

A Reed Can Break

Miss Mary Gilson, a great Daily Tar Heel friend who lives at One, Cobb Terrace here in Chapel Hill, her latest adopted home, has a fascinating dual history behind her.

Never, in her role as a "specialist," and that in industry, where it seems harder every day to be specialized and educated at the same time, did Miss Gilson lose touch with her fondest concern: the educated person.

The mail from One, Cobb Terrace recently brought us—as it does often, since Miss Gilson is not one of those timid creatures who hides the light of her opinions under a bushel—a letter from her. Attached to the note were clippings on literacy from letters in the Manchester Guardian, which she thought we might be able to use.

I majored in Greek and English literature at Wellesly and by happenstance plunged into the industrial world and stayed there the most of my life. From the time I "plunged," I read constantly in the social sciences and got a Master's in economics at Columbia.

The Daily Tar Heel joins Miss Gilson in feeling "condescendingly sorry for people who don't have a good liberal arts education before beginning to whirl and bustle in this speeded up world."

There are plenty of that species around, even on the campus of a university noted for its devotion to the study of liberal arts. But we have always questioned whether the sort of vocational study they undertake really belongs within the structure of "education."

The students who sit for three or four years pursuing the intricacies of Personnel Problems and Industrial Management are perfectly within their rights under the present curricular planning. But we think, with Miss Gilson, that they delude themselves sadly if they consider learning the interior ticks and tocks of the industrial machine equivalent to education.

But we do have the human being and his nature—which, as Pascal described it, is as "a reed, the weakest reed in nature, but . . . a thinking reed"—even if the would-be money-makers fail to realize it.

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Angel Hairs? I Saw The Mars Monkey

—Louis Kraar

SEEN A flying saucer yet? I'm almost sure it won't be long before someone on campus does. Just a mere fifty miles away in Greensboro folks are spying silvery steel balls and wispy strands of fiber they're calling "angel hair."

A school principal started the saucer watching last week, when he and his charges sighted a saucer and caught strands of the strange, and yet unanalyzed, fiber.

Since the initial sighting, reports have roared in by the dozens. Apparently everyone in Guilford County is out to see a saucer. Now the Woman's College girls who write those love letters by street light, after the dorms darken, have an ideal excuse if they're caught.

LATE ONE night three young men tramped into the newspaper office with a small body wrapped in a sheet. The trio, two barbers and a butcher, roomed together. They were buzzing along a lonely back road on the city's outskirts that night and—so they said—sighted a glaring, red flying saucer.

The newspaper stories were openly skeptical, but the town ate it up. Meantime, the butcher-barber trio had taken their souvenir from outer space back to their apartment and put him on ice. The curious packed in to see the monkey from Mars, as it came to be called in the papers. Soon though the police stepped in and confiscated the body.

THE COPY editors squinted down at the strange creature—a tiny, hairless, monkey-like being with no tail. The newspaper stories were openly skeptical, but the town ate it up. Meantime, the butcher-barber trio had taken their souvenir from outer space back to their apartment and put him on ice.

SO YOU see why I'm skeptical about angel hairs and flying discs. The two barbers and a butcher had been out drinking beer, thought of the stunt, purchased a monkey from a pet shop, and shaved it. Last I heard of the affair the Society For Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals was investigating the trio. But no one was very interested, just disappointed.

Last Word

James A. Michener's latest novel, "Sayonara," was virtually a long paean of praise for the Japanese girl, accompanied by a long paean of pft for the American girl. "Men with wives in the States," said Airman Joe Kelly, in love with a Japanese girl himself, "talk about Junior's braces and country club dances and what kind of car their wife bought. But the men with Japanese wives tell you one thing only. What wonderful wives they have. They're in love."

It is very good every once in a while to see someone who practices what he preaches. And the last word of Mr. Michener's preaching evidently isn't "Sayonara," the Japanese for "Good-bye." It's whatever the Japanese is for "Hello."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

From The New Republic—Rift Between Harry & Adlai: A Heaven-Sent Opportunity For Democratic Party lagos

Gerald W. Johnson

The superficial aspect of the Truman-Stevenson relation is perplexing. On the face of it, the Hon. Harry S. Truman has dished up the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson as completely as within him lies; and as the Hon. Adlai is the leading contender for the Democratic nomination, it would seem that the Hon. Harry has dished up party harmony too.

But this is incredible. The consensus is that Ike is out, and that Nixon, even with his chipmunk cheeks and ingratiating smile, can't make the grade. Hence the Republican Party has to build up a candidate which inevitably entails some squabbling. The Democrats, starting with a candidate who could get 27 million votes against Eisenhower, and who, losing New York, could yet poll 125,000 more votes than Harriman could poll in winning it, have only to maintain reasonably close order to win in a walk—or so it would seem to an outsider.

The ready Republican answer is, of course, ambition. They say that Truman is trying to throw the convention into confusion so that he may seize the nomination himself. It could be, but it isn't likely. Never before did Truman throw down the party to serve his own ends, and few will believe that he is starting to do so now.

