

What Shakespeare Thought Of Dulles

A lot of good typewriter ribbon has been expended since January, 1953, trying to characterize John Foster Dulles, President Eisenhower's Secretary of State. Dulles is the man whose rhetorical powers conceived phrases like "seizing the initiative," "massive retaliation," "agonizing re-appraisal;" he is the man whose diplomatic tact let him say, at the swearing in of the new Mexican ambassador, that he was glad to swear in at last an ambassador to a "good country."

On what meat doth this our Dulles feed? What is he really like? The best characterization by far that we've seen to date is one by Harry Golden, brilliant and witty editor of the Carolina Israelite. In a recent article, "Shakespeare, Marlow, and John Foster Dulles," Mr. Golden writes:

"What John Foster Dulles thinks of Shakespeare we do not know. But what William Shakespeare thought of John Foster Dulles is as plain as anything can be. He has drawn him full length in the character of Polonius.

The prime minister flapping around in every room of the castle, listening to this, dropping on that; running with every bit of good news to the king in the hope that in the telling thereof he will also get the credit for its creation. A man full of pious phrases and wonderful cliches, "to thine own self be true," and everything is always "all right;" a man who would stop at nothing to keep his job.

A man always smiling and looking wise but completely lacking in sentiment and humor or a new idea. A man who bounced the young Hamlet on his knee, but to whom it meant nothing to join in a conspiracy to get rid of the Prince when it suited his purpose; no more than it bothered him at all to fire John Paton Davies after twenty-three years of service for his government, and only three years short of his pension."

Whether or not Cleanth Brooks and his best of new critics would approve of this employment of Shakespeare we don't know. We do think that Mr. Golden has scooped up the essence of our Secretary of State, one who in a time when most things are either flashing or ready to flash can best be epitomized in the first four letters of his last name. DULL.

Vanity Fair

In this day of hell-for-leather modernism on college campuses, we are pleased to report that the good, gray University of Virginia has changed not one whit from the genteel time of its founder, Thomas Jefferson.

We follow the refined fortunes of this thoroughbred school in the pages of its newspaper, The Cavalier Daily. (How perfect the name: how cavalier!) This is a newspaper that, for example, does not report a student's criticism of the university president as a "blast" but as "an expression of animadversion" or of "displacement." The editor's remarks are likely to take the form of a scolding of new men on the commons for not wearing their ties to class or an expression of opinion on the military maneuvers of Jackson and the Old Stonewall Brigade.

If further evidence is needed to convince you that we have here in the Atomic Age an institution right out of the colonial period, we offer up this headline, which stared up at us from last Tuesday's Cavalier Daily: "VISCOUNTESS TO GIVE BROWSING ROOM TALK."

How decorous! How debonair!

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday, examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

Editor CHARLES KURALT
Managing Editor FRED POWLEDGE
Associate Editors LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER
Business Manager TOM SHORES
Sports Editor FRED BABSON
News Editor Jerry Reece
Society Editor Eleanor Saunders
Advertising Manager Dick Sirkin
Circulation & Subscription Mgr. Dick O'Neal
Editorial Assistant Ruth Dalton
News Assistant J. Goodman
Assistant Sports Editor Bernie Weiss
Assistant Business Manager Bill Bob Peel
Photographers Cornell Wright, R. B. Henley

NEWS STAFF—Dick Creed, Charles Childs, Babbie Diorio, Lloyd Shaw, Richard Thiele, Neil Bass, Hal Henderson, Bobbie Zwahlen, Mitchell Borden, Eddie Grutchfield, Bob Eberle, Peggy Ballard, Lois Owen,
Night Editor for this issue Richard Thiele

Sen. Morse's Daughter Is Independent

Caroline Front

SENIATOR WAYNE Morse, the man between the parties, advised his daughter, a freshman nurse here, to stay out of politics when she started at Carolina this fall.



Attractive Amy Morse, though, found herself running for social chairman of her class. And what's more she won.

When I asked Miss Morse the other day if she had a political future in mind, she exclaimed, "No, no, horrors!"

Between laughs, she explained her procedure for keeping out of "political arguments" on campus. "When someone starts talking politics, I just get busy doing something else," she said and laughed again. (Apparently, independents are a happy lot.)

I asked what her dad said about her running for an office against his advice.

"Oh, he said, 'Congratulations,'" Miss Morse reported with the terseness of a telegram and another pleasant laugh.

Apparently, the Senator's daughter is just as independent as her dad. But I guess we all expect that from a good social chairman these days.

Sitting around thinking about my brief chat with Miss Morse, I tried to picture a partisan social chairman of the freshman class. Perhaps planning freshman socials doesn't raise any grave political controversies. But I remembered the carnival one group had a while back at which one pinned paper tails on a donkey. I'm sure with Miss Morse's pleasant nature, future socials—if they involved the old tail-pinning game—would provide elephants as well as donkeys.

