

## Little Rock

A piece of good news emanated from Little Rock this week, when good news has been extremely rare from that island outpost.

The good news is the election of three Faubus opponents to the school board. It is good because it is indicative that Faubus is fighting a losing battle—a battle in which time is on the side of right and in opposition to the governor.

The longer children are deprived of school, the more chance parents will have to reconsider their opposition to segregation in light of the resultant denial of education. This reconsideration may lead to the idea that perhaps education is important, and perhaps sitting next to a Negro in class is not such a traumatic experience. If this comes about in the area where massive resistance was first tried, there may be a change of attitude in the south.

One thing is sure. The south is not getting stronger through the ignorance of its children. And education for its children is the only way to build some strength. Industry will be quite reluctant to go into an area where the children of executives and workers cannot be sure from one day to the next whether they will have an education or not.

It is time for the south to stop emoting, and start thinking sensibly. If it does not, it will be lost in the quicksand of time.

## Rules

There is a quite important move under foot in the new Congress—a move to limit the power of the House Rules Committee.

All pieces of House legislation are channeled through the Rules Committee, and the committee has often been used as a stumbling block to legislation that in the opinion of the chairman should not be passed. The committee will just give the legislation a low priority, and somehow it never seems to get on the floor.

There must be created some way to avoid pigeon holing of major legislation by the Rules Committee. This may be in the offing.

## University Club

The University Club has not served its function to the best of its ability. It has concentrated on major sports to the detriment of the minor sports.

With or without the University Club's efforts there would be a large attendance at basketball and football games, but without anybody's assistance, there is virtually no attendance at swimming meets, track meets, tennis matches, wrestling matches, or soccer games.

It is the relatively minor sports that really need the emphasis. They need the support of the student body in order really to create any interest in athletics at Carolina.

The problem of "school spirit," whatever that is, might well be solved by channeling students to the minor sports. These athletes, who are not subsidized, need recognition a great deal more than those who are. Maybe the University Club can fulfill its function by bringing this type of recognition to the athletes in minor sports.

## Counterpoint

William Cheney

Mr. Pete Ford is one of four things. He may be very profound in which case he is a counterrevolutionary and should be shot.

He may be a very sarcastic person in which case he has probably laughed himself to death by now, or he may be a Martian. It is conceivable that he is purely and simply insane.

Whatever he is, or possibly . . . was (see first paragraph), his portion of last Sunday's Petite Musical was, to say the least, startling. The presentation was a sort of some shock treatment or to use an idiom more similar to Mr. Ford's: a continuous experience in discontinuous spasm. I think.

I believe (although I am not at all sure) that Mr. Ford's music is vehicle for social prediction of the most dire kind. It would seem that there is a vast contingent of you-i (you-ing in its i) and i-you (i-ing in its you) gathered somewhere in the cosmos waiting for the right moment to INVADE. Although this was not implicitly stated, several incidents in space and time appear to bear it out. I refer specifically to the strategic manner in which the light bulb failed, yes failed, to explode in the water pail and to certain unmentionable things that the female singer-screamer-laughing sang-screamed-laughed. I must remind you that this is all conjecture on my part and that I am not sure at all much of any un-thing.

Whatever the case may be as regards the above mentioned un-things, Mr. Ford has been kind enough to leave us certain information in print which may or may not help to clear things up (latter-formers are very elusive). The printed un-things paint a dark picture although it is somewhat different from the spasm-thoughts we derived. It is stated, for instance, that although "plusful folk have lovely alls . . . he's o so busy bodying, she has no time to soul." When things have come to such a pass, what's the use? All is lost — it doesn't even matter if the you-i come or not. Excuse me, dear no-readers, while psalm-singing and eyes to plus I jump from the balcony.

No, wait; instead I shall write "Concerto for French Window and Baboon" proving it all to be lies and the essence of untruth and endlessly on etsssettra.

## On Service

Sidney Dakar

Very good service in most restaurants is almost non-existent today. It is so rare that I will venture to say that not more than 1 in 25 of you who are reading this has EVER enjoyed the services of a very good waiter or waitress. In my rather vast experience of eating in all types of restaurants all over the U. S., I have found that most waitresses pay little heed to instructions, at least not to the ones I give them.

I believe it is a practiced art of most waitresses to stare right at us for five minutes without once acknowledging our frantic signal for more service. Most of them ignore us, misunderstand us and forget us. Most of them do not have the slightest interest in what they are doing and do more harm to a man's business than they do good.

