

'People, Situations & Consequences'

Professor Alexander Heard, in a letter printed on this page, calls attention to the significance of the Supreme Court's decision on segregation in the day of the cold war.

The letter arrived, by coincidence, on the same day The Daily Tar Heel received the announcement by another faculty member, Dr. W. C. George of the medical school, that his petition for continued segregation had reached Governor Hodges. Of some interest is the comment by Dr. George that virtually none of the signatures on the petition were obtained in Chapel Hill.

"Apparently," said Dr. George, "people in Chapel Hill have come to think of the race problem in concepts of slogans rather than in concepts of people, situations and consequences."

Dr. Heard, we think, aptly demonstrates in his letter where prudent consideration of people, situations and consequences amid the present-day rivalry of systems must lead: to "prompt and well-mannered execution of the Supreme Court's directions."

"Then," as he says, "the United States can face the world clean of hands, clear in purpose and united in spirit."

An Isolated Dissent

It is often forgotten that a little objection can go a long way.

By that token, any protest — no matter how isolated — against the oaths of loyalty that are administered to teachers in this (or any other) school is better than no protest at all. We are certain that the majority of professors find the oaths odious; but it has become obvious that the same majority are content to sign the oaths as a matter of expediency.

We have learned of a reversary; one instructor in the University, called upon this year to sign the oath, appended a note expressing his rejection of the idea. He signed; but he did not fail to make clear his objection to signing. We hope that isolated action may set a new precedent.

"A university," said Robert Maynard Hutchins of Chicago, "is a kind of continuing Socratic conversation."

The word Socratic, when campuses begin to think and act on loyalty oaths, can't be under-emphasized. For Socrates himself was a firm believer in the isolated voices, a believer that one voice among a thousand that are silent or neutral can often stay a tottering ideal.

Gracious Living - XXI

The terrifying, damnable march of mechanization is once more in danger of ensnaring the free human will. Gracious Living in Chapel Hill is stubbing its toe daily on a machine. It happens in the basement of Graham Memorial, where a cookie-dispensing device sits innocently, full of cheese crackers and chocolate crackers and fig newtons and something called Taylor-tarts, all waiting in horizontal chutes for the passer-by's nickel. But consider this: In one of the chutes, the tasteless Taylor-tarts block the passage of the fig newtons, so that one must wait until they are gone before the fig newtons are accessible. Often, we have noticed, the cheese crackers and chocolate crackers disappear, leaving a full row of Taylor-tarts and fig newtons; the fig newtons are in full view through the plastic window, but they are inaccessible to the fig newton-fanciers who are justifiably too proud to fill the machine with nickels and their pockets with Taylor-tarts just to get to what they want. Somebody, we know, is going to bash the window open one of these days, leaving the Taylor-tarts right in their cursed compartments and gorging himself with fig newtons. But for now, the cookies go unbought, Gracious Living continues frustrated.

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.

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Carolina Front — Double-Talk On Cut Rule Is Confusing

Louis Kraar

THEY PUT a little something extra in our envelopes this time. I'm talking about the letter enclosed in the class ticket envelope which said that if you cut over three times, you fail a course.



Although I realize, as the letter says, that attendance "is essential to a good class," it's equally true that a good class will be well attended without rules.

Why the University has to make so much of a matter that has been strictly between students and faculty amazes me. Assuming most students are reasonably mature, they will want to attend class. If they don't want to attend, they're cheating themselves.

Occasionally a class simply isn't worth attending, but this is not often.

Dr. C. P. Spruill, author of the letter, writes that a student "should realize that minor emergencies are to be expected from time to time and that he has the full responsibility of counting an occasional absence within the limit of three unexcused absences in each class."

Just what "minor emergencies" are, only my imagination and the unpredictable interpretation of deans can decide.

According to this same information-packed letter, excuses may be issued by deans "when extraordinary circumstances have compelled his (the student's) absence from class."

Now we're stuck with two fancy terms. And, naturally, neither are explained.

If you miss class because of "extraordinary circumstances," you may receive an excuse from your dean. But watch out for those "minor emergencies" because they count as one of your three cuts.

The academic double-talk of the Spruill letter is almost as ridiculous as the cut rule.

H. A. SIEBER, a young Chapel Hillian who recently published a book of poetry called "In This Marian Year," has this story to tell about one of his poems.

