

### Buffalo Students . . .

Buffalo students, won't you come out to-night? Not, we hope, to dance by the light of the moon, but to hear Lord Mayor Wagner of New York City.

We address this invitation to the stay-at-home 98 per cent who leave Carolina Forum attendance to a thimbleful of faithful who huddle in one corner of an empty, echoing auditorium. Will you be thought indifferent or linger behind the dusty doors and remove all doubt?

### Planning For Breathless Days

This time of year—when the days begin with breathless mornings and books pile up in dorm rooms as symbols of duty—news of a coordinating group for easing conflicts in the scheduling of campus events soothes the term paper-bent mind.

Spring brings too many activities at the same time; the pace from parties at Hogan's to cramming for finals needs some planning. This problem is not a new one, though. Chancellor R. B. House, as an undergraduate, wrote an essay in the *University Magazine* on the need for intellectual endeavor amid the array of activities competing for a student's time and energy.

The new Campus Recreation Coordinating Council, as this conflict-easing group is tagged, deserves the praise and cooperation of the campus for tackling a problem that has harassed both students and professors for academic years.

### Let's Look To Doomsday

While A. E. C. scientists waited on the New Mexico desert to fire Bomb 14 of the running test series, the question of Sunday explosions arose.

Some of the scientists observed, as reported by a New York Timesman, that "as far as observation of the Sabbath was concerned, Sunday detonations in one respect were preferable to Monday ones, since the day before any test is taken up with arduous preparatory work."

Somehow, we can't find it in us to register concern about the exact day, holy or not, on which the bombs are to be triggered. The scope of the weapon is vast. The cost of delay is huge. The blast is convulsive and can break miles-distant windows. But Sabbath ritual will go on, bomb or no bomb.

In short, the scientists on the Yucca Flats are worrying about a fringe area of the ethical Sahara that faces them. Here, in the concise wording of Donald Adams, is what we mean:

Mankind is still as answerable to divine justice as it was when Dante wrote; the relations between man and his Creator are still as important as Milton made them in "Paradise Lost." Science has pulled colossal rabbits out of its hat, and will no doubt pull others, but can it help us find our way to their best use?

Atomic science finds itself in a rapidly changing position. Its work is no longer amoral. The establishment of law control on the ends and procedures of science would, we fear, lay the way open to dangerous results; the problem is the scientists' alone. The Washington University Conference made it clear that more and more scientists are awakening to the need for moral and ethical consciousness of what they are doing.

But our point, again, is that the scientists are emphasizing the trivial when they stand on the New Mexico desert and try to rationalize their way to a Sunday explosion. They hold in their brilliant hands the power to denude the planet, but they express (or feign) concern about marring the Sabbath with a brief roar.

If their concerns awaken too slowly to the ethical Sahara which lies beyond and they allow their brainchild to pulverize civilization none of us will be around to debate the propriety of Sunday explosions. There will be countless Sundays. But only one Doomsday.

### The Daily Tar Heel

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## Carolina Front

# The NY Times Thrills The Ol' U S an' A

J. A. C. Dunn

THE NEW YORK TIMES is evidently of the opinion that along with their recent frenzied advertising campaign, centered around a series of pictures showing hawk-like reporters and green eye-shaded editors posed imaginatively in attitudes indicative of journalistic zeal, there should be a few morsels of meat worth the sauce. What we are actually getting at in this breathless sentence is that we have seen a couple of arresting items in the New York Times which we think worthwhile passing on to those gutsy individuals who have in them the sheer stamina to combine "Carolina Front" with their morning coffee.



THE FIRST of these two gems is datelined London and concerns "A prominent Russian scientist (who) solemnly went before a microphone today to ally Russian jitters that a space ship invasion from Mars had taken place . . . The Moscow radio talk . . . disclosed that space ships and Martians are favourite topics with Soviet youth."

