

## They Only Serve Who Stay & Vote

Gather round, younger statesmen, and you shall hear the tale of how students govern themselves when they have a government. The rules are simple. If a legislator opposes a measure, he speaks and votes against it; if he supports it, he does the opposite. Such are the ground rules.

But Thursday night the majority of student legislators decided, since they opposed a resolution urging the University to admit Negro students, the best thing to do was walk out.

Thus, cheered on by Student Party Floor-leader Larry McElroy and University Party Floor-leader Jim Exum, all but 20 legislators exited.

No one denies the Legislature's right to disagree with any measure presented to it, but walking out on its obligation to govern is inexcusable. The students who walked out—instead of standing up for what they believed right—betrayed those who elected them. They walked out on their duty, and it's disgraceful.

Regardless of the merits of this particular resolution, the two leaders of this mass legislative exodus—McElroy and Exum—have no right to hold office. Since they walked out on their obligation, why should they be allowed to hold a position of honor and responsibility?

Even the ranks of younger statesmen have no room for cowards.

## Time For Light In The GM Situation

Members of the GM Board of Directors went to yesterday's meeting expecting to hear a recommendation for someone to fill the temporary directorship of the student union.

Instead, the personnel committee, appointed ten days ago by President Fowler, asked the committee for a one-day extension. The committee said it wished to interview another applicant for the position. The committee offered, in The Daily Tar Heel's opinion, very shaky grounds for not having made a choice. The extension means another meeting of the Board at a time when student members will be pressed with preparation for exams.

At the same time, present Director Jim Wallace made clear his candidacy to continue in the position until the permanent director can be appointed. He is not, he said, a candidate for the permanent directorship.

The Daily Tar Heel is on record for Mr. Wallace's retention as temporary director. We still are. He has served excellently in the position over the last two years, and we see no logical reason why he should not be kept until the to-be-chosen permanent director takes office.

Does the Board's personnel committee object to the retention of Mr. Wallace? If so, it should draw up a bill of particulars why he should not stay on.

Graham Memorial is a student union. The students on the personnel committee are charged with recommending on the basis of experience of the applicants, their capability, and practicality. The selection of the temporary and permanent directors—whichever they may be—is a matter of concern to all students who pay fees to finance GM. By no means should such selection be made in shadowy circumstances by a select group. All are involved; all should have a voice; and the decision should be up to the Board.

The matter so far has been shrouded in darkness. It is time for light.

## The Daily Tar Heel

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 illegitimum non carborundum!

## Carolina Front — Somerset Beat Us All To The Draw, But . . .

J. A. C. Dunn

IF SOMERSET MAUGHAM hadn't been so greedy as to use "The Summing Up" as a title, we would grab it (greedily) and shoot



it into the reading in goldface type. However, Mr. Maugham having already taken the liberty, the best we can do now is admit that we are using his title as a base for this, the last column, which we intend as a sort of September-May summing up.

AS FAR AS student government is concerned, we have spent the majority of the year scoffing politely at what the reporters so grandly call "the solons," and wondering when those titled dignitaries would see the light and stop piddling around trying to convince everyone including themselves that the tasks they were engaged in were horribly important. But we changed our mind a few weeks ago as a result of a conversation we had during the entirety of which we remained on the listening end, and as a result of which we saw student government in a new light.

Student legislators often look rather juvenile—like little children pretending to put out a three-alarm fire with a garden hose. But this is not actually the case. The "solons" are trying to do something worthwhile, something they really believe in, something that will make their mark on campus in a beneficial way. We feel inclined to laugh at them from time to time; but simultaneously we admire them.

OUR RECOLLECTION OF this year is a series of confused images involving blessed sleep, grisly study, freshmen with a buzz on, broken glass in the corridors, snowballs (one or two with stones in them), untold quantities of noise (most of it unwelcome), a few pleasant parties, and a complete absence of any feeling of being able to make a home out of one's room. We are sorry if this dashes cold water in the face of higher powers who envision dorm life as being something more sublime than the above, but let us bite the bullet. Not all cake has icing, in fact some of it is downright stale.

THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS, WUNC, ditto TV, The Daily Tar Heel, the Carolina Quarterly, Tarnation, the Yackety-Yack, the UNC Symphony Orchestra, and all the other purveyors of the arts, have led as far as we can tell, fairly normal lives during the past nine months. Sometimes up, sometimes down, always the criticism and the praise coming from completely different quarters, always the questions of money and staff, always—well, need we go on? Need we say that these activities are usually competent but not dynamic, occasionally brilliant and outstanding, and that the difference between mere competence and brilliance is, most of the time, a difference of opinion?

