The Maily Tar Heel

In its sixty-eighth year of editorial freedom, unhampered by restrictions from either the administration or the student body.

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The Hounds Are Barking Again, As Spring Turns The Corner

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.

> Swinburne Atalanta in Calydon

Spring has the delightful habit of sneaking up and surprising you without any warning at all.

We stepped out of Howell Hall at noon yesterday, calmly minding our own business, when for no particular reason we happened to look up at the tree tops. Monday they were bare; their skeletal branches scraped gratingly against the sky. Then, suddenly, on Tuesday, they filled the skies with hues of pink, green and white. The harbinger of spring had arrived.

The hounds of spring, who sleep indolently during the winter, have yawned, stretched and wandered haphazardly into the first rays of warm sunlight. Three of them were in our economics class, restlessly pacing between inflation and defla-

decisive smack of ball against glove can be heard once more, as white-suited athletes run out the kinks on Emerson Field. The stovepipe league disbands and heads for Florida, where Ted Williams talks incessantly of a young man named Carl Yastremski, prodigy of the future. Cynically, the grandstand managers nod their heads. "It happens every spring," they chorus.

In the arboretum a first blade of deep green grass peeks hesitantly from its blanket of soil, then returns embarrassed at what it has seen. The magic of spring is at work.

Broomsticks, which spend most of the year in the closet, find a new

lige as stickball bats. One or two optimists throw a football back and forth in McCorkle. Silent Sam shows the slightest evidence of perspiration as the lovely lassies meander past his ever-searching gaze. Biology becomes everyone's major.

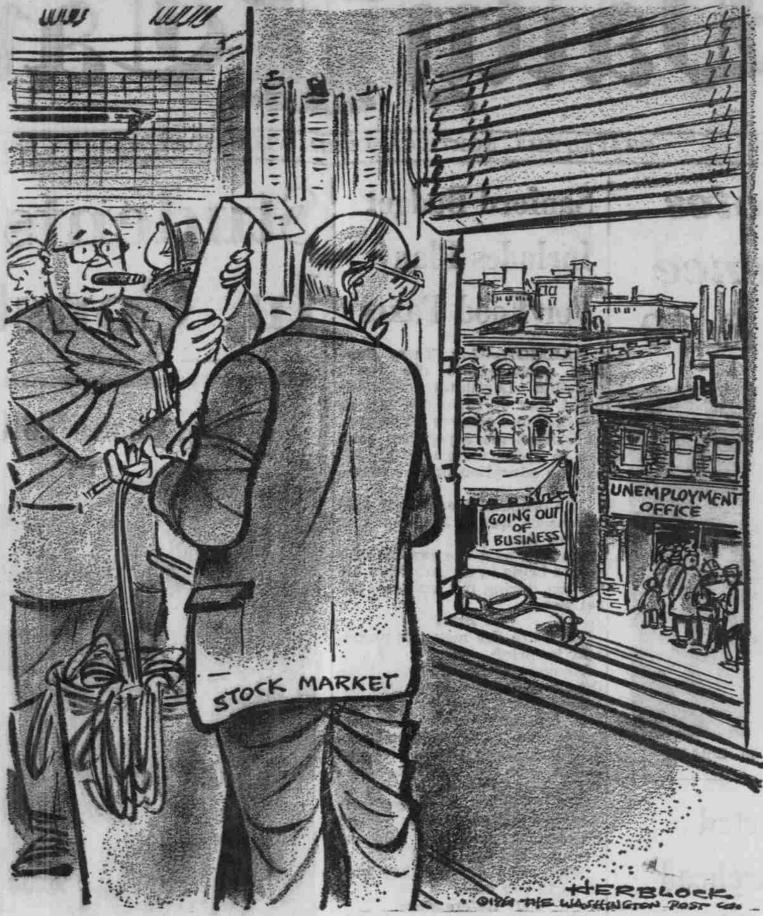
Kemp tosses away his Russian beaver hat and dons short sleeved shirts-just in time for the big spring party (refreshments in the back for potential customers, they tell us). The clothing stores quickly stop their end-of-winter sales and pull out all their madras, batik and seersucker. Iced tea replaces coffee as the drink most ordered at the Porthole.

Examinations seem light years away under the sun at Hogan's Lake or in the breeze at the Patio. A creeping paralysis engulfs every good Chapel Hillian, causing a mass migration from the library and toward showers, sprinklers and mud puddles. A little of the Snoopy comes out in every male as he romps idiotically through the mud and grass, running up trees and chasing furry animals.

