

The Petition

A strange but familiar contrast lies between the first and last parts of the statement that accompanied the student pro-segregation petition to the General Assembly.

Early in the statement we find high-pitched concern "for the Negro race and its place in society." In the course of the statement, unfortunately these sentiments falter. We read, in the concluding paragraph, that "we (the petitioners) would like to recall that our great grandparents faced a similar situation during the terrible days of Reconstruction, but after a long, hard and courageous struggle . . . they finally triumphed."

Of rationalized stands against the Supreme Court decision of May 17 we have had no end. We have heard now that the decision will retard Negro progress fifty years; that the Supreme Court has "legislated" and has violated states rights; that inequality should be preserved because majority opinion perhaps favors it.

But, like the student petition in question, if the stands run true to form they always hang on the same nail: What was "courageous" and right for our great grandparents, what was justified by a 19th Century situation, remains right for us in our own situation.

The petition called for state legislation prohibiting "mixing of the races in any public school in the state." Any such action would be contrary to the calm "wait and see" attitude North Carolina has adhered to so far. And in that call for open defiance of the Supreme Court, we believe the petitioners are in a distinct minority, not only on this campus but in the state.

The Daily Tar Heel finds it particularly unfortunate that such a petition originated in Chapel Hill, where much of the intelligent Southern thinking on racial matters had its beginning. Before the year is over, we hope, the considerable majority of students who did not sign the pro-segregation petition will find a strong way to express their own convictions.

The Supreme Court's decision should not be a signal for the sort of last-ditch prejudice shown in the student petition, but for a closing of ranks — especially in a college community — to find ways of putting the decision into effect. Racial barriers should fall first in the universities; we believe they will. And we hope this University may step to the forefront in this matter of Southern importance, as it has in so many others.

The 'Isms' Aren't Out At Socony

You may remember our printing, a couple of months ago, a letter written by Norman Thomas assailing a personnel pamphlet of the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company. The pamphlet, in a "tips to employees" section, warned against unorthodox politics. "The isms are out," it said. And we noted that the pamphlet was among those on the shelves of the University Placement Bureau.

Well, not for long. C. F. Beatty, director of industrial relations for Socony-Vacuum, has announced a change in the particular section. It is, he said, "contrary to our intention and beliefs. Socony-Vacuum emphatically does not wish to limit freedom of expression on any subject. On the contrary, people who are accustomed to thinking for themselves, regardless of their conclusions, are essential to this country's continued progress in one of the most competitive industries in America today." A new edition, he said, is on the press.

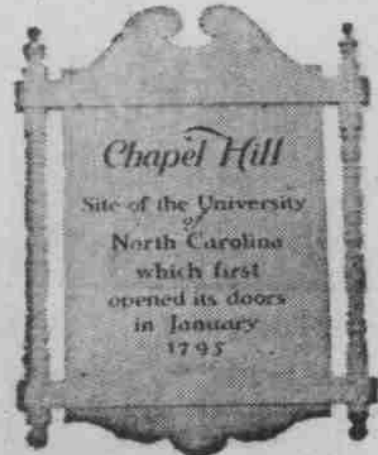
Mr. Beatty and Socony-Vacuum are in for congratulations. His statement leaves little doubt that he means what he says, that the "isms" are not necessarily out at Socony-Vacuum after all. This sort of prompt attention to reactionary cracks in American industry's wall by industry itself is a healthy sign, and one worth noting.

Correction

Allow us to fall back and regroup. In an editorial yesterday we said the ratio of required business courses to liberal arts courses for Business Administration students was 26-4. The actual required ratio is 16 B. A. courses to 4 liberal arts courses, a fact ascertainable by simple addition, and a curriculum considerably better. We regret the error.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Editor — CHARLES KURALT
Night Editor for this Issue — Frank Wilson

Carolina Front — During Exams Our Coffee Cups Ran Over

Louis Kraar

STUDENTS HIT the books during exams twice as hard as the rest of the term — if Y coffee sales are any indication. The Y coffee bar sold an average of 2,000-2,500 cups of coffee during exam period. That's almost twice as much as is usually sold.

Sales of No-Doz (caffeine pills equal to a cup of coffee in effect) also doubled during exam period.

NOTE PASSED from a coed to a boy in one of my classes:

"I want to have a long talk with you at your convenience. I still can't believe you're for real. If so, I want to do a story on you, I'll put you in my Journal of the Plagued Years."

