

To The Game

Go to the game today, but beware. Beware entering the stands and having Coca-Cola spilled upon you from the top of Kenan Stadium.

Beware of the drunkenness that pervades the stadium, drunkenness to the point of illness and purgation.

Beware of flying cards that some thoughtful individual will choose to throw. Exercise is healthy, he will say, and the cardboard has provided me with the necessary objects, he will add.

Beware of the cheers you will hear and of the substitute cheerleaders.

Beware of the lack of honest cheering, for identification between stands and field ceased years ago.

Beware of fights in the stands, for they do occur.

Most of all beware of the fact that there is no order maintained, and that no one is maintaining it or even has the responsibility for it.

If you have taken all precautions, enjoy the game. Don't watch it too closely, you might feel out of place.

Apportionment

Something has to be done about elections, reapportionment and the like.

That something has been brought to the fore only recently when it was found that the figures upon which the Election Board made their reapportionment were the old figures based on the old district.

Further, it was pointed out by the Election Board chairman that the laws for apportionment were not strictly followed, and indeed apparently they were not.

One district having 200 more students than another district had one less legislative seat than the smaller district. Another has the same amount of seats as a district three times as large with a differential of 250 students.

This is according to figures given yesterday. Currently there is in process an exhaustive study of the amount of residents in each district, for under the Constitution, in the election laws, and according to any concept of representative government, the criterion for representation is the amount of students per delegate.

This has not always been followed, for such a thing as voting strength has been called into play.

The Election Board has lost the opportunity to set things right. It is now up to the Student Council. It is hoped that they will set things right. From the caliber of the group's membership, they probably will.

Election Laws

For at least another five weeks, class officers are unfortunately with the student body. They will be forced to suffer their posters on bulletin boards and to see them do nothing for another year, or if they do something, to destroy the idea of no class distinctions on the campus.

It is hoped that the student body will vote for the class officer candidates which advocate the abolition of class officers. This may get the job done.

A second problem which was brought out bears study. This problem of having more than one box for fraternity men to vote. The people throughout the campus should have the maximum opportunity to vote, and a study should be made into some method for making it possible for more than one ballot box and still being able to check an election's validity.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Another View On United Nations

Carl H. Pegg

Throughout the ages men have pondered the idea of some sort of league of states to settle international disputes and to banish war. In 1878, when Bismarck's power was at its peak, an international peace conference in Paris branded offensive war as an international crime and called for a reduction of armaments and the creation of a permanent court of arbitration. At the Hague Peace Conference in 1899 the great powers sanctioned the principle of voluntary arbitration and planned the Hague Tribunal. At the same time Leon Bourgeois, distinguished French jurist and statesman, drafted an impressive plan for a society of nations and sought to persuade the governments of Europe to accept it.

In the midst of the suffering and agony of the First World War, Bourgeois' idea won wide support in Western Europe and President Wilson soon stepped forth as the most eloquent and powerful champion of the League idea. The Covenant of the League of Nations was written into the treaties of peace. And while the League of Nations was a much weaker structure than Bourgeois had envisaged, millions of people soon came to believe and hundreds of millions to hope that it would end the scourge of war and bring peace to the world. But the League proved unequal to the mighty task before it, and was wrecked by the new forces that developed in Germany, Japan, and Italy.

When the second general war in less than a generation broke upon the world, the idea of an international organization as a means of preserving peace was at a low ebb. But American idealism came to its rescue, contending that the League failed primarily because the United States was never a member and because the Soviet Union did not get into it until it was breaking down. With such men as Cordell Hull and Franklin Roosevelt leading the way, the American people called for a new and more courageous effort to devise an effective international structure. In the spring of 1945, even before the Second World War had come to an end, diplomats from fifty nations gathered in San Francisco and wrote the Charter of the United Nations. The new structure was quickly set up, and was soon being rocked by the East-West conflict as it struggled with some of the great issues of the day.

Will the United Nations succeed where the League failed? While this question cannot as yet be answered, there are certain things that can be said with reasonable certainty. If the United Nations is to take root and to succeed in its central

purpose, it will have to have the support of the major peoples of the world—the Russians, the Germans, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Indians, the Arabs, the French, and the Anglo-Saxons. The real power of the United Nations is outside itself; it is an international structure solely dependent for life and strength upon the willingness of the nations of the world to use it and to give it life and strength. It is still a weak and fragile thing, and the domain of international life is still something of a jungle. To develop the United Nations into a permanent and effective international system will require all of the good will, faith, and ingenuity of which men everywhere are capable. It will be necessary to deepen and broaden the moral foundations of peace, not merely in a few countries but in all major countries. It can be done, but the will to do it will have to be strong and well-nigh universal.

