

Polish Air Is Pregnant Propaganda Presses Pound

"And I honor the man who is willing to sink Half his present repute for the freedom to think, "And when he thought, be his cause strong or weak, "Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak."

—James Russell Lowell

Many condemning words have been spoken concerning the Soviet Union's lead in the satellite mad-cap race.

It is a definite advantage in the cold propagandistic war currently being waged between the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

But another somewhat unheralded development has, in the opinion of thinking people, negated this Communist advantage . . . It is the riots in Warsaw. And it may be a repeat performance of last year's bloody study in ignominy . . . yet a tribute to the courage of free thinking men everywhere . . . The Hungarian Revolt.

The Polish disturbances were initiated last Thursday when "club-wielding" police smashed an "ordinary" student demonstration against a ban on the student newspaper—Po Prostu—for its criticism of Communist party Head Henczman Wladyslaw Gomulka's royalistic regime.

The air is pregnant in Poland. Revolt is everywhere.

The effervescent minds of free-

thinking men are spinning forth. Two words are being furlled from omnipresent banners:

"Wolnos Slowa" (Free Speech) It appears that such epitomizing examples of Communist tyranny and suppression are more than equalizing factors in the present cold war.

We endorse the condemnation of the present golf and convescent-tainted administration's procrastination in the satellite race issued by Sn. Symington of Missouri.

But we feel that the reverberations from Poland and Hungary are a negating factor.

Democracy still appears more inviting than Communist tyranny, we contend.

But there is no room for complacency.

It is foolish for the U. S. to preach disarmament and bare its flanks if the Russians are sharpening their pen knives behind our backs.

One quick thrust from Russia's atomic pen-knife would sever the U. S.'s jugular vein, and Democracy would flow out profusely and paralyzingly.

Yet the examples of Hungary and the now-pregnant Poland still stand as deterrents to those nations who are on the Communist-endorsement brink . . .

Dictatorships are self-annihilating . . .

ODES ON MUSIC: Loin Cloth & Popular Tunes: Similarity?

Grayson Mills

A nondescript jazz expert theorized recently that popular music, having begun with heavy influences of African tonalities, is definitely swinging back toward its mother music.

To cite his cause he played Bo Diddley's all-time rhythm and blues smash, "Bo Diddley," and then spun recordings of present day Ugandans in tribal revelry. Indeed, the similarity was amazing.

Certainly contemporary jazz still bears the basic roots of its forefather blues, but I doubt seriously if its high-brow quality will ultimately swing to loin-cloth code. But then anything can happen in music, and usually does.

When the expert gave further examples by playing some of Stap Kenton's Afro-Cuban stuff, his interviewer was nearly convinced though a skeptical California audience failed to be moved. Still, it's something to think about . . .

★ ★ ★

With Rowe, musical columnist for The Richmond Times-Dispatch, got a nasty letter from an irate reader Sunday, who apparently didn't care for his commentary on Brubeck's new junior college album.

Rowe had remarked earlier in the week on the amazing closeness to which Dave stuck in the melody of W. C. Handy's classic "St. Louis Blues," asserting that not even the master of distant interpolation could improve on something as great as Handy's blues.

The reader wrote in true Jonathan Yardley fashion, "Your description of Brubeck's music was a gross misinterpretation . . . you are living in the past. Dixieland is deteriorating and modern progressive jazz is the coming thing. I really should ignore you and your lousy comments, but sometimes you burn me up."

★ ★ ★

The continued popularity of Gene Krupa, over the past 25 years, became easier than ever to fathom after reviewing his latest release, "The Jazz Rhythms of Gene Krupa," on Norman Grant's Verve label.

The album, a radical change for the better after some of his recent insipid renovations of old favorites, showcases the never-ending ability of this all-time great to keep abreast of the times.

Surrounded by his popular trio of Bobby Scott on piano, Eddie Shu on tenor, and Britain's John Drew on bass, Gene swings through Tenderly, TeePee, Wonderful, Hipdeebip, Krupa's Wail, Strike Up the Band, Undecided and Gene's Bass Blues.