This is curious. One would have thought that the Russians, having already discovered everything first, would have tired long ago of the capitalistic outer space and turned to something else; we can imagine Russian youth idolizing Big Brother's Little Brother, who carries a rubber truncheon to school to impress the teacher and who appears at youth rallies armed with a bull whip wrapped in sandpaper and a water pistol loaded with sulphuric acid. But no. Death rays and glass globes over the head for the Soviet little ones, it seems.

AND SPEAKING OF Mars and all that, we wonder if anyone has ever considered the fact that while the whole of the east coast may go into a panic when Orson Welles frights the air waves with blood-chilling reports of Martians dropping in on Hoboken, or whatever it was he did back in 1938, think what mass hysteria would commandeer the hearts and minds of the Martians if they were suddenly invaded by a yodelling horde of Gene Autry's all rearing picturesquely on spirited stallions they rented for the day and firing eleven shots from a six shooter killing fourteen Indians thereby?

OUR SECOND TIMES item is a little story from Syracuse about a group of English teachers who were asked to fill out a thirteen-point questionnaire and whose unsuperstitious but cautious minds were relieved of the horror of answering thirteen questions by the simple device of having question number thirteen repeated twice, giving them fourteen questions.

This is dangerous business. Suppose it spread? What would happen if this practice got into the law courts? We can see the defendant now, the prosecuting attorney having asked him the thirteenth question, answering "I refuse to answer on grounds that it might bring me seven years' bad luck." And we can see the college student, writing down his answer to examination question number thirteen: "I feel this question is unfair since it puts me in danger of being run over by a speeding truck when I leave the exam."

And there are peace conferences, too. We picture foreign and domestic dignitaries squandering thousands of dollars of the taxpayers' money hiring language experts and political and military authorities in a desperate effort to condense a treaty down to only twelve "whereases," or whatever it is they put in treaties.

## NO PRUDISH LITERARY PABLUM

# The Quarterly Dons Long Pants

Earl E. Stevens

(The writer of this review is an instructor in the University English Department.—Editors.)

The Spring issue of *The Carolina Quarterly*, published today, is, to my mind, the best single issue of UNC's literary magazine that I can recall having read during these past four years. Moreover, when one considers its two predecessors, I believe it can be said that the three issues since September have raised the *Quarterly* to a new standard of excellence. Much of the credit for this improvement should undoubtedly go to the *Quarterly's* editor, J. A. C. Dunn. In his first editorial he set forth a policy which for its good sense and sincere interest in the students has been too long absent from past editorial policies. Mr. Dunn wrote:

"The *Quarterly* is primarily a student magazine published for the benefit of the student body; but up until now its policy has eliminated the majority of the student body from its reading public by apparently refusing to recognize the existing diversity of tastes among the students . . . a college magazine should, we believe, be intended not for one intellectual level within the student body, but for as much of the student body as is possible without jeopardizing the interests of the magazine itself."

The present issue ably justifies the editor's attempt to publish a magazine for the benefit of the

student body; I interpret the phrase "benefit of the student body" to include the idea that the creative work published therein will be representative of the students on this campus. All too frequently in the past the *Quarterly* has seemed more interested in imported vintages than in the writings of UNC students. If we must have avant-garde writing or even nonsense of an esoteric sort, let it at least be of a domestic vintage.

Without a doubt the finest offering in the *Quarterly* is Ed Yoder's article, "The Tale of Junius Seales." Mr. Yoder has done a refreshingly objective job of reporting on a difficult subject—a subject which has caused far too many writers to lose their regard for truth. His treatment of the Seales case reminds me of the excellent reportage usually associated with writers like John Bartlow Martin and John Hersey.

Of the three stories the finest was Claire Russell's "Josie." This well-conceived story of a young girl who has to sit helplessly and watch her parents split up, wrecking their home and her world in the process, is tellingly executed. The more effective control of her material leads me to consider this story a finer piece of writing than Mr. Dennis' "Region of Innocence." The latter story is one worth the telling, but it lapses several times into an incongruous laboriousness which mars the overall effectiveness of the story.

