### Dark Days For The University

The ill wind from Raleigh blew over two bits of bad news for the University yesterday. The joint Appropriations subcommittee's proposal to hike tuition to out-of-state students is unfortunate, especiaily since the legislators appear to be working with a dearth of information; a couple of them mentioned the abundance of out-of-state license tags on student cars as proving students can stand the tuition increase - questionable reasoning to say the least.

But just which way this wind is blowing was demonstrated by the decision to cut \$25,000 a year from the Library's budget. The Library, as the representatives must know, is the very heart of the University; its annual appropriation is already barely enough, and far less than most libraries receive. If this cut is not restored, and there seems to be little hope that it will be, it becomes a sign for anybody who is interested:

The General Assembly has little respect door: for higher education this season. The University can expect little better treatment for the rest of its requests. We may as well begin hitching up our belts; we're in for dark

### Plea For Conscience

The college undergraduate of today, says President John Sloan Dickey of Dartmouth College, "is different, faced with graver issues than we were a generation ago, more responsible in his decisions, and much more lonely.

Needed from the colleges, as mentors, editorial tears in general." writes Mr. Dickey, is a heavier stress upon the development of conscience. The tend- rary way of saying: "Open for ency lately has inclined too much the other way-toward the development of competence by specialized studies. These disciplines whose age-long purpose has remained the cultivation of conscience have, in light of the need, failed to receive due emphasis. But "it is the job of the college (and the liberal arts) to keep competence civilized," Presi- of the current political season dent Dickey says and adds:

I am increasingly persuaded that the cause of liberal education will not be overrun by vocationalism if the college holds to its birthright and remains committed as a matter of purpose to serious concern with the issues of conscience. A concern for the choice of good and the rejection of evil in an institution of liberal learning quickens all humanistic studies and prevents our increasing reliance on the physical and social sciences from smothering those intuitive insights which both produce and spring from goodness in man.

Recently we heard of a religion teacher's complaint that certain books of The Biblenotably the Book of Job-can't be adequately taught, the reason being the difficulty to create in students the tragic sense of life. The tragic sense of life, too broad a concept to treat here, is one broad area of conscience: the great religions, the great systems of rational ethics, are parts of conscience; taste and the feeling for beauty are parts of conscience-"borrowed from the total store of human woe and joy," in Mr. Dickey's words. The "tradition of civility," for which Walter Lippman sees a crying need in the western democracies, is a part of conscience.

As the undergraduate moves from his peguliar role on the campus to a peculiar role in the world, the development of conscience by contact with humanities and other liberal studies may be the last, best hope. Dartmouth, putting action behind their president's idea, has set up a Tucker Foundation; its purpose is best expressed in the words of the man for whom it is named, spoken some years ago:

I make no . . . plea for any formal religion, but I do plead now as always for the religious spirit . . . Seek . . . moral distinction. Be not content with the commonplace in character any more than with the commonplace in ambition or intellectual attainment. Do not expect you will make any lasting or very strong impression on the world through intellectual power without the use of an equal amount of conscience and heart.

### The Daily Tar Deel

The official student publication of the Publieations Board of the University of North Carolina,



Managing Editor

Monday and 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

where it is published

daily except Sunday,

on grounds that the conviction was based on insufficient evi-8, 1879. Subscription dence, that the penalty was unrates: mailed, \$4 per just or unusual. Also students will gain the year, \$2.50 a semester; right of retrial by the Student delivered, \$6 a year, Council on the "submission of \$3.50 a semester. new and pertinent evidence by CHARLES KURALT the accused.'

What the plan will do is to FRED POWLEDGE make the Student Council a real appeal court. Right now, if a student appeals to the council, all it can do is decide whether or not the court that originaly tried the case will have to hear it

#### Carolina Front **Battle Of The Classical Scholars**

Fattening Up

The Calf For

**Spring Eating** 

Fattened Department:

CALVES I Doubt Were Ever

Louis Kraar

The Carolina

greatly im-

"The rigors of

putting out a

proved.

literary magazine in the spring,

when the campus is concerned

with other rigors, were evident

in this sign on the Quarterly's

"Notice. Business being done.

