

Duke Game

The hell has been raised or at least heaven has been lowered considerably before the game today. Paint was spread a little too liberally on various public buildings, but major damage to public property or to human beings was nil. Thus, although there was some rowdiness, people were not hurt.

The day of the game can bring animosity to a fever pitch which can result in a riot if either team wins. This does not have to be the case since the victor of the game should be the climax of the excitement. The line is not easy to draw between a healthy rivalry and a riot, but the students of both schools should be responsible enough to keep within bounds and prevent any sort of violence following the game.

TB Vaccine

One cannot praise too highly the doctors who developed the tuberculosis vaccine here at Gravelly Sanatorium, and indeed the whole progress of medicine in its goal of saving lives.

In a world seemingly committed to friction, violence, and warfare, the idea of a group of people trying to save lives is refreshing. If men ever come to their senses long enough to realize the predicament that they have placed themselves in by their constant lack of understanding and ambition for ambition's sake, they might behold a glorious world in which the research which goes into TB vaccines and into nuclear development may be used for a peaceful community.

It is rather frightening to think that the work of these men who are trying to save lives through medicine should go down the drain in one glorious deluge of Strontium 90. And it may very well happen. The day may yet come when the world will awaken. It may even now be too late.

Gambling Rule

There has been in the past few weeks an attempt to legislate against gambling uniformly on this campus, and to enforce this legislation. It is curious to note that some of the same people who are so in favor of the abolition of the drinking rule are participating in the crackdown on gambling.

The principles in the gambling rule and the drinking rule are entirely the same—that it should up to the individual to choose whether he wants to drink or gamble and that he should be allowed to do so, provided he does not infringe upon the rights of others. It is not how nor ever has been a right of anyone to enforce his viewpoint as to the evils of gambling on others.

The crackdown is another in a number of incidents which shows the growing materialism in effect by student government over the rest of the student body. The student body should rebel against any attempts to legislate morality for them.

It is supposed that student government took to crackdown upon gambling at least in part because there are big money games going on and that some students are getting clipped. It is not student governments responsibility to protect the students from themselves. Once they are in college and of college age, they should be responsible enough to have developed a moral code or learned cards well enough to play poker effectively.

Student government should start concerning itself with the excesses which infringe upon others' rights, and deliver itself from morality, for this is something for the individual to develop.

If student government really wanted to protect individuals from going broke, it might do well to invest in some signs which should be placed in front of the doors of experienced card players. The signs—"Beware, Card Shark!"

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday and examination periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester, \$8.50 per year.

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Rule's Roost

Paul Rule

NUMBER 23 AND THOUGHTS OF YESTERDAY

Is there ever a youngster who hasn't at one time in his life dreamed of being a railroad engineer? If so, I certainly would not have fallen into that category. As a member of the frustrated majority which never fulfills this ambition, I was particularly saddened a few weeks ago by a statement by a railroading expert in Washington that passenger trains would probably fade away by 1970.

Thinking back, I couldn't help but recall that particular driving force that caused my boyhood friends and me to climb out of our beds on a Saturday morning in the middle of winter to see old Number 23 come in from Norfolk. While the train stopped every morning on its journey to Cincinnati, only the freedom of no school on Saturday gave us time to enjoy it.

A quick breakfast and we were off by foot or bicycle to the N & W station. Arriving a few minutes before nine we took our places on the platform, being careful not to interfere in the hustle and bustle of passengers and express carts.

Passengers on a Saturday morning would usually number about six, evenly divided between whites and Negroes. Those with their tickets would be in the waiting rooms gathered on opposite sides of the pot-bellied coal stove which sat in the archway between the white and colored quarters and heated both quite adequately.

By this time last minute express checking had caused the agent to abandon his office, and anyone arriving at the last minute would be more than apt to have to buy his ticket from the conductor.

Over in the express and freight section, the long room was filled to the bursting point with crates and parcels on their way out or awaiting their owners. Outside on the westbound platform two or three big four-wheeled express carts sat piled high with packages to friends and relatives from townspeople and small shipments from local industries and businesses.

Finally, at precisely 9:05, an exuberant steam whistle sounded and the black shiny nose of Number 23 came into sight. The massive engine roared by the station with brakes sparking fire, as the agent hollered for us boys to keep back or run the chance of being hit by a flying loose bolt.