It goes without saying that the

intelligence shown in printing in the *Quarterly* a writer who uses artistically effective sailors' jargon indicates that like the protagonist, Fred, the *Quarterly* has come of age. At last its readers are treated as adults and not as children who have to be spoon-fed on literary pablum of a prudish and effeminate sort.

With the limits of its class as the best freshman writing for the spring semester Mr. Shaw's story, "The Disillusioned" is a good performance that shows promise; there is, however, a stilted quality about its writing and a "patness" about the whole situation that leave the story where it began—as a promise of better things to come.

Concerning the poems two things can be said: 1. they are very like the past poetical performances found in the *Quarterly*; 2. fortunately they are all short.

Of the five book reviews it is amusing to note that the one written by a man whose vocation is other than literary was the most effective. Commander Edwards in his own way has done as good a job as Commander Krause of the *Keeling*. Mr. Dennis' review strikes me as being the poorest of the lot because of its cavalier attitude and its painful pretense at profundity—a pretense so often found in very earnest young writers.

In sum, this issue is one well worth reading by any one interested in the University and its students.

## St. George And Old Knowland de Formosa

(The Greensboro Daily News)

Now from all sides was the White Prince beset by the importunings of his great officers of state and the chief nobles of his faction, urging him to lead his divided hosts now one way, now another, so that the mercurials and the peasantry knew not whereof the morrow might fetch forth, whether grim war or uneasy peace.

And there was in the land rumor and report of yet other rumor and report, how that this knight had said a certain thing, while another knight had declared just the opposite to be true. It was a parlous time.

On the one hand there stood the puissant baron from the western marches, Knowland de Formosa, he of the massy chins and sonorous tongue, imperiously bidding the White Prince make immediate and most terrible war upon the Great Khan of Cathay.

On the other hand stood, full much bemused, the Lord Chan-

cellor, the devious Earl Dulles, bidding the White Prince be cautious in the morning and as the raging lion in the evening, or sometimes vice versa.

Yet did the White Prince seek to maintain his realm at peace, but more and more it became plain to see that he was ill-served by his advisors; that his liegemen grumbled among themselves and might, in very truth, force their leader to their wishes. The kingdom trembled as before a dragon breathing flame and bringing disaster.

Then, in this most grievous hour, there appeared from the vast provinces to the south an ancient knight, full of years and honors, who had oft-times sat in the high council of state when good King Harry had held the throne in an earlier time, Sir Walter of Georgia.

"Thou art old, Knight," they told him when he entered the gates of Camelot by the Potomac, "and thy faction is long since in deep disgrace, and

Harry is in exile in the midlands. Wherefore come you?"

For answer the aged knight smiled a sweet and Christian smile.

"I have come," quoth he, "to slay the dragon of dissension and apathy, and thus to save your precious White Prince from his own supporters."

Thus it came to pass that when the Great Khan spoke with deceit and cunning vile, there was at the side of the White Prince the ancient knight to give sage counsel and guidance instead of warlike cries and shouts or soft, meaningless words that meant one thing in the morning and another in the afternoon. And, for a time at least, the peace of the kingdom was preserved.

The moral of this tale is simple and oft repeated in the humble cottages up and down the land: "Save your Confederate money, boys. The South will rise again."

## 'I Weep For You,' The Walrus Said: 'I Deeply Sympathize,' With Sobs And Tears He Sorted Out Those Of The Largest Size, Holding His Pocket-Handkerchief Before His Streaming Eyes.



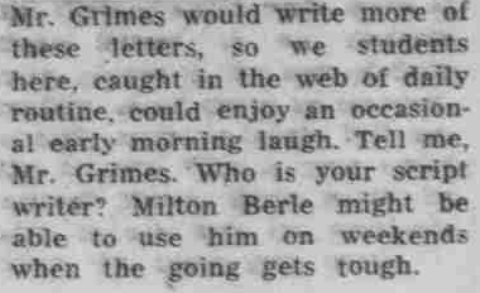
## Passing Remark

# From Bombs To Bermudas

Ron Levin

With regard to the letter written by William C. Grimes, I should like to commend him on the style of humor that he uses in his letter. My friends and I read it in a class and laughed.