Starting out miserably on Tenderly, the boys really dig in on TeePee and don't stop until the final bar of the Bass Blues.

Eddie Shu apexes the album with some wonderful thinking on Undecided, and the Wail is probably the longest Krupa solo on record.

"What Are You Going To Do About It, Chum?"



EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW:

Lonely In The Athletic Crowd: History Squad Achievement

Everyone knows about the astonishing upset pulled off by Jim Tatum's boys last Saturday. Not so many people know about the equally astonishing upset pulled off by The History Squad when last week they set a new national record for the number of footnotes garnered in a seven-day period. We know that all Tarheels will get renewed inspiration from the following question-answer interview with Coach Fletcher "Fickle Fletch" Green.

Q—Fickle Fletch, do you feel that your boys have finally arrived, that this upset of last week marks the turning point?

A—Well, (chuckle) I don't know whether we've "arrived" or not. But we're not "leaving." I'll assure you of that.

Q—That last reference is to the team?

A—No, it's a reference to me. After last week's great victory, I've got a new contract. I'm now making almost half as much as Jim Tatum.

Q—Congratulations, Fickle Fletch. I'm sure all of your many fans throughout the state will be thrilled by your good fortune. Now, about last week. Do you feel that "breaks" played a part in this new national record for footnotes which your boys set?

A—Well, (chuckle) I always

say that a good team makes its own breaks. For example—when Jim Dorman's ball point pen ran out of ink it looked as though we were through. But Dorman used his head, he didn't panic. He raced to Doug Steeple's carrel, and Steeple had an extra pencil. A lot of the librarians thought this was "a lucky break." Actually, it was fast thinking on Dorman's part, and solid preparation on Steeple's part.

Q—Fickle Fletch, what are some of the other factors involved in this new national record for footnotes?

A—Well, (chuckle) there are really so many factors involved in a team victory like this that I sort of hate to try and list them. There's a whole new policy around here these days. We now have a special dorm for the history squad, and a good training table which serves lots of beer and pretzels, and other men on the faculty such as Jim Tatum have thoughtfully scheduled their classes so as to give our boys the maximum amount of time in the library.

Q—What about the alumni?

A—Yes, the alumni (chuckle). Just the other day a well-heeled Tarheel gave me a thousand dollars and told me to go out and buy the best history squad

in the country. Well, you know inflation has set in, and you can't buy a squad with that kind of money. But I did get one good boy. He was ticketed for Harvard and I (chuckle) stole him right from under Crane Briton's nose.

Q—And the other students? Do you feel there has been a revival of campus spirit?

A—Yes, of course, and it's been crucially important. When our boys were desperately fighting the clock, in the very bowels of the library, trying frantically to get those last few footnotes that would nail down the national record—it was an inspiration for them when they heard those thousands of students yell: "Don't gloat. Grab 'um footnote." And so, with renewed vigor, they got those last few footnotes and then ran out the clock for a magnificent victory.

Q—Thank you very much, Fickle Fletch. Do you have any last words?

A—Yes, we are now embarked on a new era in UNC historiography. I can't begin to tell you how important Home Security's Family Plan life insurance is. My kids think it's great and yours will too.

Q—But I don't have any kids. A—Don't bother me with your problems. I have to get back to my squad.

Myopia In The Infirmary: & The Flu Fly Flies Fast

In the words of University Physician Hedgpeth:

"There is at the present time a rather marked increase in the incidence of respiratory infections on our campus."

But Dr. Hedgpeth added this consolation:

"We cannot say at the present time whether these illnesses represent the result of infection with the Asian influenza virus . . . I do not feel that this represents a situation which justifies at the present time unnecessary alarm or concern."

The Asiatic flu bug is definitely upon us.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Sunday, Monday and examination and vacation 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: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

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Cut-Away & Queen Lizzie

It is reputed that a group of Carolina gentlemen are planning to present an award of sorts to the good Queen Elizabeth during the Maryland game festivities at College Park.