Sieber sent a copy of "A Cruel Imagery," a poem dedicated to Albert Einstein, to the noted physicist.

Einstein replied thanking Sieber but went on to say that he didn't really understand the poem.

"I started to write him and tell him I didn't understand his Theory of Relativity either," declared Sieber.

THERE'S AN almost criminal practice going on in a certain Western Durham institution, according to the last issue of the Duke Chronicle.

The Duke student paper, which modestly calls itself the "tower of campus thought," has decided that "we've had enough of blue jeans."

Apparently some of the commoners took to wearing the rural rompers on campus. And the Chronicle, from its Ivy League tower, noticed "a tendency this year toward increasing sloppiness in men's dress, regardless of class."

I sympathize with this great problem of Duke student leaders, but the last paragraph of the Chronicle editorial probably explains the breach of taste:

"Blue jeans are for farms. They should stay there."

Perhaps that's what the blue jean wearers are thinking when they don denims around the Duke campus.

YOU Said It

The Gage Of Battle: 'How Does The Dark Man Fare In Your Land?'

(The writer of the following letter is a professor of political science in the University.—Editor.)

Editor: North Carolina is presently searching for ways to accommodate to the segregation ruling issued by the Supreme Court last May. This ruling may well prove to be the Court's most important action of this century.

Regardless of what measures are ultimately worked out to assure equal educational opportunities to white and Negro Americans, two results of the Court's action seem inescapable. Another step—a supremely important and unique step — has been taken in fulfillment of the American dream. The American dream has always envisioned equal opportunity for all men. And, since it is hard to make this kind of dream come true, an enormous responsibility has fallen upon all Americans to respect the Court's purposes, and to act with speed and good will.

By the nature of our times and the nature of our country, whether improved and equal education is achieved for Negro Americans, and how it is achieved, will affect the life of every citizen of the United States. In this, no man has a private destiny.

The future of Negro Americans is a large part of the future of the United States. This is not alone because of their large number. This country was once the



PROF. HEARD

unrivaled emblem of the hopes of the world. We are now engaged in a great struggle for the faith of men all around the world, against another and newer great hope. Most of the men for whose faith we struggle are like Negro Americans: they have dark skin.

The struggle in which these persons play such a part is really two struggles, different yet presently inseparable. The United States and the Soviet Union are engaged in a rivalry of nations. A rivalry of nations is familiar to our time, and in the fleeting second which is American history, that nation has never lost. There is also a contest in the

world that crosses the boundaries of nations and reaches individuals everywhere. This is a rivalry of systems: one, imperfectly called communism, with its initiative centered in the Soviet Union, and the other, political democracy, with its exemplars around the globe and its strength centered in the United States.

The battle of the nations and the battle of the systems is being waged and in the end must be decided among the peoples of dark skin. Whether in Nyasaland or Laos, in India or Indonesia, in China or Ecuador, whether on the islands of the Pacific or on the Gold Coast, the soldiers of victory will have dark skin. President Abraham Lincoln would have said that God must have loved these peoples, for he made so many of them. The gage of battle is down: How does the dark man fare in your land? How does he do under your system?

These are challenges to Americans of the next half century. Religion and education are the ultimate sources of power. With freedom and equal opportunity for them both, the answers can be our strength instead of our weakness.

This is to say that the ultimate test of the United States before the world is not its armed might, but its purpose and its record. Yet, if we fulfill the purposes of the American dream and enable the record, we shall

also increase our might. All these things are required if we are to survive the rivalry of nations and the rivalry of systems.

The prompt and well-mannered execution of the Supreme Court's directions will bring together better schooling in the years ahead to millions of Americans. Better schooling means greater mental and manual contribution to the common wealth that makes a nation strong. It is not alone, however, in the making of more guns and of more men able to fire them that the greatest new power is to be found. It is what can happen in the hearts of men that can make most strength America.

An English jurist once said that it is not enough for a judge to be just. He must also give the appearance of being just; he must convince the parties to the contest, and all who look on, that justice is going down. When Americans feel that they receive an equal chance to learn in skill, to grow in mind, and to deepen in appreciation of the beauty of the world, then they can feel that justice is being done, and then their strength and their resolve will be multiplied.

Then, too, the United States can face the world clean of hands, clear in purpose, and united in spirit. Strength from within engenders strength from without, and there need be no fear.