NOT BEING a foreign affairs expert, I find little to say about the Formosa crisis except what Maj. General Briggs declared at Shiloh: "Things look pretty bad right now."

NEWEST DEVELOPMENT in the Woman's College hassle over the nude male drawing in the literary magazine came recently when the WC chancellor published an excerpt from the student Legislature's minutes.

The WC student paper, noted this year for its lack of backbone, declared the chancellor's action was "illegal." The charge was based on Roberts Rules of Order.

"This kind of disregard of parliamentary law is particularly dangerous when such a highly controversial issue is at hand and can only result in the gradual destruction of the student Legislature's rights and dignity," said the newspaper in its first firm stand of the school year.

EVER READ the dictionary? I ran into Alex Thacker, a senior who practice-taught in Goldsboro last term, and she suggested that Webster's old word book makes good reading.

"When I finished teaching some days I didn't have anything to do, so I read the dictionary," she said.

I've never sat down to read the dictionary myself, but I recall that O. Henry, the famous short story writer, would dip into the dictionary for fun. Maybe on the next Saturday afternoon when there's nothing to do (a rarity at Carolina), I'll read through the A's.

THE PROFESSOR was illustrating what the word "convention" means, so he told the class: "Look at the girls in the room. Why do you all wear sweaters?" A drawing coed answered, "Because we're cold."

"That's not the only reason why," declared the professor, "there's a lot of depth to this thing called convention."

CAMPUS POLITICOS took one look at the new Graham Memorial calendar, and tensed up. Spring elections have been scheduled for the day after spring holidays. The politicians don't like the date because of the time lapse between the end of campaigning and the voting day.

Actually, the date has been set at an unfortunate time. But rest assured that the student government moguls will jump to have it switched.

From Cheka Cop To Premier

Bulganin: What Kind Of Man?

By Charles Kuralt

What manner of man is the new Soviet premier? A check of newspaper and magazine articles dating from 1939 reveals the following picture of Nikolai Bulganin. He is a man with mild eyes and a goatee who has made a success of almost everything to which he has turned. Successful versatility seems to be the key facet of his nature, reappearing time and time again.

He had less than a year's military experience when Hitler invaded Russia. But — picked by Stalin to be the Western Front's political commissar — he showed that his administrative brilliance could more than make up for his lack of military knowledge.

And long before this, Bulganin had demonstrated this ability in administration. In the late 1920's he was a successful Soviet factory manager, though he knew little of engineering. A decade later, as head of the Russian banking system, he turned in a creditable job despite his lack of knowledge in finance. Without experience in government, he laid a strong foundation for his future political rise by becoming the most outstanding Soviet mayor of Moscow.

Shortly after the Bolsheviks overthrew Alexander Kerensky's government in 1917, the 22-year-old Bulganin became a member of the Cheka, the secret police agency which conducted the Red Terror. He advanced in the Cheka; and advancement in those days meant the successful, hard detection and punishment of counter-revolutionaries. Leniency and softness were never characteristics of the Cheka.

The 'Little Politburo'

In the twenties and thirties, Bulganin held more than a dozen jobs of increasing influence and of widely varied nature. Stalin hand-picked him for the job of keeping Russian troops from defecting and surrendering to Hitler during the German advance in 1941. This particular task was one at which Bulganin didn't, of course, really succeed; but he retained his position and then, later in the war, was further advanced. This seems to show that he made powerful friends in the wartime Politburo and impressed Stalin himself. And his next appointment from Stalin bears out this supposition.

During the course of the war, Stalin made Bulganin a member of the State Committee of Defense, an omnipotent body which made military and state decisions without recourse to normal executive and legislative procedure. The members of that "Little Politburo" included Molotov, Beria, Malenkov and Anastas Mikoyan, in addition to Stalin.

There has been some indication that Mikoyan and Malenkov meddled in the matter of the committee — especially in the matter of consumer



NIKOLAI BULGANIN
... the new face on the Vladivostok posters.

goods. Mikoyan and Malenkov are reported to have believed, even during the war, that more industry ought to be diverted to manufacture of civilian goods, especially clothing.

They apparently kept their prejudice after the war — and Mikoyan, it should be noted, lost his job as Trades Council Minister less than a month ago — with in days of Malenkov's resignation yesterday with the admission of his "lack of experience . . . in national economy."

Back To Privation?

