

The Daily 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
Atlanta 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 deflation.

The 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?"



Bob Silliman

Dr. Raymond Dawson Poses Some 'Uncomfortable Quickies'

Dr. Raymond Dawson, who 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 lands?

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

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 of 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 population.

The question, of course, seriously puts in doubt the basis for our numerous NATO and 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 wonder...

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 Douglas, 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 ascendancy 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 power?

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 prerogative, and overthrow the government? Again, the question remains with the individual.

As 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.

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 made—call Greensboro Gertie.

The Daily Tar Heel solicits 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.

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 directions?

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

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

Due to lack of space, this article 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 aficionados, 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 these chronic water-drinkers, cigarette-smokers and restroom-goers. The doors bang continually, heads bob up to inspect the new arrival. The heads go down, the doors bang 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 repeated en masse.

Generally the conversation goes something like the following:

"Hey. How you t'night, Zelda?"

"Fine, how you, Herman?"

"O.K. Listen, do you know what's gonna be on the quiz tomorrow?"

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

"Classics."

"Oh, No, I don't and I'm just worried sick over it."

"You studied much?"

"Herman! I've been too worried 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 intellectual center.

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.

It'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 international worries.

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.

Chapel Hill After Dark

With Davis B. Young

So where are the candidates, where are the issues, where are the platforms, where are the programs, 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 national championship.

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

Talked with brother Pete Friday night, and he's left Wilmington for Raeford. He's editor of the weekly up there now.

Hoke County's having some sort of a centennial celebration in May, and he's growing a

beard along with other locals. Seems it costs \$10 for a shaving permit till after the festivities 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 \$12.

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 Yojsee too man. Dis wedder is da greatest. Like wow!

Overseen in Lenoir at breakfast time: Grits buying grits!

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