

A New Player, We Hope

Among those who have held to the idea that educational television should be educational, the idea lingers that WUNC-TV has more flickered than shone during its lengthening weeks of life.

The station has had its trouble, amounting often to aches and pains. From the start division in the higher echelons kept the station's policy off even keel. The educational emphasis (which we have been led to assume by the name of the enterprise) has been threatened continuously by those high up in the station's administration who want to compete with private commercial stations.

Against this dim and dull cyclorama of division and disappointment—splashed, in all fairness, with some few highlights here and there—something new seems to be marching downstage.

The best indication, if we have detected one, of the emergence of new policy, is the announcement that a panel of four professors will discuss Walter Lippmann's *The Public Philosophy* over the station's hookup tomorrow night. Mr. Lippmann's book has aroused both resounding affirmation and dissent; and whether one agrees or disagrees with its essential thesis, it is a significant book and well deserves scrutiny over the video waves.

But easily the most heartening part of the emerging trend is the knowledge that four University professors—Doctors Heard, Godfrey, Potat, and Colonel Orr—will make up the round table. Professors were little consulted while the station went up and were later expected to volunteer their services when they had been given no appreciable voice in its origins.

Let us hope that the new character passing from the shadow of the cyclorama is not merely another poor player, struggling and fretting and signifying nothing. For perhaps a new and vigorous policy has appeared on the scene and Chancellor House's recently-told belief that "the public will find we're indispensable" is being backed by action.

Gracious Living—3 (Second Series)

Gracious Living in Chapel Hill has been dealt a primitive blow in its most graceful spot—the Arboretum.

Almost daily, the herds of school children, grunting and squealing like our aboriginal progenitors, swing from the limbs of Arboretum trees. The pint-sized visitors, apparently not content with the wonders of the Old Well and the Planetarium, invariably flock to nature's haunt to play junior caveman.

We know of no solution to this grave problem, except perhaps the eventual change that comes to every young caveman when he passes from childhood to adolescence, from swinging in trees to pulling pigtails.

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 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 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 Bewitched, Bothered, And Bemildewed

J. A. C. Dunn

RUEBEN LEONARD'S "Y-COURT Corner" yesterday was, to say the least, a bit disappointing. We were not disappointed because of what was said in the column; what we found disconcerting was that we found disconcerting throughout.



Mr. Leonard, in the course of nine paragraphs, managed to throw a considerable rather stale mud at a wide variety of targets ranging from the Student Legislature, through the Carolina Forum and two campus leaders, all the way to the recent panty raid. Now mudslinging is not a sin; some occasions demand it. Mark Antony pitched some pretty tidy clods, as one can see if one reads Shawespeare. But Antony did not call people four letter names, he called them nice names with a slightly unorthodox twist.

Mr. Leonard does not take the trouble to be gentle. He just gets himself a soapbox and screams.



SCREAMING IS OLD, mildewed. When people hear it they know they have heard it before and, what is more, most screaming does not stir up pleasant reminiscences. There is no need to be bitter, Mr. Leonard. There is no need to put one's tongue in one's cheek so far that it sticks out the other side; it is not necessary to call people names; there is no call to make underhanded allusions to the alleged practices of a very recently elected (and rather important) official; energy is wasted in slamming at the Legislature's money-handling.

You perhaps will say, Mr. Leonard, in reply, that you recall our own column of last Tuesday in which we were rather cavalier with certain legislators' opinions, and that in view of our words there we are here being just a tiny bit hypocritical. If we still believed in the need for our having said then what we did, you would be right; but we seem to have found out differently. People have come to us, tapped us reproachfully on the shoulder and said, "Now look, pal; how about the other side?" They were not too far from wrong.



IT IS INTERESTING to note that on the same day Mr. Leonard published his acid-ridden condemnation of everyone in general a sizeable number of students from all over the region sat in the neat meetings and took the trouble to investigate the countless problems that arise concomitantly with the operation of student government. We received the impression from Mr. Leonard's column that he thinks legislators are stupid; that they sit around being wheels and big noises and accomplish nothing; that they are a courteous collection of false fronts. We are sure Mr. Leonard does not actually think this, since he was once a legislator himself, and a floor leader at that, but unfortunately that impression is created.