A trainman toward the end of the procession of cars helped passengers into the coaches while we fixed our attention on the front of the train. By now the agent and his Negro helper had pulled empty carts into position by the express cars, ready to receive the steady incoming stream of packages of all shapes and sizes, baskets of oranges and peaches and cartons of chirping baby chicks. When this had been accomplished and outgoing shipments had been loaded on the train, the conductor gave the highball and Number 23 started to glide effortlessly out of town.

As the two brown daycoaches clicked by, we gazed into the faces of the passengers, wondering what it must be like to be traveling as far up the line as Cincinnati or Roanoke.

Soon all was silent again except for the chirping of the chicks and the grunting of the agent and his helper as they pulled and shoved the overloaded carts into the freight room. Whatever our plans for Saturday might have been, we felt we had started the day in the best of fashion.

Number 23 sounded its whistle for the last time years ago. In its place a diesel-electric streamliner pauses at the old station and unceremoniously tosses off a few parcels. Weeks go by sometime with a single local passenger. The agent no longer bothers to put on his black, gold-braided hat which he used to dust off and place cockily on his head a few minutes before the train arrived.

And now from an expert in Washington comes the crowning blow: soon no passenger train at all. It just seems like almost everybody is ganging up on small boys to make their lives as miserable as possible.

On Discrimination

Sidney Dakar

Our age is characterized by a series of desegregation and segregation "purges." In this enlightened age, we are attempting to eradicate with laws the ingrained prejudices of man, a noble, but impossible task. We should step back from the heat of the battle and ask ourselves what we can hope for in the future when we have the integration we are seeking.

There should be a noticeable change in the outward relationships between men, but most of their inner feelings will remain unaffected by laws. We can hope that in the future every man will show a tolerance toward his fellow man. We can hope that there will be no violence to persons or property in the years to come. I believe we can expect very little more.

We can not hope, with any expectancy of fulfillment, that man will accept everyone as his "equal" in the future utopia the dreamers are planning. It is ludicrous to even entertain such dreams. People have never been, are not, and will never be "equal" in many respects. Some are rich, some poor. Some are brilliant, some stupid. Some are kind, some cruel. Some are strong, some weak.

No law will change man's innermost urge for status in society. Status implies various degrees of abilities and characteristics of people. If man did not feel that he was above some people and below others, chaos would result. When a man's status is threatened, his animosity will be aroused toward the person or thing that threatens this

status. A great opera star is usually friendly and even helpful to a beginning singer, but this star usually has a secret or open contempt for another equally talented star.

In this fast moving, modern world we are forced, many times without realizing it, to make certain generalizations about people and things. We have come to associate various traits with certain groups. Only a dreamer would deny that Negroes, Italians, Frenchmen, Chinese, Arabs and Englishmen do not have certain unique traits. To maintain that they did not would be to disregard reality and to deal in fantasy. However, no thoughtful man will deny that many individuals within these groups do not have the traits, good or bad, attributed to the group.

Alas, time does not permit us to examine closely every person with whom we come in contact. We are forced to make generalizations when we observe a man's manners, dress, speech and actions. Obviously we will be wrong in some cases, but there is no other way in which we can deal with the vast number of people with whom we meet and still have time for the business of living.

Integration of all races will no doubt come in the future. We can and should force men to tolerate each other. However, we must remember that we can not force men to like each other. Discrimination will remain as long as man has an urge for status and dignity. That is to say, man will always make a distinction as in favor of or against a person or thing. No law will ever or should change this innate nature of man.

"It'll Be Interesting To Find Out What The Other Side Is Like"



Neither Black Nor White... Mostly Shades Of Gray

The battalion marched on Fetter Field. As third platoon, Charlie company rounded the bend ahead and marched under some trees through which the sun filtered down in broken patterns. I could see the navy blue of the uniforms change... first to the pale blue of Napoleon's legions, then to the olive green of the armies of the Third Reich, then to the crimson that Cornwallis wore.

America has fought seven major wars during its 180 years of independent existence. There has been a war often enough for the young men of each generation to go off and lose their blood and limbs and love for life and life itself.