Alexander Heard

Reaction Piece

Campaigns Already In Low Gear

David Mundy

Lest someone hasn't noticed, the spring campaigns are underway. While walking across campus, I noticed someone approaching from some distance. He was nodding, smiling, and speaking to everyone he passed. He did the same to me. I presented my customary scowl and walked on. Then I recalled who he was; one of the UPers who has said that he isn't running.

V. L. Yoder's (V. L. for Very literary) candidacy for editor has been effectively announced by his trips through the slums i.e., he has been eating at Ler-oir for a week or so. If you think it crowded there between now and spring elections, you can attribute it to the "champions of the common man" who are trying to get closer to constituents and votes.

I can't quite decide if Louis ("The Funniest Thing Happened to Me") Kraar is a candidate. He probably is, since I've seen him strolling across campus several times every day, whereas before I almost never saw him there.

And then managing editor Fred Powledge might run. His best strategy would be a promise to never again carry a news story about "George the campus Colie, and the Great, Great Chapel Hill and Carolina Campus Institution That He is."

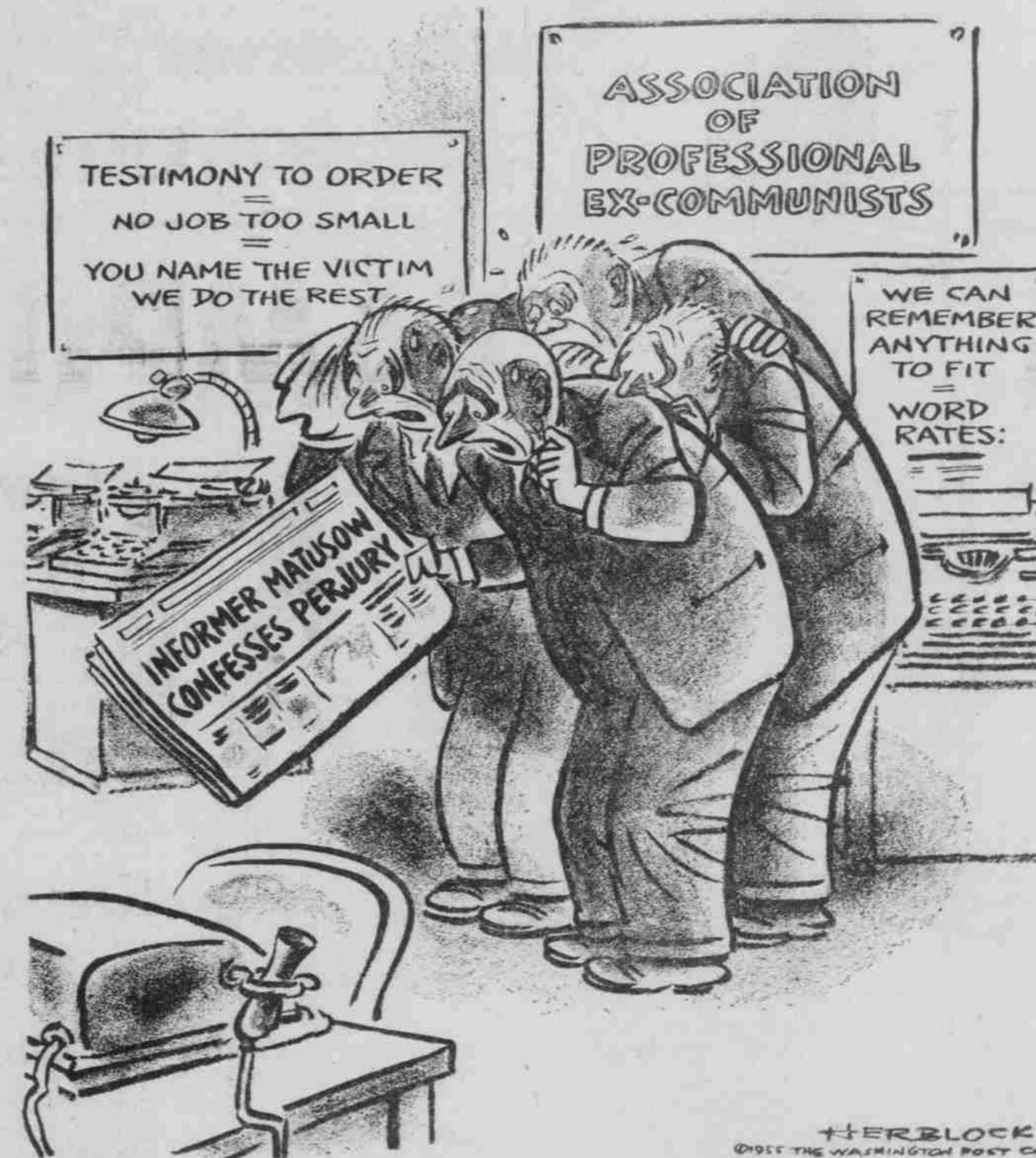
Anyway, the voter won't have much of a choice. Literary essays on Nosnevelts, the Creeping Anti-Intellectual Trend, and Negative Looks at Positivism vs. Stories of What Happened to Me in the Dairy Bar and the Goody Shop, vs. George the Campus Colie.

