

The United Nations' Week And The Pivotal Question

They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.—Isaiah, 11:4.

The startling success of the United Nations, after ten years of fighting man's urge to burn, chop, and blow up his fellow, is so

Fowler's Chance For Leadership—Autos

Student President Don Fowler could go down in student government history as an outstanding leader—if he took a bold stand to cure the student car problem.

The problem is simply one of too many cars for this village. And the Administration has tossed it right into student government's lap, where it lounges silently like a sleeping kitten for want of action.

When the Trustees last met, they spoke in ominous tones of student cars and their possible regulation. In response to this Trustee prodding, Dean of Student Affairs Fred H. Weaver clamped down on registration of student autos. He and his numerous committees also considered the possibility of limiting student autos—but decided against it.

The Administration decided that restricting student autos was "not seen as fitting into the pattern . . . of traditional relationship" between the student and the University.

And in deciding not to act, Dean Weaver clearly shifted the onus on students and their government.

President Fowler, in typical student government fashion, appointed a committee. This group has frowned on any limitation of student cars and talked in terms of raising revenue to build parking lots—an ingenious but impractical way to solve the problem.

Fowler himself, a sensitive executive who sits on the fence bending his ear to all sides to obtain so-called student opinion, seems against any regulation of cars that would prohibit students from bringing their autos here.

And this is where he has erred from the path that would make him the first formidable student president after a dynasty of mediocrity.

The Daily Tar Heel strongly urges Fowler and committee to draw up a specific and concrete plan for limiting student cars on campus.

It seems almost certain that, if students do not act to limit cars on campus themselves, the Board of Trustees will take action to do the same thing very soon. All evidence points to this—particularly the last Visiting Committee report and current reports from those near the trustees.

We are not suggesting that limiting student cars will be a popular measure. Don Fowler will not be a clean, well-like President for pushing it through—at first.

But when students realize that such an action staved off trustee action—action out of student control—Fowler may be the man who took the student body presidency and lifted it out of the sleep of mediocrity.

It's all up to President Fowler. And we hope he'll do the right thing, even though it's not the popular course.

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Carolina Front

Sunday Outlet: Letting Her Out On Navy Field

J.A.C. Dunn

LAST SUNDAY we roared, mufferless, down to Navy Field for the GM-sponsored sports car gymkhana. We arrived in the rain and discovered Clyde Burleson and Leslie Scott feverishly attempting to intimidate a portable public address system to portably address the public so that more than three people could hear it.

There was an MG TF, a Volkswagen, a Morris, 3 or 4 Jags, a TR2, about which we know nothing except that it is bright red and sounds like a dog threatened by another dog with forcible removal of a particularly juicy bone, 2 MG TD's, a Porsche, 2 Austin Healy's, Larry Miscall's Siata, and, late to arrive, a large black and wine-colored Rolls Royce, which remained, stately and aloft at the far end of the field for the whole afternoon and declined (probably wisely, for its own sake) to compete.

AFTER THE PA system had been sufficiently disciplined and everyone could hear what Leslie Scott was announcing, and after Clyde Burleson and Bill Wheeler had set up a course with paper bags and paper cups, things began to happen. For the first hour everyone had been standing idly around, peering into motors, talking about sports cars, avoiding the tribe of little boys who darted around spouting unauthenticated morsels of automotive wisdom to one another, and becoming slowly immune to the rain, which couldn't seem to make up its mind whether to come down or stay up.

Then the show began to roll, literally. The course for the first event was set up such that a car started, ran its right wheels between two rows of standing paper cups, went as fast as possible about a third of the way down the field, made a right angle turn in between two paper bags, backed up in between two more paper bags, went as fast as possible back to the starting line and ran its left wheels in between the paper cups. For every cup knocked down five seconds was added to the driver's time.

J. Paul Scott whizzed through the course first in an MG TD, knocked down 23 out of 26 cups, and wound up with a total time of 155 seconds. The Volks cut this time down to 77 seconds and 6 knocked down; Herm Schultz, in a Morris, lowered this still further to 52 seconds, with 2 cups knocked down.

EVENTUALLY, THE paper cup routine got blown out; the wind came up and whisked all the paper cups away. Messrs. Burleson and Wheeler decided to run the fast event next, to keep the bystanders entertained. A course was set up over most of the field, which involved a straight-away, a wide curve, a left right-angle turn followed immediately by a right right-angle turn, and another wide curve back to the starting line. The Jags, with their low center of gravity and rapid pick-up, did well in this event, running the course in an average of about 24 seconds. Naturally, this being a gymkhana, the "races" were actually races against time under an obstacle situation, not races against other cars on a clear track. Thus, only one car was in motion at a time.