Sometimes the reasons for our wars have been well-defined; sometimes obscure. Always the basic motivation has been just the desire to go to war. In 1812 we weren't quite sure whether the war would be with England or with France, as long as there would be war. In 1846 it was territorial expansion, unjustified aggression, that gave us our reasons. In 1890 the South decided on war when it still held majorities in the Senate and the Supreme Court, and when Lincoln had publicly declared that he didn't intend to for freedom for the slaves. A generation which had gone for thirty years without the sound of cannon searched eagerly for a battle in the last decade of the 19th Century. They almost succeeded in fighting Britain over a Monroe Doctrine question in 1895, but finally their real opportunity came in 1898. War was declared with Spain even after the Spanish government sent a note agreeing to all the demands the United States had made concerning Cuban independence. With relish the young generation read of the sinking of the Lusitania, the Arabic, and the Sussex and the damning contents of the Zimmerman note. Though no United States property or territory had been attacked, we went to war.

The drum and bugle corps played brassy, banging music that we marched by. With the music we leaned back, held our heads erect, crunched the cinders underfoot in cadence. It creates a feeling of oneness of all those who march with you, gives you some indefinable sense that glory can be attained... I could hear the trumpets at the walls of Jericho, could see the Spartans holding the pass above Thermopylae till the last man had been struck dead.

Frightening it is to find that the changed economic complexion of the 20th century has dislodged a powerful alliance that had been committed to pacifism in earlier times. This alliance—big business, industry, commerce—was usually slow to ask for war, subverted their warlike desires to a quest for wealth which could be better accumulated in peaceful times. No longer, though, is war a draining, unbalancing, economically dangerous pursuit; it has become a prosperity-bringing, expanding, perhaps necessary element of our inflated economy. War and preparation for war seem to have been our only salvation from a visitation of the depression specter. World War II was our deliverance when the specter began to haunt us in 1937 of a repetition of the ills descending on the nation in the earlier part of the decade. Without government demand today for bombs, missiles, planes, and submarines it is doubtful that our automation-elicited over-production could withstand the strain of peacetime demand levels.

I realized as we were dismissed and walked off the field how much a part of man this thing of war has been, how we never have been able to escape it, how we would kill 45,000 at the Battle of Austerlitz, how we would burn alive eaves full of the enemy on Iwo Jima. I wondered if we could ever escape from this obsession, wondered whether the possession of weapons capable of making our species extinct will have any deterrent effect. I walked away and all I could do was wonder.

It must be some driving complex

of emotions that makes us want to go to war. Included are personal honor and assertion of manhood, a deification of one's nation which can culminate in such movements as Nazism and Fascism, probably sadism and sadism's close cousin curiosity—to see new weapons used or to see people die. The zeal and persuasiveness of those who want war convinces the few who are unconvinced. Bizarre behavior becomes the norm—Teddy Roosevelt can call President McKinley a "yellow bastard" for trying to avoid war and there is no irate public censure of Roosevelt. Without difficulty this esprit de guerre, this sanguine quest by rationalization, that universal solvent of values, can be identified with the causes we hold most dear—spreading Christian teachings to the unsaved, offering the gift of democracy to mankind, allowing the world to share in our superior technology and higher standard of living.

The drill team marched, executing snappy commands from the manual of arms, rifle barrels gleaming in the sun and butts clashing dully on the ground. These instruments of war are important. To be assured of safety and of victory a nation must produce the best armaments, regardless of cost... I could see the smoking mouths of the guns aboard the Bon Homme Richard, could hear the V-2 rockets whistling through London's still night air.

Frightening it is to find that the

Harper's Bizarre

Someday we'll probably get around to writing a column subtitled "Harp's Carps" (see Webster—we did). Which reminds us of an occurrence in our history class recently.

In the course of his lecture, our professor used the word "antedeluvian." This may not have impressed our classmates; but we personally appreciated it, for we knew what it meant.

That we knew the definition was accidental, for we had only the night before run across the word in the dictionary.

Since that time, inspired by our discover, we have, in every spare moment, snatched up our Webster's and leafed through the pages in search of new and interesting words with which to increase and enrich our vocabulary. Words like "prolixity."

And since that time we have become acutely aware of vocabulary deficiencies in others. We are appalled by the language habits of our fellow students who often repeat themselves in speaking, use incorrect pronouns and adverbs and are redundant.