However, it was remarked to us quite soon after we published our own rather harsh slap at student government that there exists in the institution an astonishingly large amount of sincerity. Those people who meet on Thursday nights really believe that what they are doing can result in something good, whether or not it actually does. Very often nothing comes of their efforts, but sometimes there are commendable results.

Don't damn a man for doing the wrong thing when he didn't want to, Mr. Leonard. It is pointless, because a man who has made a mistake he didn't mean to make is already mad at himself and will take criticism with a smile much sooner than with a snarl.

'How About Trying To Fix It Right Now?'



Hopes Brighten In The Straits

An Anglo-American agreement, which would involve abandoning the Chinese off-shore islands of Matsu and Quemoy, is now a growing possibility. Indeed, such an agreement is probable rather than possible, if only the Chinese Communists hold off from attacking Quemoy and Matsu for a few more weeks.

The general shape of the deal which seems to be in the making is simple enough. The United States would put all possible pressure on Chiang Kai-shek to evacuate the islands, meanwhile making it clear that American forces would not defend the islands in case of attack. In return, the British would make some sort of commitment—short of a permanent guarantee to the present Chinese Nationalist regime—to take part in the defense of Formosa in case of an attack by the Communists.

The British would certainly be joined in such a pledge by Australia and New Zealand, probably by Canada, possibly by France and the NATO countries, conceivably by most of the non-Communist world. But the British commitment is the heart and soul of the proposed agreement, the essential ingredient.

The deal is by no means all buttoned up, of course. It is in what one of the interested parties has called "the floating around stage," which means carefully informal chats which commit no one. It seems to have reached this stage largely as a result of Adlai Stevenson's recent foreign policy speech. When Secretary Dulles accused Stevenson of plagiarizing his own ideas, the Washington diplomatic corps was surprised. But since then, the idea of an Anglo-American agreement to defend Formosa but not the off-shore islands, which was vaguely foreshadowed in the Stevenson speech, has been floating around much more visibly than before.

ALLIANCE PRESERVED

The advantages of this kind of arrangement with the British are obvious. The British alliance would be preserved, and at long last something like an Anglo-American united front in Asia created. At the same time, the Administration would be off the Quemoy-Matsu hook, and it is no secret at all that most Administration policy makers would give a great deal to be extricated from the off-short island dilemma.

To be sure, there might be trouble from the Knowland-Bridges faction in the Senate. But the Administration could argue with some justice that a

British-Australian-New Zealand commitment to defend Formosa—which no one would have imagined possible six months ago—was worth far more to Chiang than the off-shore islands. As a straight political matter, indeed, most observers now agree that almost any "peaceful" statement of the Formosa crisis would be a big political net plus for the Administration—at least for the time being.

From the British viewpoint, the kind of deal outlined above would mean in effect adoption by this country of the "two Chinas" policy long advocated by the British—and a carefully qualified commitment to join in the defense of Formosa might not be too high a price to pay for this result. Even so, it would not be easy for the British to make such a commitment, however hedged about.

To be sure, the Eden government could present the agreement as a triumph of British diplomacy, pulling the impetuous Americans back from the brink of the abyss. But the "not a single Tommy for Chiang Kai-shek" line has been so successfully propagated in Britain that any British commitment of any sort to defend Formosa would be highly dangerous politically.

AGREEMENT AFTER ELECTIONS

For this reason, it is most unlikely that any agreement will be reached before the British elections of May 26. But if the Conservatives are triumphantly re-elected, an Anglo-American deal on Formosa will certainly be up for most serious consideration.

May 26 may be too late, of course—the Communists may attack before then. Or Chiang Kai-shek may flatly and openly refuse to be eased off the islands, in which case such an Anglo-American deal would look like a public invitation to the Communists to attack our Nationalist allies.