After all the cars had been through and averaged about 25 seconds, Clyde Burleson took his Crosley Hotshot over the course in 25.1 seconds, and came very close to spinning out into Wake County in the process. The Crosley died momentarily from exhaustion as it crossed the finish line.

We ran our own Ford over the course next, just to see what would happen. With the added weight and the high center of gravity, we almost spun out into Virginia. But we just left her in second gear and made her dig, and came through in 27 seconds, somewhat jolted and minus about a pint of oil.

We hope GM will sponsor more sports car gymkhana. They afford an entertainment probably similar to the enjoyment provided in BC days by Roman chariot races. A good outlet for Sunday afternoons after one's soul has been thoroughly cleansed in the morning.



Grandma Without Nightie

Student Government—A Point Of View: Story Behind Elections

Bill Wolf

(Bill Wolf, former chairman of the Student Party, who has just returned to the campus as a graduate history student after a three-year Navy stint, begins a series of articles on the problems, inadequacies—and opportunities for service—of student government.—Editors.)

Manifestations of that campus institution known as Student Government appear coincidentally with the falling maple leaves in the fall, and the flowers that bloom in the spring, trala. These are about the only things most students ever see or hear of it, and they are known as Fall and Spring Elections. Since the maples already herald the approach of Fall Elections, now might be a good time to inquire what all this is about.

These manifestations of Student Government are quite curious; the processes of nominations and campaigning are notably mysterious, but I shall like to explore them, in so far as one can.

WHISPERS

For two weeks there have been whispers overhead that So-and-So intends to run You-Know-Who for Such-And-Such this fall, that A Clique is maneuvering for a favorable position, or that it is plain that He will run for President in the Spring. These whisperings constitute the preliminaries to the actual party nomination of candidates.

Nominations of the parties are arrived at by the following procedure, more or less. This is what it would sound like if you kept your ear to the crack of the door to the smoke-filled room in which the party in nominating. Speakers, where their identification is significant, are indi-

cated after their utterance in parentheses, as are necessary stage directions.

BABEL

"The canteenth meeting of the KP" will now come to ("foot-note: K is a constant only at extremely low temperatures and pressures.")

The last two meetings. Mr. Chairman, when can I vote and read the minutes of the last Say, A, looks like B's packed the meeting for Say, B, looks like A's packed the meeting for

Being no corrections or additions to the minutes, we will proceed to Shut the door. Is that Tar Heel reporter in or

Open nominations for Legislature in Dorm Men's

Four, Mr. Chairman; B says there are 4 seats up, one six months

In Math 7, and I don't think he should like to nominate a man in whom

Further nominations? So far we have nominated First, Second, Third, Fourth,

Anybody have a fifth? Ha, Ha, aa.

Er, Mr. Chairman, Ah, I have been in the Party, er, and. That is. This is. Now a (ten minute speech by the Party Elder Statesman, a second semester sophomore on an unrelated topic, only slightly impressing those who don't know him and still think that)

He won't run, Mr. Chairman. Second won't run; (Party Wet-Rag) I talked to him last

Weak candidate; hope they do run him; so much the better for

Order, Please (The Chairman; nobody is listening, so)

Did the gentleman nominating

Fourth know he joined the OP (Other Party, ed.) last

Nightingales are singing (Party Poet), and the air is full of song

Birds of a feather flock to The telephone and see if he did join the OP, and I want to say right now

He can't win (Party Augur); electability is Failing Archeology 51, and he got a D, F, and an Incomplete last semester, so

Much noise in the back of the room, that

In my defence, Mr. Chairman I want To have another party at Aardvark Abbey, which is listed first in the telephone

Call for the Order of the Day Time is running out and the girls have got to be in and

The eyes have it, so There was Grandma Walking back to Spencer last

night, and started Swinging on the

Legislature, because I feel that it is crucial that, eh, because I, to, err

Is Human, and for this job we need people who can do

Without her nightie Night before election, and we have to get those posters around

Those big brown spaniel eyes; a natural candidate with A cigarette, whosegot a cigarette

Paper back, and he is a little behind in quality points

To the Click, Mr. Chairman, May I have order; and, Mr. Chairman, the Click is

Open for nominations for Legislature in Dorm Men's

Ties and those blazers the IDC is going to sell

Democracy, Service, Progressivism! (thunderous applause)

Bryant Bowles: Migratory Peddler

Bryant Bowles, a man who helped to foment school strikes against desegregation in Milford, Delaware, Baltimore, Maryland, and Washington, D. C., recently tried his luck in Charlotte, N. C., but found that the people there would not buy his brand of hate. The youthful, Florida-born founder of the National Association for Advancement of White People had been invited to Charlotte by a group of citizens who wanted to learn more about the organization. A mass rally was scheduled at the Municipal Stadium.