"Those in search of Miss Quar-

in pious meditation; Miss Quar-

terly had best cross the paved

lot to the chapel and seek solace

terly has temporarily departed

the fold in search of greener

fields, but wil return within a

moon or so, at which time the

admirers are invited to join the

staff in barbecuing the fatted

ber, and lightening this wail of

This is the lit magazine's lite-

ONE OF the most unusual tales

concerns the female candidate

who was curious about her op-

Finally, at the political punch

party the other night the curious

coed sought out her opponent,

and the conversation went some-

"Oh, don't you remember that

"Sure. It was nice," agreed the

"Sure was," said the formerly

surious coed, confident now that

the campaign would be clean and

the cocktail party would go un-

"WHAT HAS segregation got

to do with the presidential can-

didates? You're just trying to

That's what a Student Party

member declared upon hearing

that Managing Editor Fred

Powledge had sent a reporter to

find out how the three president-

ial candidates felt about the is-

My only answer is that since

the Supreme Court has declared

segregation unconstitutional and

since the University has to meet

the issue right away, what could

As for creating issues, it's

about time there were some in

this rather vacuous campaign.

One begins to suspect that

Muntzing, McCurry, and Fowler

would make as unimaginative

presidents as they do cam-

THE BILL for revamping the

Student Council into a supreme

court of the campus offers sev-

eral new rights to accused stu-

bill that will be voted on in

Tuesday's election, can be based

The right of appeal, under the

fabulous cocktail party we went

"Boy, what a party."

thing like this:

to together?"

curious coed.

mentioned.

create an issue."

be more vital?

calf, imbibing the cool and am-

Proceed with caution at your

own risk. Alterations going on

as usual.

# Learning Doth Make Thee Mad'

In The Daily Tar Heel, March 11, 1955, in the first of a series articles under the general heading "I Remember Chapel Hill," I quoted a remark of the late Thomas Dunston, colored barber, to the late Edwin Ander-

son Alderman, famous educator: Quarterly, cam-"Marse Ed., what's got into ous, literary you? I believe you is going crazy. nagazine, has had its troubles 'As Epaminondas said to Themistocles, Much learning doth make this year, alhough having

Upon this, I made the follow-

Where Tom could have picked up the famous saying of Petronius, no one knows; but at least the use of the names Epaninondas and Themistocles was purely original."

On March 14 I received a pleasant letter from my good friend, Preston H. Epps of the Department of Classics, in which he Tom Dunstan:

"If you can find it in Petron- "Latin colleagues"-Ullman (who ius, please let me have it so I was actually teaching Petronius), can confront my Latin colleagues Allen, Suskin-could all be wrong. with it. They don't recognize it as from Petronius."

This shook me for a moment, as I was relying entirely upon a memory of something that happened 56 years ago. In January, 1899, during my first year of teaching here, I read in The Bookman, New York, a review by Frederic Taber Cooper entitled "A Precursor of Realism." It was a review of "Trimalchis's Dinner By Petronius Arbiter. Translated from the original Latin, with an Introduction and Bibliographical Appendix by Harry Thurston Peck" (New York, 1898). I read it with keen interest; and shortly afterwards read the book by Peck, who was then editor of The Bookman, a brilliant writer, and professor of the says, among other things, refer- - Classics at Columbia. I had not ring to the passage quoted by read Petronius since that date. It was unthinkable that Epps's

'You Win It, Pal'

Was all my work here in the Classics-under such able and inspiring teachers as Frances Kingsley Ball of Harvard, Eben Alexander of Yale, who had been Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Greece, Rumania and Serbia, and was equally fluent in ancient and modern Greek, James T. Pugh, who afterwards became a famous lawyer in Boston, Karl P. Harrington, University of Maine, and Henry Farrar Linscott, University of Chicago, one of the most sensitive and engaging teachers ever born-during the years 1894-1898 to go for nothing? Was it possible that my memory at the comparatively early age of sev- . . . Petronius said it, sure enough enty-seven years and eight months was failing?

