

# Referendum- Yes Vote No

There is an important referendum which will be voted on by women students this Tuesday. Although we seriously doubt the wisdom of making a decision involving social fees in this manner, we are nevertheless anxious to see the barometer of feelings on this touchy issue, registered next Tuesday.

The remaining days before the vote will see meetings in all of the women's dorms — the purpose of these gatherings being a discussion of the merits of this social fee. We urge women students on this campus to follow the proceedings of these meetings with the closest of their attention.

As you decide the stand you will take on Tuesday, consider whether a majority can in this case speak for all concerned. If three fourths of the women vote for this social fee, do the other twenty-five percent have to pay also? If they do, this is a violation of their rights. We strenuously object to any person being forced to pay his or her money to a fund which will spend its money on some of the unnecessary objects and projects that social fees buy each year.

It is the same question as Athletic Pass-books. Should a student who doesn't believe in or enjoy big time athletics be forced to support them against his will? Once again, we say no.

Keep these questions in mind. Remember the rights of individuals must be guarded.

# Appropriation & Restoration

In an editorial which recently appeared in this paper, we praised the work of two student groups — the Finance Committee chaired by Gordon Street and the Budget Committee headed by Charlie Gray. We praised them on two points, the thoroughness of their work and the care with which it was passed by the Student Legislature.

However, we now take issue with specific appropriations. We feel that funds were unnecessarily cut from several organizations, and equally unnecessarily added to others.

We would like to know the following things: Why was the National Student Association cut from \$1,245.00 to \$862.00? Why was the Forensic Council cut from \$250.00 to \$175.00? Why was the Intercollegiate Debate Squad cut from \$200.00 to \$100.00? Why was the Graduate Club cut from \$1,000.00 to \$150.00?

On the first of these, the one concerning the NSA, it now appears that money has been appropriated to send only eight students to the Congress, plus Student Body President Charlie Gray, who is already paid for out of another fund. This makes a total of nine leaving us three short of a full delegation of twelve. At \$80.00 a person, the Legislature should appropriate \$720.00 more to send the three needed additional representatives. This University should always have a full delegation at an event of such importance.

It seems a little absurd that the Forensic Council and the Intercollegiate Debate Squad should be cut so drastically. The Forensic Council received only 14 of the total requested for members. And the debate squad will now be severely limited as to the amount of tournaments it can compete in during the coming year.

The last, cutting the Graduate Club amount from \$1,000.00 to \$150.00, is the worst of all. This is the only organization for grad students, which gives them a chance to gather as a group. To hack 90% off their request, leaves them powerless to seek speakers and to sponsor the type of programs that they should have. The undergraduate politicians should remember that this campus belongs to the graduate STUDENTS as well.

It is a most ominous trend that so much has been taken from groups that pursue more intellectual goals, and so much given to areas covering social aspects. It should be remembered, that we have come here for an education, not a social cocktail.

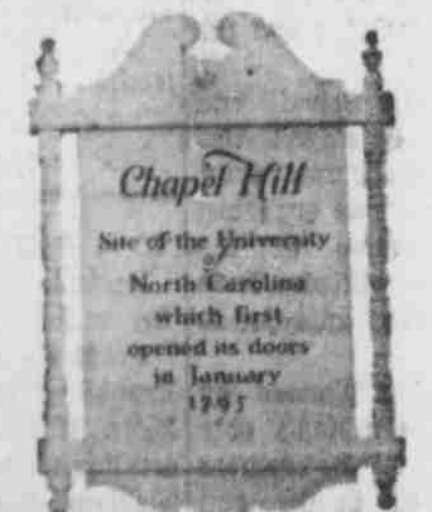
Maybe, as some of the more worthwhile programs deteriorate in the coming year, the Student Legislature will realize its mistake. And maybe, it will rectify it immediately. It is far from too late.

But, when everything is pointed towards a big dance, and all is taken away from the deserving groups, this University is no longer a university. It is then, merely a school.