AT THE FOOTBALL GAME



More Letters On Various Subjects

Editor:

A most regrettably ignorant review of the Petite Musicale, presented last Sunday night, appeared in today's TAR HEEL. Some people, who did not attend the concert, might think Mr. Lessing knew what he was talking about. The artists, too, might read it and wonder why they bothered to perform for "pigs!" It was an enchanting evening—such as not heard out of the metropolitan areas, I, and others who had the privilege of enjoying the concert, was thrilled with the music and moods it evoked.

Name Withheld by Request

Editor:

It was during the afternoon dinner hour at a fraternity house. Several of the guys were discussing usual after dinner topics:

"Where're you dating this week-end?"

"Mary. Remember? The girl with the boy you birdogged last week."

One of the pledges entered the conversation with a question that indicated he was doing a little advance planning for a weekend in the not-too-distant future.

"When is the Fall Germans concert?"

"Concert! What concert? Was the return answer. 'Haven't you heard? The Playmakers have rented Memorial Hall for the next three months. That leaves any plans for a concert out in the cold.'"

"But what about Johnny Mathas and Louis Prima?"

"Forget it! There just won't be a Germans this fall—not without a concert!"

The Playmakers have a beautiful Greek-styled theater; it is one of the most conspicuous buildings on campus. One would think a small portion of the Greek past had been transplanted in a setting of colonial architecture as he gazes at the towering columns standing sentinel to the passing campus life. With a building exalting the heritage of the theater, why would the Playmakers need Memorial Hall for rehearsals?

No! This must be the product of a joke! Surely the Playmakers have been misunderstood again. These talented counterparts of the Carolina world would not allow the Fall Germans to go unconcerted.

Many Carolina students hold vivid memories of the past Germans—the football game, the Saturday night dance, and the Sunday concert. There were fraternity parties, laughter. One wonderful weekend.

"We will have a Fall Germans

complete with concert, want we?" This is a question asked by a puzzled pledge.

N. D. Proeschner

Editor:

As a former student at U.N.C. and an avid Carolina fan, I must register official protest. What I saw on television this past Saturday disgusted me to no end, I'm not talking about the football game itself; it was great to see U.N.C. win!

I'm referring to the cheer some of the Carolina students were singing: "I don't give a damn for the whole state of Maryland, for I'm from Carolina!" To me—and I'm no old fogey—this was the height of bad taste and poor sportsmanship!!!! It was loud and clear enough to be heard on TV, and I know the fans from Maryland must have felt insulted by such a display because it was uncalled for and had nothing to do with what was going on down on the field! After all, they were the guests of U.N.C. at the game, and this was anything but hospitality. I felt it was completely incongruous with the spirit and traditions of Carolina, and I was ashamed to hear such a thing! I've talked with enough people to know that others feel the same way.

A letter like this may do no good, but, at least, I've gotten it off my chest!

Chuck Wooten

Dear Mr. Wolff:

I can only say that if that review of THE DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN MALE wasn't up to standard, what wonderful pieces you must write when you are in that state of grace! Your review is another example of the fact that the quality of book reviewing in college papers these days often surpasses that of many of our most August journals.

Jean Ennis
 Director of Publicity
 Random House, Inc.

Editor:

Sunday evening two skilled and dedicated musicians shared with the University Community the fruits of many weeks of careful study. A grateful audience received the efforts of Walter Golde and Ethel Casey with obvious enthusiasm. An entire recital of the choicest Debussy song cycles is a rare treat indeed, and one scarcely to be found outside the western world's greatest centers of population and culture.

Mrs. Casey's voice and musicianship were equal to the difficulties of the music. She approached her task of recreating Debussy's settings of symbolist poems with evident humility. Her

interpretations were thoughtful and oftentimes very moving. While the three "Songs of Bilitis" remain my favorites, I was greatly impressed by her performance of the demanding "Proses Lyriques" and was pleased to be introduced to new beauties in the second set of "Fetes Galantes."

Mr. Golde, whose wealth of background and breadth of musical scholarship was doubtless responsible for both the idea and the preparation of this unique recital, provided informative introductions and presided at the keyboard with his usual superb skill and authority. One readily felt the rapport between the artists which again and again created moments of great beauty and expressiveness.

To both singer and pianist we offer sincere thanks for enlarging our horizons and for deepening our appreciations. A further word of appreciation is also due to the G.M.A.B. which promotes such programs; to Russell Link the energetic chairman of the Petites Musicales for his sincere interest in providing fine performances of serious music; and to whomever was responsible for the improved physical arrangement of the Graham Memorial lounge.