Here are a few examples that I have ran across. On a trip this summer I had to eat in an officer's club seven days a week for four weeks. (I was in the Arctic and there was no other choice.) Not over 25 or 30 men ate breakfast. Every morning, without fail, the cook asked me how I wanted my eggs. Every morning, without fail, I told him soft scrambled. Every morning, without fail, he did not take those eggs off the grill until I saw they were getting too hard and asked him to give them to me.

This morning I ordered eggs—soft scrambled. The waitress listened to my order with a patience that was commendable. However, a gate post is also patient, which is what I may as well have been talking to when I asked for the eggs soft scrambled. Those eggs came back more baked than scrambled. I get the sensation that I am eating pancakes rather than eggs when they are so thoroughly dehydrated on a grill.

I have ordered coffee and do-nuts and have had the waitress bring me only the do-nuts and then go on about her day dreaming until I hailed her and asked for the coffee again. She even looked at me as if I were stupid for not ordering the coffee with the do-nuts so that she could have brought everything at once. I won't mention such minor things as not receiving silverware with the meal.

If there is one expression that best describes most waitresses, it is one of extreme boredom, or, a day dreaming, outer space stare. None of these people seem to realize that the art of serving can be very interesting and lucrative. Very good waiters are in great

demand and are well paid because there are so few of them. It is a real joy for me to see a really good waiter operate. He anticipates my every want before I can ask for it. But, he does not hang over my shoulder when he is not needed; he knows the art of fading into the wallpaper design when he is not wanted. I am very willing to pay for this type of service.

The service is so poor in most of the restaurants (I can't eat in the Ranch House every night!) that I had rather just go through the slop chute at Lenior. I feel that the quick, though sometimes more painful, trip to Lenior is my only choice if I am to keep my equanimity. Just as sure as I go to most of the restaurants I will become irritated and angry with the world.

It is very frustrating to realize that the next time I order my eggs—soft scrambled—the waitress will probably bring them back in the shape of a pancake and just as dry. I will then become an accomplice to the deed by meekly pushing them down with the aid of several cups of coffee while repressing the primitive urge to jump up and slap her face with that egg turned flap jack. The meek die a thousand deaths—all of them unsung.

## Gottingen Letter

Gottingen lies north east of Kassel approximately 10 miles from the East Sector of Germany. Gottingen, one thousand years old, is the home of the Georg-August-University founded in 1737 by Adolph from Munchhausen and named after the German King of England.

Gottingen with its University of 7,000 students, its Deutsches Theater, and Symphony Orchestra, is one of the cultural centers of Europe. The Town, now grown into a city of eighty thousand inhabitants, reflects the past with its sixteenth century churches, its sixteenth century timbered houses, and its six-hundred year old Rathaus (city hall). The modern Zeiss Winkler Optical Works and the Sartorius Works for electric microscopes are both located in the city. Often late in the night it is no surprise to see a police car force an antiquated Buick onto the sidewalk or to meet a lurching "Panzerwagen" packed with grim faced SS troops. The both are scenes from two movies currently being filmed by the Gottingen Film Studios.

The Winter Semester at Gottingen begins in a leisurely fashion in the first week of November. Students, after being accepted, buy themselves a catalogue, thumb through it, and pick out the professors whose lectures they wish

## "You Suppose Khrushchev Knows More About The 1960 Race Than We Do?"



## The World's Sense

Norman Cousins

Nonsense is on stage and the show is the world. A giant panda, one of the largest and most valuable of its kind, has been barred from the United States because it comes from Communist China. Zoos in this country have offered up to \$25,000 for the clown of the raccoon family, but various restrictions having to do with Communist China prevent the panda from entering the United States. Mean while, the animal is appearing in zoos throughout Europe without any noticeable threat to the internal security of the nations involved.

In the Soviet Union, one of the world's great writers committed an apparently subversive act by being awarded the world's most important literary prize. The Soviet Union of Writers was willing to put up with Boris Pasternak despite the independent nature of his work, but the moment he received the Nobel Prize he was expelled from the union and denounced as a traitor. The implication is clear that writers in the So-

viet can write about anything they wish so long as they do so with genuine mediocrity.

