

# A Tired, Funny Little Man

From The Loris Sentinel

(The following editorial was written by Daily Tar Heel Managing Editor Fred Powledge last summer, when he was editor of The Loris (S. C.) Sentinel.—Editor.)

Last week a funny little man hitched-hiked wearily into this town.

He was funny because his face carried on it all the worry and sadness of the world. He was weary because his arms carried two large, black-metal suitcases and a worn zippered briefcase. A traveling man.

He tried to sell us some of his wares, and when we declined to buy any, he started off, at a furious gate, toward town, carrying his worn zippered briefcase. He limped a little. He was weary.

He had come from up in North Carolina, someone said. He had been seen, standing wearily by the roadside with his two heavy black-metal suitcases and worn zippered briefcase and his worried, sad face, thumbing rides through several North Carolina towns. A traveling man.

He was in jail, and his worn briefcase was checked in at the police station. He was drunk and during the course of his night at the jail he had torn off his worn maroon shirt and brown pin-stripe trousers and had screamed his heart out at the walls of this town's jail because he was alone and drunk.

The funny little man had tried to talk Loris Community Hospital attaches into giving him some dope. He was slightly drunk then, and the hospital people called the police, who took him to jail where he remained drunk and tore off his clothes and screamed his heart out at the jail's walls.

When he was let out he had 17 cents in his pocket.

He was asked, in a polite way, to leave this town. To take his worried and sad face and tired arms, peck-marked with the scars of a hundred needles, and get out.

He got out. He was seen, standing wearily on the highway, his tired arm uplifted in the traditional symbol of the hitch-hiker, his worn zipper briefcase under his arm and his two black-metal suitcases by his feet.

He is gone from this town. He is now in another town, trying to get narcotics from the drug store, or from the hospital, trying to sell enough of his wares so he can buy whiskey when he cannot buy dope. He anticipates spending a few nights in strange jails, because he knows somewhere ahead on his road, as on the roads behind him, he will be caught and put in jail.

Like a cigarette, flipped from a hand, on the beach, he will be blown along by the wind, turned over, stopped, started again. He will come to rest by a lump of sand, and the wind will come again sometime and send him down the beach, toward nothing, until at last the tide will come in and he will be gone forever.

What can we, society, do for this man, this funny little man with the limp and the suitcases and the briefcase and the lust, now uncontrolled, for narcotics?

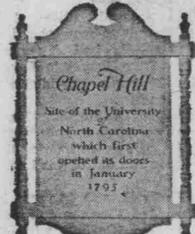
We cannot imprison him, throw him behind bars, for we are not certain whether he has actually done any harm — he may be a "victim of circumstances."

We cannot send him to a federal hospital for dope addiction unless he is tried and sentenced and gives his consent. And he doubtless believes he is not ready for a federal hospital. He's not far enough down the dirty, screaming road yet.

What can we do? We, who claim to be society. Can we pretend to ignore the cigarette, that is flipped from a hand on the beach . . . that will roll along, blown by the wind, until the tide finally comes and takes it away forever?

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# Carolina Front— Students Find An Answer To Segregation

Louis Kraar

RALEIGH—The cool air blowing through the governor's suite here in the Sir Walter Hotel and the Saturday afternoon football sounds from the radio are just about the only life left in the State Student Legislature right now.

The mock legislature ended a few moments ago over in the Capitol, and hundreds of students from twenty-three North Carolina colleges have hit the road for home—and sleep.

This three-day meeting hit a climax just before midnight Saturday night in the House of Representatives. Carolina's Jim Turner introduced a plan to implement the Supreme Court's segregation decision about 10:30. The evening, before that point, dragged along slowly, getting bogged down in parliamentary procedure at every turn.

Lewis Brumfield, armed with a water pistol, attempted earlier to liven up proceedings with "attacks" from the galleries of both the House and the Senate. But Duke University's Senators took it seriously and wanted to boot Carolina's whole delegation from the chamber. Dave Reid calmed Duke with an oratory uppercut, and the sergeant-at-arms calmed Brumfield.

Brumfield's horse-play was merely a humorous sidelight to an otherwise serious assembly.

AS THE time dragged on though, Brumfield's humor was forgotten, and the group sat looking as bored as an 8 o'clock Saturday class.

