

Milford Makes The Map

Some of the people in Milford, Delaware, tried to do the right thing. They decided to implement the Supreme Court anti-segregation ruling. They admitted 11 Negro children to a formerly all-white school. Today, those 11 children are back in classes at their own school in the Negro district of town, for the white supremacists have won the first round of the battle in Milford.

Those persons who are determined to keep Milford's schools segregated, who have created unrest and threatened violence, who have desperately held on to a social system which is rapidly collapsing under them, will have to wake up some day. In a few years the Supreme Court decision will truly be the law of the land, and Milford, along with all the other towns in the South, will have to obey the law. Milford won't like it, but Milford will obey it.

The unfortunate thing, of course, is this: That the name of Milford has become, in two weeks, a symbol of racial strife. That the prejudice of a town against 11 children could put Milford, Delaware in the headlines of Durham and Milwaukee and Los Angeles. The unfortunate thing is that Milford, which might have made a quiet step forward, made the map instead.

A Crohn-ic Condition

Max Crohn seems to be becoming a Chron-ic bill introducer in the student Legislature. We suspected, since Max is floor-leader of the University Party, that the two bills he pulled out of his hat on Thursday evening were strictly political affairs to get the UP some votes in the winter elections. Two things, however, contradict that theory: (1) The elections are too far away for these bills to be effective vote-getters, and (2) The members of the University Party legislative corps, it seems, weren't happy about Max's introducing the measures in the first place.

The bills are rather interesting. One calls for an investigation of gasoline prices in Chapel Hill. Max could save a lot of investigating time by attending a course in economics and learning something about the law of supply and demand, and how the price of a commodity in a given market is determined.

The second bill is not so easily disposed of. This measure calls for maid service in all dormitories (men's dormitories, we presume this means). Now this is a peachy-keen idea, and we're sure the lower quad will heartily approve. But, since the University is now desperately looking for money with which to build a pharmacy building, new dormitories, etc., we are prompted to ask: Where is the money for this maid service coming from?

The answer would seem to be obvious. If Max is successful in his fight to lower Chapel Hill gasoline prices, the money saved by car-owners will be pooled to provide salaries to the maids. So get your schedules ready, boys, and be prepared to tell the ladies whether you want your orange juice in bed in time for an 8 or 9 o'clock class.

Gracious Living - X

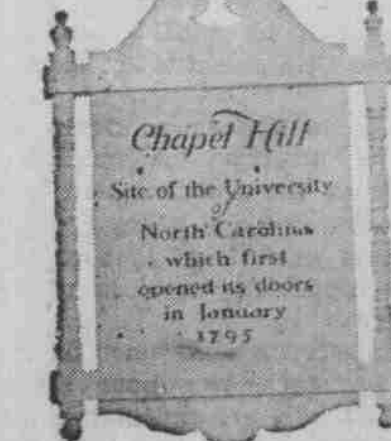
The bee is a busy soul. Never heard of birth control. That is why in times like these The Y Court's full of busy bees.

We bought our usual cup of morning coffee at the bar in the Y the other day, and walked outside to one of the benches beside Gerrard Hall to drink it in comfort. As we started to take our first sip, a bee gently settled on the rim of our cup. We shooed him away, and took a quick swallow. It was too quick. We got the beeswax burned out of our tongue. The bee buzzed back and settled on the rim of the cup. He played it smart; he just licked around the edges. We finally gave up and left the cup sitting on the bench. The bee called his little brother, his old man, and a host of cousins, and the last we saw of them they were having a delightful coffee klatsch at our expense.

We propose that the University take steps to do away with the bees in the Y Court and around the South Building steps. They might drench the area in DDT some afternoon, or perhaps build a new Y court just for the bees so the pesky little chaps would leave ours alone. Gracious Living in Chapel Hill is bee-ing bee-deviled by our unwanted little honey-dipping friends, and we hereby issue a call to arms!