Almost from the beginning things went wrong. Two days before his scheduled arrival, the Charlotte News carried a profile of Bowles which included an account of his frequent bouts with the law. The Charlotte Observer followed suit, pointing out that whatever Charlotte needed, it wasn't the NAAWP. Bowles arrived a day late, carrying with him two suitcases, one containing membership forms selling for \$5 to \$50. The News greeted him editorially with the question, "What Is Bowles' Real Aim? Segregation Or Anti-Semitism." In a five-column spread, it examined Bowles' publication, The National Forum, and quoted: "The people behind the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People are not Negroes, but Jews. . . His (Eisenhower's) groveling before Jews and Negroes really paid off. . . Did you know that Marlene Dietrich is a German Jewess?" The newspaper asked whether Bowles was fit to advise the people of

North Carolina. Bowles denied being anti-Semitic, and said he would hold the mass rally at the Stadium. Piloting his own private plane which is equipped with a loud speaker, he flew over the surrounding towns for several days publicizing the Tuesday night spectacle. But only 175 people showed up. Looking out on the rows of empty seats, Bowles didn't try to hide his disappointment. "You can expect Negroes in your schools in September," he predicted. . . empty seats here tonight prove it." He promised to come back to Charlotte in two weeks if enough people were interested. But more than two weeks have elapsed since he promised to return, and his plane hasn't been sighted.—The News Republic

No, This Is Not The Old Soldier's Convention!



Reader's Point

Editors: This is a belated response to the editorial by Professor E. P. Douglass on the defense of the utility of the humanity of the human race. I would like to agree with my previous maintain that the human race is entirely impractical and intellectually unamused, but that this credit them, for an invaluable. The first point Douglass is that they are valuable in proportion to their adjustment to life. If they would, indeed, be But one learns man's inutility at home, not in the or the classroom. The serious gentleman may be and his gentility comes personality and man from knowledge or his ramme French poets. The logist would hardly need Latin course as the quest to win friends or counter ward personality. The (bothered by his useless society) is less likely to be just to life than the corporation executive salesman; the philosopher is less likely to be adjusted than the artist less adjusted than the bit. Professor Douglass' point is that humanism, message," that they philosophical truths, literature and philosophy, like theology, is far far more questions than ers. One finds answers knowledge, not through knowledge could give the some Greek with a 100 have found them long still fun to go on but we had better be ourselves to find the in a humanities course. If the purpose of the ties is to teach lessons would better spend with didactic essays literature. If Melville "message," which I could have been far in a dozen pages. I pere could have made little spiel on the more explicit in twenty. The third point of Douglass is that human about the present, ably about the future, at least narrow the the future. But the American history are certain from whom 1956, no more unman our proper foreign the same number of mentioned haberdashers theories about military presidents or isolation in Rome's decline. If the purpose of the ties is to teach about ent and future, the student better spend his time social sciences. If we of the present we had dy the present directly will learn about it from science, economics, and gy, not from the human. I believe it is important to defend the humanitarian grounds from those or Douglass suggests we argue only that the tical we who would professional lives in the ties must face the subject is, at any rate, less than, say, medicine or science. And we can humanities as pleasurable intellectual adventure. The human being is ing for intellectual ment, just as he has to be emotionally moving theatre, concert, or to accept the arts as we and we accept night Graucha Marx and lane as amusement. Professionals are not for their impracticality we afraid to accept ties as another, non-kind of entertainment enjoy the intellectual playing with ideas without ourselves that we out something about. Particularly about recognize Professor point that the esthetes make a cult and seek to lize the humanities. These are the enemies of manities, and they are pityable snobs and some. It is the duty of the which is, after all, concerned with—to enjoy the human little pleasure is anance may be bliss, but some peculiar urge to we find it fun to be we can.