"COY, COY—coy, coy," he shouted between cupped hands. And the cows in the field near us came running for their hand-out of hay.

The cow-caller was E. G. Merritt, who runs a service station on the Pittsboro Road. I had asked for him at his station, and they told me to go around the corner to his barn. Mr. Merritt was pulling down bails of hay to feed his cattle when I arrived.

The cows, who just a moment before the call had roamed and mooed about the field, answered the "coy, coy" like Duke football line-men.

My visit was for asking about gas prices, but after the business was over we talked about cows, who for all I know were talking about us while they ate.

"I've learned one thing," he said. "Never buy a yearling during a Democratic Administration if you're going to sell it during a Republican Administration."

A FLORIDA State University student turned up at school the other day — after authorities found his car bullet-marked car and couldn't find its owner.

His story: He faked his disappearance because he feared he would fail studies at school.

It seems that a guy with that much ingenuity could bluff his way through a couple of classes. Matter of fact, he sounds wise enough to even want to study.

IF YOU like muffins and gumdrops, here's a diet for you.

Six coeds at UCLA are on a daily diet of one muffin, capsules of minerals, vitamins and amino acids, butterscotch pudding and a handful of gumdrops, with an occasional bottle of soda water.

The diet is part of a project to determine the requirements of the body for the approximately 20 amino acids which make up protein necessary for health.

I'm not up on my amino acids, but the professor conducting the experiment said the six girls who liked on a similar diet last semester neither gained nor lost weight and had no difficulty keeping up with their college schedule.

'It Needs Something At The Bottom'



You Said It:

The Effect Of The Super-Bombs

Editor:

I should like to point out several inaccuracies which appeared in the articles by Charles Childs on the possible dangers to human beings from thermo-nuclear reactions. In doing so, I might add, that it is not my purpose to minimize the devastating potentialities of such reactions. I am rather objecting to the exaggerations of numerous writers who, for the sake of glamour, tend to distort the facts.

The possible effects of atomic irradiation on human populations have been and are being studied by an American organization—the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission—in Japan. This organization was established in 1947 with headquarters and laboratories in Hiroshima so that it might have immediate access to the largest possible numbers of survivors of atomic irradiation. Results of the research carried out during the past seven years have been presented at meetings of various medical groups, and appear in a good many scientific and medical journals—both American and Japanese. They are, by no means, secret.

The research in genetics involved an exhaustive study of over 60,000 infants born in Hiroshima and Nagasaki since the atomic bombs were dropped on those cities. Contrary to what Mr. Childs asserts, there is no evidence to date which indicates an increase in the incidence of stillbirths or congenital malformations among children born of parents exposed to the bomb.

A report of the malformations can be found on page 18 of the October 1952 issue of Nucleonics. On miscarriages and stillbirths, the United States Strategic Bombing Survey (1946) reported:

"Of women in various stages of pregnancy who were within 3,000 feet of ground zero, all known cases have had miscarriages. Even up to 6,500 feet they have had miscarriages or premature infants who died shortly after birth. . . . Two months after the explosion, the city's total incidence of miscarriages, abortions, and premature births was 27 per cent as compared with a normal rate of six per cent."

The November 1953 preliminary report on the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, "The Effects of Exposure to the Atomic Bombs on Pregnancy Termination in Hiroshima and Nagasaki," has this conclusion about stillbirths:

"A supplementary analysis of the father and mother indicates that the effect is a function of mother's exposure."

This was for births between 1948 and 1952, three to seven years after the blast.

persons who were facing the explosion 30 miles away."

That the destructive potential of the newer thermo-nuclear weapons by far exceeds that of the smaller bombs which first appeared in 1945 is a well-known and frightening fact. The awesome force of these weapons and the physical dangers involved in their use should be impressed upon all of us in many more articles such as those written by Mr. Childs. However, there is really no need to exaggerate about them. These weapons are already beyond our comprehension.

Marvin A. Kastenbaum
(Writer Childs sticks by his guns, defends his facts as follows.—Editor.)

Mr. Kastenbaum challenges three statements in my article.

To the challenge of the probability of likelihood of change, I would refer him to the first two volumes of "Radiation Biology" which contain many predictions of changes resulting from irradiation. Numerous articles have also been published giving the theoretical changes.

The second challenge is that "there is no evidence to date which indicates an increase in the incidence of stillbirths or congenital malformations among children born of parents exposed to the bomb."

On miscarriages and stillbirths, the United States Strategic Bombing Survey (1946) reported:

"Of women in various stages of pregnancy who were within 3,000 feet of ground zero, all known cases have had miscarriages. Even up to 6,500 feet they have had miscarriages or premature infants who died shortly after birth. . . . Two months after the explosion, the city's total incidence of miscarriages, abortions, and premature births was 27 per cent as compared with a normal rate of six per cent."

