

Dulles

# Harassment In Final Hours

Television newsreels last Sunday showed Secretary of State John Foster Dulles arriving at Washington National Airport on his sudden (though not unexpected) return to Walter Reed Hospital.

As Mr. Dulles tottered down the ramp of his plane, a desperately ill man, he was greeted by a battery of microphones and perhaps as many as 100 swirling, shouting, gesticulating reporters and photographers. Again and again, the reporters shouted: "How are you feeling, Mr. Secretary? How are you feeling?"

It would have been truly magnificent had Mr. Dulles turned on his tormentors and with glacial dignity replied, "I'm dying of cancer, you stupid idiots. How do you think I feel?"

But Mr. Dulles is a public man which means, by American standards, that you play the game according to the rules right down to the end. This is what he actually said to the jacks of the mass media: "I was just telling Mrs. Dulles that I wished the plane could turn around and go back to Florida. It's a lot warmer there." The old man laughed hollowly through clenched teeth and stumbled off to his limousine.

Even Richard Nixon, glib and articulate in the face of Communist Venezuelan mobs, was at a loss for words. Even Nixon, when surrounded by the jacks, was almost incoherent in the face of this pathetic, barbaric tableau.

This newspaper has never been listed among the admirers of Mr. Dulles' stewardship as Secretary of State. For several years now this newspaper has consistently criticized Mr. Dulles as Secretary of State. But John Foster Dulles is also a man, a human being. And even if he is a Public Man, he is entitled to all the elemental decencies.

To harass this MAN in the hour of his mortal illness is obscene. To harass this MAN for a tidal wave of penny profits is wicked.

No other civilized nation in the world puts its public men through such an ordeal. In the name of charity, in the name of decency, in the name of justice, the American "free" press must evaluate again the boundary lines of responsible journalism.

As everybody knows, John Foster Dulles has resigned his high office. For all practical purposes he thus brings to a close an extraordinary career dedicated to the pursuit of peace and international order. In whatever time the Almighty has left to him, we hope that Mr. Dulles will be able to find the peace for himself which he was unable to find for the world.

Our prayers are with him—and his successor.

# The Squire Of Haw River

Today the State of North Carolina honors the birthday of one of its finest sons, W. Kerr Scott—the "Squire of Haw River."

As Commissioner of Agriculture, Governor, and Senator this great man with a common touch rendered services to this state which had seldom been seen in the past and have not been matched since his death.

Scott is chiefly remembered for his work with the North Carolina Grange and his road building projects. Few of us have taken into consideration that he was also a great contributor to the education of young minds.

Scott was a big man. We know that the state and Miss Mary are proud today, to claim him.

# Lights - Action

Perhaps one reason that students shy away from the library is simply the fact that they are scared that they will fall and break their neck.

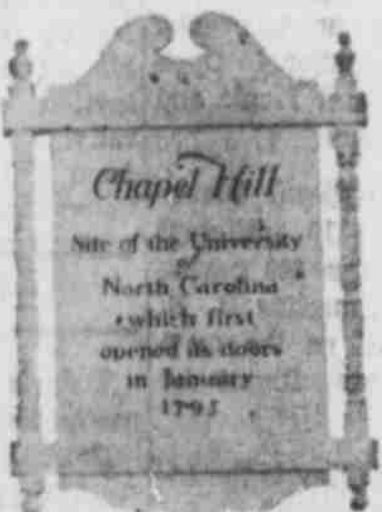
A question comes to mind: "Is it really safe not to have any lights in front of the library at night?" Those big concrete steps are awfully solid.

Of course the paper realizes that this doesn't concern most of us. But, for the few students interested in academic pursuit, maybe the Department of Buildings and Grounds can supply the needed illumination.

# The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina. Here 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 8, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester, \$8.50 per year.

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# William Kerr Scott

A year has passed since the death of North Carolina's former Governor and United States Senator W. Kerr Scott. To those who knew him he still lives on.