THE ADMINISTRATION BAF-FLES us. We have nothing to say about them because, like women's, their inner workings are a province into which our understanding has not yet penetrated.

THIS is by no means a complete summary. Let us just say that it has been a good year; that for some reasons we are glad it is not the last, and that for other reasons we wish it were. Unless the Army suddenly develops an insatiable craving for 97-pound weaklings, we shall return in the fall. If anyone discovers gold during the summer, we wish they would let us know first. We can always be reached through The DTH.

## — I Remember Chapel Hill — Dr. Howell's Fine Grapes

By Sen. Sam J. Ervin Jr.

When I was a student at Chapel Hill, Dr. G. Vernon Howell, a football hero of an earlier era, was Dean of the School of Pharmacy. Like so many of the members of the faculty of that day, Dr. Howell was an institution in himself.

It was customary at that time for all the students to congregate at the Post Office about noon to get their mail, which was brought into Chapel Hill by Captain Smith's little train. On a date near the end of a summer session, a fellow student, whom I shall call Bill Blank, met me at the Post Office and moaned what he assumed to be his impending fate in this wise:

"I stayed at the summer school for the purpose of passing off a course and qualifying for my degree. I'm afraid I'm going to be shipped before getting my degree because of an event which occurred last night. I visited Dr. Howell's grape arbor just behind his house for the purpose of stealing some grapes. As I was engaged in this act, Dr. Howell came out his back door. I forthwith fled the premises. After I arrived at my room, I discovered that several letters addressed to me had fallen from my pocket. I am satisfied that I dropped those let-

ters under Dr. Howell's grape arbor, that they will be found there, and that I will be shipped for stealing Dr. Howell's grapes."

Just as Bill made this confession to me, I observed Dr. Howell coming directly toward us. When he reached us, Dr. Howell stopped and made this statement to Bill: "Mr. Blank, somebody came to my premises last night to steal some of my grapes. I discovered this morning that before he attempted to perpetrate the theft on me, he had stolen some correspondence from you."

Thereupon, Dr. Howell reached into his pocket and pulled out several letters addressed to Bill with a statement to the effect that he had found them that morning under his grape arbor.

Dr. Howell thereupon delivered the letters to Bill, who was too dumbfounded even to thank him for so doing. Dr. Howell then turned away and walked off about five steps. He suddenly turned around, looked at Bill, and said: "By the way, Mr. Blank, if you like grapes, come down to my place and get some. I have some mighty fine grapes."

This was not the only occasion on which Dr. Vernon Howell disclosed that he possessed the thing which Solomon craved above all else—an understanding heart.

## Unswing In Foreign Affairs

By Doris Fleeson

WASHINGTON — President Eisenhower is going to get a chance to do all that he thinks best to push that upswing in foreign affairs about which he spoke last week.

There is very definitely a feeling in Washington that a decisive moment has been reached in the struggle against Communist imperialism which has been the dominant factor in foreign policy since World War II ended. It is true that not everybody shares President Eisenhower's optimism that the Reds have reached a high water mark from which they are bound to recede.

The President's good fortune is that the pessimists are largely included in his own party. They are led by Senate Leader Knowland, who inherited the Taft mantle by motion of the late Senator Knowland is Minority, not Majority, Leader and he is not wholly sympathetic to the minority within the minority that he commands.

TRUTH They say with truth that had President Truman and his Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, proposed cease-fire negotiations with Red China and made a pen pal of Soviet Marshal Zhukov, the Republicans would have talked of impeachment. Nevertheless, Democrats have never favored a so-called hard policy in Asia nor been ready to risk another world war in order to put Chiang Kai-shek back on

pathetic to the President's efforts to return to normal diplomatic negotiations in the Far East.

Politically the President could not be in a better position. He commands a majority on foreign policy so long as he sticks to the anti-war thesis. Even the Republicans who view his pessimism with alarm realize that he is their party's principle asset and wish him to run again next year. They cannot possibly wage an all-out fight against him; it is too risky a proposition.

The Democrats are scarcely less unhappy about the situation in which they find themselves. They have won almost every election since 1952 and they boast of a collection of vigorous, young articulate leaders.

