

To A Pillar Of Salt?

At an undetermined hour tonight, as you settle down to English History or Shakespeare or B.A. 71 or to more playful efforts) the die will be cast for the ruling body of the University.

Members of the State House and Senate Committees on Trustees, in joint session, will file past the ballot boxes; they will cast votes for 30 new Trustees to serve on next year's Board.

But ugly rumors of possible sleight-of-hand have reached our ears from their origin under the Raleigh Dome.

Those rumors, specifically, are not totally unexpected: That certain backward-looking and, unfortunately, influential persons have spotted danger in the Board's progressive vote against segregation at a State College summer course; that they have seen the red flag and will now try to juggle the selection of new Trustees to fit the pattern of their own restricted vision. In short, that they will attempt to elect new Trustees whose minds are closed to the possibility of co-racial education on the college level.

Here (and quite unusually for these times) the issues strike more deeply than the question of ethical and practical right and wrong on the Supreme Court's Decision. Will the people of North Carolina, when their state university's livelihood is at stake, allow Trustees to be chosen on the basis of a patented, ready-made attitude? Will they have competence and the open mind displaced by mediocrity, so long as that mediocrity is set to vote one way or the other? Will they, in fact, let one issue call the tune for a hundred different situations?

We doubt it. The time to look backwards on 1955 decisions will be 1984 or 2,000, not 1955. Those who would plot and rig behind the ballot boxes have trained their eyes unswervingly to the rear. Perhaps they have not learned the story of Lot's wife, who looked backward at the wrong time and became a pillar of salt. Their ignorance of that allegory may have tragic effect on the University's future.

Fowler, Meet Ike, Then Go Your Way

After a vigorous campaign, void of issues, popular Don Fowler is President of the student body, standing as somewhat of an undergraduate Eisenhower.

Like the golf-putting ex-General, Fowler's experience in partisan politics doesn't include the seedier side of backroom sessions. Although the Winston-Salem self-help student has been active as treasurer, he is better known for his other activities; this too reminds us of Eisenhower. And, like the White House's present occupant, Fowler drew supporters from both political parties. The student President's noncommittal attitude, a common trait of all this spring's candidates, also smacks of agreeable Ike.

But let this analogy go no further. Fowler is elected; he's capable and willing to work. We trust he'll not follow along in the shaky footsteps of Eisenhower, whose efforts to please everybody have made for everything but dynamic government.

Unlike Ike, Don Fowler doesn't have to worry about a second term; he has no Knowlands or McCarthys to massage; and his problems—though great—are by no means of the Quemoy and Matsu seriousness.

With these advantages over the U. S. President, we hope Fowler can give student government the needed jab on the posterior to make it jump and leap with action. To stimulate activity in this rapid field of student life, the new student President will have to cast popularity aside, leaving it to athletes and beauty queens. This is difficult to do.

But perhaps with a reminder of student government's active past ringing in his presidential ears, Fowler can tackle the difficult task of doing what is necessary, rather than what is popular.

Dean Fred Weaver summed up the history of student government when he said that it was "technically a delegated authority, but as the record shows, it was an authority which had asserted itself, then proved itself, and then won recognition for itself; and with their close organization and fine esprit de corps the students were quick to defend it in time of attack."

The Daily Tar Heel hopes Don Fowler will drink deeply of these words and restore student government to its past glory. We wish you luck, Mr. President.

Carolina Front — Of Education— Crime And The Ludicrous

J. A. C. Dunn

WE WERE BORN at a tender age in a quite sadistic frame of mind, most of which outlook on life we have managed to retain through the past couple of decades. For this reason we choose this, of all the days open to choice, to talk about education.

Before leaving these halls of grimness and travail six days ago, we saw one of the most insane movies to which we have ever been privileged to pay admission called "The Bells of St. Trinians." St. Trinians is a girls' school known chiefly for its staff and pupils, which were created by British cartoonist Ronald Searle. We cannot decide whether these lethal females are sub-normal, superhuman, or merely from a different planet, and judging by the reactions of the people who come into contact with St. Trinians personnel, this indecision is rather widespread. Merchants board up their shops, passersby frantically mount bicycles or drive cars at breakneck speed, the army flees in panic and the police call in reinforcements at the mere mention of the advent of St. Trinians.

The motto of St. Trinians (literally "in flagranti delicto") freely translated means, in the words of Miss Fritendon, St. T's craftily vague headmistress, that most girls' schools prepare their students for the great merciless world outside, it is the merciless world itself which must be prepared when St. Trinians girls leave their alma mater to enter life.

