



CANDIDATE FOWLER



CANDIDATE MCCURRY



EX-CANDIDATE MUNTZING

Carolina Front Empty Classes Mean Spring & The Coast

Louis Kraa

IF THE seats around you this morning in class are empty, it's because April and the Azalea Festival are here—and many students are in Wilmington enjoying them both.

Like the Middle Ages' fad of padding to church centers for spring pilgrimages, the undergraduate penchant for the coast is as common as the season. In short, spring means beach trips—and empty Saturday classes.

Not being a particular fan of azaleas or festivals, this reporter won't attend the Wilmington wing-ding this weekend. However, in a trip last weekend I did go through the azalea center.

Sir Winston Churchill To The House Of Commons

tem of disarmament which at no period enables any one of the participants to enjoy an advantage which might endanger the security of the others.

TRUTH—AND FICTION

Unless a trustworthy and universal agreement upon disarmament, conventional and nuclear alike, can be reached and an effective system of inspection is established and is actually working, there is only one sane policy for the free world in the next few years. That is what we call defense through deterrents. This we have already adopted and proclaimed. These deterrents may at any time become the parents of disarmament, provided that they deter. To make our contribution to the deterrent we must ourselves possess the most up-to-date nuclear weapons and the means of delivering them.

A vast quantity of information, some true, some exaggerated, much out of proportion, has been published about the hydrogen bomb. The truth has inevitably been mingled with fiction. . . . I still content myself with saying about the power of this weapon, the hydrogen bomb, that, apart from all the statements about blast and heat effects over increasingly wide areas, there are now to be considered the consequences of "fallout" as it is called, of wind-borne radioactive particles. There is both an immediate direct effect on human beings who are in the path of such a cloud and an indirect effect through animals, grass and vegetables, which pass on these contagions to human beings through food.

IMAGINATION IS APPALLED

This would confront many who escaped the direct effects of the explosion with poisoning or starvation or both. Imagination stands appalled. There are, of course, the palliatives and precautions of a courageous civil defense. . . . but our best protection lies . . . successful deterrents operating from a foundation of sober, calm and tireless vigilance.

However, a curious paradox has emerged. Let me put it simply. After a certain point has been passed, it may be said, the worst things get the better. The broad effect of the latest developments is to spread almost indefinitely and at least to a vast extent the area of mortal danger. This should certainly increase the deterrent upon Soviet Russia by putting her enormous spaces and scattered population on a equality, or near equality, of vulnerability with our small, densely-populated island and with Western Europe.

I cannot regard this development as adding to our dangers.

CHURCHILL
... victory may come yet.

We have reached the maximum already. On the contrary, to this form of attack continents are vulnerable as well as islands. Hitherto crowded countries, as I have said, like the United Kingdom and Western Europe, have had this outstanding vulnerability to carry. But the hydrogen bomb, with its vast range of destruction and the even wider area of contamination, would be effective also against nations whose population hitherto has been so widely dispersed over large land areas as to make them feel that they were not in any danger at all.

They too become highly vulnerable; not yet equally perhaps, but still highly and increasingly vulnerable. Here again we see the value of deterrents, immune against surprise and well understood by all persons on both sides—repeat, on both sides—who have the power to control events. That is why I have hoped for a long time for a top-level conference where these matters could be put plainly and bluntly from one friendly visitor to the conference to another.

SAFETY AND SURVIVAL

Then it may well be that we shall, by a process of sublime irony, have reached a stage in this story where safety will be the sturdy child of terror, and survival the twin brother of annihilation. . . .

All considerations lead me to believe that, on a broad view, the Soviets would be ill-advised to embark on major aggression within the next three or four years. . . . If, at the end of that time, there should be a supreme

conflict, the weapons which I have described this afternoon would be available to both sides, and it would be folly to suppose that they would not be used. Our precautionary dispositions and preparations must therefore be based on the assumption that, if war should come, those weapons would be used.

In three or four years' time—it may be even less—the scene will be changed. The Soviets will probably stand possessed of hydrogen bombs and the means of delivering them not only on the United Kingdom but also on North American targets. They may then have reached a stage not indeed of parity with the United States and Britain but of what is called "saturation."