It is to this man that North Carolina owes a great debt of gratitude, for it is because of the work that was accomplished during his tenure of office that North Carolina is referred to as the most progressive state in the South today.

Governor Scott's "Go Forward" administration was the most dynamic, progressive administration that North Carolina had seen since the days of Charles Brantley Aycock. It was an administration in which, for the first time in the history of North Carolina, the state funds were put to work drawing interest from the banks that had used them for so many years without paying interest thereon.

Scott, unlike many of his predecessors, did not neglect the farmers who were primarily for his election. He was responsible for the introduction and passage of the bond issue, which saw many of North Carolina's farmers march on the capitol to speak for its adoption by the legislature. He is best remembered by many for "taking the rural people out of the mud." The road system started under his administration and the increased school program were the two most significant steps that North Carolina had taken since the turn of the century.

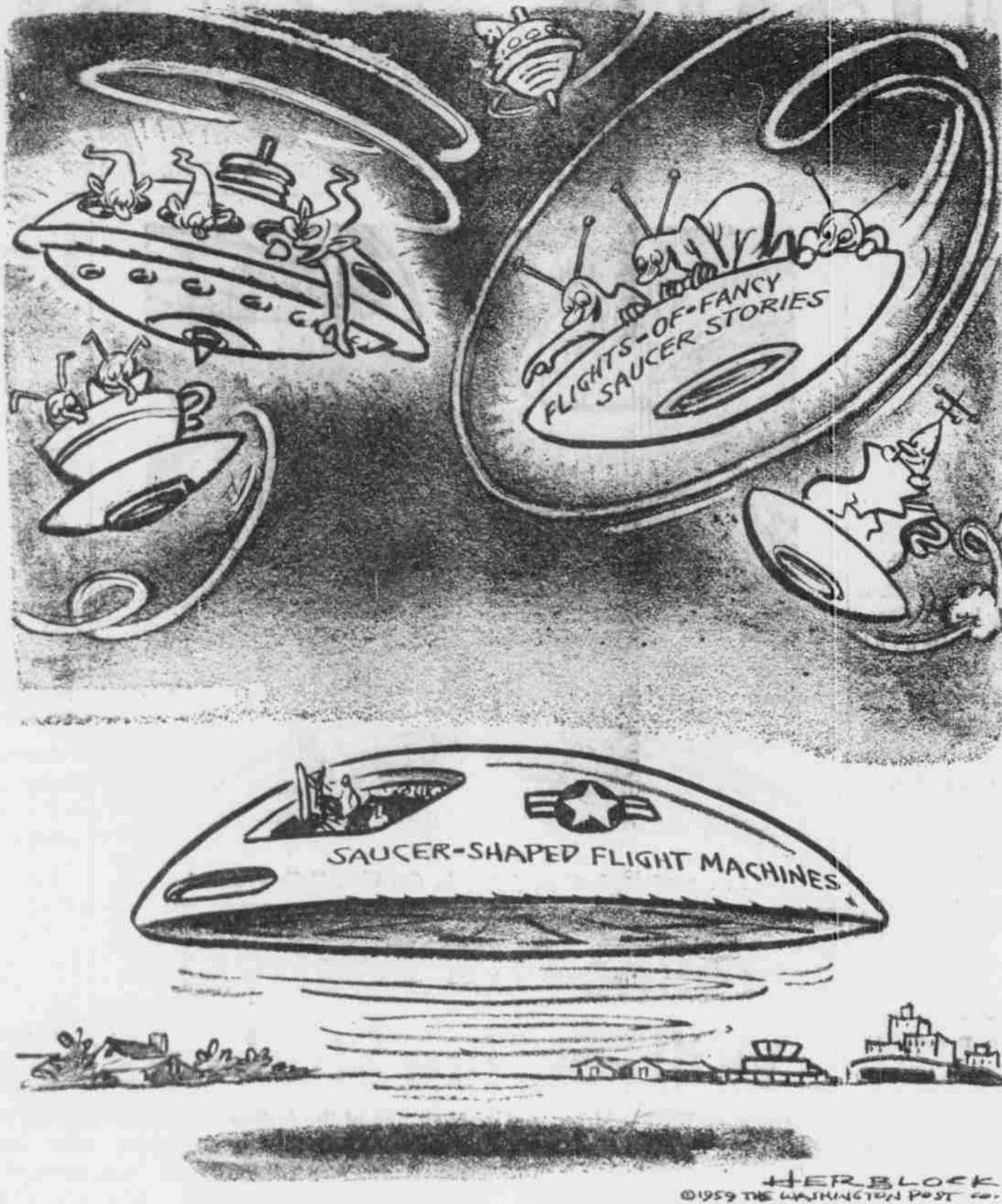
Scott was 58 years old when he went to Washington as North Carolina's Junior Senator. His age did not hinder him from maintaining his fine physical form. His staff could set their watches by the time of his morning arrival, for he walked the six and one half miles from his apartment to his office. This was a somewhat slower pace than the one he set while on the track team at State College some thirty years beforehand.