The Daily Tar Heel

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Editor CHARLES KURALT

Carolina Front

A Request For Leniency And Sharp Pencils

Louis Kraar

LEGISLATOR David Reid got up the other night and called upon his contemporaries to set up a probation system for first offense Honor System violators.

And as he did, I thought of Dean of Student Affairs Fred Weaver and Institute of Government Director Albert Coates and the other chroniclers of student government here. The time has come to add another chapter to the tedious, but inspiring, history of student government. I suggest that Weaver Coates and the rest sharpen their pencils.



Reids wants to elevate the student courts "from their positions as mere juries to a position of a true judicial body." That is, he wants to give a first offender a second chance.

UNDER THE present setup, violators of the Honor System (which puts one on his honor not to cheat, lie, or steal) are usually booted from school if found guilty. They are usually "suspended." That is, they can come back after a given time has passed.

Reids wants to elevate the student courts "from their positions as mere juries to a position of a true judicial body." That is, he wants to give a first offender a second chance.

I've always looked on Carolina as a place that allows some mistakes. Reid's plan carries this over to the student courts. At the same time, he has provided for stiffer sentences for "flagrant and premeditated violators."

THIS CHANGE in the administration of the Honor System would, as Reid says, fill the need "for rehabilitation and corrections instead of mere punishment in first offense cases."

Faculty advisors to whom probationers would report are provided for in the Reid plan. It is a well thought out one, leaving the individual student courts flexibility.

ALREADY CLOUDS of opposition are gathering. Reid wants to change what seems to be an inflexible system. What's more, Reid simply wants change. And there are still some who feel that changing a seasoned institution—like the Honor System—will upset it. Many of these in opposition are those who are upset over any change of anything.

CYNICS among students and faculty alike freely prophesied the failure of the student government at its birth: At every turning point in its history they have lived to witness a student body rising to the challenge of a crisis," writes chronicler Coates. And so it is with current critics.

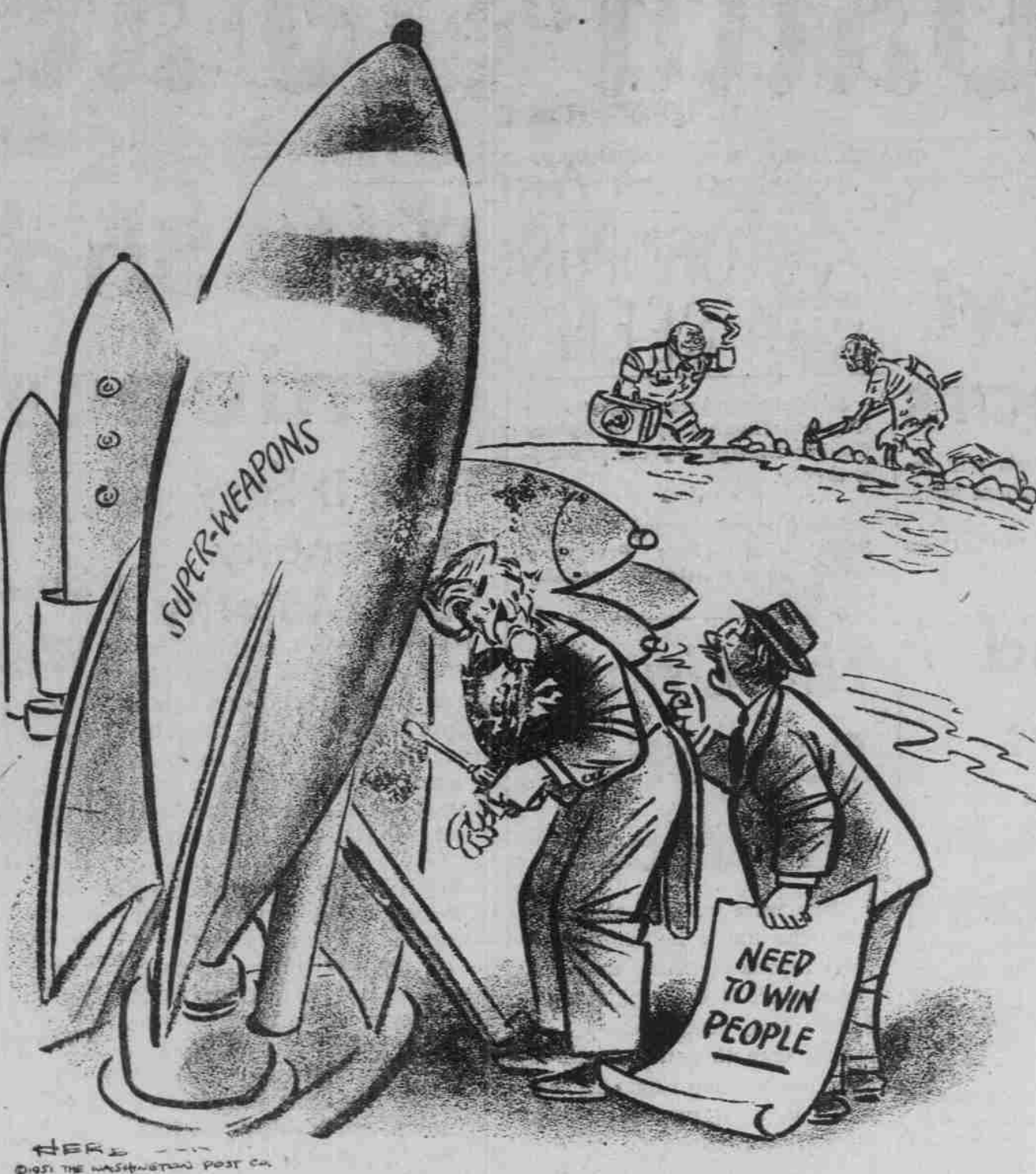
CAROLINA'S HONOR system has, of late, become too much like a sacred cow, something that is respected because it is the tradition but not really understood.