Until we almost cried . . . cried because we were angry that *Turnation* had not found Grimes and recruited him as a contributor to their magazine. I only wish Mr. Grimes would write more of these letters, so we students here, caught in the web of daily routine, could enjoy an occasional early morning laugh. Tell me, Mr. Grimes. Who is your script writer? Milton Berle might be able to use him on weekends when the going gets tough.



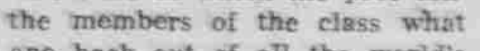
I don't suppose Marlon Brando might drive up this weekend on his motorcycle and deliver the funeral speech in the Playmaker's production of *Julius Caesar*, but it should be well worth our while anyway to trot on down to The Forest Theatre and dig a few iambs. For those of you who care to take dates, I might add the back rows are dark and secluded for your comfort and protection. Just a thought.



I was musing over a few things the other day that might make college life a bit easier for those unfortunate few who find it difficult to keep up the pace during spring afternoons. How about inventing a combination ball point pen, can opener and cigarette lighter . . . or starting a regular course in Theory and Practice in Higher Cross Word Puzzles? Then there is a luminous sorority pin that glows in the dark, and a pocket size book of Kinsey, The Bartender's Guide and Best Known Trails in the Arboretum. Which all goes to remind me of the world literature class in which the prof asked the members of the class what one book out of all the world's literature would they choose to take with them if they were going to be stranded on a desert island. One bright eyed student replied, "a copy of *The Collected Works of William Shakespeare*." Another looked out the window and in a humble voice filled with emotion named *The Holy Bible* as his choice. Finally a sweet young thing in the back row held up her hand. The prof asked, "and what is your choice Miss Fumley?" The pert coed instantly replied, "*A Beginner's Guide to Practical Boatbuilding*."

Speaking of Shakespeare, I am reminded of a line in *King Lear* that brings to mind our old friend, none other than William C. Grimes. The line is one spoken by Edmund, the illegitimate son of Gloucester. It symbolizes the hope that Grimes and those of his ilk have when they say their prayers at night. It goes something like this, "Now, Gods, stand up for bastards . . ."

Smith Dorm seems to be having no end of trouble these days. First one thing and then another. From miniature bombs to Bermuda shorts. Could it be they are plotting the violent overthrow of . . . well, your guess is as good as mine. Mark my word, girls, one of these days you'll go too far!



Near the end of the program, Gobel asked the different members of the cast where they were going after the show. They all said that they were going to a Stewart movie. Gobel then asked Stewart if he was going to see one of his movies too. "Oh no," replied Jimmy, "I'm too busy making them. In fact, I am leaving right after the show for Africa."

"What's the name of this African movie going to be?" asked Gobel.

"The Last of the Red Hot Miso-Miso," quipped Stewart.



AN ENTERPRISING young fraternity man was stewed-completely out of his mind. Evidently, he thought he needed exercise so he ran wildly out into the street and started flagging cars. The first car that came by pulled to a screeching halt, two policemen hopped out, put the floundering frat man in the car, and hauled him off to jail. Some days you just can't win.



DON'T FORGET. Get out and vote for the first raise next Tuesday. As they say in the political circles, "Vote early and often." No kidding kiddies, we really do need a five dollar additional fee to enable us to have a student program that a school the size of Carolina deserves.

## Y-Court Corner

Rueben Leonard

AT APPROXIMATELY 12:30 p.m. on Monday May 2, 1955, the administrative offices in South Building were terrorized. Forty thousand swivel-hipped secretaries zweveled their way out of their swivel desk chairs and peered out the windows at the spectacle below. South Building was on fire. Gloom settled over the trapped inhabitants of the building. Many of the secretaries weren't afraid—they were mad—they couldn't take three more coffee breaks before lunch.