His work in the Senate was invaluable to his state and to his country. Many bills on conservation and agriculture bear his name as a sponsor. He traveled many miles to find the problems of his people and set about trying his very best to solve these problems.

Kerr Scott was a warm, personable man, who was friendly and courteous to all; a true gentleman in the finest sense of the word.

This is our tribute to William Kerr Scott, one of North Carolina's greatest sons and a true statesman.

# "Hey—Look, Fellows—A Parking Platform"



# The Sword And Plowshare

The times in which we live show the most startling contrast between the blackest darkness and the brightest light in all secular history. These are the days in which seven young volunteers are chosen for the supreme adventure of space travel and another young man, remembering his ordered share in the Hiroshima bombing, goes into an emotional darkness all his own.

These are also the days in which the Western democracies prepare soberly to defend themselves against the disappearance of all light and all hope. The United States, as we read yesterday, is going ahead with "plans for a vast nuclear arms build-up of its allies in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization this year"; West Germany's Minister of Defense will be talking this week in Washington with Pentagon officials, who fear that his projects for rearming Germany on German soil with German hardware are too ambitious; the three-power conferences on atom-

ic disarmament will hold their seventy-third meeting today in Geneva, with no immediate hope of progress; a technical group will meet in London to prepare working papers for the western foreign ministers to agree upon and lug to Geneva when they meet their Russian opposite number on May 11.

This year's conferences will not finally decide whether the atom is to be a sword or a plowshare. Our allies and ourselves must be and are sadly ready for the worst of these choices, however much we hope for the better.

But this is what the talking will be about in Washington, in London, in Geneva and elsewhere. Peace, healing, abundance, knowledge—these gifts the atom can provide. When this generation's history is written, as we trust it will be, there may be some wonderment as to why there had to be any debate at all.

New York Times

# Cliches

1. If you don't win in the short run, there ISN'T any long run.
2. The one thing worse than an arms race is LOSING an arms race.
3. The Russians are not ten feet tall but suppose the Russians are a strapping six feet tall, while we skimp along at a comparatively anemic five feet six inches?!

# Questions

1. What is the difference between "Let The New York Times do it," and "Let Ike do it."
2. What is the difference between "The people are not interested," and "The people must not be allowed to BECOME interested."
3. What is the difference between "My newspaper is like the parish priest," and "My parish, fortunately, does not have to concern itself with national and international problems of the utmost gravity."

J. Harper

# Harper's Bizarre

All barber shops should display signs reading "Enter At Your Own Risk."

Actually, one does just that, but such a sign would at least be a hint of the possible atrocities within.

Going into a barber shop for the first time is comparable to playing Russian roulette with a single-barrel shotgun. The newcomer invariably is palmed off on the youngster who graduated from barbers' school just last week. Or he is seated by the palsied veteran whose clippers and haircuts are carry-overs from the 20's. One rule holds: fresh meat's in!

