

### Double Talk

The hassle over the appointment of Jim Fountain to the head cheerleader's job gave us some uneasy moments. He finally made it, and we're glad.

Now it would appear the thing for the politico to do is to re-examine the election law and weed out ambiguous sentences like this one:

"The nominee shall have passed a minimum of 27 hours in the two semesters immediately prior to the semester in which he is nominated, which shall be accompanied by an overall grade of C or higher."

Does the phrase, "overall grade of C or higher," apply to the candidate's last two semesters in the University, or does "overall" in this case mean a C average during the candidate's whole school career?

Nobody seems to know. For two years, candidates have been disqualified for lack of a C average in the two semesters prior to their nominations. In the Fountain case, the other interpretation was decided on by the elections board. The startling fact: that interpretation may have been the one intended by the writers of the law in the first place!

So we'll hope for a clarification from the Legislature soon, meanwhile congratulating Cheerleader Fountain on keeping his job.

### Our Best Weapons: Patience And Humility

These are excerpts from a speech by Barry Bingham, president of the Louisville Courier-Journal and Louisville Times, to the Pinehurst Forum in Pinehurst, North Carolina.—Editor.)

Patience and understanding, not bombs and bullets, hold the key in America's contest with Communism in Asia. The Communists are counting on lack of patience to send Americans rushing to hide themselves in the cyclone cellars of Kansas. On that day, Communism will win all of Asia by default.

Military victory, bought at no matter what price of human sacrifice, can serve no purpose by itself. It must carry the colors of political victory high upon its standard. No Asian country will stay liberated unless the liberator brings an alternative leadership the masses of the people can accept and respect.

We demand that every nation make an immediate choice between oranges and lemons, so that we can line everybody up on one side or another. We are sure our oranges are more wholesome than the Communist lemons, but we must leave free people to make the decision on their own.

There is a saying in Asia that when elephants struggle, the ants are crushed. The passion of many Asians is to keep clear of what they believe is an inevitable battle of the elephants. America has not succeeded in convincing them that we are determined to avoid a struggle by every human means short of giving up our freedom.

The living standards of most Asians are desperately low, but they are simply not interested in our tales of autos and refrigerators and television sets. They inherit a culture which was producing the world's most beautiful and elaborate temples, exquisite miniatures, carvings of jade, and manuscripts of lofty learning when America was still a howling wilderness.

Our best weapons are not bullets or bombs or even moneybags. They are the qualities of patience, understanding, and humility.

### The Daily Tar Heel

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Night Editor for this issue: John Hussey

### Tar Heel At Large

—Chuck Hauser

#### THOUGHT

For today:
Gordon Gray
Is mostly
Away.



COW COLLEGE Lecture Notes: John Wesley Clay gave a talk on the west Raleigh campus last week on the subject, "Life at Sea on Board a Cattle Boat."



ADD SIGNS of Spring: Bermuda walking shorts more and more in evidence in Y court. . . . Joanne Murphy commenting on her asthma: "I've been taking every kind of -drine they make." . . . Athletes finding those WG sox they've been wearing all winter getting a little uncomfortable. . . .



LETTER-WRITER Fred Collins shows up in Sunday's newspaper deploring as "a disgrace to the Carolina way of life" the actions of "a couple of fraternity members who 'picked up' some high school girls here for the drama festival. Considering the facts that there are hundreds of freshmen and sophomores on campus without girls of comparable age to date, and the high school girls were apparently willing (a pick-up is never one-sided), I can't see that anything is called for other than hearty congratulations to these friendly young men who showed the spirit of true Carolina hospitality by escorting the girls around town. Maybe Fred would have a better outlook on life if he tried to assert some of the same type of friendly and hospitable personality traits these boys displayed.



AND WHILE we're on the subject, it might be appropriate to suggest that Fred Collins spend his time organizing a group of dormitory negotiators to arrange for a dorm visiting agreement instead of complaining about the initiative of other folks to improve their lot.



THOSE AIR FORCE people who set up shop in the Y lobby last week were not recruiters, they informed me. One of them, S/Sgt Ray Alverson, explained that he had talked four students into staying in school during one day. "We're here to supply information on the air cadet program, and to help students fill out applications if they're interested," he said. "But we are only interested in talking to seniors or to those students who for some reason cannot return to school next year."