Smoke billowed out of the basement. Fire extinguishers were hurried to the scene. The local fire department was summoned. The fire raged on.

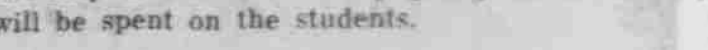
Students gathered quickly. Soon the building was surrounded by interested onlookers. One boy, noticing the secretaries hanging out the windows, urged them to jump. A ripple of laughter went through the crowd.

But alas, South Building did not burn. A tug-boat brigade of loyal students lined up from the coffee counter in Y-Court to the origin of the blaze and extinguished it immediately. Y-Court coffee will extinguish anything.



EVER GO to the polls, look over the long list of candidates, and wonder what and whom you were voting for—sure you have—it happens all the time. When you vote next Tuesday you won't have to decide on any candidate, in fact, there won't be a candidate's name on the ballot.

When you vote for the five dollar raise in student block fees, you will be voting for yourself. Your five dollars won't give you nearly the enjoyment by itself as it will if you combine it with five dollars from the rest of the students. If you want better and more complete publications, more student entertainment, and a better Student Union, don't be a horse's posterior—gallop down to the polls next Tuesday and vote for the raise. Just two-fifty a semester. Every penny of the money will be spent on the students.



LAST SUNDAY was truly "Parent's Day" here at school. Parents drove into Chapel Hill from everywhere. Big parents, little parents, and middle-sized parents looked high and low for their sons and daughters who were probably at the beach—high. It's a funny thing about the beach, you say you are going down to the beach, but you're usually high before you get there.

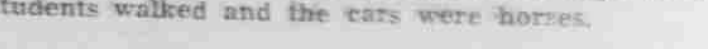


BILL "PUNCHY" Grimes has again graced the editorial page of the DTH with one of his comical letters, but the editorial page is not the correct place for the letter. Bill, with his letter in his hand, should be run up the flagpole and left to fly over the campus as a symbol of American Freedom and equality of man.

Yes, Bill, you and Nell Battle Lewis would make a good team. She could pour it on and you could rub it in.



"THE VILLAGE of Chapel Hill is strictly of yore . . . That is to say, Fowler's Food Store and Belk's have recently retained the services of a town policeman on Friday and Saturday afternoons to direct traffic in their parking lots," says the May 2 *Chapel Hill News Leader*. Well, how about that, all the students have now started doing their shopping at Fowler's and Belk's on Friday and Saturday afternoons. Oh for the good old days when students walked and the cars were horses.



A YOUNG southern miss appeared on Herb Shriner's TV show last Saturday. Talk about southern accents, she had one. She sounded as if she still had a southern fried drumstick in her mouth. Since the show was one of those give-away deals, Shriner explained the rules to her. She was supposed to name comic strips and her partner was supposed to give the leading female character in the strip. She really blotted, "Maggie and Jiggs," she said. "No, No," said Shriner, "Bringing Up Father." "I'm sorry, but that's what we call it dan suth," she retorted. She tried again—"Blondie." "Blondie," replied her partner. "Pogo," she blurted. Ugh!



Jimmy Stewart was also on TV Saturday night. Jimmy was making a guest appearance on the George Gobel show.

Near the end of the program, Gobel asked the different members of the cast where they were going after the show. They all said that they were going to a Stewart movie. Gobel then asked Stewart if he was going to see one of his movies too. "Oh no," replied Jimmy, "I'm too busy making them. In fact, I am leaving right after the show for Africa."

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## Burning Trees And Putts Before Snafus

The Daily Tar Heel's nomination for the least-unusual headline of the week goes to this one, from yesterday's Greensboro Daily News: "Formosa Report Delayed, President Goes Golfing." The Administration policy is, of course, "first things first." Burn-Tree before burning issue; Augusta National before august national problems; and putts before snafus—Clio.