Most students, if they were accused of violating the system, wouldn't know their rights. If the legislative committee into whose hands and heads the fate of Reid's plan rests will open up his hearings, it can do much to enlighten the campus.

Arguments on all sides of this plan should be considered, letting the student body in on what the alternatives are. Then the body should deliberate.

IF THE Legislative committee acts openly and fairly (and I'm sure it will), it will probably be time again for student government chroniclers to write another chapter. I hope so.

'How Are We Fixed For Jet-Propelled Ideas?'



UN Session Will Be Rocky

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — A network radio commentator recently chided Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Benson for buying an airplane that Secretary of the Interior McKay decided he didn't want. It looked as if Benson, according to this account, was using the plane for pleasure purposes.

Though Benson has made mistakes as Secretary of Agriculture, he can't justly be accused of wasting money on himself. Real fact is that he saved money for the Agriculture Department by buying this plane.

What happened was that the Interior Department's Reclamation Bureau decided it no longer needed a Lockheed Lodestar, and put it up for sale through the General Services Administration which handles government surplus.

Benson's Agriculture Department promptly bought it, not for hauling VIP's around, but to carry Forest Service paratroopers who have to jump from planes to put out forest fires. To have purchased the plane outright would have cost the government around \$100,000. But thanks to Benson's transaction, it cost only \$17,000 to convert the plane into a "smoke-jumper."

Strong U.N.

Look for a rocky session of the U.N. General Assembly. There are 66 items on the agenda, several of them potentially more explosive than the admission of Red China to membership.

Among the explosive are: 1.—An Indian motion to protest the use of the Pacific Islands as H-bomb testing ground. The Indians say that since these islands, including Eniwetok and Bikini, are trust territories of the United Nations, they therefore cannot be used for the H-tests which threaten the lives of islanders.

2.—A Greek motion to protest the buildup of Cyprus, a British island adjacent to Greece, as a British naval base.