# The Daily Tar Heel

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# Iron Curtain On The Stage

Cynthia Bivins

Russia's surprise invasion of New York took a particularly delightful form last Thursday when the Bolshoi Ballet from Moscow took over the Metropolitan Opera House. Opening their brief season with "Romeo and Juliet," they left this nation gaping at this new form of propaganda. Using such an art form as propaganda seems a sacrilege, but the Russians apparently aren't sentimental. This group is their showpiece for the world—mighty and expensive, and these are adjectives which every American understands.

Their magnificent effort thrives under a twelve million dollar budget while the "Met," which now houses the Russian group, works with six million. Thus, with no real economic problems, the Bolshoi presents ballets in their entirety, thereby taking a dim view of shortened versions of the classics. The problem of costumes is actually a real problem in the Bolshoi Theater, either, for it eight hundred costumes are needed, then eight hundred costumes are used. The Bolshoi surrounds itself with forty tons of scenery, and Americans have never done this, even on their own ballet stages.

The top stars in the Bolshoi Ballet receive personal rewards, wholly out of tune with the remaining Russian salaries. Prima ballerina Galina Ulanova commands \$1500 a month for two to five performances with an extra \$300 for each additional performance. Apartments and cars are also made available to performers under such a contract.

Logically, Russians seeking this novel level of luxury would automatically flock to the Bolshoi Theater. However, only thirty dancers are admitted each year to the nine year training program, and of these, only twenty ever graduate. The Soviet Union is cautious in its moves to bestow wealth and favor.

Why have the Russian dignitaries supported this cultural program with such extravagance? Is it difficult for us to see this group as a weapon, or at least a tool? The Bolshoi Ballet will pay for itself a hundred times over if with each performance it destroys the "misconceptions" of the Soviet Union in the minds of the millions of "unfortunates" outside the Iron Curtain. Russia, then, through her ballet, becomes a stimulator of intellectual and cultural growth. We are now to open our hearts to this newly discovered nation so drunk with the power of art rather than the power of power, as we had once supposed. For most Americans, this pretended motivation is madness, but at least this madness is swathed in net and satin slippers.

We should remember that the Bolshoi Ballet is a near-two hundred year old tradition in Russia, and tradition is to be respected. If this group is being used to propagandize, then we must respect this, too, for we aren't above propagandizing a little here and there ourselves. Most important of all is that out of this tradition and propaganda comes some fine ballet—tossed in as an extra, maybe, but nevertheless there.

# To Spread Good Will

Frank Crowther

Once upon a time, a fine man who was a moral ethicist decided that he would travel to the darkest depths of the world's depth of darkness. His purpose: show those cannibals the error of their ways and convert them.

Poor soul, he happened to choose an island of formalistic cannibals. Now you may find it strange that cannibals could be formalistic, but just think how strange Liberace would have looked playing for Socrates' last gathering.

The moral ethicist placed the formalistic cannibals in chains. (Now don't ask me how he did this. After all, there were only two of them and I'm telling the story the way I want to.) He lectured them day and night until they finally became convinced that his way was the best way and promised to mend their lives accordingly. This overjoyed the mo-

# "Pardner, Some Of Those Non-Texans Are Getting Downright Unfriendly"



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# Farm Votes

# Balance Of Power Shifts

The day of political power is fast fading for the farmer in North Carolina. A few short years ago the farmer was the most politically powerful man in North Carolina. The candidates who won the farm block were assured of winning the state-wide elections. Today this is not the case, for the next Governor and U. S. Senator will not have to rely so much on the farm votes as heretofore but must concentrate on the voters who are living in the country and working in the city, and those who live in its suburbs and cities.

In those days when the horses and mules were used for the heavy tasks of the farmers instead of tractors, production was slow and consequently more man hours were needed to produce food than is the case today. With the vast amount of agricultural research that is being done today and the modern mechanization of the farm, less land and fewer man hours are required to produce the same amount of food.

The tenant farmer who merely earned enough (if he was lucky) to exist, is having to look to other fields of work. He is finding that he can earn many times the amount earned on the farm, working in industry.