SEVERAL EXAMPLES OF the slightly depraved character of most St. T alumni are the following: In the chem lab the girls make St. Trinians Dry Gin, which they sell on the "outside" through the various questionable contacts of a nefarious "bootboy" named Flash, who wears his hat pulled down to his chin and his coat let down to his ankles. Miss Fritendon uses the gin for punch on Old Girls' Day.

St. Trinians girls are also adept at the ins and outs of bookmaking, booby traps, torture, financial knavery and the more violent forms of modern warfare. We hope the movie will come back so that more people will see what British Education is Really Like.

THAT SHOULD TAKE care of the other side of the Atlantic. On the other hand we have a couple of anecdotes to relate that give equally as good a picture of the steadily increasing debilitation of American schooling.

We were honored by a short chat with the Dean of Columbia University Graduate School a few weeks ago, and during the conversation he told (laughingly) of the student from a small college in northern Georgia who applied for admittance to Columbia grad school, claiming as creditable academic work courses taken in hog calling, cattle judging and the saving of souls. This information is verifiable. Write Columbia for particulars.

Our other story, which occurred in the south, is the tale year-old son came home sadly deficient in knowledge of the multiplication table. The public school the boy was attending said, on being questioned, that the boy would learn the multiplication table the next year. So the next year, when the boy still didn't know what eight times eight was, the school, on further investigation acted rather surprised and said the boy should have learnt that the previous year.

We know of one poor school teacher who looks yearningly every day at the luscious dandelions in his yard, wondering if they wouldn't just add a little something to his lunch. And we know of another teacher, an instructor in this University and a person of more serious bent, who is steadily becoming misanthropic over the education situation in this country.

'But My Friend Mr. Dulles Was Right Behind Me'



F.D.R. IN RETROSPECT

Ten Aprils Are Still Too Few

Jonathan Daniels

(Jonathan Daniels, Raleigh News & Observer editor, appraises the status of Franklin D. Roosevelt ten years after his death in this article excerpted from The New York Times Magazine. We find Editor Daniels' essay interesting and timely on this week's anniversary of F.D.R.'s passing.—Editors.)

Ten years after his death on that warm April afternoon in 1945, all that is left of Franklin Roosevelt is off the main traveled roads. Much traffic which used to go by—and often stop at—the library, the home and the grave on the old Albany Post Road has been diverted to the Taconic Parkway to the east and the New York Thruway across the Hudson on the west. Not so many people come now as at the beginning of the decade when new grief was combined with the first relaxation of gas-rationing. Some like to see in that a sign that the man is almost as forgotten now as the gas-rationing—or the grief. And others are sure that so little real change has been made in the New Deal and the New Internationalism that they now seem less the policies of a man than the normal, fixed directions of America. Certainly the alterations in America which Roosevelt attended seem today too deep-rooted to be related to a grave only ten years old.

It does not seem to me ten years since that dark Thursday afternoon in April. Such periods always pass swiftly. It may help to compare it with another such decade after the death of another President who died in April at the end of another war in which the central question was whether democracy could endure. Such a comparison, of course, cannot presume the approximation of Roosevelt's greatness to Lincoln's. It does point the similarities and the difference in two meaningful American centuries.

Certainly it must have seemed to those who spent it a very short, crowded time from the assassination of Lincoln (almost four score years to the day before Roosevelt died) to the tenth year thereafter when with Lincoln's greatest general in the White House, the divisive forces were already gathered to produce the fears of a new civil war over the bitterly contested Hayes-Tilden election the following year.

TROOPS Federal troops then where still quartered in the Southern states to uphold Republican governments and some hoped to teach Yankee know-how to the recent rebels. Lincoln's last hope

that all vindictiveness might be laid aside and the Southern people leniently treated was as long dead as Lincoln himself. It was not until the tenth year after he died that the image of his life began to be creatively put together by John George Nicolay and John Hay, who not only knew him well but brought remarkable talents to his remembrance.

Roosevelt's remembrance has been less well served. He was not made a martyr by an assassin. There was in Washington when he died in 1945, when lilacs were blooming again, no such minor bureaucrat as Walt Whitman to put his grief and his commander into such poetry as "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd." In the case of both there were the swift biographies and books of recollection. But the ten years after Lincoln's death were not over before Robert Lincoln had broken with his father's law partner, William Henry Herndon, because of Herndon's efforts to keep Lincoln a human individual and save him from uncritical legendmaking.

CHANGE Yet, strangely, even with the change of political parties, Roosevelt's programs have been kept more intact and in practice than the purposes for a reunited America which Lincoln outlined to his Cabinet on the last day he lived. Roosevelt's New Deal has the often-spoken scorn of many of those who hold the power in the government today. But it has certainly not been abandoned by a new President who urges the extension of reciprocal trade, the broadening of the base of social security, the increase of minimum wages. That new President, indeed, has been charged within his own party; and by the wing of it which hated Roosevelt most, of going farther to the Left in a similar period than Roosevelt did.



