

**Price Of Cakes & Ale**

At the height of the pep rally orgy of a week-end ago, a bunny-hopping, boisterous queue of students bunny-hopped several steps too far and threw Javan Mitchell, janitor at the Monogram Club's Circus Room, through a plate-glass window. The incident, we think, marks the limit at which "cakes and ale" must stop; for here celebration became instruction.

Mr. Mitchell suffered cuts and bruises enough to send him to the hospital. Since then, he says, he has been "losing work." It is bad enough any time when student excess makes a man lose work, but it is doubly bad for Mitchell since he supports a family of four.

Worst of all, Cheerleader Collier Collison and the students who threw Mr. Mitchell through the glass window have apparently reneged on their promise to pay his hospital bills. At the weekend, he hadn't gotten a cent.

Ex officio, Head cheerleader Collison, who led the pep rally, ought to take command of the matter and see that justice and reparation are done.

**Love At 90 MPH**

No one, so far as we can see, has told the real story of the most exciting English romance since Uncle Edward and Wally Simpson stood the Empire on its heels. We got it from a certain muse.

The scene: Princess Margaret and Group Captain Peter Townsend are speeding across the countryside in the latter's Jaguar, both with the moonstruck look in their eyes. The Princess sighs:

Ay me!  
And Captain Townsend says:  
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being in my car,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven.  
The Princess can no longer contain herself:  
O Peter, Peter! wherefore art thou a commoner?  
Deny thy father and refuse that label;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love  
And I'll no longer be a Princess.  
Peter (aside):  
Shall I hear more or shall I speak at this?  
He guns the Jaguar up to 85 and the Princess speaks:  
'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself, though not a commoner.  
What's commoner? It is not hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet.  
Well, there you have it: The biggest love problem since that night in old man Capulet's orchard. Lord Beaverbrook's minions of the conservative press think it's their problem; the royal family is in a stew; Scotland Yard teems with excitement like a soccer bowl; the tabloids are screaming; Parliament sounds threatening; the people are at wit's end, and everyone has a big fat digit in the royal pudding.

But we predict that like all such wondrous affairs since life began the tale of this love will be told by the lovers themselves. Indeed, who knows what happened when Captain Pete's jag hit 90?

**Where's The Grass Of Yesteryear?**

William R. Davie and company picked Chapel Hill as the site of the University after a pleasant stroll and picnic on a lovely spring day — or at least goes the legend.

Whether it was natural beauty, or just plain chance, that made the founding University fathers pick Chapel Hill, this village has always been known for the beauty of its verdure.

But a recent report from the Buildings and Grounds Committee seems to portend doom for this reputation. First there was a hurricane or two; then students seem to have trampled under foot what was once growing and green and what is now a gripe in the Building and Grounds Committee report:

... The committee regrets to observe an increasing lack of cooperation by the students in our beautification efforts. New seeding is trampled on, wires erected as reminders are pushed down, protective borders are sliced through, and despite an ample network of brick walks, lawns are becoming crisscrossed with foot paths.

The Daily Tar Heel is unalterably opposed to hurricanes. And it tends to View With Alarm those who ignore the "ample network of brick walks." Furthermore, the idea of "lawns crisscrossed with foot paths" shocks us to editorial indignation.

**Now Fellows, None Of That Swearing Now**

**Yale Daily News**

Swearing, it is happy to note, has now gone the way of the hip flask and the November raccoon coat at the University of Connecticut. A UConn student who resorts to profanity three times in quest of self-expression is liable to swift ejection from the University.

Now it is altogether logical that working vocabularies in some cases will be gravely curtailed, but the thirst for respectable substitute words will begin almost immediately. Seriousness of purpose will find its way directly into the hackneyed dormitory bull sessions. The new edict obviously eliminates whole areas of discussion on the undergraduate level, but bull sessions are time wasters anyway. Aren't they?

It is taxing to give the Purity Edict of Connecticut any logical consideration. Swearing is an anti-social result of deeply personal limitations common to great numbers of people. The commonness does not make it right or good. But essentially, the UConn deans, in trying to outlaw bad English, are trying to defeat error by edict.

If civility or even gentility in its student are what the university is looking for, these qualities, for what they are worth, are not the absence of anything. They are by-products of exposure to a positive culture that begins in the baby carriage and, ideally, ends only in the grave. The university is the seat of this culture as we see it formalized in art, music, literature, and the branches of philosophy. If the wisdom of the "liberal arts" could be capsulized and disseminated like vitamin pills, perhaps swearing and other almost equally vile human pastimes could be done away with. But then so could the University of Connecticut, shorn of any remaining purpose.

**Collective Doom Or...**

The atomic revolution "binds us all together either for potential doom or creative hope."