The two main farm organizations in North Carolina are the Grange and the Farm Bureau. These organizations are the only hope of the farmer to retain some political power and even these organizations will never be able to make the farmer the

powerful political force that he once was in North Carolina. The children, who are graduating from the rural high schools, are not returning to the farms and are looking for better paying and less back-breaking work. The farm and its task certainly hold no glamour for the young

man or woman in the world of today. But it is essential that someone live on these farms and produce the food for the rest of us, if we are to exist.

Those of us who are not spending our lives on the farm should when we eat remember the forgotten man, the farmer. D.B.S.

# Finish Of Quarterly Letter

(This is the final section of Mr. Trice's letter.—Ed.)

Editor: It is the opinion of the editors of *The Quarterly* that the overall quality of the material being submitted is much better than the quality of past years, and there is no reason to suppose that given the support of the students of the University it could not be better.

It is true that in at least one way the editors are conservative. That is, they are trying to maintain the magazine as a means of communicating to anyone who will read it, the better writing of this area, as well as to perform the most important and inclusive function of making some significant contribution to the promotion of artistic consciousness (whether creative or appreciative) in the world.

If this impresses many students as relatively insignificant when they consider their own immediate interests and desires, they might honestly consider how valuable in terms of these same interests and desires as they recur day after day is, for example, a concert by the Melachrino Strings.

Certainly when students can afford a trivial kind of distraction, they can afford a little of their money and time for something which if not wholly in practice at least in intention is more fundamental to what makes them human beings who live in the world essentially and Chapel Hill only accidentally.

JOHN K. TICE, Editor, Carolina Quarterly

# Around Campus



By Rusty Hammond

The Dean of Women's office and the Women's Residence Council have come through with some real jewels as sunbathing rules for coeds. Lend an ear: they must sunbathe only on the sunporches, not on the lawn (a little backward, but we'll let that pass), bridge playing is "discouraged" (it can be discouraging, at times), a bathing suit or shorts and halter must be worn (?) and here is the big winner - all "sports" are strictly prohibited. Wonder what sports are available to 25 girls packed onto a small porch?

Don't feel left out just because you haven't been patted on the back by Editor Young. Just come up to the DTH office, fill out an application blank, and get in line. There are only about 200-300 ahead of you at this time, and with any luck at all you may be mentioned before the year ends.

Speaking of back-slapping, we erred last time. We said "as soon as Gans and Young get through slapping each other on the back, maybe we'll get out a paper." Since Gans hasn't come close to slapping Young on the back as yet, let's change it to - As soon as Gans and Young get through slapping Gans on the back.

We realize that with it being spring and all, the young blood starts rising, but things can go too far. Take for instance the other night when some character was racing up and down the second floor of a men's dormitory on a motorcycle. No kidding!

Instead of a PiKA Beat Dook Parade, how about a Student Party Beat PiKA Parade?

The politicians were sworn in the other night, and with things the way they are we'll probably hear a lot more swearing (and more original, too) before too long.

"British Papers Criticize Ike." Everybody's getting into the act.

A very odd thing happened the other day. Anthony Wolfe actually reviewed a book I had read.

Whatever happened to Frisbees?

So the strike and violence have ended in Henderson. Or have they?

Editor Young came out the other day against alligators at LSU. I'm with him all the way. Are alligators citizens? Yes, Okay, then let's form a Human Citizens Council and go around throwing rocks at alligators and have lynchings and things. The alligators have spotted dissension in the human ranks. We must stick together. But we never have before . . .

# THACKERY

When I say that I know women, I mean I know that I don't know them. Every single woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt, she is to herself.

William Makepeace Thackeray

ral ethicist and he decided to start on a crusade to convince the rest of the world of his beliefs. After all, if two cannibals could be convinced, why couldn't the whole world.

Alas, I hate to end the story on a sad note, but sad it is. When the moral ethicist released the two cannibals, they seized him and broiled him for their dinner that night. They had been so convinced

by his arguments that they ate him in order to gain his knowledge. Moral: all crusades end in the soup bowl so always check the menu before attending dinner.