All week the British have been working backstage, trying to line up delegates to quash the Greek motion. The United States will abstain from voting because it involves the rights of small nations against the strategic needs of major powers. On the other hand, many Latin-American friends as well as the semi-hostile Arab bloc and the Soviet bloc will side with the Greeks and the British may fail in a vote which all of Europe will be watching.

Senator Wiley Complains

Senator Alexander Wiley, loquacious senior senator from Wisconsin, is so burned up at the newspapers he's almost lost his loquaciousness. However, he managed to lecture one reporter for fifteen minutes on the subject last week.

Alex claimed he was badly misrepresented in the papers when they said he said Congress should not be called back to Washington

because of the McCarthy issue.

What Alex said he said was that it would be a very serious thing if a session of Congress were to be called now because the question of EDC was bound to come up and might have serious international consequences. The Foreign Relations Committee came within one vote of stopping aid to France, Wiley pointed out, and a Senate Debate now might be disastrous.

"I told those men," Wiley bellowed, as he got up from his chair and started pacing the floor.

"They were sitting right there," he pointed, "and I told them that it had nothing to do with McCarthy. The leaders can't bring Congress back for a specific action, so there is bound to be some action on EDC.

"Why can't you guys get things straight? Why do you have to put words into our mouths just to get a story?"

"I'll be watching you, now," he cautioned. "I want you to get this right."

McCarthy & Massachusetts

Able Senator Jack Kennedy of Massachusetts will probably go to the hospital during the debate of censure McCarthy. Kennedy has a legitimate excuse—an old war wound. But he will choose the particular moment of the McCarthy debate to be hospitalized because of his huge McCarthy following in Massachusetts . . . Senator Saltonstall, also from Massachusetts and now up for re-election, would like to go to the hospital if the censure vote comes before November. Saltonstall has stood well with the Boston Irish ever since, as governor, he vetoed the birth control bill. So he's been worried sick about the prospect of voting on McCarthy . . . Young Kennedy might have a second political purpose for going to the hospital—skipping any campaigning for Foster Furcolo, the capable state treasurer who's opposing Saltonstall. John is said to figure a second Democratic senator would diminish his own political stature and perhaps pit popular Salth against him in 1958.

It can now be revealed that Senator Flanders' mystery visit to the Watkins Committee was to offer secret data on behalf of Secretary of the Army Stevens . . . Stevens has been red-faced over the drubbing Republican members at the Army-McCarthy hearings gave him and has had aides burning the midnight oil to puncture some of McCarthy's and Roy Cohn's testimony. They directed particular fire to the statement by McCarthy's private secretary that she had transcribed various memos which described with uncanny foresight McCarthy's trouble with Secretary Stevens and Army Counsel John Adams. McCarthy was able to pull these memos out of his files in an amazing manner at a crucial

time, and the Senate Committee was never able to make a test of the typed pages to see whether they were actually transcribed when McCarthy said they were or thought . . . But though Secretary Stevens prepared volumes of evidence and submitted it to the Watkins Committee through Senator Flanders, Watkins ruled it out. So the Army research still remains a top secret in the Pentagon.

The Ram Sees

The Ram Sees where a letter-to-the-editor writer says the Ram does not "have the courage to put his name on his columns." Then this hot-colored young poison pen artist finishes his unimaginative, name-calling piece of running-off-at-the-mouth-taint-pen by signing his letter, "Name withheld by request." The Ram feels no further comment is necessary.

And while we're answering one writer, we might as well tackle another—the young gentleman who comments on this country's "basic political philosophy—which generally holds that a legitimate government is the government of the majority." Since he is talking about Red China, we defy him to offer any sort of evidence that the majority of the Chinese people have in any way expressed approval of their current government. Mao Tzetung won the last Chinese election unanimously, to be sure, but the people didn't exactly express a free choice in their voting. Russia runs China these days, not the "majority" of the Chinese people. Some of our political dopsters are keeping their fingers crossed for a Titoist movement in the land across the bay from Mandalay, but it hasn't reared its beautiful head yet.