Last summer we witnessed an amazing act of bravery in the face of the barber. It was Saturday morning, and the shop was packed

with townsmen. Two of the three chairs were doing record business, but the third stood as ominously empty as the hose at Central Prison. Its barber, resigned to his fate, stood by reading a newspaper.

A man, obviously a tourist, appeared in the doorway. The barber's paper slipped to the floor, and he called out "Next!" No one moved. The stranger surveyed the filled waiting chairs, then looked again at the empty seat. As innocently as before, the barber called out "Next?"

The poor man could see the hand writing on the wall. He stood frozen in the doorway. The barber picked up the neck cloth and dusted off the seat. The stranger cast a glance at his watch, then literally bolted into the chair.

Those waiting, to a man, dropped their eyes in respectful mourning. The human sacrifice sat with his eyes closed as the barber buzzed merrily about his temples and neck.

When it was over, the man stood, paid his fee, and, avoiding all mirrors, retired from the field. The waiters remained with heads bowed until he disappeared. As the barber stared through the doorway at his departing handiwork, a look of deep respect came to his face. Then he picked up his paper and sat down in the chair.

For all we know, he's still sitting there.

(All this, with apologies to Mack.)



# Bill Styron At Duke U.

Frank Crowther

On Thursday, April 8th, several members of our creative writing class had the pleasure of being in an audience at Duke of about 100 that heard William Styron, author of Lie Down In Darkness and The Long March, read from his forthcoming novel. His new work is titled Set This House On Fire and is due for publication in the fall. It will approach 800 pages in length. Styron said later, however, that in all likelihood it would not appear before the first of next year.

This writer attended two sessions in which Styron participated. In the afternoon, the author read from his own work. That evening, Styron, Burke Davis and Mrs. Frances Gray Patton criticized five short stories which appear in Archive, Duke's version of The Carolina Quarterly. This was an anniversary issue of the campus magazine, thus the appearance of the aforementioned authors along with Randall Jarrell during their two-day celebration.

The portion Styron read was a flashback which, he said, appears approximately 100 pages into the novel. It is presented through a narrator, as is the first half of the novel, who has accompanied the "villain" to the latter's sprawling magnificent estate, Merri-oaks (my spelling), for an inopportune visit. The villain has been expelled from an exclusive Episcopal prep school for having been caught in flagrante delicto with a local young nymphet (if I may use Nabokov's term). He is already a scoundrel at 16 and, as he admits, preoccupied with sex. As an example, he whispers to his friend, the narrator, during prayer in chapel that, no matter how hard he concentrates, "all I can think about it getting laid." Styron's description of the manor and its occupants is a brilliant reflection of the southern aristocrat's decayed state. His graphic characterizations are indeed exceptional. I, personally, felt quite envious of his facility with the language.

Another interesting segment was the arrival of the seduced lass's oysterman father who wanted "to get that boy. He took that young thing and he KNOWED her!" The angered man forced his way past the scoundrel's mother, an alcoholic, and went for the boy. Paradoxically, he went for the wrong boy, the narrator.

Reading over the above, I find it a miserably poor account of the writing itself, so will desist. If you cannot wait until next January, Esquire magazine will publish two excerpts from the book, one in June, the other in September. The latter will be the section Styron read to us.

I carried to this reading a high estimate of the author's talent, and went away hopefully assured that Styron will "become the most mature (as well as talented) member of the entire group of new writers in the 1950's." His writing is reminiscent of Fitzgerald, Mitchell and Faulkner in what we heard of the new novel, Lie Down In Darkness has been said to show the influences of Joyce, Crane and Melville. Through all of these influences, however, comes Styron himself, unmistakably, uniquely, and with a force and style of his own.