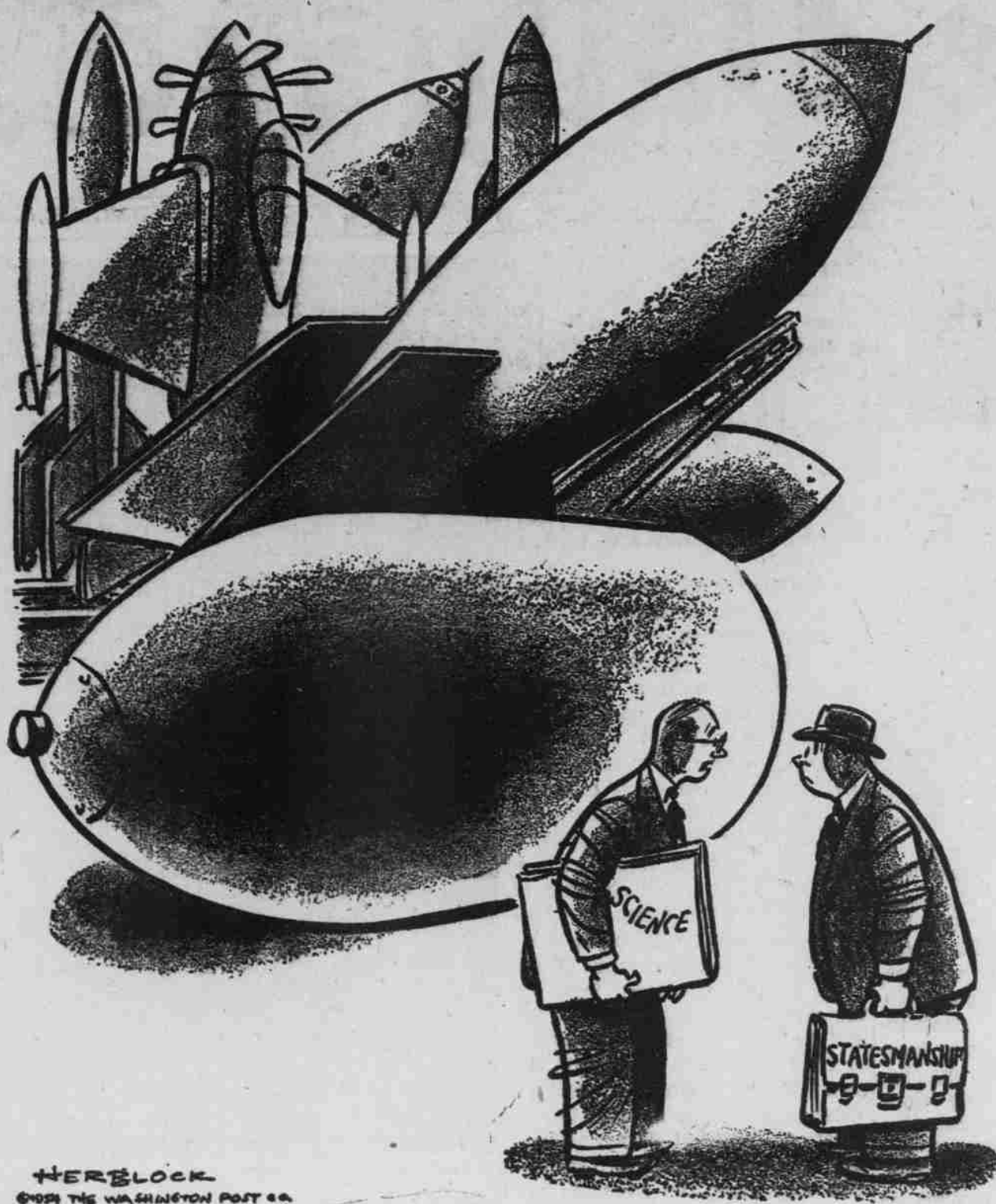


CONDOLENCES of the Week go to the sophomore who remembered at sunset one day last week that that was the day he was scheduled to take the draft deferment test. Oh well, Army life's not so bad. . . .



JIM FOUNTAIN, the Elections Board ruled Monday, was eligible to run for head cheerleader in spring elections. But the Board says it cannot make its interpretation of the elections laws retroactive, so Fountain, even though he was on the ballot and received the votes, was not elected. The Board's action does one thing in this case: It gives President Tom Creasy the authority to legally appoint Fountain to the post. As far as I'm concerned, Jim should appeal the ruling of the Elections Board to the Student Council, with a request that he be certified as the officially elected candidate. Under the present circumstances Fountain will be forced to stand election to the post at any time a special election may be called for any purpose in the future. He should not be put in this position. The students have voted him their choice, and the decision should not be open to question.

'And Whats New With You?'



HERBLOCK FROM THE WASHINGTON POST CO.

### The Eye Of The Horse

—Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE was scribbling furiously on clean manuscript paper and breathing a mist of moist mash in stertorous emotion. We guessed he was writing mishmash?



"Shaddup, Roger," The Horse snapped. "I am wearing my composing cap. I am making poetic comment on noose of the day."

This was news, it having been stated that, in the opinion of many, The Horse was decomposing. I could only hope his poetry was not comparably mordant.

