

The Daily Tar Heel

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John Justice

The Missile Race

You don't have to go to the flicks or a play to see a good comedy. Just consider for a moment the production being staged by the United States and Russia.

The scene is the globe, and the plot is simple. The two protagonists are engaged in a struggle for the peoples of the world—all of the peoples. Both sides, however, claim to be concerned only with fashioning peace from the "cold war." This idea of peace is a lovely, soothing one, with all sorts of pleasant connotations.

On the surface there does seem to be quite a bit of effort being made in an attempt to make the world a safe place in which to live. The routes of various good will trips criss-cross the earth's surface from east to west; newspapers are filled with accounts of speeches full of rhetorical pleas for peace; summit conferences are planned, held, and dismissed.

This is all well and good; but behind this veneer of sincere, humane concern for humanity, what are Russia and the U. S. DOING to secure peace? From Moscow to Vladivostok, the implements of war roll off the Russian factory belts in an endless stream; of the entire Russian budget, one-fourth is being spent for defense and military goods; all of the satellites of the USSR are so indoctrinated with the Moscow line that they no longer want to revolt against it.

When we look at the U.S. the economy is almost farcial. Our leaders in Washington say, and honestly, that America desires total and perpetual peace. How do we go about winning this peace? We discuss, of all things, the possibility of cutting foreign aid at a time when we need every friend in any corner of the world. We balance our budget at the possible expense of losing our position of authority which is necessary in order to bargain with the Russians. Our President, Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces 15 years ago, refuses to admit that there may be experts who know more than he about present day defense matters.

But the real humor, tragic as it is, lies in the premise on which we base our hopes for peace. By building missiles, bombs, submarines, and planes and by technically improving our existing weapons of destruction, we will be able to "deter" a war with the Soviets. The reasoning in this premise seems to be a bit fallacious.

If we step back and view the activity from a distance, the picture is frightening. The stockpile of war materials reaches to mountainous proportions, and the destructive quality of weapons is ever more potent. Nations are forced to commit themselves to one of the two opposing camps, until all are entangled in the web. As the weapons near perfection, the time allowed for making decisions is reduced until momentous, fatal decisions must be made in seconds.

At any race, including the missile race, there must be a winner and a loser; there is no such thing as a tie. When Russia thinks she is far enough ahead of us to risk a war we doubt that she will precipitate a clash? Hardly—it would take an infinitely idealistic person to believe that Khrushchev would hesitate for a moment if he thought that Russia was capable of exterminating the U.S.

However, whether Russia or America has an edge in the grim race, the results of a war will obviously be catastrophic. Whether World War III is started by the cold, deliberate act of a would-be global dictator, or accidentally by some obscure soldier who pushes a button in panic, it is sooner or later inevitable that a war WILL come if the present policies are continued.

Supposing that one side does "win," what will be the spoils of victory? The winner will have dominion over a shattered husk of a ball which is slowly, but inevitably, being smothered by a deadly invisible dew falling from the skies.

This will be the end of the play, the last curtain. The events that will lead to the conclusion will be laughable because everyone who thought about the matter at all knew exactly what would happen. As a matter of fact, we will probably literally die laughing.

Letters To The Editor

To the Editor,

Borrowing a leaf from Shakespeare I would say that nothing in Davis Young's editorial career became him like the leaving of it.

Davis' "Bowing Out" editorial is a good example of the way students come to UNC from other sections of the country and spend their time yelling about what is wrong with the South in general and the University in particular, only to wind up in the end captivated by the very things they decried. Curtis Gans and Anthony Wolff come to mind as I write this.

Yesterday I said to Anthony, "Wolff, I believe you have toned down some since last year. I hope so." He laughed, and I added, "You were certainly wild and woolly last year."

This hands off policy — giving the students enough rope to hang themselves — is mute testimony to the wisdom that has always characterized the administration at Chapel Hill. The administration lets the students know that the best is expected of them, then they are allowed freedom to work out their own destiny. However, the administration is standing in the wings, ready to step in, should things get out of hand, which, believe it or not, rarely happens in Chapel Hill.

Congratulations, Davis. Welcome to "Down South." We are glad you are going to stay. Good luck, and God bless you.