It all goes back to the event of Sept. 24. Up to that time practically all politicians had assumed—probably wrongly but implicitly—that the Democratic nomination wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel anyhow, so why not let Stevenson have it? Thus everybody except Kefauver was for Stevenson. Then fate stepped in, and overnight the nomination became a great political prize. The industrious Mr. De Sapio, who put his man over in New York by 19,000, claimed "precedence" over Mr. Stevenson, who put his man over in Illinois by 27,000. And Truman craw-fished.

Superficially, this looks like weird politics, but there are at least three explanations that will account for it without assuming either (a) that Truman has lost his grip, or (b) that his whole character has changed.

One is that Truman dislikes the role of Warwick, the King-Maker, because when you play the king-maker you become more or less responsible for the king you make. A second is that while he might like to dictate the nomination, he knows that the typical response of a great many American voters to the ukase of a king-maker is to say, "The hell with you!" and vote for the other man, so Truman's active support might be the kiss of death for Stevenson.

The third, and by far the most easily credible, explanation is that Truman is not and never was wholeheartedly for Stevenson, not out of jealousy and not on principle, but simply because of the two men's difference in style. This may seem to be trivial, but it isn't. A difference not in the content but in the manner of two men's thinking, acting and speaking, that is to say, in their styles, may create a deeper and wider rift between them than a difference on fundamental principles.

John Adams and Alexander Hamilton held the same political philosophy, but they hated each other more bitterly than either hated Jefferson, whose basic principles were antagonistic to theirs. Adams and Jefferson, indeed, loved each other in spite of their quarrels, far as they diverged on principle, the style of each was that of a cultivated English gentleman, while Hamilton's was that of a parvenu.

The true greatness of William J. Bryan was his ability to overlook a style that he disliked and distrusted and see in Woodrow Wilson an effective protagonist of principles that both men held. Bryan's capacity to subordinate his prejudices to his principles spelled success for the Democratic Party in 1912; while the inability of either McAdoo or Smith to do so brought its ruin in 1924.

There is no appreciable difference in the political philosophy of Harry S. Truman and Adlai E. Stevenson, but one fights fist-and-skull, the other with a rapier—or, to put it in modern terms, one is a captain of artillery, the other of commandos. Although they fight in the same army, it is too much to expect

that either will altogether improve the other's tactics.

It is impossible, and if it were possible, it would be lamentable, for either man to change his nature; but it is possible for Stevenson to be a little more direct and Truman a little more suave. Above all, it is possible for each to remember that a rift between them would be a heaven-sent opportunity for every Iago in the Democratic — and there are many. Without doubt there is a very subtle game of drop-the-handkerchief going on at this moment, and Desdemona Democracy stands a fine chance of being strangled before it ends.

PRESENT FOR THE WIFE (Frances Frazier in Waynesville Mountaineer)

The Judge looked down on the meek, be-pecked little man sitting quietly in the witness chair. "Mr. Henpeck, your wife's suit for divorce charges you with mental cruelty. What have you to say?" The little man looked up and said slowly: "It is all the fault of a clerk giving me the wrong package, your honor. An my wife won't believe me when I explain."

"Yes," prompted the judge, "on on." Mr. Henpeck cleared his throat and continued: "I came back from a business trip to Chicago and I brought my wife a gift. When she opened the package . . ." Mr. Henpeck sighed as he remembered, and then continued, "she just went wild and wouldn't listen." The judge leaned over and asked: "What was in the package?" "A pair of boxing gloves," the meek little man replied. The judge coughed to smother a smile and glanced over at the stern, big-boned woman glaring at the defendant. After a moment's silence, the judge spoke: "And what was the present you had really bought for your wife, Mr. Henpeck?" The meek little man shifted around in his seat, dropped his eyes to his folded hands and softly replied: "It was an electric foot warmer, your honor."

Reader's Retort: Writer Backs Bob Harrington

Editors: To: Charlie Covel

I was deeply hurt and surprised to read your letter to the editors last Saturday morning as I prepared to make my way to a little stadium nestled under lofty pines under which we sat that afternoon to cheer on a team that we should be proud of even though the odds have been against us this year.

Charlie, I couldn't help but think of what our President Don Fowler said at a Student Party meeting a few weeks ago: "I hope that you will work with me in trying to make our relationship with the administration and the town community a better one, and by doing so, you will help yourself in that our school spirit will be raised." I definitely agree with you on the point that what we as a student body need is cooperation and especially should this be true in the policy making and the decisions that must be made in our student legislature.

I feel you realize that as well as anyone, for I note the fine record that you have made as a representative to that body. However, I feel at the same time that you have missed the entire point that Bob Harrington was trying to make at the party meeting and that is: it is the duty of the majority party in legislature to show the initiative and interest to introduce bills that will be beneficial to the campus in general, and it seems to me as it does to Bob that your party has been extremely lax in fulfilling its obligation to those people (the students on campus) that elected you.