As Peck's translation was not in my house, I turned at once to Burton Stevenson's magnifi-



DR. HENDERSON

cent, indispensable "The Home Book of Proverbs, Maxims and Familiar Phrases" (New York, 1948). Herein on page 1377 ap-

with too much learning." (Scimus te prae litteras fatum esse.) Petronius, Satyricon, sec. 46."

I wrote at once to Professor Immediately afterwards, I bor-Professor Agamemnon:

As I have had no reply from publication in The Daily Tar Heel this letter, in vindication of the principles of Classical scholarship. I give below several other translations of the passage:

"We know you are mad with much learning." M. Heseltine (Loeb), 1913, 1916,1919.

I am inclined to agree with Echion. Perhaps too much learning tends to cloud the memory and disturb the higher centers of

Archibald Henderson

## The Formosa Invasion Timetable

Joseph Alsop

HERBLOCK

@1955 THE WASHINGTON POST CO.

MITCHAKI

STATEMENTS

HONG KONG-The moment when the Chinese Communists began intensive preparations for military action in the Formosa Straits can be rather exactly dat-

There were, of course, many preliminaries. The construction of the great Chekiang-Kiangsi airbase complex started in earnest as soon as the Korean War ended. Redeployment of units out of Korea was noted more than a year ago. The public outcry for "the liberation of Taiwan" was turned on in Peking as soon as Communist victory in Indo-China was signed and sealed at Geneva.

The Sino-Soviet agreement on estuary. the best approach to the Formosa problem was almost certainly hammered out during the long visit to China of Khrus- have not been militarily imporchev, Bulganin and Mikoyan, tant. Most probably the buyers been linked with the great ers supplying the civilian maychange in Moscow, ended in mid- ket in South-East China. But October.

FIRST SIGN

that the "liberate Taiwan" shouting was in deadly earnest, was of kerosene, which is jet airjunks. The two prices shot up of the "Aruba." simultaneously just about the READY TO MOVE middle of last December.

been continuous between the oil enemy should be ready to move Peking government was recog- ington.

companies and the British con- in April or early May, if indeed trol officers on the one hand, and the eager fuel buyers from South China, to be sure, Comthe Communist mainland on the other. As always when such contests involve the ever ingenious Chinese, the struggle has had its interesting quirks.

FUEL A-PLENTY

Hong Kong's motorized junks, for instance, have long been subject to fuel rationing to keep them from supplying the Communists. But with mainland buyers offering larger profits than all the fish in the East China Sea, the junk owners have been using their sails and selling most of their diesel rations at a special depot in the Pearl River

Because of the controls, the quantities of diesel and kerosene leaking out of Hong Kong This visit, which may also have have been private or state tradfor almost two years previous to last December, there had been But the first sign to the West no sign of fuel shortage on the Communist mainland.

Thus it seems clear that in given here in Hong Kong. It December, the order came down took the form of a precipitous from Peking to begin building rise of the open market prices maximum stocks of the two invasion fuels. And this order implane fuel, and light diesel oil, mediately created the demand which is the necessary fuel of felt in Hong Kong and more re-

With intensive military stock-

he is not ready now. Here in munist stocks of fuel and other military necessities are unlikely to be big enough to sustain operations on a big scale lasting a long time.