Otelia C. Connor

To the Editor:

It is a pity that Carolina was trounced so thoroughly by NYU in the recent "College Bowl" program. I do not think that the results of the quiz necessarily reflect the academic ability of the majority of the students at either school.

However, I do believe that we would have fared somewhat better if the choice of some of the UNC panelists, i.e. Mr. Wolff and Mr. Yardley, had been based on academic rather than political considerations.

Yours truly,
Robert Eisenthal

The Hounds Of Spring

Spring is like a pethaps hand
(which comes carefully
out of Nowhere) arranging
a window, into which people look (while
people stare
arranging and changing placing
carefully there a strange
thing and . . . known thing here) and

changing everything carefully

spring is like a pethaps
Hand in a window
(carefully to
and fro moving New and
Old things, while
people stare carefully
moving a pethaps

fraction of flower here placing
an inch of air (there) and

without breaking anything

E. E. CUMMINGS (1925)

We awoke Sunday morning to see, with total delight, the "perhaps hand" of spring gently sweeping the winter chill off the grass and into the past. We had waited a long time for spring, and seeing it arrive with such beauty and warmth was and still is a thrilling experience.

Every student who comes to Chapel Hill is immediately informed by his fellow students, professors, and the townspeople that he won't see the campus in its full splendor until spring has arrived. They are right.

We always get a little poetic on the first real day of spring, although the poetry that we turn out is not of a quality comparable even to that of an enchanted first grader, not to mention Cummings or Swinburne, whose famed line "The hounds of spring are on winter's traces" we found appropriate as a title for this, our meagre but heartfelt salute to the happiest of seasons.

The advent of spring conjures up visions of "Carolina Way of Life" idealism, picturing frolicking evenings in the arboretum, coeds in madras and males in bermudas. While we find this vision a trifle foolish, there's no getting away from the fact that spring is Chapel Hill at its best, although many inhabitants of the campus and surrounding areas would probably like to stess their request that before any student dons a pair of bermuda shorts he first look closely at his femurs and make a deeply introspective decision as to whether he wishes to expose them to general observation.

Spring also brings to mind baseball, both major and minor and right on down to the colleges and the sandlots. Those of us who were raised in the sandlot tradition look to the first warm day as a release from indoor sports and a chance to sit sleepily in the bleachers watching the left fielder stand sleepily in his appointed position waiting apprehensively for a high fly that he will probably lose in the sun.

Anyone who has ever attended a major league baseball game knows that baseball is, in big time cities, the sign of spring and the sign that gets most attention. We

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

hope students here will give it more attention than they have in the past, particularly with the team we have presently.

Spring is also the season for beer, an institution which we commend for its consideration of man's greatest spring sensation (other than, according to folk-myths,—love)—thirst. Madison Avenue has convinced us that beer is necessary to the total satisfaction of one of man's basic needs ("Satisfy your beer thirst better with New York's favorite beer"), and consequently we look forward to spring evenings comfortably spent in a chair on someone's lawn sipping slowly on a can or two of good cheap beer. For those with more expensive tastes and more means to satisfy them, it can as easily be said that spring is the season for bourbon, Bordeaux and Beefsteaks.

Sales become more frequent in the spring; perhaps because the merchant has decided that the season induces a certain laziness of the pocketbook as well as the mind, the body and "man's unconquerable soul." We heartily praise sales, and wish to go on record as being highly in favor of local establishments which hold them. The bigger the discount the better, incidentally.

And, of course, spring is that metaphysical hour when youth abandon their wintry reserve and set their feet firmly on the path to love. It can be editorially stated that a large majority of them hope their will be reciprocated. This is the hour of muffled footfalls in grassy meadows, the time of universal Sadie Hawkins Day, and of increased mail volume at lonely hearts desks throughout the nation. We have not planned to institute such a feature in the Daily Tar Heel, but would welcome some understanding, sympathetic and verbose coed who might care to undertake such a task. We feel sure that our happy little community might do well to receive the ministrings of a loving heart.