"Listen to this," The Horse cackled through his Dental Clinic ivory console panel. "Listen to this, Roger:

Flying saucers are reported
Diving low and doing nip-ups;
Could these tales be distorted?
Are those folks just in their cups?

"Howzat?" The Horse beamed, chopping his console board in glee. "Will that get by?"

It appeared that most anything would get by nowadays. Had The Horse been to the recent meeting of student Legislature when the Budget was being approved, or whatever happened to it?

"You mean that rhubarb last Thursday night?" The Horse asked. "Man, I was proud of the lads and lasses! Even when the lads were capable of boobishness, it was not any ordinary boobishness, but indeed it was of epic variety. As for example, that slice of arrant nonsense when one of the Few excitedly started counting heads to see if maybe he couldn't pull his claue out of the meeting so there couldn't be a quorum vote, after we had yammered and hammered and stammered for no less than three and one-quarter hours over thissa and thatta?"

"Boss Cook really poured it on," The Horse said admiringly. "One of our better blood-boilers, that lad! We ought to have more Cooks."

Didn't The Horse think that too many Cooks might SPOIL the broth?

"That's as corny as the one you would let me use during Elections Week," The Horse groaned. "Keep Your Sunny Side U. P.!"

Yes, but The Horse was SP.

"I was double-endorsed," The Horse corrected me. "Furthermore, it was only fair the U. P. should have something out of the massacre, if only a slogan. "But I'm here to tell you The Old North State has nothing to fear when looking forward to future state legislatures, with lads like Boss Cook, Manning Muntzing, Bax Miller, Jim Turner, Charlie Wolf. Brother, when they assumed the rooster, flint scraped and sparks flew!"

Didn't The Horse mean, the rostrum, not the rooster?

"I call it the rooster," The Horse said, "because someone always gets plucked when it is assumed. The one guy I felt sorry for was the Senior Class prexy when he cried bitter tears over the refusal of The Many to carry out his campaign pledge of The Biggest & Best Senior Party Ever. Morally, Boss Cook and Bax Miller are right about The Senior Class Gift: it is a dole. But Jim Wallace was right when he said we were swallowing camels and straining at gnats. However, in the future, it would be nice if the Seniors would go into their pockets for the less-than-a-buck each requisite to the intended gift. If they didn't get that much good out of UNC, okay, let their pockets stay sewed up."

And, the Senior Class party was cut, alas.

"It's easy to taper the expense," The Horse shrugged. "It is for beer and hot dawgs at Hogan's Lake? Okay, two hundred dollars less of hot dawgs does it. Not only is everybody happy, but everybody is actually happier, yipe, with less hot dawgs to dilute the suds."

### Symington's Stock Down

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — Senate observers concur that Stu Symington of Missouri has just about lost his bid for the presidential nomination by not speaking out at the McCarthy hearings. An A-1 administrator, who did a great job as Air Secretary, Sturtart is too inarticulate, too meek, too suave in the rough-and-tumble of McCarthy debate. . . . Sen. John McClellan has probably re-elected himself Senator from Arkansas, thanks to McCarthy. A few weeks ago, McClellan faced likely defeat from Arkansas' popular ex-Gov. Sid McMath. Today McClellan's punches at McCarthy have upped his chances 50 per cent. . . . Arkansas is overwhelmingly anti-McCarthy. . . . McClellan



PEARSON

didn't have the courage, as did his Arkansas colleague, Bill Fulbright, to vote against McCarthy's appropriation, but he now sees the handwriting on the wall. Fulbright was the sole senator out of 96 to vote against McCarthy's whopping big appropriation. . . . This is the taxpayer's dough used by McCarthy to send Don Surine, a discharged FBI agent, up to New York to scare Arthur Pierson's mother-in-law out of her wits by telling her her daughter was involved in a hit-and-run accident. This was a ruse to get Pierson's address in an effort to retaliate against Sturtevant Hensel, forthright Defense Department attorney who drew up the Army charges against McCarthy. Hensel was Pierson's old partner.

Senator Mundt's handling of the McCarthy hearings is so lame, friends fear it's likely to help his Republican opponent, David Wilkens, South Dakota farmer, who is running against

him in the June 1 primary. Mundt has let special counsel Ray Jenkins, the stow-spoken Tennessee criminal lawyer, act as if he was committee chairman. This is unheard of in Senate procedure. . . . During the Kefauver hearings there was never any doubt as to who ran the show—Estes Kefauver. . . . During Truman Committee hearings there was no doubt as to who ran the show—Harry Truman. Harry was not a lawyer but he ran things. Mundt is no lawyer but he's not running things. . . . Mundt gets involved in interminable hassels, which is duck soup for McCarthy. It lets Joe dominate the TV cameras. . . . Mundt is president of the National Forensic League, editor of The Rostrum, associate editor of The Speaker, is supposed to be one of the great public speakers of the U.S.A. But when he gets off the rostrum in the rough-and-tumble of debate, he doesn't know what to say.