Yet it is a reasonably good bet all the same that the crisis of the off-shore islands will eventually be resolved in some such way as that outlined above. A cease fire in the Formosa Strait has all along been the central American objective. Originally it was hoped that the Chinese Communists would abandon their claim to Formosa, or at least make a public pledge not to attack Formosa, in return for getting Quemoy and Matsu without a fight.

This hope, unrealistic from the start, is now dead. The proposed Anglo-American deal would substitute a cease fire in the

Formosa Straits, based not upon meaningless Communist promises, but on American power backed by British and commonwealth support. There is much to be said for this more realistic kind of cease fire. There is only one thing to be said against it—that, however much it may be pressed up, it represents one more retreat in Asia, and one more retreat may be one too many.

Einstein's Faith, Works

Raleigh News & Observer

A little bushy headed, pixie-looking, out-spoken man died in Princeton on Monday. And that little man, Albert Einstein, was not in phrases of praise but in bare statement of the facts "the man whose theories led to construction of the atom bomb and provided the basis for the television and electronic and other technological advances which have made the mid-Twentieth Century what it is." It would be possible without much exaggeration to say that no one who lived during his lifetime was so responsible for the changes in the world evident at the time of his death.

Hardly any man had been so much honored by the world he so greatly altered. He, of course, was a winner of the Nobel Prize. He had been given honorary degrees by the universities of Geneva, Oxford, Cambridge, Princeton, Paris, Madrid, Zurich, Harvard, London and Brussels. When he died, as an American citizen who had not been so much refugee from as a rejector of Hitler's Germany, he was a life member of the Institute for Advanced Science at Princeton. Above all, however, he was a scientist who kept, through all his new discoveries in the universe, his faith in the paramount importance of the dignity of man.

"Let every man be respected as an individual and no man idolized," Albert Einstein said.

That was an enunciation more important to Einstein than any of the theories he formulated. And in the age of nuclear science it remains more important than ever. It is a blessing of that age that the great man who initiated it emphasized that the dignity of man is more important than any force set loose on his earth.

Presidential Memo

Tom Creasy

As I look on the past 12 months in Student Government I find it hard to believe that 12 months make a year. It seems impossible that the 1954-55 era of Student Government could already be over. It has had its difficulties and defeats along with its enjoyable moments and successes and as President of the Student Body this year my only hope is that I have been able to give half as much as I have gotten out of the job. I never spent a more enjoyable or more worthwhile year.

In looking at the successes that we have had this year however few or however many they have been, I am certain of one thing—they have been due to the very capable and conscientious people that I have had working with me in Student Government this year. I would like to name all these people and their outstanding contributions, but I could never get all of them into my allotted space.

I would like to thank not only the student leaders but the Student Body as a whole and the administration and faculty for their help and full cooperation this year. And my special regard and respect goes to the 1954-55 Student Legislature, which could have made it very difficult for me, since the opposition party was in control, and thus cause student government to reach a stalemate; but instead they chose to work right along with me and to cooperate in every way possible. As a result they have given the Student Body one of their finest legislative programs.

Just three weeks ago you went to the polls again to elect your new officers. They are all excellent people, qualified and very capable. Help them in every way possible, praise their successes and try to be tolerant of their failures. I wish all of them every success and hope and feel sure that they will give the University the best year that she has ever had in Student Government.

Reader's Retort

Panty-Raiders & Subversives

EDITORS:

What kind of policy is it to prosecute pranksters and defend those guilty of treason?

I want to know what the hell is going on through the minds of our so-called administration and editors of the DTH. They deny need to be taken in hand, need to be taken in hand. — not the poor misguided students, students to be arraigned by the police for a boyish prank, and who are no more guilty than the other 2000 boys who took part in the raid which was just blowing off steam. No one is really guilty of any harm, and no violence or destruction was done. At the same time, two of our noble, liberal-minded professors go to Greensboro to defend in court a known subversive communist leader who is trying to overthrow our government. This fellow Scates should be hung, and poor misguided professors who helped such people, get out so light are unknowingly undermining our government and is making a larger smear on our university than that of a boyish prank. Yet the administration sits by and does nothing about this more serious issue and the DTH, in its editorials, commends the like of patriotism shown by the enlightened professors.