Meanwhile, the glossary of nonsense in the twentieth century is being constantly enriched. Now, in addition to words like "clean" to describe a supposedly radioactive-free nuclear explosive, or "sunshine units" to describe the amount of radiation exposure for human beings, we have the term "tiny" to describe a newly developed H-Bomb. A commander of the Air Force in the U. S. broke the good news that a "tiny" hydrogen bomb had been perfected that can be carried by a fighter plane. The bomb will of course contain the equivalent of several billion pounds of dynamite, enough to pulverize a city, but it now comes in the convenient and cozy fighter-plane size. People who are used to thinking of the word "tiny" to describe little children will have to make a minor adjustment.

It is curious to see the way nonsense is attracted to power, as though this were its natural habitat. In the Far East, the Chinese Communists pursued a combined policy of murder and mercy for one month towards the occupants of Quemoy and Matsu. Bombing and brotherhood were tied together as a unified program. On Monday the people on the islands would be shelled. But on Tuesday the shelling would cease and the people would be encouraged to entrench themselves and receive supplies. Indeed, if the food ran short, they had only to ask the mainland and it would be supplied. If this policy of now-we-will-kill-you, now-we-won't made sense to the islanders, they made no mention of it.

Almost by way of establishing a grim consistency, the head of the Chinese Communist Party announced that his country could not be intimidated by the threat of nuclear war. He was willing to admit that 300 million Chinese might be killed in such a war. Even so, he said, there would be 300 million left. Something else would be left. The people would have their memories. They would have memories of the missing from among their families and friends. They would also have memories of a world that had turned against itself.

But Communist China isn't the only nation that feels obliged to pronounce such nonsense to the world. In the United States, officers of the State Department have openly declared that our main se-

curity is to be found in our willingness to risk all-out nuclear war. Fortunately, there are still a few people left in government who believe that for our safety we must look to world control of nuclear weapons rather than to nuclear stockpiles. What these people say makes sense, but the surrounding sounds of nonsense are rapidly becoming louder.

Commissioner Willard F. Libby of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, for example, spoke dangerous nonsense the other day to Mayor Norris Poulson of Los Angeles. Mayor Poulson was deeply alarmed about the shock radioactive fallout that took place over his city as the result of the recent beat-the-deadline Nevada nuclear tests. He telephoned Commissioner Libby who told him, in effect, to forget it. But Mayor Poulson couldn't forget it. The fallout had soared far beyond the danger limits set by the Atomic Energy Commission itself. There as a real threat to the health of his people. Mayor Poulson regarded what Dr. Libby said as casual and callous handling of an important problem. In any event, Dr. Libby has made it clear that his job is to make and test the bombs, and not theorize about ways in which people can counteract the effects of the resultant radiation in their water, milk, and bones.

All these incidents are not something out of the fabled tales of a bygone era of ghouls but a characteristic feature of an age, our age, in which absolute force and absolute nonsense attract one another and are being made dominant in human affairs. The unholy alliance seems to assert itself wherever vast force appears, almost as though the very nature of the force divides the human community into the sane and the insane and confers upon the latter the privileges of rule. Indeed, there is a blighting quality to the power, for once-reasonable men who come in contact with it seem to become transfixed by it and take easily and freely to the language of nonsense that belongs to the power.

By way of lending grim point to the consequences of invented nonsense, we read a report from the U. S. Department of Agriculture which says that the nematode, a species of plant-worm or parasite, carries within itself a mysterious ability to resist harm from radiation. Man, puny creature, gets into trouble when he is exposed to doses of 300 roentgens or more. But the nematode can take up to 600,000 units of radiation. Man need not therefore fear that his nonsense will empty life from this earth. If man doesn't want the world the nematode is perfectly willing to take it. —The Saturday Review

## Letters

Editor:

I would like to point out the inaccuracy of Mr. Nisbet's analogy in the Sunday Daily Tar Heel. It is hardly a matter of Dr. Erkenbraker's throwing an eraser at one of two dogs. This would put the whole situation on a new level. The inhumanity and discrimination lies in the fact that one barking dog is throwing erasers at another barking dog!

I also object to the reduction of a crisis in American, and world, history to such a ridiculous and ridiculing level. If the good fair-skinned citizens of our neighboring states cannot be made aware of North Carolina's more reasonable (I thought) attitudes, then liberalism certainly is dying.