Does the choice of Bulganin mean, then, a turning away from the more relaxed economic policy of Malenkov and a return to the heavy industry and privation of Stalin? Authorities in Washington were guessing "yes" yesterday — while adding the belief that Bulganin is a front man for a new ruling junta, that his election signifies a "spreading out" of Soviet multiple leadership is less likely to take radical warlike action than a dictator might.

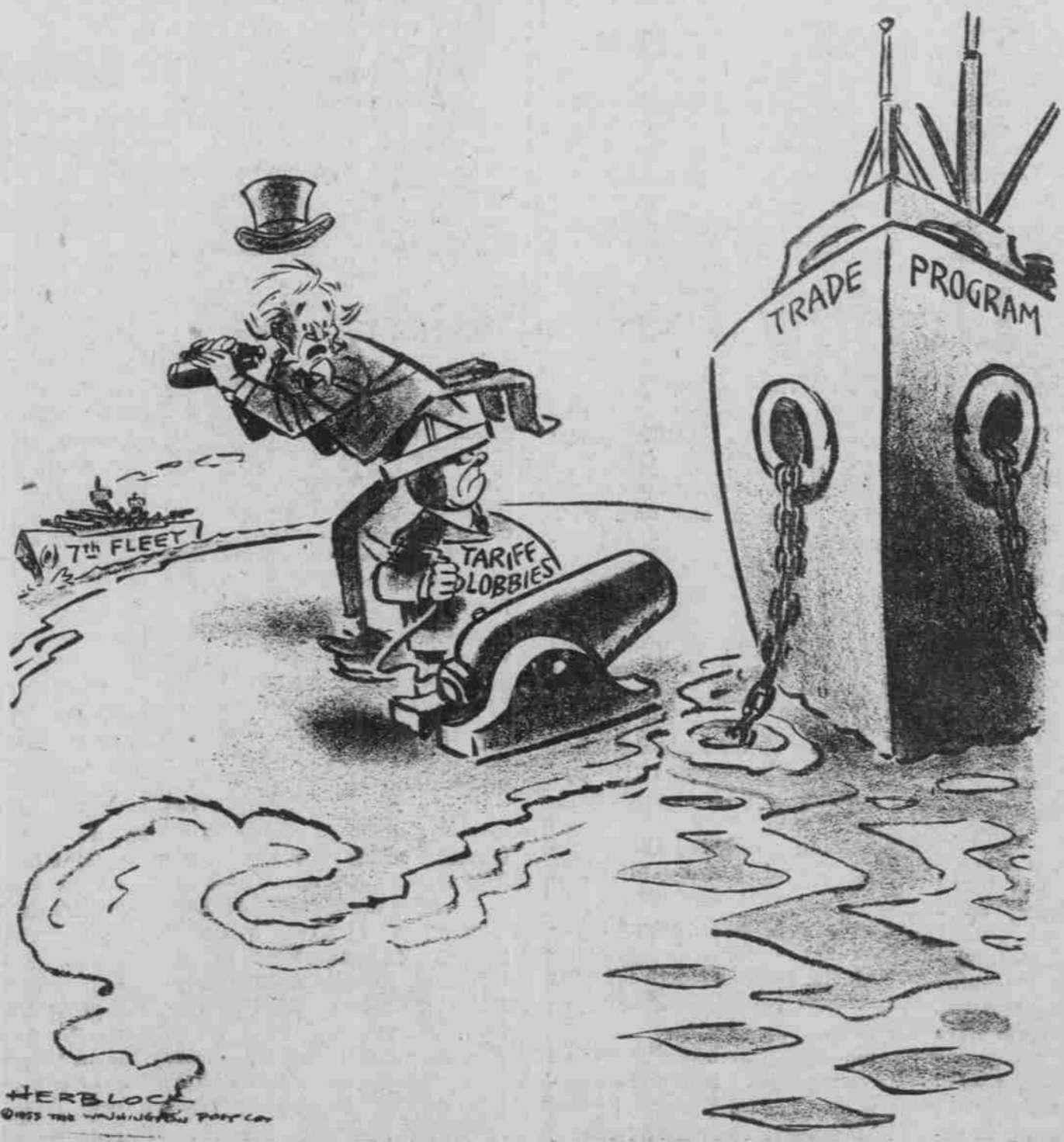
This, of course, is nothing more than speculation. For the other side of the picture, there is the testimony of a Swiss business man who had extensive dealings with Bulganin during the decade before World War II. "His ways of doing business and directing subordinates were as correct as those of any well-mannered Western executive. He knew exactly what he wanted and from his aides accepted nothing but strictest discipline. . . . He never paid the slightest attention to the always pre-gent party watchdogs who had to sit meekly in a corner of the conference room."