Frankly, I had rather know what Louis did over the mid-semester holiday. (singular.)

I do hope that the DTH's weekly letterwriter Sisk doesn't take offense at jibes about his criticisms. Mayhaps, he will notice that his letters have, almost alone, constituted the Letter-to-the-Editor column for some weeks. The mere fact that the DTH gets such a letter, critical or not, tickles it "pink." (I shouldn't say "ping," else Messrs. Kuralt and Yoder might accuse me of "white-collar McCarthyism" again.)

Acceptable as my own is a quote from writer Sisk's latest letter: "I am neither a journalism nor an English major, and I see no reason for my criticism to lose any strength because I have no talent in that field."

'This Could Spoil The Whole Racket, Men'



Ridgway & Congressional Anxiety

Doris Fleson

WASHINGTON — Rep. Overton Brooks is inclined to be wordy but the question he put to General Matthew B. Ridgway, Army Chief of Staff, was plain enough. Did the general feel in view of Red China's threats that it would jeopardize the safety of the country to go through with the planned reduction of the Army by 140,000 men?

General Ridgway's hands had hung quietly at his side as his immediate superior, Army Secretary Robert Stevens, sitting next to him at the witness table, defended the cut. He clenched them as Brooks drove the point home, softly uncurled them as he answered quietly: "I think we should not reduce the size of the Army."

The Congress at last had an answer on the record to prove the widely-rumored story that General Ridgway felt that the Army's commitments were outgrowing the Army's capacity. The general has been discreet,

but what he refused to say before Senate committees had increased Congressional anxiety.

Ridgway retreated to the safer shelter of an executive session when Chairman Carl Vinson pursued the matter. The chairman said he thought the country ought to know what the Army's commitments are, as of now, and whether those commitments can be met with the new program. He promptly acceded, however, to Ridgway's plea to be heard privately on that matter.

The Army chief of staff is in a most difficult position. He has positive views born of long experience, including service in Korea and as Supreme Commander of NATO. He is impervious to the quick brilliance and glamour of Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, who has pushed steadily for a harder policy in the Pacific.

But Ridgway's commander-in-chief is the country's most famous soldier, elected President

in part because Americans trust his judgment in war situations. Ridgway happens also to be one of the career officers who feels that too many career officers have been essaying the role of Monday-morning quarterbacks to the President.

Army discipline seems more durable than that of the other services. When former President Truman cut the Navy, the admirals, led by Radford himself, mutinied. Air Force Chief of Staff Hoyt Vandenberg fought cuts in his service against his former supreme commander in Europe when in the painful grip of cancer.

The veteran Armed Services chairman, Rep. Vinson, has watched the United States get into three wars for which it was not adequately prepared. He proposes to support the President but he is taking nothing for granted from a Defense Department whose head, Secretary Charles Wilson, only last week described the Formosa situation as "just a ripple" in defense preparations.

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE was horsing about near Spencer, when I saw him; and lo! Mr. Neckley, the Giraffe, was with him!

"And Mr. Wump." The Horse said reprovingly, hoofing The Frog into view from behind a forward Iris spear. "Do not leave out Mr. Neckley's alter ego, who is my consultant on low-level views of things. Not that there is need for Wump's peculiarly depressed views, if one is to credit our Peerless Leader's pronouncements on how we unsuns never had it so good."