Marion Roesel

Editor:

Thursday night was a long way from being the darkest day in the history of the student government. It was one of the brightest. Your bill was defeated and you didn't like it, too bad. It seems to me there are things right here in North Carolina and on this campus that deserve the immediate attention of the student government. But they seem to be too busy trying to approve of integration to act on things that would benefit us as students.

Name Withheld By Request

Editor:

I don't quite understand Chuck Nisbet's attitude about a black day in the history of the university.

As far as I can see, two dogs were disturbing a lecture on Egyptian hieroglyphs and the professor disciplined one of the dogs by throwing an eraser at him. Perhaps this dog was making more noise than the other dog, or perhaps this dog was punished as an example for the other dog to keep still also. Maybe, and this is probably the case, the professor threw the eraser wildly in a weak moment not caring which dog he hit as long as silence prevailed.

Whatever the motive for the punishment of one dog or the other, or even both, what does this have to do with liberalism . . . or a black day in the history of the world?

Don't you think Chuck is a little confused? Moreover, shouldn't he concentrate on more important things than stray dogs on campus: Good pioneering liberals do!

Jocelyn G. S. Mann

Editor:

In a recent article our highly esteemed editor took it upon himself to bear the cross of another of his endless crusades for better public education.

The editorial in question blasted the Student Legislature for refusing to send telegrams to Governors Faubus and Almond disapproving of their closing the schools. The vote was 27-18 against sending the telegram. He described it as "a dark night in the annals of student government" and will probably remain on the books as being one of the darkest student government has ever had."

How touching! With such poetical genius perhaps Mr. Gans had better turn his literary pursuits to the field of verse, and leave the editorial page to the less romantic.

In his editorial the "Scourge of the Demigods" praised those in favor of the bill, while picturing who voted against it as bigots, ogres, and hate-mongers.

Editor Gans, in an evident attempt to gain support for the bill from further participation in student government. Presumably, he believes in government "of Gans, by Gans, and for Gans." God's gift to The Daily Tar Heel majestically stands forward as a leader of the misled.

According to Gans, the biased Student Legislature will be the ones to blame if the schools of North Carolina are shut down.

In the case of such an event, Mr. Gans, we shall oppose, vehemently oppose, all such efforts to deprive the children of North Carolina from obtaining the proper education. But since when has it been the policy of this state, one which has been a leader in the fight for individual states' rights, to interfere in the internal workings of neighboring states?

In the future please concentrate on refining your publicity-hungry pack to the problems concerning the University and leave those of the State and nation where they belong—to the experts.

In conclusion, supposing your worthless bill had been passed, the only hesitancy it would have created for Governors Faubus and Almond would have been the decision to tear it up in either two or four pieces before throwing it in the wastepaper basket.

Nick Bajdasarian

TO A RUSSIAN SOLDIER

Wade Wellman

The army is marching, Mikhail my friend,  
The army is marching once more:  
The peace talks have failed—they dragged without end,  
And you must be going to war!

Then laugh at our freedom, Mikhail my friend,  
And spit on the westerner's hand;  
Your bombs have done damage which nothing can mend,  
So ravage your enemies' land.

And when the war rages, Mikhail my friend,  
When troops fight it out on their soil,  
Perhaps you'll remember these words I have penned,  
With death the reward for your toil.

## The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday and examination periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester, \$8.50 per year.



Editor \_\_\_\_\_ CURTIS GANS  
 Managing Editors \_\_\_\_\_ CHARLIE SLOAN,  
 STAN FISHER  
 Business Manager \_\_\_\_\_ WALKER BLANTON  
 Coed Editor \_\_\_\_\_ JOAN BROCK  
 Advertising Manager \_\_\_\_\_ FRED KATZIN  
 Asst. Adv. Manager \_\_\_\_\_ JOHN MINTER  
 News Editor \_\_\_\_\_ ANN FRYE  
 Assistant News Editor \_\_\_\_\_ ED RINER  
 Associate Editor \_\_\_\_\_ ED ROWLAND  
 Sports Editor \_\_\_\_\_ RUSTY HAMMOND  
 Assistant Sports Editor \_\_\_\_\_ ELLIOTT COOPER  
 Arts Editor \_\_\_\_\_ ANTHONY WOLFF  
 Circulation Manager \_\_\_\_\_ BOB WALKER  
 Subscription Manager \_\_\_\_\_ AVERY THOMAS  
 Night Editor \_\_\_\_\_ NANCY COMBES