But South China is only a secondary center. There are hardly one sixth of the aircraft in the Canton airbase complex, for instance, that are stationed in the Chekiang-Kiangsi complex. And there are no indications of the kind of fuel shortage in Shanghai that would quickly appear if stocks in this more important area were unsatisfactory. The different fuel situations, like the military dispositions themselves, are simply explained. The Canton region has to b emainly supplied by one overworked railroad, while tankers and freighters can ply freely between Mukden, Tientsin and Shanghai.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INVASION

Another kind of preparation has also been going on in an interesting way. The Communists cannot attempt the physical invasion of Formosa until they have stocked and occupied the Fukien airfields that command the Formosa Strait; and they cannot stock the Fukien airmoy and the Matsus. But there

Since then the struggle has piling starting in December, the tion was promulgated and the of bluff in the big talk in Wash-

nized, a significant role was allotted to former members of the Kuomintang government. The evil old ex-governor of Yunnan, Lung Yun, the Generalissimo's ex-favorite, Gen. Fu Tso-yi, who sold Peking to the Communists, and several more turned up as vice chairmen of the National Military Council. And a really considerable number of turncoats were given simple council memberships.

#### CHOSE COMMUNISM

tern of methodical, all embracing preparation that became intensive soon after the Khrushchev-Bulganin-Mikoyan visit to China. It is an ominous pattern. fields until they have taken Que- A carefully elaborated national plan is unlikely to be abandonan invasion fleet of motorized cently reflected in the voxage are no such barriers to psychol- ed by the grim, dedicated men ogical invasion. And this is be- who rule in Peking, at least uning attempted in a very sly way. less they are decisively convinc-Thus when the new constitu- ed there is no smallest element



mentioned 'a few cobs.' What meant this? pears the following: "We know that you are mad

Epps, giving him this citation. rowed from Miss Lucile Kelling, Dean of the School of Library Science and a gifted classical scholar, a copy of the standard reference work, doubtless consulted at least once every week by faculty and students in the Classics Department, "A Literary History of Rome in the Silver Age" by T. Wight Duff, (New York, 1933.) In the scholarly chapter (2) on Petronius, I hoped that this particular passage may be referred to. My hope was fulfilled; for there, on page 181, I found the passage given, in both plebeian Latin and correspondingly plebien English translation. Echion, the rag-dealer, says to

"We know as how much learning doth make you mad."

"I know you're cracked on account of your learning." H. T. Peck (1898).

"We know that much book learning has made you mad." J. M. Mitchell, 2nd edition, 1922.

intellectual activity.

Only last week, moreover, another old favorite of the Generalissimo's, Gen. Wei Li-huang, who headed Chiang's expeditionary force in Manchuria, slipped across the border from Hong Kong and turned up Canton in a blare of welcoming publicity. There is no doubt that Wei Lihuang "chose communism" at a carefully prearranged time. If Wei Li-huang's old friends in Taipei are having any doubts about the future, the effect among them should be consider-

Overall one can discern a pat-

# Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

(The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others.-Hipporotis, circu 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was having trouble keeping his troops in line, at Graham Memorial. Wump, his low-visioning Frog, kept bumping off into some near bushes; and Neckley, with Spring in his elongated neck, kept trying different windows of the student center for high vision effects.

"We got to have a farewell parade," The Horse stated. "Two whole years now, we been putting it on the line, or between lines, with the good of DTH. This necessitates memorializing, Roger me lad. But as to Wump and Neckley - well, they've been waiting for four issoos now for us to parade. But they are both stoutly behind me."

I took this to be a figure of speech since Wump was directly below The Horse, and Neckley high above him, The Horse really was on his last lap,

then, with the DTH?

"This race, yes," The Horse nodded. "I have found the occupation interesting; but higher education here at Chapel Hill has rooned me, in a manner of speaking. It has taught me to put principal, as well as principle, above interest, especially since interest-rates now are not what they used to be." Oh, yes! Only last issoo, The Horse had again

"Cobs, fish, bucks, simoleons, pieces of eight," The Horse strove for intelligibility, with not a single typo (we hope) to frustrate him. "Folding money, coin of the realm, ducats, obols, piasters, peses - '

What! The Horse was being crassly commercial when others were doing and dying for sheer patriotism, for dear old UNC!