Joel Carter

Editor:

It seems that the staff of The Daily Tar Heel have read their own articles and those of Time magazine to such an extent that they are excluded from the world of reality. Perhaps it would be well to inform them that the majority of Southerners are against integration and are not "hatemongers." Most people south of the Mason-Dixon line do not hate Negroes but rather are deeply imbedded with custom and tradition. One of these traditional beliefs is that segregation is the right social pattern, and that integration is morally, socially, and intellectually wrong. Customs might be rather absurd to a freethinker or liberal, but I think if you examine these groups you will find prejudice, custom, and tradition within them also. Of course certain "arty" liberals think Southerners are artificial, but really, who's artificial?

For your information, the primary issue is no longer integration vs. segregation but Federal power vs. state's rights. If integration is to come, it must come slowly, or you cannot expect peace and the absence of "hatemongers." Never in the course of history have people abandoned traditions such as segregation and state's rights overnight.

Orval Faubus was a moderate, but he was forced to defend his

and his state's actions and beliefs when the Supreme Court denied the people of Little Rock time for acceptance of this sudden change in their social pattern. Arkansas's integration program was well under way, and no one had raised any objections. When Faubus was warned of anticipation of trouble at Little Rock's Central High School, he sent in the National Guard, not to kill integration and defy a court order but rather to keep peace and order until integration would be accepted.

Your champions of humanity and civil rights—Earl Warren, G. Mennen Williams, Thurgood Marshall, and Paul Butler—are greatly responsible for the violence

that has resulted. Of course the Deep South says, "Never," for now they detest the Yankee liberals who have cried and fought for the cause of humanity. (They must have a cause or they would find themselves quite boring.) These liberals have impaired race relations and sectional relations in such a way that the good will brought on by the two world wars may never be restored. Just a court decree would not have been so injurious; and maybe it would have helped speed up the evolution; but no, they cry out for revolution, not evolution. If there is blood to be shed, Faubus, Almond, and Eastland will not be the men responsible.

Joe Greene

Moonglow

Joe John

"... a small group of college students who don't really represent anybody."

The above quotation is taken from an editorial of a leading state newspaper. It appeared late last year in conjunction with the controversy which arose out of a resolution passed at the North Carolina Student Legislative Assembly.

The author appeared greatly amused at the "funereal, sternly important reaction granted the little rebellionism of a small group of college students who don't really represent anybody." He seemed to think that the "unimportant" students were merely having their little laugh at the pompous severity which received their resolution in official state circles.

In the current renaissance of the dispute, the above-mentioned newspaper has thus far confined itself to merely reporting the decision of the Governor and his Council of State. That decision, however, smacked of an equally disdainful attitude.

This year, representatives to the Assembly will be required to present letters ascertaining sponsorship by college presidents in order to use the Capitol again.

Although not a particularly unreasonable request, it contains a vicious implication. Had this demand been isolated, it probably would be accepted with but little retort. Following as it does upon the relative heels of a widely debated issue, particularly one involving the race question, it cannot be condoned.

If delegates are to be confined by suggestions of repercussions from their representative schools in the event legislation proves unacceptable to certain individuals, then it is senseless for them to convene at all. Under such a system of censorship, bills presented in the Assembly would unquestionably prove to be unimportant, irrelevant, and most dull.

Efforts to please all citizens at all times will inevitably prove unsuccessful. The Governor, as evidenced by his recent attacks on the State Attorney General, obviously is attempting to please the group which, in his questionable estimation, is more politically advantageous. In his interests, I hope he has not forgotten the great number of voters and prospective voters now attending North Carolina's colleges and universities.

Regrettable is the actual crux of this entire question—lack of confidence in the ideas and ideals of modern college students. They are constantly being repressed and ridiculed by ignorant, narrow-minded, and outright asinine individuals.

Voters on the 1957 free-choice-of-marriage resolution were dually characterized as fearful rabble-rousers and childish pranksters. I am sure they were neither. They merely expressed a dissatisfaction with the precepts by which our society is governed. In this, they failed to conform to the policies handed down and dictated by the all-knowing elders.

I sincerely hope that the 1958 group will rise above its environment and prove as individually forthright and sensibly realistic as its predecessor.

Notes In Review

Arthur Lessing

Let's face it: last Tuesday evening's organ recital of Mr. Glen E. Watkins can only be described as a dismal event. The organist seems to be capable of displaying technique with considerable show. He also seems to have the ability to present the large varieties of sound that can be gotten from the instrument. But technique and sound do not guarantee music, and not once during the evening could one really say one was conscious of a musical experience. Either the music was of considerable stature but was badly performed, or the performance was decent and the music worthless.