Major war of the future will differ therefore from anything we have known in the past, in this one significant respect that each side at the outset will suffer what it dreads the most—the loss of everything that it has ever known.

STRENGTH NEEDED

Of course, we should all agree that a world-wide international agreement on disarmament is the goal at which we should aim. The Western democracies disarmed themselves at the end of the war. The Soviet Government did not disarm, and the Western nations were forced to rearm, and though only partially, after the Soviets and Communists had dominated all China and half Europe. That is the present position. It is easy, of course, for the Communists to say now, "Let us ban all nuclear weapons." Communist ascendancy in conventional weapons would then become overwhelming. That might bring peace but only peace in the form of the subjugation of the free world to the Communist system.

Unless the NATO powers had effective forces there on the ground and could make a front, there would be nothing to prevent piecemeal advance and encroachment by the Communists in this time of so-called peace. By successive infiltrations the Communists would progressively undermine the security of Europe. Unless we were prepared to unleash a full-scale nuclear war as soon as some local incident occurs in some distant country, we must have conventional forces in readiness to deal with such situations as they arise.

Though world war may be prevented by the deterrent power of nuclear weapons, the Communists may well resort to military action in furtherance of their policy of infiltration and encroachment in many parts of the world. There may well be limited wars on the Korean model, with limited objectives. We must be able to play our part in these, if called upon by the United Nations Organization.

There are those who believe, or at any rate say: If we have the protection of the overwhelmingly powerful United States, we need not make the hydrogen bomb for ourselves or build a fleet of bombers for its delivery. We can leave that to our friends across the ocean. Our contribution should be criticism of any unwise policy into which they may drift or plunge. We should throw our hearts and consciences into that.

Personally, I cannot feel that we should have much influence over their policy or actions, wise or unwise, while we are largely dependent, as we are today, upon their protection. We too must possess substantial deterrent power of our own. We must also never allow, above all, I hold, the growing sense of unity and brotherhood between the United Kingdom and the United States and throughout the English-speaking world to be injured or retarded. Its maintenance, its stimulation and its fortifying is one of the first duties of every person who wishes to see peace in the world and wishes to see the survival of this country.

To conclude . . . there is time and hope if we combine patience and courage. All deterrents will improve and gain authority during the next 10 years. By that time the deterrent may well reach its acme and reap its final reward. The day may dawn when fair play, love of one's fellow men, respect for justice and freedom, will enable tormented generations to march forth serene and triumphant from the hideous epoch in which we have to dwell. Meanwhile never flinch, never weary, never despair!

Classical Hassle

One Vote For Old Festus

Editor:

"Long lines of cliff-breaking have left a chasm (between Chapel Hill and me) and in that chasm are foam and yellow sand." There is nobody, I fear, on this side now living in Chapel Hill, but Dr. A. Henderson. I am accustomed, however, to speaking to small audiences. Maybe some few might be interested in the history of Chapel Hill. So it is Dr. Henderson's fine letter of the 25th in re the origin of the familiar quotation and by Tom Dunstan, the Negro barber, to Dr. Alderman: "Much learning hath made thee mad."

Dr. Alderman needs no reminder, Tom probably does. He was the most interesting Negro I ever saw. White to about the fourth or fifth degree. I knew him in the summer of '93. He was continually handing out something like that quoted by Dr. Henderson as being the word of Epaminondas to Themistocles. His sayings were quoted by banquet speakers provoking laughs for their unique wit and ridiculous displays of assumed learning. Dr. Manning often stopped in the shop on his way mornings to class to get a shave or a trimming to the little fringe left around the lower edges of his classical Roman-centurion head, and entertained the class with Tom's "latest." He was a great barber, had a revolving sort of a roller, beating anything the Fuller Brush Company ever saw as a head scratcher and cleaner.