"Roger, I have bled and died for lo!, two years now," The Horse sighed. "At first, full columns each day, and that's six a week, count em. Then, half-columns six times weekly. Later, this simmered to columns thrice weekly until a style and an alleged following had been established. Following that, we kept fairly well to thrice weekly. And through all this time errata multiplied as the copy lessened. At times, even I could not understand what I had been trying to say. Ah, the pity of it

So what, of all this computation of copy?

"Several things," The Horse supplied immediately, almost as if he knew I was going to ask this. "If I donate copy free from charge. I have a right to roar and rant over its butchery. If I cleave to former commercial habits - for even an infinitessimal sum per column - I shrug it off and say, 'Okay, it's his property, let him cut The Horse's throat if he doesn't give a dang.' But even then, an author doesn't like to see his child's sternum this means, Roger, chest bone - kicked. Then there is the matter of the 'cut' of The Horse. It marked my column and sort of carried the idea.'

Yes; and besides, people could see instantly it my letter to Professor Epps of was The Horse, and turn elsewhere. I sidesiepped March 15, I am sending you for nimbly and The Horse's hooves missed by inches.

'And Mrs. O'Horse has a quaint idea I am at an age and a simultaneous state of fiscal disease where my tappings on the typer should be production of a few cobs," The Horse mourned. "I find it hard to argue I am needed by the DTH when such prosy truths are fed me."

Well, how much had The Horse's writing for the

DTH amounted to? "Depending on spacing," The Horse judged, "a column can hold up to twelve hundred words. Let's say it averages nine hundred. Let's say the old width and depth measured six hundred words, at a minimum. That adds to three thousand words of

copy a week, yes? I flatter myself I could earn a penny a word if I spent like time commercially. But what really sticks me is, I have two books under way, one of which could and should have been finished several years ago. Frankly, I don't think anybody writes a book until he is ready to write it, for whatever reason there is, financial or creatively compulsive. But it goes without saying the hundred thousand words or so I have battered out for DTH might have gone into the book. I find myself without further excuse to delay further. A few cobs a week for my stuff could give me a semi-plausible excuse, catch?"

Well, yes, but -"But me no but, lad," The Horse said. "Not alone is the die cast, but the cast of Horse, Frog and Giraffe is dyed a deep, commercial hue. Other columns eke pay, why should I refuse to let my columns merit the same small, if grudging, crackling

appreciation? Besides, I am a copyrighted Horse, and chances look that a Horse column of a differend subject mater, but like handling, will be appearing on commercial newsstands ere another era has screamed into oblivion. My prospective employers might not look with favor on my giving their (then) property away. This proposed way, whatever stipulations are entered into would be subject to my DTH work being not their affair." Zounds, but this was businesslike for a Horse

notorious for his cool (and to Mrs. O'Horse, unrealistic) disregard for and of the greenish quid pro quo popular along East and West Franklin! The Horse was indeed turning! "Yeah," The Horse yupped me, proudly. "Now,

it doesn't make much difference when a worm turns, because it is the same on all sides. But when a Horse turns - well, people take notice." I feared The Horse was only too right: that his stand on this question would cause many to not

alone remark on his turning, but call him New Directional in uncomplimentary terms. Could I say that The Horse is ask - I ducked the whistling hooves again, and continued more rapidly; The Horse is asking understanding? "Well, that would be nice, too, but I do not

insist on the impossible," The Horse shrugged. "I will settle for the return of the Cut, some better proofreading, and a few cobs. I'll even throw in half-column lengths."

What! He'd jjust been horsing around - excuse it; beefing - about full columns.

Halves make better reading, and twice the work," The Horse said. He cleared his throat and half the campus area, simultaneously. "Ten-shun-" he barked, proving he has more than a bit of dog in him, "Attack, men! To the rear, I mean!"

And away they went in triple-deck style: Mr. Neckley skyward; The Horse in the middle; and Wump wumping along in his low-vision place, And . . . thank you-all, you-all Tar Heels, It's been a pleasant race....

LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER Associate Editors **Business Manager** TOM SHORES Sports Editor BERNIE WEISS Night editor for this issue . Eddie Crutchfield