We met with a classic example of vocabulary laxity the other evening, when a friend described a certain physiological function of the human body as an "organism." Which was not what he meant, at all.

Such abuses to our language could be avoided if more students (and people) would take up our new hobby, "Dictionary Browsing." It is a pleasant pastime. It makes one a lexicon at scrabble. It is also a "must" for the college student intent on improving himself intellectually.

View & Preview

Anthony Wolff

THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL. By Anne Frank. Translated from the Dutch by B. M. Mooyarri. Doubleday. 285 pp. New York: The Modern Library; Random House. \$1.65.

On Wednesday, July 8, 1942 Anne Frank and her family moved from their home in Amsterdam to a small, secret apartment in the rear of an old office building. In these few dingy rooms the Franks and four other Jews hid from the Germans who occupied Holland: for the two years and twenty-seven days of their concealment, Anne Frank could see the outside world only "through dirty net curtains hanging before very dusty windows." The world inside those windows was also largely unavailable to Anne, for she felt that none of the group was sympathetic to her unique predicament as an emergent individual, and she could confide in no one.

Unable to find her place in the outside world from which she had been suddenly removed at a crucial period in her growth, and also isolated from the world-in-small of her immediate situation, Anne was forced to seek within herself the whole structure and meaning of her existence.

Her diary is the record of that search, for Anne Frank was almost unbelievably able "... to write, but more than that ... to bring out all kinds of things that lie buried deep in my heart."

The beauty of her diary lies not only in the fact that at the age of thirteen she was able to write so well, and that she was able to record with unmistakable felicity the contents of her heart: it is the nature of her soul itself, as it shines through her well-chosen words, that is the beauty of the diary.

Compare Anne Frank to any girl of a similar age, and the genius of the young diarist stands out in bold relief. At an age when most girls—and boys, for that matter—are quite unwilling and unable to question themselves, to dissociate themselves from their emergent sexuality and sociality, Anne was able to do just those things with strenuous honesty and success such as are usually found only in older individuals no matter what their native talent.

It is perhaps unjustified to assume that Anne would have been the same had the events of the war not taken place, for it was exactly those events which provided at least the immediate impetus for the thoughts which are recorded in her diary. In short, Anne was involved in a conscious confrontation with what Albert Camus, whose ideas were generated by a situation similar to Anne's, was later to call the Absurd. On the one hand, Anne was entering adolescence, and thus she felt the insistent necessity to question the habits and entire orientation of her pre-adolescent life; on the other hand, she was living "in a time when all ideals are being shattered and destroyed, when people are showing their worst side, and do not know whether to believe in truth and right and God ... our problems weigh down on us, problems for which we are probably too young, but which thrust themselves upon us continually, until, after a long time, we think we've found a solution, but the solution doesn't seem able to resist the facts which reduce it to nothing again ... ideals, dreams, and cherished hopes rise within us, only to meet the horrible truth and be shattered. We all live, but we don't know the why or the wherefore."

"Little bundle of contradictions" that she was, at once a budding young woman, full of hope and promise, and at the same time a clear-sighted individual able to comprehend and confront despair, Anne could not always remain true to her instantaneous vision of her situation; often, like the best of us, she took refuge in superficial optimism. But just as often her perception was truer, and she realized that her task was to become "... what I would so like to be, and what I could be, if ... there weren't any other people living in the world"; "... to stand on (my) own feet as a conscious, living being ... if you do, it's ... difficult to steer a right path through the sea of problems and still remain constant through it all. It isn't the fear of God but the upholding of one's own honor and conscience."

During her moments of what she called "super-optimism," Anne was a magnificent and pathetic example of the human will to believe in essential goodness in the face of depravity. In her deeper perceptions, she demonstrated the real glory of the human spirit: the ability to recognize the human situation in its worst extreme, without fixed standards, without God, and still to find within the individual a basis for a meaningful existence.

If Anne Frank had lived, she would now be twenty-nine years old, and it is safe to assume that she would be a human being rare in her uniqueness. But on August 4, 1944, three days after the last date in her diary, the Germans captured the residents of the "secret annex": Anne Frank died in the concentration camp where she was sent, just before the allies reached her. This postscript to the diary, confined to a brief note at the end, gives the diary an added significance; it becomes horribly clear that the world has collaborated in the murder of one of its very rare and unique human beings.