And it is also reputed that said gentlemen will be attired in formal cut-away garments.

We would like to offer our endorsement of the idea. Our English-speaking, western mother should carry back an excellent opinion of her fair southern offspring . . . the flower and home of Dixie hospitality . . . to the motherland.

Plans for the presentation should be promulgated with haste . . . before the namesake of Mrs. Charles I. crowder of the Mason-Dixon Line, incubates some proposal . . .

L'IL ABNER



by Al Capp

POGO



by Walt Kelly

READERS' REPOSITORY:

Historic Meeting Gets No Fanfare

EDITOR:

On Tuesday morning, Oct. 1, 1957 at 11 o'clock, a rather historic meeting took place in South Building. It happened very quietly, with no fanfare, no build-up.

Behind the desk sat a young man with coal black hair and a face that looked as if it might have been hewn out of something stronger than human flesh, except when he smiled. Around him sat the department heads of the University, quiet, business-like, friendly.

And then four people entered the room who had never been there before in the history of the University for such a purpose. They had come at the invitation of the man behind the desk, Chancellor William B. Aycock. And then, the historic meeting began.

What transpired there is recorded in the minutes of the meeting and this information will be made known to all on the pages of this paper. This open letter is written as a commentary to reveal an impression of the occasion.

The most important aspect of the incident is that the meeting had been called in the first place. The far-reaching effect of the conference will not be felt until later, but its present importance is its actual occurrence.

If nothing had been engaged in except polite introductions, the meeting would not have lost any thing in the way of significance for the moment.

The four who entered the room last were students who had been invited by the chancellor and his aides to take part in the discussion and planning for the present and future welfare of the University. Never before, in the history of the University, has the administration invited students to help them plan for a future and a growth.

An unprecedented move had been made, and a movement begun which will add a great deal to student-faculty-administration relations, which will mean that the administration is constantly aware of the student viewpoint in their preparation for a larger and better University.

And it will mean that the student body will have a voice in the making of decisions which directly affect their lives, and the lives of their children 20 years from now.

It is important, I believe, for each student to acquaint himself with the importance and significance and activity of this new Chancellor's Cabinet. It is equally important for all of us to realize what a thorough, capable, and dedicated man Chancellor Aycock is.

It is already apparent that he is fully capable of becoming the legend that Robert Burton House has become. It took an unusual man to fill the shoes that House left here, and if Aycock doesn't fill them in time, a great many people will be quite surprised.

I urge all of you to follow the activities of this Cabinet to make your opinions known to the President of the Student Body, and to look beyond with Chancellor Aycock to a truly greater University. He has a dream, and vision, which with our help, will be realized.

George R. Ragsdale

★ ★ ★

EDITOR:

When The Daily Tar Heel resorts to publishing material such as Mr. Crowther's article, one would be led to believe that your staff was having a great difficulty collecting material, however; it is hard to rationalize this when one considers the many activities which take place on the campus.

Until Thursday we had followed your columns with interest. What has happened? It is hard for students to understand why a school paper would publish such trash.

Mr. Crowther, you stated that your mind was distorted by morphine; oh, no I believe you used the word "effected," when your illicit experience took place. We wonder if your mind was not distorted when you wrote your "Farewell."

Margaret L. Nealey
Ann Greer

★ ★ ★

EDITOR:

May I say, first, how enjoyable it is to read The Daily Tar Heel . . . Adlai can seat . . . an interesting, dynamic and personable paper.

But on to business . . .

Below is a little squib appearing in the editorial column of this week's Colgate MAROON. It sums up . . . precisely . . . what we feel: to the people of the South—we sympathize; to Faubus—we spit.

ALMOST

Little Rock,

Reluctantly, bravely, lawfully,

Painfully on the verge of a Start,

Then,

Hate — long festered,

and Violence — prophetic or planned,

and Little Rock,

Defamed, disgraced, by those

dependably despicable.

One, a Governor.

L. S. C.
Carl B. Straub
Editor, Colgate Maroon