ROOSEVELT too soon to know

I suspect that identification of the leader with the people in the case of Roosevelt, as of Lincoln, is as firm a basis as exists for the immortality of the hero. Aloofness does not generally seem to be the firmest basis of legend. Also it is a strange thing how the last-heroes are not generally created by those who most dutifully guard their ashes, but by those who examine them with something less than piety. Herndon's reports added much more to the humanity of Lincoln than his son Robert did by hiding many of his papers from 1865 to 1947.

Those who defend Roosevelt's fame from the possibility of fault are equally foolish. He prided himself on his sense of history. He wished it to remember him well. As a collector or hoarder for history, he saved not only papers and a forty-foot iceboat, but items which he could not have felt would preserve any impeccable portrait of an impeccable man.

HUMAN FRAILTIES He industriously collected and preserved the evidences of his own human frailties — much better than the energetic Herndon did after Lincoln's death. And, as in the case of Lincoln, they will help make his identification with the far from perfect people more complete — and more appealing.

It is, of course, much too soon to measure Roosevelt's greatness in terms of his policies. He himself liked to quote Woodrow Wilson as saying to him, "Ninety-nine out of one hundred matters which appear to you and me today as of vital administration policy will be completely overlooked by history, and many other little things which you and I pay but scant heed to will begin to be talked about one hundred years from now."

One thing about Roosevelt will be remembered: He was the man whose boldness, extravagant readiness with the country's cash and easy fascination with fantastic ideas brought about the practical development of the power in nuclear physics. Then Aprils are still too few to fix the image of Roosevelt which will attend the already obvious long remembrance of Franklin Roosevelt. In many ways the future and not the man will determine that. And certainly in the complexity of his character, in both the playfulness and the implacability of his personality, in the petty things to which he gave concern and in the great causes to which he devoted his life, there are materials for the making of many legends — or almost any legend — about him.

Passing Remark

Report From Myrtle Beach Opium Dens

Ron Levin

Dateline . . . April 9. Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. It is eight thirty on a Saturday night. I walked down about five blocks from the Pavilion and paused in front of the Ocean Plaza Hotel. Opening directly on to the sidewalk is a dance hall called the Marine Room. Pushing my way in through the jammed aisle, I found myself in a place that would have made the opium dens of Hong Kong look like a nursery. The smoke hung heavily in rifts over the dance floor, and empty beer cans littered the floor in profusion. There were people of all description. Some were dancing; some were watching; some were drinking. The majority of the customers were seventeen or under. There were a few servicemen and a slightly larger number of college students. I went up to one teen ager who was standing against a booth downing the last few swallows of a Blue Ribbon. He was dressed in the usual attire of wide kneed, ankle draped slacks and a flowing long sleeve sport shirt. His hair cut would have caused any self respectable barber to throw up. He couldn't have been over sixteen at the most, and I watched his eyes as they ran up and down my cord suit in suspicion. I started the conversation.

"Some crowd, huh?"

"Yeah, Saturday night is always a big night here."

"Say, I thought you had to be eighteen to buy beer."

"You do. I just get my buddy to buy it for me."

'DON'T BE DUMB'

He pointed to a similarly dressed teen ager lounging in the adjoining booth.

"Well, what about the police? Don't they check up on your ages?"

"Aw, DBD, man. (Don't be dumb.) Them lousy bulls come in here every half hour, and when we see 'em coming we put down the cans till they leave. They can't touch ya, see?"

I agreed and left him to get a better look at some of the occupants. As I walked around the back through the aisle that curved around the dance floor, I saw a young man talking to a teen ager in the last booth. They were seated next to one another, and the fawning smile on the face of the man could have meant only one thing. I had seen it before and had learned to recognize it. They had their arms around each other. I felt like retching on the floor right there in front of me.

As I stood there, a small circle of people gathered in front of me in the back entrance, while two youths paired off in the middle of the circle. Suddenly the fight erupted like a human volcano, and immediately the crowds surged forward.

BETTER THAN TV The crowd broke up quickly and went back to the booths and the dance floor. I found out from one spectator that the fights averaged one about every fifteen minutes or so. His eyes lit up eagerly, as he told me there were more on Saturday night than during the week. He always came down on Saturday night to watch the fights. Better than TV, I thought to myself.

Many of the girls standing on the edge of the dance floor were smoking with a false manner that gave away their age. After a while, I found it becoming increasingly difficult to breathe, so after five minutes of fighting the packed aisles, I found myself on the street breathing in the clean night air.