This was the theme of a challenging talk by Dr. Frank Porter Graham, widely known university president, United States senator, public official and today a representative of the United Nations. Dr. Graham spoke to a joint luncheon meeting Thursday of Salt Lake City Kiwanis and Lions Clubs. He also addressed the Higher Education Section of the Utah Education Association Friday.

Dr. Graham emphasized the tremendous impact the development of new ideas has upon society, citing the examples of the trade revolution initiated by the discovery of the compass and the industrial revolution begun by the discovery of the steam engine. Similarly, he said, the idea-created revolution of atomic power is having profound impact. The nations and peoples of the world are inevitably now bound together—for potential doom or creative hope.

It is a point worth considering. Whether we like it or not, the atomic age has shattered old isolationist concepts. This is indeed today one world. And we are bound together not really by the words of a United Nations charter but by the fact of atomic power, and its potential of limitless harm or limitless good.

Collective action we cannot escape. The only question is whether it will be collective action for human progress or for human destruction.

If this is a correct view—and it does make sense—then a United Nations is not a pious hope but a realistic need. As sensible men we must maintain and strengthen some international organization dedicated to directing the inevitable collective action of the atomic age into peaceful and constructive channels, and to diverting those disrupting influences which threaten to make this collective action collective "doom."

*The Salt Lake Tribune.*

**The Kefauver Strategy: Let DeSapio Ramble On**

**DORIS FLEESON**

WASHINGTON—Senator Estes Kefauver's Presidential strategy is that if Carmine DeSapio wants to operate on Adlai Stevenson, Mr. Kefauver is going to relax and enjoy it. The Senator has no intention of hampering the Harriman boomlet, which he does not really fear.

All this was made plain at one of the biggest Washington press conferences of the year. It was called by the Senator's aides in theory to discuss his trip to Europe, the Far East and Russia. The conference started out on a political note and foreign affairs never got mentioned.

While Kefauver refused to announce his Presidential intentions he declined repeated invitations to take himself out of the race. The truth is he sees nothing but personal advantage in the present situation which finds Stevenson planning an early announcement and an answering challenge from Governor Harriman in New York and his manager, Mr. DeSapio.

It seems that Kefauver that the stop-Stevenson movement is proceeding efficiently without his help. He is by way of being expert on the strategy of stopping candidates, since he has so often been on the receiving end of it. He is also aware of the political danger in frontally attacking a candidate with the deep emotional support that Stevenson has engendered.

If any Democrats are going to get mad in the next few months, he would just as soon they were not mad at him. He can be expected to continue to speak well of all Democrats and bid his time. That he feels his time will come, no one doubts.

The Kefauver people believe — rightly or wrongly — that the professional politicians are cooling off on Stevenson. They suspect this is what produced DeSapio into action. In any case they believe

**Wanted: An Anti-Hokum 1956 Campaign**

**James Reston**  
N. Y. Times

WASHINGTON, — The Capitol is now engaged in the usual quadrennial diversion of hanging political labels on the Presidential candidates and dividing them into heroes and villains.

This labeling operation is part of the story-telling and myth-making industry in Washington — a vast enterprise — and is a great convenience because it enables the voter to avoid thinking or dealing with the facts. Thus, the partisan Democrats tag Vice President Nixon as "Tricky Dick"; Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois is ticketed as a wise-cracking Hamlet; Governor Averell Harriman of New York as a Mr. Moneybags for the big city bosses; and William F. Knowland of California as "the Senator from Fermosa."

In this way, the voter can easily select his own heroes and villains early in the campaign, pick his favorite writers who share his prejudices, and live happily with his comfortable illusions until November of 1956.

**A FEW DRAWBACKS**

Unfortunately, the business of choosing up sides early in a campaign has its drawbacks. The tags provided by the National Committee almost always prove to be tidier than the truth. Except in very rare instances, Presidential candidates are seldom all hero or all villain but a little bit of both, and oddly enough politicians are people who change like other people in accordance with their characters, their responsibilities and their experience.