What reminded me so refreshingly of Tom, as I read Dr. Henderson's letter, was that he was reputed to have said he owned the only Bible in Chapel Hill except the big one on top of the pulpits. Nobody appeared to believe it but many saw signs of its truth and its adumbrations have thrown shadows over some minds. Dr. Henderson's letter serves to revive the query: "Are there no Bibles in Chapel Hill?" Nobody expects any, in connection with the University nor with the learned that nestle around universities, but I heard a sound from the campus that there was a time and place "where there was no Greek nor Jew; no male or female" to support the Christian necessity that Negro and white children ought to be mixed up in North Carolina school houses and knowing that the words were quoted from the writings of St. Paul I thought probably somebody had imported one since Tom's departure. The thought is discouraged by the Henderson letter.

The foremost scholar of Chapel Hill's present generation, and especially a great antiquarian, pores over musty volumes of ancient lore hidden way back in the archives of forgotten centuries to find out that old Petronius, Nero's arbitrator (whatever that means) is said to have spoken or written to somebody (whoever that was) some short time before the year 66 A.D., that being the year of his best act—his suicide—and a great act indeed it would have been if he had thought to give old Nero a sure shot next before that to his own body).

It is not impossible that Festus could have picked up the expression while in Rome soon before the hearing before Agrippa, but it is also not impossible that Petronius who died 4 years after the Agrippa-hearing, could have heard even in detail about the great hearings and speech of the Apostle. I vote for old Festus. See Acts 26-27. If Dr. Henderson had thought of it, I believe he would too. The stage setting is so very inviting to just exactly such an explanatory speech. Paul's learning and eloquence had just recently made old Felix tremble and spell-bound Agrippa was exclaiming: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." It was exactly the moment, and fully calculated to produce the statement quoted at the above citation. With great deference to the letters of the many learned men who wrote Dr. Henderson it is to be noted that the Agrippa hearing and its associated incidents and events were not written for that type of men, hence their reason and excuse for exploring the resources of classical literature and overlooking the little matters in Tom Dunstan's Bible.

H. S. Ward,
Washington, N. C.

The Big Job Nobody Wants

Stewart Alsop

WASHINGTON—To judge from the way the Democrats are talking nowadays, they are going to have to hit somebody over the head and drag him unconscious into the Convention Hall, in order to find a candidate to run against President Eisenhower in 1956.

All, or nearly all, the leading Democratic professionals believe that the President is sure to run again. All, or nearly all, believe that he is sure to win. According to reliable report, both beliefs are largely shared by Adlai Stevenson, who is accounted way out in front for the Democratic nomination.

Those who know Stevenson well believe that he really has not made up his mind whether he wants the nomination, and that, characteristically, he won't make up his mind until he has to. They also believe that, if Eisenhower still looks as strong then as he does today, Stevenson will try to avoid being nominated if he can honorably do so. There is, after all, nothing very tempting about being Eisenhower's sacrificial lamb twice hand-running.

There are even Democrats who claim (their voices audibly vibrant with hope) that Eisenhower is determined to retire, full of honors, at the end of this term. They profess to believe that the thing is already settled (that the President has tapped Chief Justice Earl Warren for the nomination; and that it was to make sure that Warren would accept the poisoned chalice that Attorney General Herbert Brownell flew out to California to see him before his appointment was announced.)

Yet this sort of Democratic speculation has a certain, hollow, whistling-in-the-dark sound. It contrasts sharply with the sound of happy confidence in the voice of one of the House Republican leaders, who remarked recently: "Of course Ike will run, and of course he'll win. He's the greatest politician in the country, as great as Franklin Roosevelt ever was—greater, because nobody's sore at Ike."

There Are Smiles . . .

Politics around here, as we believe we have mentioned, is a curious animal. Here-with (above) Exhibit Two: candidate's smiles.

The morning of election day found these varied facial expressions looking at you from "The Daily Tar Heel's" front page—a Mona Lisa tranquility from candidate Fowler, a broad simper from candidate McCurry, an absolute side-slap from candidate Muntzing.

Well, we thought, that clinches that. Blessed is the happy candidate and this merry Muntzing has the whole thing sewed up. We reckoned without the strange tides of fortune peculiar to Carolina politics. Mona Lisa came romping in ahead of the field, middle-of-the-roader McCurry close enough to force a run-off. Both of them left Muntzing, for all his jubilee, back on the stable-house turn.