The November 1953 preliminary report on the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, "The Effects of Exposure to the Atomic Bombs on Pregnancy Termination in Hiroshima and Nagasaki," has this conclusion about stillbirths:

"A supplementary analysis of the father and mother indicates that the effect is a function of mother's exposure."

This was for births between 1948 and 1952, three to seven years after the blast.

saki, which had the last and strongest bomb, were in agreement with genetic hypothesis. The significance of difference between unexposed and exposed parents was 0.340.

Mr. Kastenbaum's last remark concerned the appearance of cataracts on this 30 miles from the blast. To persons it must be said that some comments on a report delivered to the Seventh Congress of Ophthalmology indicated that these had been observed. The complete report was not available.

It appears that Mr. Kastenbaum is interested in effects of nuclear weapons, but I cannot understand how the warnings of such men as Nobel Prize Winner H. J. Muller and the results of scientific investigations constitutes "exaggeration."

I do not see any "glamour" in the death of 106,000 people, regardless of the cause of their death.

As a final remark on this subject, I hope that he, along with other people, will consider the Commission's statement concluding its report:

"It is important to emphasize that the conditions of these observations, as well as the fact that they are confined to the first post-bomb generation, permit the detection of only a small fraction of the total genetic effect of exposure to an atomic bomb."

Charles Childs

Quote, Unquote

Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, visiting here, put in a plug for the "elite" system of education. He said our schools should try to pick a few comers among the students and give them the works, leaving the dullards to plod along. It is a nice theory and an old one.

The catch seems to be how to determine which are the comers. So often it happens that sleepy boy in the back of the room, fumbling with his jackknife and gazing out of the window, turns out twenty years later to be Robert Frost.

On the whole, an intellectual elite has little more to be said for it than a social elite or a racial elite. An elite system today would be a proper mess anyway; everybody of any consequence would be under investigation, and all the brightest boys and girls would be getting cautionary letters from their congressmen, advising them not to open their traps, lest their remarks be used against them in later life.

Of "gross malformations," it showed that the results for Naga-

'Tonight I Wed Your Brother, Dear John...'

Credo

So you don't like hillbilly music?

I don't either. But I try not to look down my nose at the people who do.

There are all kinds of people who listen to the stuff and say they like it.

There's the boy I know here who has a record collection with Hank Snow, Ernest Tubb, Hank Williams, and Tex Ritter on the same shelf with his Coma, Sinatra, Dorsey, Miller, Liberace, Bach, Brahms, and Beethoven.

Then there are those people up in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, where I come from, who like hillbilly music and nothing else, mainly because they haven't heard much else.

My hometown's two radio stations devote most of their broadcast day to hillbilly disc jockey shows.

Most of the music comes off King records, but some of it is produced on live shows by local talent.

The most popular of the live programs are Uncle Joe Johnson and His Blue Mountain Boys with Pretty Blue-Eyed Odessa, and a thing called Uncle Henry's Barn Dance.

Uncle Henry's program is a hillbilly disc jockey show, but he is famous for his unique, country Rube treatment of commercials between records.

Uncle Joe first started there as the ramrod of the Blue Mountain Boys. Now he has taken over an afternoon pop record show. He shows a preference for pop tunes which have come up from hillbilly ranks.

Once in a while somebody comes out with a hillbilly song which is followed up with sequels.

The latest one we know about is the "Dear John" series.

I heard the first of the three "Dear John" songs in Detroit two summers ago.

A large percentage of the employees in Detroit's automobile industry come from the hills of North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, and Kentucky. And most of the eating establishments cater to them by keeping their juke boxes supplied with hillbilly hits.

It was in such a place, the Addison Waffle Shop, that I first heard these wee-begetting words, accompanied by the plaintive wail and strum of fiddle and guitar:

"Dear John, oh how I hate to write, Dear John, I must let you know tonight that my love for you has died. . . . And tonight I wed your brother, Dear John."

In the song, the epistle quoted above was received on the battlefield of Korea by a soldier named John.

Last summer I learned that John answered the letter. It was embodied in a song called "Dear Joan." I don't recall what the song said exactly, but the essence of it, I believe, was "good riddance."

Now usually the hillbilly artist will stop with one sequel.

But over the Thanksgiving holidays I learned that Joan has written yet another letter: "Forgive me, John, but I don't love your brother; I realize now that you're the only one. Write and tell me, dear, if you'll still have me After all these awful things I've done."

Now I'm wondering what old John will do. Or better still, what his brother will do.

The war's over, and I guess John will be coming home again.