In conclusion, begging your forgiveness for our over-indulgence in poetic opulence, we would like to return for a moment to Swinburne's expression of spring's delights:

"You Might Say That They See I-To-I"



HERB BLOCK
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P. W. Carlton

Education And Segregation

The issue of segregation in North Carolina is a vital and consuming one, embodying as it does the hopes, fears, animosities of the majority of the population. It may be true that nothing except war has ever affected the state as a whole as much as the segregation issue.

When people talk on this topic, they deal with the emotions, and it is here that man is weakest, for emotionalism is not based on reason or sound judgment. Rather, it is the product of superstition, hearsay, deep-rooted envy, hatred, and a thousand other compartmentalizations of a big word, strife. Emotions are constantly fluctuating, vacillating between good and evil attitudes. Since they do not base themselves in reason, it is often nigh impossible to deal with them in a thinking manner.

Man's concept of self is couched in emotionalism. The Caucasian has been indoctrinated with a "white supremacy" myth which leaves little room for the Negro on an equal basis. Where the white supremacy ideology came into being is uncertain, but it may be the defense mechanism of a pale minority in a world of dark skins. (The greater part of the world has different pigmentation than ours.) Possibly admission that the Negro is an equal constitutes such a blow to the Caucasian's psyche that he experiences difficulty in coping with the situation. It is possible that the equalization renders the white man's position in society insecure and that he feels panic at the prospect. It is not within the scope of this report to resolve these questions, however.

The maintenance of "separate but equal" facilities for Negroes and whites in Chapel Hill and North Carolina is morally and constitutionally wrong. The reasons involved are legion. Chief Justice Vinson placed emphasis on the sociological and psychological damage done to Negro children by the fact of segregation itself. This is an overwhelmingly insidious damage. To be reared in a land of "milk and honey," to see the wonderful culture of the Caucasian and yet to be denied the benefits thereof is frustrating, dehumanizing and degrading.

To be an American Negro with the stigma attached to that name is a terrible thing. The Negro has little future, few goals to strive for, since he is so limited by the white man. Is it any wonder that these people, downtrodden and listless, do not measure up to white standards of living? The injustices mentioned above do not involve an infinitesimal group of people. In 1955 it was reported

that the population of N.C. was 27% Negro. These huge numbers, almost one-third of N.C.'s citizenry, are denied the rights accorded the Caucasian segment of the population. Most people are unaware or ignore the fact that a caste system flourishes beneath their noses. The U.S., democratic to the Nth degree, maintains an ancient custom of India, a so-called backward nation.

At last there is available an opportunity to break the power of this discrimination. The courts have ruled and legal wheels are turning, slowly, inevitably. And what is the vehicle to be used in destroying racial discrimination? Education, of course. The school, with its rosy-faced, innocent Caucasians who, up to this time, have been indoctrinated with the thought that they are better than the Negroes. In 1933, Dr. H. W. Zorbaugh, director of the Clinic for Gifted Children of NYU School of Education, proved experimentally that education can reduce social prejudice and create in children a more appreciative and tolerant attitude toward Negroes. In an academic atmosphere, engaged in activities of common interest, students tend to lose their preconceptions and prejudices.

Many oppose this integration of the schools, and are vociferous in voicing their feelings. They cry that introduction of Negro pupils will lower the school standards, that mongrelization of the race will occur, etc. There are many other "reasons" that will be omitted due to lack of space.

Dr. John B. Chase Jr., of UNC indicated on February 23, 1960, that the chief problem in educating Negroes and whites on an equal basis is the difference in their experience levels. Studies in Louisville, Ky., show that the average Negro sixth grader is "one year, two months to one year, five months behind the average white sixth grader in educational achievement. The difference appears to result from socio-economic rather than inherent ability factors." Louisville proposes to maintain standards, not lower them. When desegregation comes, teacher work loads will be heavier and the percentage of non-promotions among Negroes will increase.

There are other plans for bringing the Negroes into the schools without detriment to scholastic level. Chapel Hill has, at present, a policy which will institute desegregation at the first grade level, thus assuring that learning experience will be roughly comparable for white and Negro youth. This obstacle is not insurmountable by any means. (To Be Continued)



by WALT KELLY



by SCHULZ