in one's self, perhaps is the key to emotional, if not physical, security in the future.

On Parking

To Whom It May Concern:

The administration of a college community is unique in many respects. The student body, though the most important contributor toward the prosperity of the town, has no official voice in its government. It must acknowledge such regulations as the town may wish to impose upon it, but it can not have any voice in the enactment or promulgation of such regulations.

The situation in Chapel Hill is even more unique in that the University Administration has granted a tremendous amount of self-government concerning University matters to the students. With this tradition of student freedom in a community entirely dependent upon the University, the municipal authorities have been fit to cooperate so long as responsible government emanates from Graham Memorial and South Building. With such cooperation, we have become one happy family, living in an atmosphere of mutual respect and administration which only our interdependent governments could achieve.

In the past few years, however, several genuine and serious problems concerning town government have strained this friendly relationship to the limit, and only last week, the Town Council neglected the normal courtesy of notifying the students before considering a matter vitally important to some of us, and ultimately important to all of us.

There is a proposed rule before the Town Council now which would place parking meters in a residential section of Chapel Hill, namely, N. Columbia St. and the 200 and 300 blocks of E. Franklin St. These are basically student used areas; but no one thought to notify us that such a proposal was to be discussed at the meeting last week. Fortunately, Don Furado heard through the grapevine, and student government was represented. Our voice was heard at the meeting for a moment, but the council didn't see fit to be particularly courteous—as a matter of fact, they were almost rude. They told us, in effect, to mind our own business, for we don't pay taxes and the Council would do pretty as it pleased.

The Town Council, with Mayor Cornwell at its helm, must consider Carolina men and women to be completely selfish and irresponsible snobs who are out to bleed the town of everything they can without offering anything in return. To the contrary, Student Government is more aware of the problems facing the town, and particularly the traffic problem, than anyone would imagine. After all, we drive 3000 automobiles through the congested areas, we pay a dollar everytime we park, and many of us would know Judge Stewart anywhere.

Furthermore, we are most anxious to help relieve traffic congestion; but we cannot help unless are given the consideration any courtesy normally granted interested and affected parties.

Mayor Cornwell, you and your council will not solve the traffic problem by arbitrarily restricting our parking and by zoning the town so that fraternities and sororities are virtually pushed onto the streets. Sir, you may love political power, and you may feed on the authority to push other people around — your benefactors, no less — to suit your own ends; but you will shrivel into nothingness if you attempt to exercise your authority against the will of those who live under your rule. A spirit of cooperation can never be achieved in this community by unilateral action on the part of one segment of the inhabitants who happen to control the political machinery at the moment. The student body, the University Administration, the merchants, the indigenous townspeople, all of us have been indoctrinated with a spirit of democracy and mutual respect that defies any sort of political debauchery such as you are practicing at this time.

We all challenge you, sir, to form some sort of democratic organization, composed of all interested parties, and to tackle the problem of parking and traffic congestion in a positive manner and with the idea of effecting a long range and permanent solution. We promise to help you day by day; but we will not be intimidated day after day.

Syd Shiford

"You'll Be Glad To Know I Found Your Lost Cat"



HERB BLOCK
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The Natives Are Getting Restless

(The following is expected from The New York Times of Sunday April 20, 1957.)

Thousands of Micronesians in the Marshall and Caroline Islands are waiting with resigned apprehension the beginning of the United States nuclear tests scheduled for this month at Eniwetok Atoll in the Marshalls.

Reassurances by United States officials have far from abated fears of the islanders that something may go wrong and drench them with radioactive fall-out. They remember that it happened in 1954 in the tiny Marshall Atoll of Utrik and Rongelap, where more than 200 islanders suffered varying degrees of radiation.

Since it happened once, apparently nothing will convince all the islanders that it cannot happen again. In recent days the forthcoming nuclear tests have been the main topic of conversation among the numerous Micronesians in touch with Americans. Efforts by United States officials in the islands to explain against fall-out have often had the effect of intensifying the fears that the officials had hoped to soothe.

Last night twenty Micronesians from Truk and near-by islands listened attentively while a local leader asked question after question about atomic fall-out as if it were something that might happen any day. The group met at the home of Ray Gallemore of Bartow, Florida, who is administrator of the Truk district of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands.

Chief Ring, elected municipal head of Lukunor Island, southeast of Truk, first asked how people in remote outer islands without radios were supposed to know when any fall-out had occurred. He also asked how radioactive dust would affect coconuts, how to prevent contamination of drinking water, how long fall-out would last and so on.