The Ram's heart, alas, is not on the campus today. It is with the Ram-horn-helmeted Tar Heels down in the bayous of Louisiana, may they be victorious. To be brief (which the Ram has a hard time being) and to express our feelings in a nutshell, BEAT TULANE!

—Rameses

Ego, Morals, & Hypocrisy On Campus

Dick Creed

A friend of mine says he hates Carolina.

He was here two years, and most of the time when we talked it was about the hypocrisy and ego-centricty which we thought was the basis of just about every political, journalistic, or academic endeavor on campus.

My friend said he attended one political meeting at the beginning of his freshman year and was so sickened by the partywaist-charm boys who kept talking about naiveety and the single purpose of the party that he didn't go back anymore, even though he believed they were getting more out of college than he was.

He used to complain a lot about the ineptitude and pedantry of the graduate instructors in the English and French departments. (He was strictly a humanities man.)

From what I could learn from him about himself, he came from a family of moderate means in eastern Virginia. He was president of his student body during his senior year in high school, and he used to recall when he once made a speech to an assembly of student bodies of all the schools in his district.

He could have gotten along all right on the money his parents were willing to send him. But during the last quarter of his freshman year he told them he had a job making as much money as he needed, although he was constantly disturbed because of his limited finances.

A good friend of his joined a fraternity, and my friend used to kid him a lot about being a big fraternity man and buying frat ties. We were all good friends and used to play ping-pong in the dormitory basement. We all agreed that there was a lot of artificiality in fraternity allegiances.

My friend finally got so fed up with "this damned place" he said he was going to go into the Army the summer after his freshman year. He didn't though, and he came back for his sophomore year.

About the only thing different about his attitude during the second year was that he became more sickened with the whole situation, and his sourness on the campus became more generalised.

He used to say, "Creed, these dogs in Chapel Hill are the most concited bunch I know I've ever seen, especially that crowd that hangs around the library." As a general rule he liked dogs.

He finally swore he hated Carolina, and decided he would withdraw and go to a school nearer his home so he could commute. I said I didn't think he would, but he has.

He hitch-hiked to California this summer, working his way. When he left home he said his parents thought he had a job near Chapel Hill. But he took a bus to Asheville, and went from there to California by thumb.

I got one letter from him while he was out West. He said he'd seen a lot of country and that his trip beat my trip to Detroit the summer before by a mile.

After he got back home, he wrote me and said that he was all set to start school in Virginia. He said he still hated this place but that he would probably miss it. I haven't heard from him since.

When he first came here, my friend was going to major in political science. I don't know whether the political meeting changed his mind or not. Once he became determined that he was going to write. He started reading a lot, but he didn't have any system about it. We used to talk about books and authors which neither of us knew much about.

The last I heard, he has decided to major in languages.

We used to talk a lot about morals, God, philosophy, sex, Charlie Jones, and the characters we see every day on campus. I don't think we knew much about these things either.

I'm looking forward to seeing him or hearing from him again.

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others . . . Hippocratic, circa 500 B. C.

THE HORSE was spraddle-legged in the lee of Murphey Hall, and muzzle-on-hoof perusing the poems of Catullus.

"I love pomes," The Horse breathed mistily. "Latin in pomes in particular, I love."

Oh? Was The Horse, then, such a good Latin scholar?

"Fur from it," The Horse said frankly. "But Latin sorta equalizes things twixt me and other pome lers I know. Taek, *exempli gratia*, as we Latin students say, T. S. Eliot. Some of his stuff I understand fine, but a whole lot of it I do not understand at all. Yet it is written in English."

Well, at any rate The Horse was frank in admitting it.

"That's the rub," The Horse growled, hoofing Catullus aside and sucking idly on a hoof. "How can you admit it when you sit in class with students on any and all sides who claim to see great significance, as they call it, in everything of Eliot's? But in Latin, now, all students are on the same low level, so to speak. They all gotta translate the Latin before they can claim to like what it says, and by that time they are all too exhausted to make any claims whatsoever."