"The Supreme Court has already ruled on segregation," Turner told the House. "The problem now is what we are going to do. Should we listen to the NAACP and mix now, or should we do what Georgia did and destroy public schools?" he asked.

Then, pointing to large charts indicating populations of both races in various parts of the state, Turner submitted a plan—one answer to the state's biggest problem today.

Basically, the Carolina integration plan called for immediate integration on the college level and gradual integration at other levels. Desegregation was suggested more gradually for areas with over one-third of the school population Negro.

Turner finished. Duke suggested that the matter be put before the state in a referendum. But the House voted this down. Senators stole out of their chamber and went to the House. The horse-play was over, and it was easy to tell from the noise that something would happen.

SPEAKER JOEL Fleishman gradually silenced the House. Twenty students were on their feet asking recognition.

Charles Martin from N.C. State took the floor, almost sprinting to the front of the House.

"The purpose of government is to follow the will of the people. And I maintain that the majority of the people of North Carolina do not want desegregation at the present time," the State student said. He sat down quickly.

Soon it was Gordon Forester's turn.

"Sure, desegregation is going to be difficult. But we're talking about it from the white's viewpoint. It's going to be just as tough for some Negroes.

"But let's quit talking about how tough it is and do something." Forrester declared, his voice ringing through the great hall.

The Carolina student reminded the group that the integration plan left 11 years for full desegregation. He sat down quietly, as if tired from his vigorous talk.

The House applauded Forrester for almost a minute. A WC girl moved a vote.

The clock stood at midnight. There were only four negative votes.



# Ike's Wrist Alarm Buzzes Foster To Sheepish Silence

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — Lame-duck Senator Cordon of Oregon held an urgent, private conference last week with Jim Murphy, national chief of the Citizens for Eisenhower organization. With him was Oregon's National Republican Committeeman, Jesse Gard. Cordon complained that his campaign for re-election had gone \$26,000 in the red, and he pleaded with Murphy to make up the deficit from the Citizens for Eisenhower treasury.

Murphy was anything but receptive. If he did that, he replied, he would also have to make up campaign losses in Michigan and West Virginia—which would cost \$200,000 and more than the Citizens for Eisenhower could afford. Besides, Murphy added, the organization was folding up and moving its furniture out.

Angrily Cordon claimed that Citizens for Eisenhower had promised to pay \$750 to install telephones for the phone campaign—calling up people to get out the vote. The Senator said he was able to get the phones installed for only \$540, yet he hadn't received a red cent from the organization. Murphy retorted that no one had authority to commit the Citizens for Eisenhower for the bill.

Calming down, Cordon said he didn't really care about the \$450. What he was interested in, he said, was collecting \$26,000 to pay his campaign bills. Again, Murphy refused to put up the money.

Cordon then gloomily reported that the Republican party had gone to pieces in Oregon. It would have to be "rebuilt one thousand per cent up from the precinct level," he said.

As the conversation ended, Committeeman Jesse Gard looked around the room and remarked: "I hope Drew Pearson isn't listening."

# Surrender Terms

Senators on the McCarthy Censure Committee have been mystified over the sudden bolt of one of their members, Senator Case of South Dakota, over to the McCarthy side. During secret debates on the McCarthy censure resolution, Case gave no hint that he was not in full agreement with the other committee members. So it was a shock when he rose on the Senate floor to try to find an alibi for the man he had hitherto opposed.

When pressed later for an examination, Case merely said he was under great pressure. But he refused to say why he was compelled to do what he didn't want to do.

However, here is the explanation:

The McCarthy forces got to Governor-elect Joe Foss in South Dakota, and he in turn notified Case that if he didn't reverse himself on censuring McCarthy, he Foss, would run against him for re-election.

Foss is a popular war hero who led the Republican ticket in South Dakota and was partly responsible for pulling Senator Mundt through to victory. He is also a strong McCarthy man. Case comes up for re-election in a scant two years, and if the new governor ran against him he might well be defeated.



# THE BRIEFING

Dulles droned on and on.

That was why the Senator from South Dakota suddenly reversed himself on McCarthy.

# Ike's Alarm Clock

President Eisenhower has developed a unique way of stopping long-winded conferences. He tried it out the other day during the two and-a-half hour meeting between Democratic and Republican leaders when John Foster Dulles got involved in a long and tedious, intricate "briefing" on foreign policy.