Chief Ring reported that the people of Tol, one of the larger islands in the Truk Atoll, were said to be slaughtering and eating their pigs in the belief that the animals would soon be made inedible by fall-out conversation with any Micronesians in the Caroline Marshall Islands is likely to come around to the nuclear tests sooner or later.

One thing is clear from numerous talks in the last ten days with islanders from many parts of the trust territory in Truk and Ponape of the Caroline group and Majure Atoll in the Marshalls. This is that the Micronesians are unanimously concerned about and often resentful of the fact that the islands belonging to their people have been singled out for the testing of dreadful weapons.

"Why doesn't the United States test bombs in Nevada?" one Trukese leader demanded last night.

(The following is from the report of the Joint Committee on Energy of the Congress of the United States. The following represents the instructions of the U.S. government to the Marshall Islanders.)

Anything Goes

Peter B. Young

We are all familiar with the TV commercial which begins: "Five New York doctors now have proved that YOU can break the laxative habit." This is all well and good for Television Land where the doctors always agree. But in the real world, what's a struggling politician supposed to do when the doctors don't agree?

The politician, like the rest of us, has been so conditioned to idolize the scientist that when scientists disagree, as they often do, the politician loses his bearings and slips into chaos and pandemonium. In essence, this is the story of the great scientific debate over nuclear tests.

Last week, Senator Hubert Humphrey's subcommittee for disarmament heard conflicting testimony from three distinguished scientists; two of these scientists are presently working for the government, while the third is employed privately. Pointing up the politician's dilemma, Missouri's Stu Symington commented: "I'm pretty well mixed up."

The same sort of plea was uttered last year by Senator Clinton Anderson during hearings on the menace of radioactive fallout conducted by our own Carl Durham. Said Senator Anderson: "You can get one group of scientists together, and they say one thing, and you get another group together, and they say another thing. What does a man who is not a scientist have that he can tie to?"

There is general scientific agreement, developed in astonishing detail throughout almost 2500 pages of transcript from the Durham hearings, that any amount of radioactivity, no matter how inconsequential, is harmful to the human organism. This goes for chest X-rays, luminous watch dials, natural background radiation, and fallout.

One scientist estimated that Soviet and American tests were responsible for approximately 100 additional deaths, due to leukemia, in Japan each year. Approximately 70 of these deaths are due to Soviet tests while "only" 30 deaths are due to our own program.

Another scientist estimated that there would be 50,000 additional cases of bone cancer and leukemia, spread over the world in the next generation, due to tests conducted through 1956.

Still a third scientist estimated that between one and ten additional leukemia cases per year could be expected in the United States as a result of nuclear tests. This figure is, of course, infinitesimal, as are the other figures. But this particular scientist quickly qualified his estimate by admitting that even if it were only one additional leukemia case, that would still be "somebody." Precisely. And now we can see the moral and spiritual issue posed in all its toughness.

As Walter Selove, chairman of the radiation hazards committee of the Federation of American Scientists, put it "How much should one be concerned about fallout effects of this magnitude? This is not a question which can be answered on scientific grounds."

The scientists abdicate; the politicians flounder; and the people retreat to Television Land where the five New York doctors always, but always, agree. So let's just see whether it's possible to throw a monkey wrench into this psychotic idyll.

You will note on this editorial page two reprints concerning the happy natives of the Pacific islands. The natives are restless indeed these days; they do not relish the testing of fissionable weapons on their doorstep; they remember the cloud from a previous test that so inconsiderately failed to uphold the scientific predictions as to where it was going. And they are not exactly reassured by our elaborate arrangements to evacuate them if emergency conditions should develop.

Our first question then, as we move away from the scientific aspects of the issue, is this: By what right does the government of the United States "seal off" 390,000 square miles of Pacific blue water for atomic tests? Answer: By the primitive right of conquest. Our UN "trusteeship" over these islands is due, solely, to gallant operations conducted by the US Navy in these waters in World War II.

If our testing program continues, it is entirely possible that some of these restless natives, dressed in loin cloths, may show up at UN Headquarters in New York to demand a different kind of "trusteeship." If anything is capable of embarrassing the present Administration, this should be it.

Our second (and last) question: By what right does the government of the United States take a single life anywhere in pursuance of its preparedness goals? Answer: Only by assuming that a de facto state of war exists, and has existed, between the United States and the U.S.S.R. Now if only American lives were being sacrificed to the testing program, it could be argued that this unpleasant necessity was a strictly American concern, and the moral issue here would evaporate. But this is not the case.

Open Stacks: Library View

Editor:

The Library staff appreciates the interest of any student in reading books outside of regular class work as evidenced by the industry of Mr. Herring. However, the function of the Library is to serve the best interests of the entire student body and faculty both in class work and research. We are attempting to do this within the limits of the present building and the funds available.