Spring may have come too early, of course. Chapel Hill always seems to work that way. Just as we break out our Bermudas, put an easy chair in the backyard and stretch out with a few quarts of beer . . . "forty degrees and falling."

But there is always the hope. The hope that, believe it or not, "winter's rains and ruins are over."

"What Do You Suppose Is Going On Down There?"



Dale Falkner

Swingin' At Louie's Place

Picture the scene: students running about screaming to each other . . . a blue sheet of cigarette smoke clouding the room . . people whistling, scuffling and clomping around in all direc-

A fraternity party? A dance? No, it's the Louis Round Wilson

No party can compare for sheer chaos with the nightly melee that takes place in the library.

Due to lack of space, this ar- repeated en masse. ticle will treat only the Reserve Reading Room.

This room seems to be the center of the socializers of the library. First of all no one in the RRR, as it is known to afficionados, remains seated for longer than ten minutes at a time; they are in and out, up and down constantly. Revolving doors should be installed for the benefit of chronic water - drinkers, cigarette-smokers and restroomgoers. The doors bang continually, heads bob up to inspect the new arrival. The heads go down, the doors bangs again, etc. The process is repeated, like the mating dance of birds.

Then there is the chronic Table Hopper of the RRR, who enters like a lonesome basset hound and peers intently up and down the room for familiar faces (preferably of the opposite sex). When he sights an acquaintance his worried expression changes to a look of jovial greeting, as though the person he sees is THE

girl he was looking for.

Immediately he sets about upon his mission, which shall remain unnamed here. He crouches above the girl like a vulture over a juicy bit of carion and does his best to snow her in his most sincere and Aren't-I-the-sharpest voice, which is loud enough to interfere with the studying of half the room. But it actually doesn't matter, since the same scene, with variations, is being

Generally the conversation goes something like the follow-

"Hey. How you t'night, Zelda?" "Fine, how you, Herman?" "O.K. Listen, do you know what's gonna be on the quiz to-

morrow?" "No I don't. . . . What quiz?"

"Oh. No, I don't and I'm just

worried sick over it." "You studied much?" "Herman! I've been too wor-

ried to study." "Well, I can't even believe the

work I've got." "What do you have to do?" "I got TWO quizzes this week.

Can you believe it, Zelda? TWO. in ONE week." "Herman, I can't believe it."

(Shaking his head("Ba-a-a-d news, honey." "That's solid bad, Herman." "Well, Zelda baby, ya wanna

get some coffee?" "I'd LOVE to, but Mike Midas has already asked me to."

"All right. See ya. Good luck." "I'll need it. Same to ya."

Undismayed, the Table Hopper makes a raid on the Smoking Room (which looks like Hell and sounds like the Battle of the Bulge), the Humanities Division, and the BA and SS Room. If successful, he gives up the evening as a total loss, picks up his virgin books and whistles his way home after a stimulating, typical evening at the campus intellec-

Bob Silliman

Dr. Raymond Dawson Poses Some 'Uncomfortable Quickies'

teaches a new course in U.S. defense policy and national security for the Political Science department, has the rather disconcerting habit of posing uncomfortable questions that we had never given much thought to, and then leaving them to the individual to ponder-and perhaps lose a bit of sleep over.

An example of one of Dr. Dawson's "Uncomfortable Quickies": If Western Europe were subjected to nuclear attack by the USSR, so that all of the cities were demolished and Europe's capacity to retaliate was eliminated, would the United States retaliate directly to the Soviet Union, with the knowledge that this would imply devastation to our own

Dawson noted that several Washington experts were presented with this very question, and the immediate response was

Sinclair Kemper

Dr. Raymond Dawson, who invariably "Of course we would retaliate in compliance with our NATO agreement." However, when it was stressed that the United States could expect an attack in return, and the implications of this attack in terms American lives, the experts began to waver, and eventually qualified their answer by noting that we would retaliate if we were assured that we would lose only "25-40%" of the popula-

> The question, of course, seriously puts in doubt the basis for our numerous NATO and SEATO-type agreements through SEATO-type agreements throughout the world. And there are those critics who say we have gone too far in our reaction against isolationism, and have over-extended our abilities to fulfill our agreements.