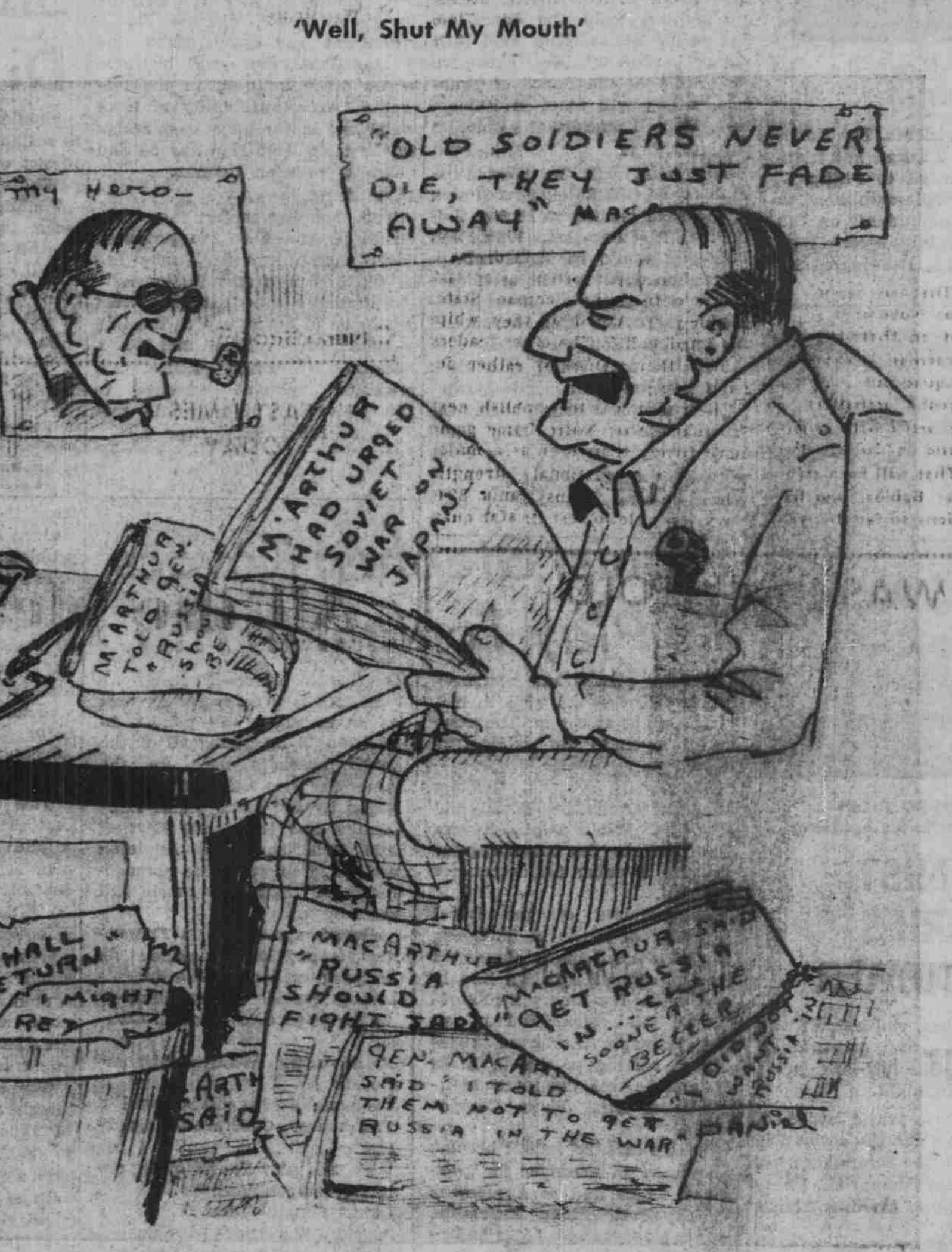
This is one of the most interesting aspects of the 1956 campaign; that while the cast of characters is familiar, it cannot be assumed that the men themselves are precisely the same, or that they conform to their political reputations.

In Washington, as Woodrow Wilson once remarked, "some men grow and some merely swell, and the developing campaign will probably disclose who did which."

What we are probably seeing in the illness of President Eisenhower is the passing from supreme political power of the generation that fought in the two world wars, and the rising challenge of the new generation of Nixon, Stassen, Stevenson, Kefauver and Knowland, all of them born in this century.

Stevenson, at 55, is the oldest of this group; Nixon, at 42, the youngest. But all are young enough so that they are developing and changing, probably faster than their predecessors, for they have lived in an era of unprecedented change, and have put on a lot of mileage in a very short time.

Nixon, for example, is certainly not the same young man who was described by a Washington newspaper in 1947 as "the greenest Congressman in town." He is obviously more experienced than he was in 1952 in Chicago, when Dwight D. Eisenhower wrote his name and four others on a piece of paper and said he would take any one of them as his running-mate. And one has the impression that he is more mature than he was in 1954, when he played hatchet-man for the Republican National Committee in the last Congressional election.



**Air Or Football Academy**

The public would so far have reason to believe that the Air Academy's sole purpose is to produce a football team that can some day beat Army or Navy; a friend even suggests the name should be changed to the Air Football Academy.

Out of less than 300 students, 138 of them accidentally, of course, turned out to be football players; and virtually every one of the final squad of 78 is a high school all-state or all-city star.