The moral for future candidates is clear: if you hope to get elected around here, scowl, grumble, grieve, gnash your teeth, whimper, snivel, wail. And if you don't believe us, ask Muntzing. He's the one with the serious, thoughtful face who lives down in Aycock Dorm.

Hope For The Orphan

The polls are scurrying, as might have been predicted, but what they're scurrying from is something Carolina needs: a five dollar student fee raise.

The timeliness of the student Budget Committee's action in recommending a student referendum on raising the ante for Graham Memorial and student government might be debated—especially in view of the raise in out-of-state tuition yesterday in Raleigh.

But not, as we see it, the wisdom of their decision. No comparable University we know of operates student government and a student union on Carolina's paltry sum. Graham Memorial, for example, gets \$6 per year per student as opposed to the \$20 per year that State's posh union costs on.

A raise will mean more GM services, a bigger and better batch of publications, countless increases in the level of dormitory civilization.

The Daily Tar Heel hopes students will get a chance to raise the fee this year. It's the price of two week's beers, and it's worth it.

Gracious Living—XXX

The assembled thousands filed into Memorial Hall to hear Walter Gieseck, a vegetarian-Lepidopterist-pianist, one of the world's great musicians.

They sat down in Memorial's old granite-hard seats.

They stared at Memorial's filthy chalk-marred stage.

They watched the back-drops rustle from time to time as a technician walked along Memorial's narrow back-stage passage.

They sat in glaring brightness through a little Beethoven, then sat in charcoal darkness through the rest while the pianist strained to see the keys in Memorial's erratic light.

Gracious Living would not be trod upon so freely anywhere in the world where a pianist of the caliber of Gieseck was playing.

But this was Chapel Hill. And this was Memorial Hall.

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Editor

CHARLES KURALT

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THE PSEUDO spring breezes of Chapel Hill took on the speed of a football player in greener grid years, as a party of friends and I reached the rural area outside Raleigh last Saturday afternoon.

We were heading for the coast, but before we arrived the swirling sand was all about us in the air. The wind gathered up thick clods of sand from dry tobacco fields and tossed them into the air. Dry fields—looking like little deserts—appeared on either side of the road, making the big red auto we rode in look like a zooming anachronism.

The sun kept shining through the dust clouds. Mailboxes in front of farm houses shivered at the wind. And farmhouse porches were as barren as the fields.

Near Wilmington, where azaleas bloomed, thick woods glowed with the red of a forest fire early Sunday afternoon. Now the swirling sand gave way to smoke, as the dry wood barked with flames. A snowstorm of ashes showered the car as it nudged its way through the smoke.

Further down the road, past the flaming forest, the air cleared and the sun blocked its way through the sky clouds. We rolled down the dust and ash-covered windows to breathe the fresh air. And March came into the car in fresh, windy gusts.

★

THE COMMENTS of candidates Ed McCurry and Don Fowler on governmental secrecy would lead me to start campaigning (were I not a non-partisan columnist) for a third candidate. Candidate McCurry thinks if a group gets its money from the students (with the exception of the courts), it should be open. Otherwise, says McCurry, meetings may be closed.

Thus, under the McCurry plan, the Interdormitory Council would have to hold open meetings, but the Interfraternity Council could continue to hold closed sessions.

Why students shouldn't have a right to know what both groups are doing, neither candidate has answered.

Now candidate Fowler, in a paradoxical statement, said that "students should always be informed of the happenings of student government." However, the independent went on to say that groups could hold executive sessions, and "the proceedings should be made public."

In other words, Fowler is for closed and secret sessions, as long as a group tells the public what it did. Why have a closed session then?

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WHEN I reported that a third party would probably be formed if Fowler is elected president, I tried to make it clear that the party would be "either official or unofficial."

I am not campaigning against Don Fowler or anybody else, but it is clear to this reporter that Fowler's backers who were drawn from both parties will share the spoils of a possible victory. Whether or not these people call themselves a party or not, that's what they would be.

Tug Of War And Peace

HERBLOCK
GIVES THE WASHINGTON POST