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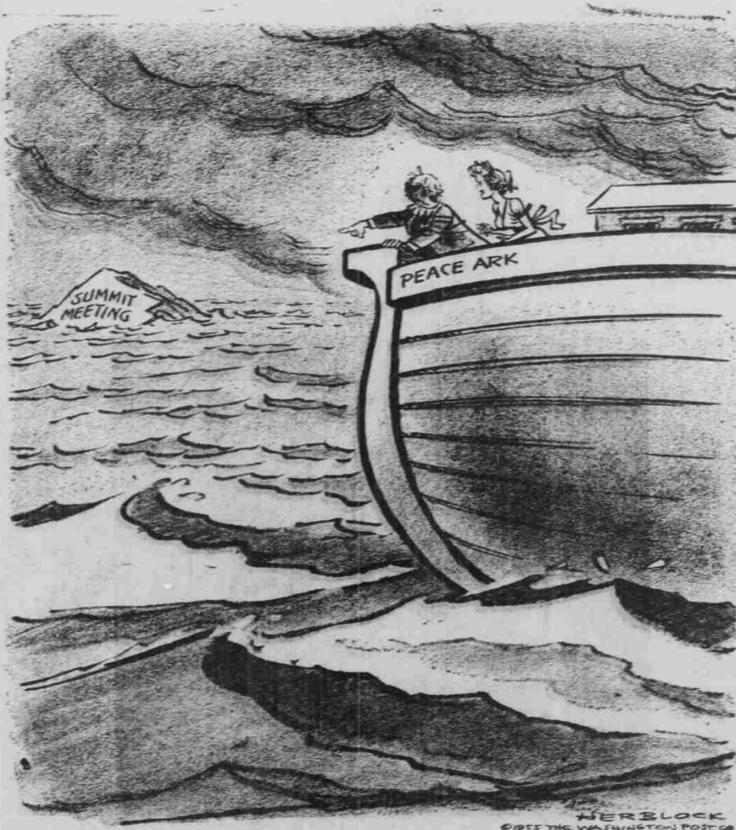
the Chinese mainland. President Eisenhower is doing what they would have wanted a Democratic President to do and so they are supporting him.

The Democratic leadership of Congress is preparing to end the session in mid-July, earlier if possible. This means that the President will be in almost undisputed control of American policy during the last half of this year. His political critics can speak up, of course, but it will not be the same thing as having the floor of the Senate or House with the press galleries hanging on every word.

It is of course a great challenge to the President. He can hardly influence the course of events unless he is on hand, watching for opportunities and quick to exploit openings.

In other years he has seized upon the Congressional adjournment as a vacation period. He has remained out of Washington for weeks at a time and his Cabinet has emulated him. But the diplomatic campaign indicated by his own comments requires as much and as concentrated a leadership as the military offensive by which he achieved the reputation which put him in the White House.

## 'Hey—Maybe A Parking Place'



## Over The Hill

Charles Dunn

HAPPY (?) ENDING: The end of the semester is almost here. First thing you know, we'll all be snowed under with exams, then when they are over the shouting begins, and the dream of summer's vacation becomes a reality. Some will take off for the beach and the sunbaked, others will head for home or distant places to settle down to a summertime job, and a lot will be right back up here digging into the books again during the hot summer days that are bound to come. (and sipping cool beer on the hot summer nights). But this semester will be a bygone; something to look back on with mixed emotions and wonderings of if there will ever be another one like it.

GOOD IDEA: A professor agreed to cancel his last 8 o'clock class, providing of its members spend that hour studying for the final in the library. He added that he would be in his office at that hour, mainly because his children woke him up at 5:30, and there was no place besides his office for him to go at that time of the morning.

LENIOR HALL: Three fellows were sitting at a table. One got the wild idea that he would like to get married. He looked around, saw a table with three pretty coeds sitting around it, and strolled over to occupy the vacant chair. The modern-day Casanova asked one of the coeds to marry him, she replied that she was awful busy "with exams and all," but agreed to try and find time for the wedding the following afternoon.

But they couldn't agree on the time. The coed called the whole thing off, until the boy told her about the big two-carat ring he had back at the room. Her interest was aroused again, but fell flat when she found the "carat" he was talking about was of the vegetable variety.

But this story must have a happy ending, so Casanova appeared stumped for a moment, but quickly sized up the situation, proposed to another one of the girls at the table, and starting walking her home to talk over arrangements.

LENOIR ENCORE: Coed commenting on tough piece of ham: "They must have made this pig do push-ups." Another student (this one male) adding: "The only reason they put so much gravy on this piece of meat is to cover up the gristle."

TRITE BUT TRUE: A coed held her friends spellbound while she told them of this fellow who had taken a bottle in one hand, her in the other and headed straight for the bed. A moment later the spell was broken when she slipped up and let it be known that the fellow was only a baby, she was the baby's sitter, and the bottled contained only milk.