# Brooks Hays- A Moderate

Peter B. Young

BROOKS HAYS, A SOUTHERN MODERATE SPEAKS, University of North Carolina Press, 1959, \$3.50.

GEORGE W. CABLE, THE NEGRO QUESTION, Doubleday Anchor, 1958, \$0.95.

Brooks Hays is that common American phenomenon — the religious politician. As a mutual friend has put it: "Brooks has been in more smoke-filled rooms than anybody, and that's why I get nervous whenever he starts his confounded praying."

This reviewer is not equipped to deal with the theological subtleties presented by Mr. Hays's unctuous (and ever-present) Baptist faith. But, then, the book under discussion is primarily the record of his long and colorful political career, especially where that career has either triumphed (momentarily) or foundered on "the race question."

The political world through which Mr. Hays has moved with such grace and fluidity to these many years is essentially a simple world. Mr. Hays is a very simple man. On one side are "extremists" — Hubert Humphrey, Herbert Lehman, and members of the NAACP and White Citizens Councils.

On the other side are "moderates" — the good guys who are "members of the lodge" and who hew to "the narrow white line down the middle." It is the Christian duty of all "moderates" to love (and chastize) all "extremists" equally. The delicate process of counselling "extremists" is made infinitely easier if the counselor has a ready fund of old vaudeville jokes. Sample: "I've been a Baptist for 25 years and nobody is going to make a Christian out of me." The reader will positively ache for Mr. Hays to say "manure" when he obviously has a mouth full. The reader will also ache for Mr. Hays to GET MAD. But these are luxuries which Christian moderates cannot afford.

The unique political role which Hays continues to play is that of an honest broker between the equally wrong "extremists" on both sides of the civil rights issue. Each little triumph in the back rooms of the Democratic Party is the occasion for an exclamation point. Thus: "When the platform was brought before the Convention delegates, it was approved by a voice vote!" "Jo Sparkman and I were victors in the showdown vote!" And (on the occasion of a rare defeat): "All the work of the moderates went up in smoke!" This is, roughly, the level of political analysis which is maintained throughout the book, leading one reader to comment that it should have been titled, *A Southern Moderate Speaks . . . But Not Well*.

From his rarified ethical heights, Hays feels free to comment on the question of what the Southern Negro really wants. He guesses (and I think, correctly) that it is "official segregation, not separatism," to which the Negro objects. But what is the ultimate goal of the "moderates"? "Moderation," after all, is simply a tactic, a means to an end. But what end? On this crucial point, Hays retreats for the last time into a fog of pious generalities. In the closing pages of his book, Hays argues for "the American idea . . . the Jeffersonian idea . . . and the Christian idea." Needless to say, this is a platform upon which both Orville Faubus and Martin Luther King will be happy to stand.

*A Southern Moderate Speaks* will undoubtedly make a lot of Christian dollars for the UNC Press. By the oddest sort of irony it will also serve to maintain the image of Chapel Hill as "the fountain head of Southern liberalism." Perhaps the profits from this ill-advised book will serve to subsidize the publication of a scholarly tome by one of our own faculty serfs. One can only hope and (along with Brooks Hays) pray.

It is a relief to turn from the pious political preachings of our Arkansas traveler to the cutting prose of George Washington Cable, a 19th century novelist who remains to this day one of the South's greatest literary treasures.

*The Negro Question* is a collection of Cable essays written from 1875 (when the last Reconstruction governments were collapsing) to 1890, just before "the strange career of Jim Crow" began in deadly earnest. The paper-bound Cable volume contains everything which the Hays book so conspicuously lacks—a sense of guilt bordering on agony, moral indignation carried to the "extreme" of righteousness, and genuine political wisdom.

It pains this reviewer to report that the Cable volume was edited by Arlin Turner of the Duke (!) faculty. Read it anyway. Cable is long since dead, and had no choice of editors bear in mind, of course, that Cable is a nasty "extremist" in behalf of elemental human dignity.