Oh? So? Then who explained the poesy?

"Doc Suskin, of Classics, is doing it right now," The Horse said, "and darned interesting it is, too. You see, when you do not have to pretend that nature endowed or equipped you with some secret mechanism which enables you to know good poesy when you read it, you sit with your face shut and learn what good poesy is by having it pointed out to you. Then maybe you can go into an English poetry class and do more than make out you like a pome simply because it is fashionable to like pomes, or because it is stylish at the moment to like some particular pote. This is one of the great values in Latin and Greek: you start off admitting very frankly you do not know anything about it, and thus you are in a good position to learn."

Did The Horse really believe that there was time, in these days of the hurry-up in everything, to poke into things like Latin and Greek?

"It is all the more reason," The Horse stated pafftically, "you should study Classics. We stand around admiring ourselves for being as smart as all-get-out in the Twentieth century, when as a matter of cold Latin and Greek fact we are as big a passel of boobs as ever got their names indited in the sorry pages of History."

I thought The Horse was wrong there. The problems in those days were not as acute as were ours of to-day. There were less mouths to be fed, and consequently there was less labor to be accomplished in turning out the fodder and other supplies necessary to life.

"What you mean," The Horse contradicted me, "is that our whole concern nowadays is 'turning out and consuming food and other effects which you regard as necessities of life. We squawk about juvenile delinquency and increase in adult crime and preach about how we are—meaning the other guy, not us — blacksliding from Religion, Heck, Roger, we are not blacksliding from Religion! We are daily and nightly practicing our true Religion of Body-Worship."

Aw, come off it! Why, this past year was a record one for church-attendance in the United States.

"Yup, it was," The Horse agreed cheerfully. "Part of one day in a seven-day week, we take an hour or so to go to church; but even there and then we continue our ritual of Body-Worship. How many of the church-goers, Roger, do you suppose are wondering 'How does my hat look?' or 'I'm real sharp in my new suit!' and how many of them do you suppose are wondering, 'How does my soul look in the eyes of God?' How many people in church do you suppose walked there, reflecting soberly on where they are headed; and how many do you suppose screamed up in their shiny new Zilch-Eight and took time out (even though they were late) to observe with snide satisfaction that Dan Pettifog's Silly-Six was looking pretty beat up?"

I thought this was an odd mood for The Horse. "Well, maybe you get that way reading the Classics," The Horse shrugged. "Maybe yo usort of get the idea that what a man did and thought and said was a lot more important than what he ate, wore or drove."

I thought The Horse had a nerve, claiming those pagans, those idolaters, were better than we were!

"We have simplified things," The Horse conceded. "Instead of getting all fouled up over which gods to worship in a polytheistic rhubarb, we get ourselves fouled up over one deity to worship."

Exactly! Christianity, for example; or Judaism; Or Confucianism, Shintoism, Bhuddism —

"Wrong again, Roger," The Horse grinned toothily. "We have simplified things by setting our individual selves up to worship. Not everybody, to be sure. But more and more, we are getting that way. Why does a juvenile delinquent become a juvenile delinquent? Because he, or she, wants something — and that is The Law, so far as they are concerned. The adult criminal gets his and her way because he or she wants something, and that is their law. Now, if more people would worry more about what other people want, or need, we'd automatically be practising Christianity of a sort. The way it is, we attend Christian churches, most of us in this nation, but by and large, we worship our bodies. I —"

The way it is, we attend Christian churches, most I followed his crossed eight-balls of eyes and was not amazed to see a trio of pre-Dior coo-eds parading past. Ah hah! Was this not paganism? Were those three not Maenads?

"Well," The Horse chattered, "at least I cannot be accused of worshipping my own body."

"Wump!" Mr. Wump whumped. . . perhaps with an eye on The Horse's more than ample girth.