As Dulles droned on and on, leaders of both parties began to fidget in their chairs. He recognized this and looked at his State Secretary several times as if to inquire how long he planned to continue.

Suddenly the alarm on Ike's wrist watch went off with a loud buzz. Whether the President had set the alarm before the meeting or changed it during the course of Dulles' statement to shut off the Secretary is something only Ike knows.

In any case, there was a howl of laughter, with Ike adding a comic touch by grabbing at the watch to silence the alarm.

"Is that a signal for me to stop?" inquired Dulles sheepishly.

"Maybe it is," agreed the President. "I didn't realize we were running so long."



—Tinsley in the Duke Peer.

# Notes In The Bottom Of The Basket: Ram, Rain, Aldabra

At week's end, time to clean out the baskets in the editorial office . . . including a story told by J. P. Brady in Weimar Jones' Franklin Press, a sign, we suppose, of the times . . . Two groundhogs were busily digging holes and during a coffee break one asked the other, "How far down have you dug?"

"Oh, about 50 feet," the second groundhog figured, "do you think that's deep enough?"

"Good gosh no," exclaimed the other. "My granddaddy dug down 80 feet during the last depression and they were cooking him on the stove by nightfall."

Tom Ochiltree reports from London the story of tiny Aldabra, the island time forgot . . . Aldabra is an Indian Ocean atoll 25 miles northwest of Madagascar. For hundreds of thousands of years it remained practically untouched, for a reason nobody knows.

Aldabra developed its own forms of natural life—wired creatures that seemed more related to the age of dinosaurs than to the modern world, giant land tortoises, great sea turtles and fierce land crabs. Of the 14 species of birds on Aldabra, 13 are unknown elsewhere . . . Darwin knew about the island and its odd forms of life, but until this century no man had lived there.

Now, however, 47 people, hermits from civilization, make their homes on Aldabra's 60 square miles, and English and French scientists want them to move away so that the island can remain a natural monument to the dawn of creation.

The House of Commons will decide soon whether to let Aldabra become a human heaven or to free it forever from the threat of invasion by man and his machines . . .

Rameses the Ram, (who will probably be back next week writing his Daily Tar Heel column) jumps into the controversy over the life in the Lower Quad controversy with these off the cuff notes he made during an investigative tour:

"Drove to Lower Quad. Unable to find parking place. Too many cars. Parked on Raleigh Road and walked back. Long walk. Went into Aycock Dorm to visit friend there. Out on date. Knocked on room next door to talk to anyone. Both occupants out on dates. Went over to Stacy to see friend there. Couldn't talk to me. Hung over. Asked fellow in Lewis about this fraternity-dormitory split. Said the first he heard of it was what he read in Dick Creed's column. Asked someone else. He never heard of the split. Doesn't read Dick Creed's column. Went to Rathskeller for beer. Couldn't get in. Too many dorm men down there drinking. Went to Rendezvous Room. Place full of dorm men and their dates. Gave up and went home. Decided to make next investigation of social and economic poverty in Upper Quad. Matter of fact, have to go to Upper Quad anyway to pay back \$10 I owe fellow in Mangum."

"Okay, and we still are." The Horse agreed, shifting Shakespeare in The Theater to one side so he could assume The Complete Greek Drama, (Vol. 1) "It is the sons of these buckers and competitors in conspicuous consumption of goods they cannot afford, who populate this and other campi, as Doc Ullman would say. And don't kid yourself the lads and lassies are here because Popsy and Mopsy think Higher Education is the berries. At least half of them are here because their folks want to show they can afford to send the kiddies to college."

The student is under that pressure; plus Frutrush pressure; plus inadequate high-schooling, very often, for our courses; plus the pressures of a strange life; plus various student-participation pressures."

"Oh! Then investigate; and pardon some? And suspend others? And fire others?"

"A map does what he has to, Roger," The Horse said it, "as he sees it at the time the issue comes up. True, Honor is Honor, and it is briefed to all in the same language. A truly sapient University Administration will take steps to protect a student from pressures he will foist upon himself over and above a tolerable load, recognizing the fact that school, girl-friend, automobile, athletic and sundry other pressures may, if it does not break the lad's back, tempt him to break the Honor System's back. And a truly sapient Student Legislature will empower an Honor System to use its discretion where circumstances suggest such is a wise step in saving a youngster from a ruinous stigma. The rich lad with no concern, or the others with no hope, or over-classes with no judgment, bump them out. But don't legislate sin. It won't work."