No, this is no sermon. I'm painting a picture, and you be the critic. Though there seems to be no small amount of concern over the great increase in juvenile delinquency, teen age narcotics trade and sexual perversion, places like this are allowed to exist in flagrant violation of the law.

It will take me a long time to forget what I saw that night. It will probably take "public spirited citizens" a still longer time to wake up to reality. In the meantime, don't be disturbed by the headlines in your morning paper. Just remember . . . it's all in good fun . . . sure.

Y-Court Corner

Rueben Leonard

IN MONDAY'S Chapel Hill News Leader, a columnist spared no adjectives when he wrote of the wonderful feeling he experienced in seeing available parking space over the Spring holidays.

The columnist went on to ask himself as especially assinine question, namely, where all the student cars come from when the state has such a low per capita income.

Personally, I think there is about as much correlation between student cars and state per capita income as there is between income taxes and the sex habits of a whale.

O MAMMON! Chief God of the village, look down upon your worshippers and cease their continual gnawing on the hand that nourishes them. Beseech them to always remember that Chapel Hill without the University, its students and their money would be as a candle without a wick, a clock without a spring, and a cart without a horse.

I was sitting at the dinner table one evening listening to my mother tell of the latest happenings in the neighborhood: "Did you know that Carol So-and-so is pregnant?" she asked.

"Can't they find out what's causing it?" piped in my little sister.

DAVE REID, Don Fowler's most ardent supporter, wandered into Y-Court last Wednesday morning with that old I-told-you-so beam on his face.

"You know what," he said, "Don asked me last night if I would be his Attorney-General." This was news to us—we didn't think that Reid had told Fowler that he could be president yet.

JIM MONTEITH is also slated to land a big fat appointment. Can it possibly be a reward for his support in the campaign? Too bad Gordon Forester and Charlie Ackerman won't be around next year to partake of the spoils.

SHADES OF Florence Nightingale! You may think it is tough to sit in the corridor of the infirmary and bleed to death before you can see a doctor, but what if you were a nurse and had to work the night shift. Those poor old keepers-of-the-cure work 66½ hours during the week that they are on night duty.

The afternoon shift is comparatively light—requiring only 52½ hours per week while the morning shift is a vacation entailing only 49 hours.

April twelfth through June fifth will be the "Night Before Christmas" for the senior class. On June sixth, all those that have been good little girls and boys will walk up to Dean Santa Claus and get their reward.

You'd better watch out, You'd better not pout, You'd better go to class Or they'll kick you out. The three cut rule has come into town.

EVER HAD a quiz returned that looked as if the instructor had bled all over it? Of course you have —most students have a tendency to shoot the breeze on essay exams.

Many instructors scribble the correct answers in the margins of the quiz paper, but Mr. Geer of the Social Science Department has a remedy of remedies. He stamps a big red bull in the middle of an answer that clearly shows no knowledge of the question asked. It makes you think twice before you loosen the hot air valve.

SINCE WE are on the subject of bulls and Social Science, I think I read somewhere that "A Papal Bull is a ferocious bull kept by the Pope to trample on the Protestants" and that the "Diet of Worms" was a punishment under feudalism.

COMING BACK from the beach Monday night, two coeds were wondering where they should tell their sorority sisters they stayed. Each girl was trying to remember the names of the ritzier hotels. "Let's tell them we stayed at the Ocean Forest," said one. "No, said the other, "I think one of the girls' sister owns that, and even if she doesn't she knows the person who does." "Oh Hell," said the first girl, "Let's just tell them we went to New York and stayed at the Waldorf. I know none of the girls own that."

—Reader's Retort—

More Plaudits For Our Predecessor

Your recent editorial, "Proceeding calmly," with different quotation marks is one of the best summaries on the integration issue I have yet read in any newspaper. I wish that the anonymity of the editorial fraternity could be torn aside long enough for me to see a personal sketch of the writer. You little piece of writing is history.

As a Southerner and the grandson of two Confederate veterans—one of whom saw the unpleasantness through from beginning to end and the other only the beginning—I am aware that there are problems to integration. But there are no basic problems at Chapel Hill nor at the other state universities. The Negroes who can make entrance requirements will average as cultured as the White students. Institutes of higher learning can be pilot plants to show the way for the mass schools where, if the racial populations are nearly equal, integration can make for ill feeling. I have always felt that if integration at college level had preceded secondary schools by five or ten years a great deal of valuable information could have been gathered.

But the issue is joined and, as you say so graphically, "the dog is no longer sleeping." You have met it with calm logic and I congratulate you most sincerely.

My son, Cornell Wright, has been sending me the Tar Heel for several months. It is a strikingly efficient newspaper.

Meador Wright

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