But to get back to the ques-

tion: Would President Kennedy push the button to launch an attack on the USSR if Western Europe were attacked? The stand of the administration would necessarily be yes-if only for diplomatic reasons. But we would

Another "Uncomfortable Quickie": Is the economy of the United States so dependent on armaments spending that it would be against economic interests to insure peace? Each year, a full 10% of the Gross National Product is allocated to more and more sophisticated weapons systems. Have we reached the point where our economy is geared to a war economy?

Doubtless, there are men in Washington - representatives of Boeing Aircraft, and Douglass, and Republic-who rely on government contracts for their subsistence. No doubt, these men

represent powerful interests in Congress. The sale of a new weapon in the missile age implies a contract for billions of dollars. In the end, we are presented with the uncomfortable fact that to many influential men, war is a most profitable enterprise.

The third question concerns our military establishment: In recent years, Americans have witnessed a phenomenon referred to as "the ascendency of the military." In other words, the prominence of war has projected our military leaders in the limelight. They occupy positions of authority and respect that rivals our political leaders. The question: faced with a number of diplomatic defeats abroad where the U.S. was forced to withdraw, would a military coup occur, and the military assume the reins of

Again, this sort of thinking is alien to American concepts of the supremacy of the civilian over the military. But would the newly-important military establishment be willing to go along with a political decision to withdraw, or would it exert its own perogative, and overthrow the government? Again, the question remains with the individual.

As was stressed at the outset, the uncomfortable part of the questions is that there is no "pat" answer. It's open to conjecture. Like the reader, we don't like to even conjecture about what the answer might be.

REFLECTIONS

An alumnus came wandering into the DTH office the other day looking for South Building. After spending four years here, he couldn't find the administration building.

I'll bet he wouldn't have too much trouble finding the Rat. . . .

There's a possum on this campus somewhere. I've seen him twice now. Maybe someone should organize a possum hunt. Has anyone here ever shot a possum?

There appear to be a great many students on campus with panaceas for the Cuban crisis, the integration-segregation dilemma, and President Kennedy's interna-

A suggestion: get off the stick, kids, and take a closer look around you . . . on campus, in Chapel Hill, in North Carolina ...

Solve the dilemma of What is grass, before you tackle What are clouds? Think a little about Carolina's honor system . . . picketing, as it applies to Chapel Hill ... and the necessity of higher faculty salaries.

C'mon, off the stick.

An Unfair Proposal From Raleigh

that Governor Terry Sanford seems to have decided to allow the tobacco and soft drink lobbies to decide his tax program. The people of North Carolina will suffer as a result, even though education may be the end product.

In placing a tax on food—and not placing one on soft drinks and tobacco-the governor has patently refused to consider the fact that the latter are luxuries and the former is, to put it mildly, an abso-

We were shocked to discover lute necessity. The people of North Carolina do not need tobacco and soft drinks, but they do need food.

> There is absolutely no justification for the fact that a powerful interest group in the General Assembly and the State Capitol can deny the people of this state fairness in government. Yet, if the Assembly passes the governor's request, this very thing will happen. For to force the people of North Carolina to pay tax on a neecssity Carolina to pay tax on a necessity pletely inequitable.

> It is true that tobacco growing and soft drink bottling are important to the economy of this state; they are not, however, as important as the people themselves. Mr. Sanford seems to have neglected this essential truism.

> Good government is government for the people-not government for powerful economic interest groups. Mr. Sanford would do well to learn that before he proposes any more tax programs.

We are in complete sympathy with the governor's desire to improve North Carolina education; recent statistics show only too clearly the need for such improvement. And we also know that the people of North Carolina must pay if they are to have quality education for a better future. But we do not feel that the people of North Carolina should be robbed.

Men, You Are Being Had -Rise Up, Rebel Caroline Coed, pert, collegiate, John, I'd love to hear 'Guitar can not continue. The dominating, superior male must not allow and popular as she may be, soon Pete and his Talented Toes' but himself to be suppressed. There-

learns that besides knowing when to wear gloves, how much chamcel in still another field of social graces. That field is how to refuse dates with sincere, regretful and "ask me again sometime" tones. Because of a five-to-one ratio of boys to girls at Carolina, this practice is more than frequently used. However, many times the validity of the excuse is to be questioned.

roommate and I have an agreement not to date this weekend," pagne to sip, and what to do in a or "Saturday night at eight conversational lull, she must ex- o'clock? Darn it, we have a required chapter (?) meeting then!" to "Golly, I'm sorry, but I have already taken four coffee breaks this afternoon and-you know how studying time goes." In fact one coed's fictitious steady from Princeton has supposedly come to Carolina for the past three weekends!