We in the minority party have had to introduce and speak on the majority of the bills that have been presented. Therefore, I feel that Chairman Harrington was justified in making his statement in the light that something will be done to correct this situation. Charlie, there is no one on campus who would rather see us work together than Bob Harrington and I feel that the students on campus should see Mr. Harrington's desire to see that our student government functions as we the students have faith that it will. Jim Armstrong

-Too Good Not To Develop

The Air Force has shot down the "flying saucer." After long and thorough study (and no one can discount the extensiveness and carefulness of the investigation) it has concluded there are no flying ships in the earth's atmosphere carrying little men from other planets.

The findings of the eight-year survey, checking on nearly 5,000 reported sightings of "flying saucers," is contained in a 316-page book, Air Secretary Donald A. Quarles announced. But in doing so he disclosed that a new type of aircraft is being developed under an Air Force contract with Avro, Ltd., of Canada which may result in even more reports on top of those which have followed from weather balloons, reflected lights, and assorted optical illusions.

A 19th-century statesman said of the Austro-Hungarian Empire that if it had not existed it would have been necessary to invent it. Evidently aeronauts have come to this conclusion about the flying saucer; it is too good an idea not to develop. But while they are at it, how about some extensive research by the physicists in the field of optics to discover what can spark so many flights of fancy?—The Christian Science Monitor

GEESE BY THE ACRE

Sunday afternoon, I saw some five or six acres of wild geese standing like soldiers at attention, with their white breasts turned toward the highway over which I traveled — my Director and I, as guests of Agriculture-man Lance Peacock and his Mrs. We were in the vicinity of Lake Mattamuskeet, traveling on a scottroad that was leading us the long way around to Belhaven, when the honking and tittering arrested our attention. Braking the car to a halt, there we sat on the side of the road, with an acre and a half of geese standing at attention on an open pasture immediately to the left, and across the field to our right some 100 yards away another four to five acres of geese, all of them in close formation. Thousands of them. Roy Parker, Sr., in Ashokle Herald.

The Roundabout Papers: The Underground And An Agony

I AM, at this very red hot scorching writing, having one of the most experiences of my life. Immediately apartment is a cellar. The cellar which heats the house. The cellar place in the house. At the moment more senses than at any other time this minute, there are girls about 10 or 15 in the furnace room.

THE LITTLE girl there, actually, the normal circumstances around the home around the in perfect bliss and On weekdays they gigging and swinging their lunch pink-cheeked from early morning however, was Sunday, and, in what an effort to find someplace to play, accommodate the whole boiling of be warm, and (c) would have an insular proximity to the adult world to insure being the victims of parental wrath, the cellar under my kitchen.

Ever since two o'clock this fine Sunday afternoon, "Leafed," as I might aptly puts it, "in October bloc" naught but a trifling brace of inches aing between me and them. They have going most of the time, and I have everything from news and spot reports developments of the Hillsboro street church programs and the Sunday school. At present a rather nervous jazz piped unerringly into every radiotelevision. Every so often there is a short general while this subterranean junior quarter within the sanctity of its gathering, mar-grade secret or other. There have spirited refrains of "Rock Round" waverling rendition of "Seventeen," Campfire Girl treatment of "Let Me

If someone would at this moment telephone and give me something to listen Giddy Sweathouse, or whatever disk-jockey's name is, I should be grateful. If, after a while, I can beat 'em, to go down and join 'em, and sing "Lover" as if I really meant it.

SOME PEOPLE will recall that not I received a letter from God in the am no longer alone. Dr. E. M. Adams' sophy department, at the beginning of gave his assembled students, among one, a merry glance quite unlike his contemplative stare, and announced he had received a letter from God, here:

"Dear Dr. Adams: "It has been called to my attention persecuting one of my little ones. Them in your class to whom you always give ter how excellent the work is. Every row prays to me that you will some light and realize that it is an A student it is my wish that you mend your yourself of these prejudices because lately has led my little one on the cursing—and you know what happens: cause little ones to go astray. I'm want to keep this in mind next time batch of papers.

"IT'S A student in this class, I know Adams triumphantly when he had finished the letter aloud. "I only gave three quiz and only one of those people had a grade from me before, so it's not bad down."

I WAS sitting in the Tar Heel the other night inhaling soup and theotherly, when a young man in a grey berjack shirt sitting next to me suddenly no preliminaries at all, "There's something column: complain about how they're hask browns anymore. You Know, complain about it." I am issuing a formal complaint to the Sandwich shop for discontinuing their of hash browns, and hereby request and desist this scurrilous declamation of hitheo listed in such delightful pro menu.

AT THE request of various people that some important classified ads lost and go unnoticed among the "Wanted's" and "For Sales." I am now own classified ad section. One of my classified section is that in addition classified, it will serve as a campus version of the London papers used to call the "ASAP." The first installment should explain of this term:

"COME BACK, JOEY, all is forgiven didn't burn out after all, I got a new all the hamsters are still alive except one, which grounded itself and was Your loving Ma." Now figure that one out if you can. LATEST BULLETIN on the little cellar: The landlord has just arrived in rage and thrown them out on their accusing them, as he did so, of knocking tos insulation off the furnace, or props which hold up my floorboards, crime. Peace reigns once more.