A New Boss

So it was these jobs and fortunes nad these characteristics — administrative competence, a certain intelligence — which have now brought Nicholas Bulganin from Politburo director of armed forces policy to chairman of the Council of Ministers.

They'll be changing the face on the posters in the public squares today, and in the neat frames on local party headquarters walls from Vladivostok to East Berlin. The deeper, more significant changes may come later; and later too, a clearer focus will emerge on Bulganin, the latest holder of the toughest and most precarious job in the world.

'Hey!'



Reaction Piece — YDC, YRC, DTH, Forum Estes & Kerr

David Mundy

I would venture that some editorial conspiracy or prejudice exists, but since people who dare intimate the existence of such things are now quickly labeled schizoids I will leave a full treatment of the matter to later.

Anyway, last week's Reaction Piece was halved, closely edited, and almost bounced off the page by Heard, the Hoss, Fleeson, fig newtons, and a Herblock that intimated that all the ex-communists who have dared to testify about their former associates are "racketeers" and perjurers.

Aside from assorted, strategically placed typographical errors, you might be interested in a second paragraph that did not make the DTH.

"The DTH editorship race will be nothing compared to last year, when candidate Peacock received and failed to survive the complete smear treatment. He was, you may recall, (typed as) 'An unqualified know-nothing do-nothing illiterate political adventurer who was plotting to turn the DTH into an organ of the big-time sports interests of Woollen Gym.'"

And the reactionary, anti-liberal education forces of the School of Business Administration too, I might have added.

For general information, you might note a new DTH gag rule. Editor Kuralt, "writer" Mundy, and the two candidates for editor just aren't to write about one another. Editor Kuralt does grant that I can continue to disagree with Yoder and Kraar. I hereby give notice of just that. You may note that both will steer a journalistic course a good distance from controversial issues for the next several weeks. One does admit, however, that he can't stand Lenoir Hall food.

I am quite delighted to see that the Carolina Forum has finally (?) turned over to the Young Democrats Club the function of inviting liberal Democrats to speak on campus.

My worry with the Forum was that it was being unrepresentative in its presentation of speakers. The few conservative members of the YDC may likewise find a straight slate of left-wing New and Fair Deal Democrats appearing under their auspices.

But that is their own worry; YDC dues aren't as forcefully collected as are the funds that support the Forum. They might recall that the only outright conservative — he terms it "libertarian" Democrat — to appear on campus last year was under the auspices of the Young Republican Club.

Now how about that? The partisan Young Republicans sponsoring a Democrat while the non-partisan Forum sponsors no Republican, but a succession of liberal Democrats and/or socialist(s).

Admittedly, the YDC must be complimented on surpassing the Carolina Forum in the quality of its speakers. Comparing the YDC's Soapy Gov. Williams to the Forum's meandering Gov. Meyner is like comparing Demethenes and the Haw River road-builder, Kerr Scott.

Williams, conservative Democrats may recall, was one of the northern liberals who at the last national convention was unwilling to seat assorted southern delegations unless they took an oath to support the party's candidates and platform entirely.

I would venture a suggestion, however, that the YDC try inviting some of the South's home-grown boy demagogues. How about ham-faced Estes, who came to national attention on televised Senate committee hearings, hearings in which he and Sen. Tobey berated recalcitrant witnesses, indeed even tried to intimidate them?

Then there is 'boy-senator' Gore, who likes to imagine that Messrs. Dixon and Yates are planning to destroy the multi-billion dollar TVA with their 107 million dollar steam power plant in Arkansas. He also imagines all sorts of evil goings-on, especially with those Wall Street interests.

Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

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

THE HORSE was slurping coffee at the Y-Book-X when I heard him. I hoped it "tasted as good as it sounded?"

"It is almost potable," The Horse stated, "treating me to a Coffee Mist which I would just as soon have. Missed, that is. . . The management changes the motorman's mitt each month."

Was this really true? "Baldey, no." The Horse admitted, letting one eye follow a priestess of Pan who panthered past. "It is de rigueur to criticize all and sundry, and this goes for Monday as well. If we have one dependable universal, it is the commonplace of derogatory statement, and nowhere is it so evident as in these more or less United States."

The Horse viewed this penchant for the curdling comment as a mark of civilization and culture?