VIA DUKE: Carolina gentleman bragging about how true little Duke coed is to him on way to Durham, finds his girl "studying" with a tall, dark friend from West Campus. . . . Another Dukester, who earlier had talked of what a dull semester this had been from the social standpoint, swapping experiences that she had at the Louis Armstrong concert and the Les Brown dance. . . . Fellow thinking very bright spotlight was a full moon.

C'EST FINI: This column brings to end "Over the Hill" for this semester. It has been a lot of fun. Here's wishing everybody a very pleasant summer vacation.

## Santa Claus Popular Now

Stewart Alsop

(NOTE: Joseph Alsop has just returned from six months in the Far East. What follows is excerpted from an informal memorandum by his partner, Stewart Alsop, bringing him up to date on the Washington scene.)

WASHINGTON—Since you left, domestic politics has been sounding more and more like a cracked phonograph record. Over and over again, the oracles ask the same three questions: Will Ike run? Will Adlai run? Will he beat Adlai? And over and over again, the oracles answer themselves: Yes. Yes. Yes. This performance tends to a certain monotony.

So does the performance on Capitol Hill. Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson is no doubt the most thoroughly professional Congressional leader of our times. But that's just the trouble. He signs legislation through so quickly and quietly that nobody notices, or even cares very much.

There has not been a single good loud row since this session began. Sometimes one can't help feeling a certain nostalgia for the late Joseph R. McCarthy. McCarthy, incidentally, is so sunk without trace that it's hard to believe that he was dominating the headlines when you left for abroad.

But the dizzying chopping and churning on the foreign front have more than made up for the dullness at home, that is if you prefer vertigo to tedium. If you had come straight back from Fremosa about five or six weeks ago, you would have found the country in the grips of a tremendous war scare. It was only about that long ago that Almeda Carney was talking about "war by April 15"—and he was merely voicing the most widely held official view, and had the bad luck to be unfairly used by our profession.

Now the Far Eastern crisis, which you covered so ably, has suddenly disappeared from view, rather the way McCarthy has. Presumably it is still there, as presumably McCarthy is. But as in his case, it is considered tactless to mention its existence. When Chou En-lai rather condescendingly remarked that he was willing to talk to us, and the President and Secretary Dulles (after some pretty confusion) replied that we were willing to talk to everybody sighed with relief and said, "Well, that's over."

It isn't really over at all, of course, as I suspect you may point out, in your tactless way. But all concerned seemed to have agreed that the best policy for dealing with the Asia crisis is simply to pretend that it isn't there any more. If there is any other policy, I have been unable to find out what it is.

Now the talk is all of peace in our time. The almost instantaneous transition from war scare to peace talk has been a really amazing phenomenon. At first, after the Russians signed the Austrian treaty and agreed to the meeting at the summit, all concerned were very cautious. From the President and Mr. Dulles on down, there were many warnings against expecting miracles. But now small irrepressible, hopeful noises have begun emerging from the warners themselves, as from children at Christmas time who pretend to be too grown up to believe in Santa Claus, but really do all the same.

Of course there may actually be a Santa Claus or a reasonable facsimile thereof. You will find men whose opinions you respect speculating seriously that the Soviets may be genuinely anxious to make a European settlement which the Western power could accept.

The Russians have certainly been acting in a surprising way. The surprises range from the big surprise of the Austrian treaty to the very small surprise of a Russian visa for myself, only a few weeks after we had been denounced as warmongers in "Pravda."

But the Russians also sprang another surprise, with the overflying of Moscow before and after May Day. This could well be the most significant single event that has occurred since you left. As usual these days, the Pentagon tried hard to muffle and play down the meaning of the event (remember Operation Candor?). But the essential facts have come out, and their meaning is plain. The Soviets have a fully mature and remarkably well equipped all-weather air defense system. And they have a rapidly maturing strategic jet air force, with tankers for air refueling, so that Soviet jets can now unquestionably bomb targets in this country, and return to base.

The Moscow overflights knocked into a cocked hat all our defense plans—Secretary of Defense Wilson himself, you remember, was saying only a year ago that Soviet war preparations were wholly defensive. But again, it is considered somehow unsporting to mention such things.

I was in the Senate gallery the other day when Symington of Missouri made a short but cogent speech pointing out that we "may have lost control of the air," and calling for a report by the President on the meaning of the Moscow overflights. He might just as well have been baying at the moon, or extolling the virtues of North Dakota, like old Sen. Langer, who got the floor after him and a babble of general indifference. It is much more popular, these days, to believe in Santa Claus. Cheaper too, of course. Anyway, welcome home!