# The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

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

THE HORSE was galumphing along East Franklin, when I saw him. I wondered what had happened to his School of Architectural Writing?

"Negative and positive, in that order," The Horse shrugged, making a nest of the ponderous tomes he was carrying, and sitting atop the nested books. "I have been and am up to my pointed ears in schoolwork. Witness, I am reduced to trying to absorb Cultoor via The Process of Osmosis!"

There were those who said The Horse had a better chance of acquiring learning through his posterior's inactivity than through his anterior's cerebrations.

"Yeah, I'm with them on that," The Horse said gloomily. "I think it was Edna Ferber who said the secret of success in Writing — and it goes for studying, as well — is to place the seat of the pants against the seat of the chair for eight hours minimum daily. But how you gonna reconcile any such sedentary doings with the fact I got four hooves?"

I failed to see where this factor entered into the question?

"Well, gee whiz, ain't I got four hoofs for the purpose of using them?" The Horse expostulated. "After all, quantity certainly should be weighed as a determinant, and do I not have more of hooves than of, er, posterity?"

The Horse had enough seating capacity to immobilize a centipede, if that method of calculating was to be followed.

"I guess it's just something I gotta work out for myself," The Horse sighed. "However, until it is worked out, The School of Architectural Writing will have to be suspended. I am not surrendering. I am just faced with sheer impossibilities in the way of classroom schedules if I spend so much as three hours weekly at other than the grim tasks assigned me. I courted too much on Dave Reid's legalized Sin bill."

Legalized Sin? Did The Horse mean Legislator Reid's late bill to cast academic blessings on Peeping Toms during quizzes?

"Now, you are being too harsh, Roger me boy," The Horse waved an admonishing hoof. "Dave's Oedipean, if I may drag Sophocles into this, plan for handling desperate quizzes if and when caught, followed the classical mold: it was born to meet its foretold doom."

How come, foretold? Certainly Dave was too smart to cram something down the campusly throat that was predestined for a gory end.

"It has been said," The Horse stated firmly, "that it is impossible to legislate morals. There is much of contention ament this. But I think it may be said that it is impossible to legislate immorality. A witty English visitor of these darkening shores in the Prohibition Era observed that Americans passed idealistic laws, and then blithely ignored. Could be the Johnny was right. But you cannot legislate Sin."

Then, The Horse did not believe in giving Academic Peeping Tom's another look? I meant, another chance? No mercy, at all, at all? One slip and boom, the boom is down?

"Ah, now you are barking up another dogwood tree!" The Horse horsed. "The quality of mercy should not be strained, and I do not specify the direction. The Honor Council can and should weigh extenuating circumstances, when such exist and may be brought to light. Me, I'd crack down on a Senior or a Soph. One must weigh the pressures which are upon the Quizzily Peeper."

But, surely Justice was blind, symbolically? "Symbolically and Realistically, Justice is blind," The Horse agreed. "And Justice should not be so. The pressures on eds and coo-eds on a college campus may look to the casual eye to be identical; but they are not so. This is especially true of our Middle-Class, and are not most of our students' from the great American Middle-Class?"

America didn't regard Classes, but rather — "Stow it, Roger," The Horse chattered (I hate The Horse when he chatters), "before you demonstrate your epic sophistries too glaringly. America does regard Classes, and especially Middle-Class America does, because it has to. In a way, the hopeless Lowest-Lower Class and the Upperst-Upper Class are fortunate, indeed. He can say, eat, drink, wear, drive, go, woo, live — even die! — as he pleases, because he has arrived. He ain't going nowhere, he is there."

But, we were speaking of eds and coo-eds. "Okay, and we still are." The Horse agreed, shifting Shakespeare in The Theater to one side so he could assume The Complete Greek Drama, (Vol. 1) "It is the sons of these buckers and competitors in conspicuous consumption of goods they cannot afford, who populate this and other campi, as Doc Ullman would say. And don't kid yourself the lads and lassies are here because Popsy and Mopsy think Higher Education is the berries. At least half of them are here because their folks want to show they can afford to send the kiddies to college."

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