"Wump!" Mr. Wump editorialized on this. Neckley moved majestically closer to Spencer and chewed his cud ruminatively, not to say speculatively, as he stared into an upper window of that distaff dorm. Suddenly, the giraffe's stubby tail started to pendulate.

"He's sort of rushing the season," The Horse acknowledged, shrugging his withers. "Spring is still far distant. But to judge from his waggish reaction of his posterior appendage, so apparently is a coo-ed or three. Neckley privately informed me that red flannel underthings leave him, if not the wearer thereof, cold."

So, obviously, Mr. Neckley was not gazing on red flannels, active or passive; yet, The Horse evinced no interest. They didn't see eye to eye?

"In a wall-eyed sort of way, we do," The Horse set me straight. "We are both Thomists, if I may philosophize in a Philosophic way of speaking. But while we both agree that everything good begins with sensory perception—which Mr. Neckley is now demonstrating via his caudal appendage—I hold that a perceived subject worthy of study depends as much on reason as on revelation."

O? So? "Ergo, not to mention ipso facto or de natura rerum, reason informs me it is too danged cold to be exercised over revelations." The Horse tossed off some Ullmanian linguistics. "Pure reason, yes-sir."

I was inclined to credit, rather, old age.

"In the immortal words of Poor Dobbin," The Horse declaimed, rocking to and fro on his creaky legs, "All would live, but none would grow old." Me, I accept that some day old age will lay its frosty snow on my shingles."

Some day, Some day. What was that postcard Poor Dobbin had got in his mail . . . ? Dear Horstie: When did you die? I saw your corpse rocking on a rocker, on TV, several nights ago. How 'bout that?"

"Well, at least he admitted I was on my rocker." The Horse offered, "the guy who wrote that slur. From what one hears along the highways and the byways, such a condition is remarkable, not to say unknown, on TV. Leave us say that like TV's biased detractors, my correspondent's vision goes not beyond the silver-tubed screen. Also, that card was from a young pal in the newspaper business."

What was the significance of this?

"Television's most ardent detractors and hope-you-die critics are found in newspaperdom, which you will notice rhymes with 'bum'." The Horse stated. "Fear compounds with myopia to give birth to asininites. Do I not recall my Uncle Chesnut and Cousin Piebald, not to overlook Grandpapp Bay, neighing and inveighing against the horseless-carriage, when that was new?"

Well, the horseless-carriage had retired. The Horse's equine counterparts to the pasture, had it not?

"Yup." The Horse affirmed, with one eye on Mr. Neckley's now violently wagging tail, "and that is just what is going to happen to newspapermen who, like a certain capitally located, if not capably run, daily, he-he childishly while they type their childishly non-securitizing mouthings against TV. They'll be put out to pasture while other and more opportunistic journalists go along with TV instead of going under against it."

He could suggest . . . Just one small item,

"Let the newspaper print a complete programming of channel-offerings in all North State cities, instead of ostriching along with just programs of their cities; instead of snidely, not to say stupidly, referring to Educational TV appropriations when calling attention to cuts in departments of state administration that have no more relation than the ill-conceived newspaper propaganda has to logic. I" elaborate, if you—"

Something in Black panthered past, and for all his talk of Spring being far distant, The Horse lost interest. In me, I mean. I thought The Horse was short-sighted to be so easily distracted.

"Wump!" Mr. Wump retorted, bouncing along in the wake of The Horse. "Wump!"

Not only Mr. Neckley is rushing the season!

And What To Drink?

from the Christian Science Monitor

When you give your food order in any restaurant in the South and talk for a fleeting second, the waitress begins to tap her foot and with pencil poised, asks, "And what to drink?" . . . And if you say, "I'll let you know later," the waitress looks on you with pity, contempt and frustration but mostly frustration. Nothing makes the little people of this world madder than to hit smack up against a guy who refuses to send Telegram No. 2 to his mother on Mother's Day, so to speak.

When a waitress asks me "And what to drink?" I always smile broadly . . . because I am thinking of what would have happened to a waiter in old Mouquin's or Rectors or Little Hungary if he had asked a gentleman diner,—"And what to drink." The waiter would have been found at the bottom of the Hudson River sealed in cement . . . I do not wish to make a scene, so I meekly say, "All right, make it coffee," but they can't stop me from thinking of—cement.—The Carolina Israelite.