Sounds

Tom Spain

There are many musicians who can turn the Benny Goodman version of the KING PORTER STOMP into a saintly amble, but Pete Rugolo's inventive magic takes the task rather easily and very nicely.

ADVENTURES IN RHYTHM, a twelve-inch Columbia LP, brings the new Rugolo band to our eager ears, proving that Rugolo's wish for his own orchestra wasn't idle fancy. An impressive career accompanies Pete Rugolo in his new moments of glory. Perhaps most widely known as Stan Kenton's arranger for the past five years; he has prepared selections for Mel Torme, Nat Cole, Peggy Lee, and Billy Eckstein, to mention a few. He has been a part of every movement in the modern-progressive field ever since there was a progressive field.

As with Eddie Sauter and Bill Finnegan, arranger Rugolo's own orchestra represents the ideal for which he has been striving. And like the former aggregation, the new band is a medium of expression for an imagination let loose.

ADVENTURES IN RHYTHM is comparable to a home music-appreciation record. The Rugolo band demonstrates twelve popular rhythm uses, and expresses them in a most understanding fashion.

In the case of a bolero beat, the tympani is employed, and the stop-start Shearing beat brings the vibraharp into the picture. Another comparison to the Sauter-Finnegan group might be drawn in that Rugolo shows little restraint of instrument choice. The tuba, alto flute, oboe, piccolo, french horn, and tambourine are all drawn upon as occasions rise. The lineup of stars in the organization accounts for the definite West Coast jazz sound.

Shortie Rogers, Pete Candido, Bud Shank (a UNC graduate), Maynard Ferguson, Shelly Manne, and the talented trombonist, Milt Bernhardt all listed together might lead one to think that this is Kenton without Kenton. Bring Kenton down a bit to the more popular level, add comprehension, control and current tunes, and we find Rugolo blending imaginative harmonies, forms and instrumentation with popular tunes rhythms and gimmicks.

HERE'S PETE, the opener on the album, is of the jump beat so popular with the modern bands of today. The entire band is heard as an ensemble, showing its wares, so to speak. Most impressive, perhaps, is the full brass sound, the section playing quietly in unison. Some might think the band bottom-heavy because of the strength of brass and rhythm sections, but the effect is different, possibly outstanding, if one's tastes lean towards the deep and the quiet. Next we find MY FUNNY VALENTINE, which is wrapped up in a mysterious beguine tempo, a standby for romantically sophisticated ballads.

A minor-keyed chorus by the trombone section and Milt Bernhardt on a plaintive lonesome solo add to the beguine and the effect is truly beautiful.

POINCIANA, an alluring mood song and a long favorite is here fitted into a bolero beat. In fact, were the melody removed and the accompaniment presented, Maurice Ravel would possibly wonder about Rugolo's source of inspiration.

Muffled tympani joined by horn and alto flute solos give a highly exotic flavor to the Latin love song, and the crescendo leading to the final strains of the selection is an honest bolero characteristic, all which creates a very exciting rendition of POINCIANA.

RUGOLO MEETS SHEARING is exactly what the title implies. Many have often wondered just what the George Shearing style would sound like coming from a larger group. If anything, Rugolo captures the real thing when it comes to Shearing's music.

The combination of vibes, piano, strong bass and drums, and the stop beat steadiness makes the number authentic. Another tune that could raise an eyebrow is the JINGLE BELLS MAMBO, which, although it inspires no visions of snow and holly, is an excellent treatment of the mambo, a form which has almost been worn thin in the past year. It seems as though only the sacred confines of religious music have escaped the mambo craze. However, the Rugolo understanding of the form proves of a better quality than the majority oomph numbers circulating today.

The same may well be said for the Pete Rugolo band. With the declining importance of "front men" with popular orchestras, the arrangers are beginning to come out from behind the music stands and express the music they create in their own way. Eddie Sauter and Bill Finnegan helped make Goodman Dorsey and Miller great names in the popular field. Rugolo helped do the same for Kenton. It seems only proper that Rugolo should do it for himself. And ADVENTURES IN RHYTHM indicates that he has.

"Shaping Up"

It was testified in behalf of an officer on trial at Camp Gordon, Augusta, Ga., that he had to do something to "shape up" the recruits, even if it came to suspending a private from a tree by his feet.

His superiors declared that one company of which this officer, a second lieutenant from Korea, took charge was notoriously a poor one, but after being given the proper treatment, it "shaped up" excellently and even won honors.

It is no new thing that men can be "shaped up" into any desired pattern by threats, torture, and systematic brutality, but what place has an army of his sort, beaten into submission, in the United States of America?

It cannot be supposed that this case at Camp Gordon from which tough reports have been coming for some time, is an isolated one in view of the fact that repeated announcements in recent months have made it plain that recruits were no longer being "coddled," but were going to be given the works.

But what place have such methods in America? —Chapel Hill News Leader