The artist opened the program with the Prelude, Fugue, and Chaconne of Buxtehude. The performance was chaotic. Fragments of music poured on other fragments, broken snatches of phrases heaped on other phrases without, as far as I could make out, the slightest regard for order and structure. And this is a Fugue and Chaconne! The speed of Mr. Watkins systematically destroyed any musical sense that could have possibly survived this performance. The intended brilliance (why otherwise the speed?) was lost in the jumble of notes and harmonies.

Daquin's "Noel: Grand Jeu et Duo" was perhaps the only work of the evening which was given a clearly delineated performance. It is a pretty set of variations built on a tune which sounds suspiciously like the popular "In an English Garden" song.

The compositions of Bach which followed were all presented in their most superficial guise. Little or no attention was given to nuance and structure. The artist did little more than skim the surface of these compositions. Again Mr. Watkins' conception of tempo erased all depth and expression to be found in these works. What was most irritating was the lack of insight that became more and more obvious as the organist performed these works. If anything, Bach's great music is neither superficial nor surface. As this composer constructs his composition upon a musical form, there is a journey into the great depths of expression that music alone can reveal. This expression must be there in the performance in order to make the music meaningful. Without it, there is no music but only sound.

After the performance of two rather ridiculous works by Searle Wright, a contemporary composer, the rest of the evening seemed to be devoted to less and less music and more and more sheer sound. A undistinguished modern work by Edmund Haines revealed plenty of variety in sound, but little in music. The French composers represented on the program, Langlais and Dupre, again seem to specialize in volume and bombarding the audience with lots of sound. How much of it was music is hard to say really.

There is nothing wrong with sound as long as it is also music. Both in his selection of the program and in his performance, Mr. Watkins seemed to have favored the former.

Harper's Bizarre

probably won't be, much of the time (And if you joined us late you probably got the idea anyway. In fact, it will probably appear weekly, but we thought better of calling it that.

(Actually we could have avoided copyright violations there too, but we put those thoughts away—where, incidentally, we hope no one will chance to look.

(And then, on the other hand, we might be tied up some week with quizzes and be unable to make the deadline, which would tend to disillusion any number of readers we had by that time acquired.

(Of course, we hope to eventually have a following. Every writer does. It's apparent even on this selfsame page. But in an effort to appeal to the frat men, Carolina Gentlewomen, members of various religious groups, an occasional Republican, as well as the dorm men and Carolina Un...women, et al., we will attempt to keep the column amiably ambiguous.

Not to say, however, that we are pro-everything. In general, we are opposed to sin, as such, and also feel the "right way" about motherhood. See?

(Yet our's will not be the crusading spirit, expecting during the coming months to come in contact with neither sin nor motherhood. (We digress.) but we like the way it sounded. *Bell rings. Class is dismissed.*

—J. Harper

On Rock 'n' Roll

Ken Wheeler

There can be no doubt that the greatest kind of music ever written exists today in the form of the teenagers' favorite, "rock 'n' roll." Our music, friends, outshines any other in words, music, and beat. The majority of the people, supporting such innumerable melodies as "Nutcracker Suite," "Funiculi Funicula," and "Tennessee Waltz" are wrong. We are right. Allow me to prove it.

Let us take, from random choice, a "Rock 'n' roll" hit tune of today, for example. How about the very beautiful "How the Time Flies"? Here we go.

It starts with a beautiful chorus softly humming incomprehensible sounds which the listener can make out as "Dixie-doo oo oo," or something on that order. After this effective beginning, the soloist brings us verse one: "How the time flies, when I'm near you. When I'm near you, how the time flies. Seems like heaven when I'm near you. When I'm near you, seems like heaven." Marvelous, friends!

Now enters a deep-sea bass, who retaliates with lovely, but again incomprehensible lines with such words as "kiss or two," "sun rise" and "night pass" somehow slipping through the fog. This chant sets the stage for verse two: "How the time flies, when I'm near you. When I'm near you, how the time flies."

A saxophone and cornet entertain us until the soloist recovers his nerve and glides into the third and last verse: "How the time flies, when I'm near you, etc."

Isn't that lovely? How can human ears adjust to trash like the 1812 Overture when teenagers offer such elegant compositions? Shun these classical music feints, friends! Show them the light!

Care to try a faster current hit? "Rockin' Robin" should do. The lyrics of this ballad go "He rocks in the tree top all the night long, rockin' and a-rollin' and singin' his song. Every little birdy and every chickadee likes to hear the robin go 'Tweet, tweet, tweet.' This is apparently the work of a genius.

Want to hear more? Then don't eat this week's friends. Rush to the nearest record bar and gather all the tasty tid-bits 45 RPM discs have to offer. Hail the Zeus of Music, the King, the Exalted! All hail "rock 'n' roll!"