The Student Library Committee serves as a direct channel from the student body to the Librarian. This year there have been several conferences to discuss various problems and to consider suggestions made by individual members of the Committee. As a result, solutions to some of these problems have been reached and will become apparent by the beginning of the fall semester. Any student interested in making suggestions for the improvement of the Library should be encouraged to do so through his own Committee.

Mary Lou Lucy

LETTERS

The policy toward letters of this paper is:

1. All signed letters will be published, excepting that time which controversy gets so hot, that only a proportional amount can be printed. The others will be acknowledged.

2. Any letters not bearing an individual's signature, whether he wants his named withheld or not, will be published.

Sound & Fury

Mary Moore Mason

A blonde gun moll with a bra gun holster and a petite Siamese girl stole the show in Sound and Fury's annual production, "No Squares Allowed," which was given Friday and Saturday nights in Memorial Hall.

Starting with a inch worm crawl, the show immediately picked up and began to show that there were "no squares allowed" when Hope Sparger, a strapping and hilarious blonde first flopped before the footlights in the second scene of the first act.

However even more of a favorite with the audience was Sodjai Vanij Vodhana, a native of Thailand, who charmed the audience as she moved gracefully across the stage, singing first a Siamese folk song and then a peppy little number called "The Little Black Bug." In fact, she charmed the audience so much that an encore was called for in the middle of the show.

With a few bright exceptions, the rest of the show was mediocre. As one faculty member who has been a fan of Sound and Fury productions for many years said during the show, "There is a little bit of the sound left in it. But where is the fury?"

For the show, which had good possibilities, overplayed some of its weakest points such as the weak singing of its two leads and underplayed some of its stronger points such as the dance numbers. This might be partly due to the script written by Jonathan Yardley and Michael Dunn which has an excellent story and is interesting and amusing in parts but which leaves the audience after many scenes with the feeling that the actor's didn't have anything else to say so they had to close the curtain.

The show has as its central plot the love affair between a charming young dilettante and a dependable Joe type of young jazz musician who is always around to serve as a welcome handkerchief, even when the heroine, whose father is a prominent lawyer and politician, gets mixed up with mobsters and is chosen their leader.

Hannah Kirby, the heroine, obviously has stage presence and humor. Although she did her role very nicely for the most part, she overplayed too much in places. Her singing was definitely hampered by a severe sore throat.

Hoke Simpson, the jazz musician, played his role with a natural and relaxed poise, skillfully enjoining irony in many a line that brought chuckles of enjoyment throughout the house. However, his sporadic singing left much to be desired.

Larry Anderson played the lawyer father convincingly and with control in spite of some rather unconvincing lines that he had to say.

Perhaps the most delightful scene in the whole production was scene four when Ulysses Muffa, mobster supreme, stands on Grant's tomb and in a colorful Damon Runyonesque scene takes leave of his faithful gang before he leaves the country on a deportation charge.

Two of the most amusing incidents in the show take place here. Hope Sparger reads the minutes of the last meeting the gang had which took place on the Staten Island Ferry, and boisterous little Muffa, played by Oliver Bloomer, appoints the young society girl for his successor as the gang mastermind. There is also a colorful dance in this scene and good singing by the chorus. If more of the scenes had been like this one, the show would have been much better.

Oliver Bloomer is humorous as the loud, cocky little gang mastermind. However, he could have been better if he had gotten some of his lines across to the audience more clearly and with more variation of emotion.

Gary Nichols as Shekels, treasurer of the mobsters, did a delightful job with a small part; and Pete Flahive, the agent, did a nice job although he looked apologetic and uncomfortable throughout his whole solo number.

The smaller parts such as the three gangsters—Pat Dooley, Eddie Brown, and Bill Anderson—and the mother, Fran Bell, were done well and added flavor to the show.

One of the most impressive things about the production was the beautiful sets, particularly in Act one, scene two, where the whole effect was gained by the use of flame colored curtains, draped gracefully around the stage. Credit goes to Ed Crow and Frank Wallace and the others working on set construction for this.

The lighting in most of the scenes was extremely subtle and well-done however, in two of the later scenes it was so subtle that there were huge shadows over the actor's faces most of the time.

Credit also goes to Anne Riggins and Anne Ruffin for the vibrant use of color in their well-chosen costumes.

Cecil Hartsoe and G. C. Pridgen deserve praise for their fine efforts and for a very pleasant student written and produced show. Several of Hartsoe's songs are quite good and will probably be heard again.

All in all "No Squares Allowed" was an entertaining production with its high points of humor which could have been intensified with a better written script, better singing, and more dancing.

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