"It can be pinpointed closer than that," The Horse pontificated. "It is the hallmark of Christianity, one might say. The land that raises most crosses on high lets the boom down indiscriminately on high and low alike. Nothing is too mean to escape notice nothing so good it could not be better."

Well, wasn't this, in effect, a service? "It is, indeed," The Horse affirmed. "It is a free service, and worth just what it costs."

Waaaaaaadaminnit, waaaadaminnit! How did this tie in with The Horse's own pronouncements that inventions were the fruits of Freedom?

"What I said," The Horse stated, his distaff eye crossing his muzzle to watch Pan's priestess pad theromorphically past again, "was that Freedom made for a superabundance, a plethora if you will, and shaddup if you won't, of inventions, of contrivances, because people were free to invent, to devise, and equally free to criticize that which had been contrived, invented."

Exactly! So, now The Horse complained?

"Constructive criticism and just plain, earthworm-type bellyaching are not quite synonymous," The Horse cugled me with a hoof when my gaze circumambulated with the gyroscopic progress of the theromorph creature. "This business of everyman-his-own-expert-appraiser is well and good until it is perverted to an everything-stinks attitude. It is this latter habit that touches me."

Torches him? "Burns me up?" The Horse translated. "Howsoever, it is useful as an indicant. Many exhaustive researches by Darwin, Huxley and Ball conclusively prove that researches can be exhausting. With an eye to preserving my energies for the more important things of life—eating, drinking, talking without interruption, fighting, contradicting, drinking . . ."

The Horse had said that twice. "Well, I was thirsty," The Horse shrugged. "As I was saying, I have set up a number of indicants which I consult when I McCurdy something, animate or dependable."

When he McCurded something?

"Subject it to my cool, impersonal analysis," The Horse elucidated. "My indicants are a set of cards covering all sorts of factual conditions. When I am confronted with a puzzling phenomenon living or trustworthy, I shuffle the indicants, select one a random for application to the McCurded subject, and — there we are! It saves endless inquiry and research."

Yes-s; but . . . it was only pure happenstance when the indicant related to the subject.

"Exactly," The Horse beamed, "and in this way also my indicant-system resembles the scientific approach: for what the researcher thinks he or she sees may not be factual perception, but merely what the researcher thinks is the case. Thus, The Horse Indicant System does away with all guesswork; you don't wonder if maybe is this guesswork, you know it! Er. . . I say, old boy!"

I felt unreal, and my slack jaws and glazed eyes must have revealed my torpor. I pinched myself. . . or at any rate tried to. . . and a coo-ed standing next to me slapped me perfunctorially after noticing I had platinum hair.

"Of course, you are acquainted with my Tri-Class Theory," The Horse rattled on, "or, are you? Humans, if you will humor this questionable classification, are divided into three classes: Those who can originate; those who cannot originate, but who can copy; and—those who can do neither. It is my observation that those who can neither originate nor copy fall into the category of the greatest critics and complainers."

Was there anything to be done for them or with them? Or wasn't this important? Were they of no moment?

"Oddly," The Horse pronounced, his eyes narrowing to pingpong-ball size, "they are most important. For with the Originators howling that the Copycats shouting back that they didn't, things are bad enough; but add to this accutatory din the vocal disparagements of the Can't-Do-Nuffins, and — as sportswriters used to write when they meant the place was jumping — Pandemonium reigns!"

Or, Mitonically speaking, all Hell cuts loose? "Yes, the Can't-Do-Nuffins can render the world a service far beyond their mean means," The Horse saw it — and Something In Purple — simultaneously. "They should start now and try to cultivate a 38-23-36."

What, What was this? "I mean," The Horse corrected himself and adjusted his vision swiftly, "the Can't-Do-Nuffins should try to say pleasant things about whatever they encounter, or experience; and the world would be a pleasanter place to love in. I mean, like in. They should try saying, 'Say, This isn't bad, at all, at all. At any rate, it is better than I can make.' Boy, would that, in time, work wonders."

I was silent, speculating on this with immediate application to the, ugh, coffee. I asked the very nice brewer thereof to dip her finger into the cup. I liked more sugar. . . I heard The Horse say: "This isn't bad at all, at all."

I also heard a loud, resounding slap. And the Something In Purple was trampolining out of there again. I heard The Horse add, true to his theory:

"At any rate, it is better than I can make." Sometimes, The Horse is downright philosophic!