All this will just create a nice shelter for other communist to come here—even after one cell has been broken. For they too can hide behind the skirts of the so-called benevolent liberalism which is advocated. If it takes this kind of irresponsible policy to raise the standard of education in this school, I would rather do without it and see our standard hit rock bottom. The tax payers of N. C. should demand that the appropriations should be cut for the budget of UNC if the school allows such a policy to prevail. Compared to sheltering communism here, a panty-raid is nothing. I do not question their right to their opinion, but they are guilty of using very poor and illogical judgment on issues in general.

ROBERT M. SMITH

Over The Hill

Charles Dunn

REDS: For the past several days, the Tar Heel and other papers throughout the state and even the nation have been carrying page one stories of the trial of former University student and former resident of near-by Carrboro Julius Scates, who for years has been known as a leader of the Communist party in this area.

Even more local interest in the case developed this week when Carolina student Charlie Childs appeared as a witness and related his experiences as a Communist for the F.B.I. And of course, the appearance at the trial of several professors and townspeople has had its share of discussions on campus.

All of this has started some students wondering. After all, when you go to bed at night, you never know whether your roommate is sleeping or watching you. And if you know he is watching you, you don't know whether he is wishing that the revolution would hurry and come so that he can curb your capitalistic ways, or waiting for you, in a forgetful moment, to utter some statement favoring the violent overthrow of the government or your local draft board so that he can turn you over to the authorities.



BITS OF WIT: There are many little sayings floating around campus as offerings of the Scates trial. One of them is the old "if they took the F.B.I. out of the Communist party it would fold up." Another is: "I'm an F.B.I. man for the Communists."

And then of course there is the letter home: "Dear Folks... everybody up here was surprised to hear about the Communists as you-all were. Really."



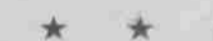
SIGN OF THE TIME: In a recent issue of The New Yorker there was a cartoon showing a young man in a haberdashery trying on a sport coat and a pair of walking shorts. Near by his mother was sitting, with tears in her eyes, and saying something on the order of "I just can't help it. They are his first pair of short pants."



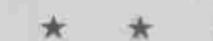
REASONS: A petite coed from the far western part of the state was trying to help a way-behind fellow catch up on some of his studies. Between her very southern accent and her special code for marking her notes, the fellow was getting nowhere, but fast. With a laugh, he complained. The coed leaned back in her chair, smiled and said, "Well, that's just what my Mom and dad sent me up here to go to school for, anyhow: to learn how to write so as it could be read, and to learn how to talk so as they could understand me, they did."



POINT: Several years ago, according to a professor, a Negro man left his wife in Chapel Hill and went north to find work. The man was forced to stay longer than he expected, and, even though he wrote letters, his wife became a little worried after several years. He assured her he was true to her by writing: "No woman wants nothing but your money, and I wants that for myself."



WONDERING: Why calls for a "Panty raid" meet with such little response since Tuesday night?



IDEA: It has been suggested that for the sake of being original that the name of this column be changed from "Over the Hill" to simply "AWOL."

A Poem By Ron Levin

The Island Of No One

Untasted ides now swirling in the idea ebb of vernal tides with subtle hints of slimming nights and images... the sacred rites of milling ghost gathered there of moon washed sand, the naked shore, and lathered in a thousand frenzies to excite ten million more.

No stale man smells are present here ingrained within the passive dunes but only memories of sheer white feathered pipers' fleeting tunes along the waves edge... screaming fear of being found one fatal noon.

A Letter From

Three Carpetbaggers

Dear Editors: This small piece of praise will probably be received amid a storm of protest concerning Mr. Rueben Leonard's "Y-Court Corner" of April 23. However, we could not let such an article go by without proclaiming, "Halleluia—a columnist with guts." Mr. Leonard's cynical quips concerning various BMOCs and organizations of doubtful value, while decidedly biased in spots, is, nevertheless, a healthy addition to The Daily Tar Heel. We would like to commend Mr. Leonard for his good work and hope he will keep it up.

P.S.: We are all Bermuda-shorts-wearing epistalists.

Three Carpetbaggers