Male students, it is time to rise Date refusals range from "Oh, in rebellion! This mumbo-jumbo

fore, the following are tactics which, if successfully put to the test, could possibly stamp out this art of excuse-making! 1) Be especially nice to coed in class, but don't ask her for a date. This could ruin everything.

Lead her on for the kill. 2) Attend fraternity parties stag. Dates put a damper on socializing with the fellows, anyway. By a dating strike, the girls

might learn to appreciate good

male company. 3) By all means, "import" dates for big dance weekends. This always goes over well as good public relations.

By the end of a two-month period, if there is no marked improvement in Coed's attitude and excuses don't diminish, it is suggested that a change be madecall Greensboro Gertie.

The Daily Tar Heel solicits national championship. something like that. . . .

Chapel Hill After Dark

With Davis B. Young

So where are the candidates, beard along with other locals. where are the issues, where are Seems it costs \$10 for a shaving the platforms, where are the pro- permit till after the festivities grams, where are the ideas? The election is one week from Tuesday and the only thing we've heard any candidate say so far is. "hi y'all."

Played golf Saturday afternoon with Carolina student J. R. Brown and two Dookies. They were quite excited about Duke's second chance in as many years at the

And what's the name of that other school? It's Wake Forest or

Talked with brother Pete Friday night, and he's left Wilmingthe weekly up there now.

Hoke County's having some

two months hence. FOR SALE: Last chance at the

finest buy in Chapel Hill. Black 4-door 1949 Pontiac straight-8. Needs work on clutch, universal. transmission and battery charged. Clean as a whistle. Two sets of keys. Will consider all offers over

Overheard one of my New York buddies the other day coming on with this, "and ya, like dey still got six feet a snow in New Yawk man. Dis wedder's da greatest heh?"

And like dey still got six feet a snow in New Joysee too man. ton for Raeford. He's editor of Dis wedder is da greatest. Like

sort of a centennial celebration Overseen in Lenoir at breakin May, and he's growing a fast time: Grits buying grits!

The Baily Tar Heel JONATHAN YARDLEY WAYNE KING, MARY STEWART BAKES Associate Editors Managing Editor EDWARD NEAL RINER Assistant To The Editor HENRY MAYER, JIM CLOTFELTER— News Editors LLOYD LITTLE Executive News Editor SUSAN LEWIS ____ Feature Editor FRANK SLUSSER Sports Editor HARRY W. LLOYD__Asst. Sports Editor JOHN JUSTICE, DAVIS YOUNG— Contributing Editors TIM BURNETT Business Manager RICHARD WEINER ... Advertising Manager JOHN JESTER Circulation Manager CHARLES WHEDBEE Subscription Manager THE DAILY TAR HEEL is published daily except Monday, examination periods and vacations. It is entered as second-class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., pursuant with the act of March 8, 1870. Subscription rates: \$4 per semester, \$7 per year. THE DAILY TAR HEEL is a subscriber to the United Press International and utilizes the services of the News Bureau of the University of North Carolina.

Campus Chest Carnival Set Saturday Come One And All

The Campus Chest Carnival will be held Saturday, March 11, at 1:30 on Intramural Field. The Penn Primer Shows of

Dunn, N. C. are furnishing three rides for the festivities. The rides include an octopus, rollo planes and a gigantic ferris wheel. All of the fraternities, sororities and dorms are setting up

booths which will line the field on carnival day. Over sixty booths are expected with everything from throwing tennis balls at a picture of Art Heyman furnished by Theta Chi, to throwing garters at girls' legs furnished by the

Alpha Delta Pi Sorority. Various student participation booths will also be set up where

students can test their free-throw skill against such stalwarts as Doug Moe and York Larese. The crowning of the campus king and queen, who will be

chosen by penny vote, will take place on stage at the carnival. On Friday, March 10, there will be a chariot race on campus to get the carnival festivities underway. The time and the place of the race is not being announced in order to "add to the spirit of the carnival."

and is happy to print any letter to the editor written by a member of the University community, as long as it is within the accepted bounds of good taste. NO LETTERS WILL BE PRINTED IF THEY ARE OVER 300 WORDS LONG OR IF THEY ARE NOT TYPEWRITTEN OR DOUBLE SPACED. We make this requirement purely for the sake of space and time.