### on the Carolina Front

Louis Kraar

As we looked at the newspaper maps of leading cities that were marked with concentric circles indicating the degrees of damage a hydrogen bomb could cause, we thought of a freshman physics course and Dr. Joseph W. Straley, who taught us.

Dr. Straley's course is one in the basic principles of the atomic bomb, and it's designed for those of us who aren't going to, or simply haven't the ability to, major in science. Although I don't recall all my electrons and neutrons, I'll never forget one of my last classes in Dr. Straley's course.

He was explaining what I think he called the "crucial mass." This was supposed to be what you get when you make an atomic bomb that's ready to explode. As I recall, Dr. Straley explained that scientists figured out the "crucial mass" on paper, so that the bomb wouldn't explode prematurely.

Scientists would figure on the bomb being just a little less than this "crucial mass," and later, after it was set off, parts of the bomb would come together to form the mass that would explode.

The gist of the whole thing was that if careful scientists hadn't figured out the bomb's ingredients on paper correctly, the atomic bomb would have blown up in their faces when constructed.

About this point in the class, a student asked jokingly, "Dr. Straley, weren't they a little afraid?"

And Dr. Straley turned towards the class, looking more serious, and said, "I'm still afraid."

Everyone laughed at the time. But later, after I had finished the course, I realized that Dr. Straley's observation was all I had remembered very vividly. It occurred to me this week as I looked at the maps of possible H-bomb damage, that only scientists like Dr. Straley can fully comprehend the potency of such powerful weapons.

An old-fashioned, comparatively puny atomic bomb killed between 210,000 and 240,000 persons at Hiroshima. And now, we understand the H-bomb is much more powerful.

It makes you wonder what the bomb man made will make man. And somehow you know that Dr. Straley's comment, "I'm still afraid," isn't funny any more.

### YOU Said It

SP 'Giveaway' Gets UP Scorn

Editor:

The old saying, "all that glitters is not gold," was never better shown than at the student Legislature meeting last Thursday night. This proof came as a direct result of the Student Party giveaway program of last fall and winter. The Student Party leaders told the Legislature that it must economize for the coming year because funds are going to be very short. Funds are short because the Student Party went ahead with its giveaway program without adequate planning and without taking adequate precautions to assure fair treatment for all.

The result of this lack of foresight has been the following: (1) The appropriation for Senior Week for next year (so aptly deserved) has been greatly reduced; (2) Funds are not now available to provide a fair share of the improvement program for all organizations; (3) The Daily Tar Heel will go on a 5-day week after the close of football season next year.

We hope that the students will judge the unfairness of these policies and not again be deceived by high sounding political slogans!

R. B. Meacham
Reuben Leonard

### Creasy Critic

(The writer of the following letter is a member of the staff of The Daily Bruin at the University of California at Los Angeles, a reader of The Daily Tar Heel, and a West Coast critic of campus affairs.—Editor.)

Editor:

I might say it seems the supporters of Mr. Creasy should now scrape up the footprints now that their candidate has been elected, rather than leave it to the University grounds employees to clean up after little, messy children.

I was brought up to believe that no matter how great the purpose of the mess I was expected to clean up after myself, not leave it to someone else.

Elizabeth Zeinz

Look, Ma, I'm Guzzling!

Editor:

For the past several years there has been an epidemic of verbal diarrhea among certain small student groups on this campus. These "campus lawyers," ever ready to agitate against the administration and get their name in the paper, have managed to peeve the administration, the trustees, and the state in general. Right now the powers-that-be are looking around for bigger and better shafts to gig us with. This year it was Saturday classes, next year, who knows.

The latest outbreak of this disease is in the matter of the coed drinking agreement. Student government leaders are complaining that an alcoholic hypocrisy exists on this campus and that they have no authority. The fundamental question is neither of these. The hypocrisy could be remedied by throwing a few violators out of school, and actually, student government has nothing to do with the whole issue. The question is whether the Administration of a state university, in a state in which the dregs are parched and the wets are only damp, can openly sanction drinking among its women students—whether Mr. Average North Carolina would want to send his daughter to such a school. It is because of their innate irresponsibility in matters such as this that student government will continue to do nothing that requires any more authority than playing tidily winks.

Much more needed than a coed drinking agreement is some sort of dorm visiting agreement. As things now stand a poor, heather, "Danny Dorm" has to ask his mother to wait in the car if she visits him on Sunday afternoon. Let's have more for the many instead of so much for the few, and above all, will all of the Moseses who feel the calling to lead us out of the wilderness into the promised land please cease, desist, and shut up.

Name Withheld By Request

The true way to be deceived is to think oneself more knowing than others.—De la Rochefoucauld.