A former coach of a professional team is signed as super-head coach—the team already had a head coach. But the details, including salary, are thoughtfully veiled from the public. He has eight assistants, giving the squad approximately one "teacher" for each nine "students." It would be interesting to compare the football salary roll with that of the men who merely teach mathematics, physics, chemistry, history and such-like dowdy subjects; and the students per teacher, with the incidence of players per coach.

*Roscoe Fleming in The Denver Post*

**A Quiet Comment On Days Gone By**

I wish it did not seem so "early" ...  
Bill and Tom Wolfe among the editors of The Tar Heel "in an early but unquestionably golden age." I can assure you, that it did not always seem golden then.  
**Jonathan Daniels**  
Editor  
Raleigh News & Observer

**...And The Presidential Scene**

Few members of the House or the Senate can be taken seriously as Presidential timber, because nowadays most of them spend all their time in Russia. Aside from Governor Gary, though, there is hardly a statehouse incumbent who isn't a possibility, not to mention all the former governors on hand, like Harold Stassen. Former Governor Dewey was a good bet for 1948. If Dewey runs again, they'll have to change the name of that law firm that has had its name to incorporate his. The stationers and door painters are for Dewey. What ever became of Henry Wallace.

A beguiling and unprecedented political situation could arise if the delegates at both conventions were to smile upon two Humphreys currently being talked about as contenders—Secretary of the Treasury George M. (R.) and Senator Hubert H. (D.) Wouldn't that be something! We're for Humphrey. Humphrey Bogart is for Lauren Bacall.—Notes & Comment in The New Yorker

**Carolina Front: I Change Train At This Station**

**J. A. ...**

EVERY SO often I put my colleagues together and mutter amongst myself, then break up the huddle and pace about minutes with my hands in my pockets, collective back, and lean on my shoulders and murmur a bit more, and much inner bickering comes made to my mind, the phenomenon occurs with the following results:

"IT SEEMS to me, gentlemen," I said to the inner council of directors, "that I am on my train. Now just a minute, hear me out, holding up my hand as the council of directors puzzled and began to fidget with me in anticipation of another paragon of mine. I mean it this," I went on, "Ever since the beginning of the semester I have been thinking of operating an advance observational Carolina Front."

"This, unfortunately, is not the case representing things as they appear on the Front at all. Rather, I am representing the appear on a whole series of heterogeneous altogether mutually complementary things is not good. Evidence, you ask for suggestion, Mr. Directory of Expeditions of the truth of this takes the very best sort of the fact that while not everybody is about the present 'Carolina Front' nature things. This is true, is it not?"

The council of directors scratched their noses and admitted that this was true.

"Furthermore, gentlemen," I continued, my considered opinion that 'Carolina Front' it is being subjected to this heterogeneous usually-uncomplementary treatment, is being would be much better, it seems to me, who is on campus often enough to observe aphorical advance observation post on a line Front look over and write the did it justice, I mean. Do you not think good idea?"

THE COUNCIL of directors sat back in their chairs and remarked "hear hear" tones.

"Ah, you wish to know what I propose, Mr. Director of Emergency Measures?" I said. "What I propose instead is that I, 'Carolina Front', give the space and the head to some competent writer whose duties do not take him off the campus and University matters, and write an entire column together; one which does not represent the Carolina Front, since it is do so anyway. Does this sound sensible?"

The council of directors glanced at the ceiling, and then at the knees of the man, and rubbed his chin once more, and finally as one man, its opinion—that it thought the whole a very sensible suggestion indeed.

"VERY WELL, then," I said. "The done. From now on I shall not write 'Carolina Front' anymore. Now I shall write another which of course, will be essentially the present 'Carolina Front' but not managed by the guise of a reporter assigned to a column as it were."

The Director of Finance poured himself a glass of water (he is a rather nervous person) of it, and started soaking up the rest with his blotter.

"Now as to the matter of frequency of publication, with some hesitancy. This would be part, I knew. The council of directors against radical change. 'I have been a voice of experience—not my own, you might say, it is a bad idea to write a daily column, my age, said this voice, whose anonymity preserve, one does not have enough to write a daily column feasible. I am unfortunately to admit this is true. Therefore, I suggest a column of only four times a week for my column."

To my surprise, the council of directors thought this was a good idea. There was a "hear hear" sound.

"You will, of course, leave the choice of this new column to me?" I concluded. "I said it would, and adjourned, changing with itself."

SO THERE you have it. I am now on my train, and the next time 'Carolina Front' I shall be on a fast express going elsewhere of a small (though charming) local station within the same area, stopping at the meeting the same commuters over and over.

I shall send you postcards when I return from my travels. Wish me-bon voyage.

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