After the two session at Duke, I had the chance to talk for a few minutes with Styron. I mentioned that John Frankheimer, the "Playhouse 90" director, another young man of exceptional talent, would be here at UNC in May to speak for the Carolina Forum and had expressed interest in meeting Styron. Since the latter left immediately after his appearance at Duke, I gave him Frankheimer's number in New York, hoping they might get together. A "Playhouse 90" show written by Styron and directed by Frankheimer would be quite a combination.

When asked about his immediate plans, Styron said that he had been in touch with James Jones, who is now in Europe. They are making plans to meet, probably this summer, in Jones's villa off the coast of Spain.

"Jones tells me," said Styron, "that his doctor told him to stop drinking or he'd injure his health. I told him that all French doctors tell their patients to lay off the bottle. I'm very pleased with this chance to get together with him . . . and I imagine we'll tilt a few."

# The University Lives At Night

Joe Bfsplk

The University lives at night. In the daytime, it opens its doors to the commerce—the commerce of speaking voices, professors droning on to uninterested classes, and people making conversation in Y-Court for the sake of making conversation.

At night, the life of the University reveals itself. It reveals itself in the din of pages and pater in a crowded but unused library. It takes form in the bridge players' room of smoke as they quietly, almost stealthily pursue the ephemeral master point to its ultimate conclusion—the two inch story in next week's Daily Tar Heel.

It is a biography told in the quietly moving pages of books in the basement of Alumni Hall, in the sparse gathering at a post-election political party meeting, or in the raucous noise of talk and rock 'n' roll music in Harry's.

It lives in the string quartet industriously sawing at their wooden boxes in Hill Hall in the vain hope that the result Tuesday night will be something of what the composer intended.

The clickety-clack, the driving incessant clickety-clack of the teletypes in the Tar Heel office hasten the pace of the night, and the scene shifts to Memorial Hall where gum-chewing girls are making efforts at character portrayal, groaning all the while about the cold of the building. A chorus comes in and out and grumbles about being moved around like chess pieces on a chess board. And the director keeps up a steady stream of activity in the dream that his activity will eventually make order out of chaos and a play out of a script.

Back in Graham Memorial, the usual handful that frequents the building are there. A few are studiedly over a chess board, while others are reading magazines and studying to the tune of Brahms, Beethoven, Bach, and June Christy. There are some scattered in television lounges throughout the campus seeking wisdom and diversion from the square box with the gray moving image that tells one that so and so has won \$10,000 for answering correctly that white is the opposite of black.

A few are playing pool in the pool room, and occasionally a life-like groan emanates from the lips of one as he sees his opponent drop the fifteen ball, costing him the price of a large candy bar. In a dorm the radio tells of a third world war which started last night. Frantic believers go chasing around making frantic phone calls until one finds out that a tape recorder can be hooked up to a radio, and its taped message, when broadcast, sounds much like a radio broadcast.

In the men's dorms a friendly game of cards breaks out, followed along by an equally friendly group of kibitzers, and the resultant noise distracts the lonely few who conceive of the University as a place to study. They make an abortive effort to silence the gathering down the hall, and eventually they too join in. And only a few resist the temptation and bury themselves beneath their dim lamps for purposes of doing assigned reading.

The women have already kicked their shoes off and are sitting on their legs on the top of the bed with a book squarely in the center of their laps. Their attention wanders from the book to space back to the books and back to space, and they fervently pray for something else to do the next night.

The night goes on and in Playmaker's theater one can hear a student opera being rehearsed at the top of a soprano's and an alto's voice. They try hard to both sing well and articulate well, but the resultant sound is neither, and the director gets up to make sure a male character makes his singing entrance gracefully. In the wings a girl stands in studied attention, focusing catlike eyes on the spectre before her and occasionally darting a glance to a chance visitor in the audience.

And then there is the late coffee at The Chuckwagon and the interminable wait for service before the luke-warm cup is delivered.

And then one-by-one, while law students study in Manning Hall, lights go out throughout the campus, and the darkness remains. And the darkness and the rain are all that is left, except for a few lonely travellers on the wet brick pavement of the campus walks. Such a traveller am I.