

Editorial: Commentary Policy Statement, Election Insight—

Hungarian Freedom Fighter



Students and faculty will have the opportunity to hear Ferenc Nagy Wednesday evening at 8:00 p. m. September 24th and Thursday morning, September 25th. Mr. Nagy will also visit several classes while on campus. Nagy was the last freely chosen Premier before communism took over his country in 1947. He is the author of "In Quest of Freedom," published by the U. S. Information Agency.

Beneath the mild exterior of Ferenc Nagy burns a stubborn resistance to tyranny and a devotion to the people of his homeland, Hungary.

Jailed for his political beliefs by the nazis, then forced from office as Premier by the communists in 1947 for those same beliefs, Nagy now lives a quiet life in the United States.

Hungary knew freedom only briefly after the Axis defeat in World War II when the first--and last--free election was held. Nagy himself was chosen President of the new Assembly of Hungary's Parliament (left), and later Premier.

Seeking to rebuild his war-ravaged country, he tried to govern in coalition with the communists. For his efforts, his economic and political programs were sabotaged by the communists to the dismay of all patriotic citizens. While he was in Switzerland for a needed rest from the pressure of office, the communists staged a self-organized "coup d'etat," and forced the Premier's resignation by holding his young son as hostage.

Thus, one of Hungary's foremost patriots was turned out of his own country. "In 19 months," says Nagy, summing it up, "I saw my country conquered from within by a small communist minority, led by seven men especially trained and directed in this task by the Soviet Union. I am living proof that you cannot compromise with communism."

Today, in the United States, Ferenc Nagy lives the life of a farmer--a trade he knows well. Like another famous Hungarian patriot, Lajos Kosuth, who came to the U. S. a century before him, Nagy continues to serve the goal of Hungarian independence.

"Love of liberty is intrinsic in the human soul," he says. "Humanity's road from today's chaos to the peacefulness of a new tomorrow may lead through ruin and bloodshed, but a world democracy is just over the horizon. . . . That government alone deserves support which fears not the freedom of its own people."

So there is always a beginning. Such is the case with THE CAVALIER. May there never be an end. We hope with our new name to scrap all past history of Montreat newspapers and give the students something they'll want to discuss, at least not a pulp product to wrap fish in or line garbage cans with.

Each week we hope to publish news that is the unadorned truth. Our editorial ambition is to print carefully weighed opinion and permit the right of reply. If we infuriate you or gladden your heart, we'd like to know. The blue pencil will not weigh heavily. However, grammatical or stylistic changes will be made as needed in any correspondence. In addition, letters must be signed. But, we shall in no way alter the thought, whether or not it is widely shared or the convictions of a handful or of only an individual.

Our attention shall be turned toward no particular group. We will not rubber stamp administration policy. Nor shall we always reach accord with student sentiments. If some action is laudatory, our praise goes to it. If shoddy, our reaction will be stern reproof. It is as worthwhile to scold as to extol. Because of deep concern and feeling we incessantly maintain our right to criticize our school, nation, world, or perhaps indulge in laughter about the whole human comedy. This week, let's look at a national entertainment, the 1968 presidential race. It can do no harm.

Regardless of how silly it may appear at times, we have in this way (the format's the same, only the method differs) chosen men like Jefferson, Andrew Jackson (no national debt at one point in his administration), and Lincoln (the backwoods veneer concealed political sophistication).

This year's candidates are engaged in a three cornered fight. They are an amazing trio. There is the Wall Street Lawyer who hopes to give the underprivileged and disenfranchised a "piece of the action," that is a part of free enterprise. Another candidate runs to give the "lil' old" forgotten man a chance to have a say in government. The Democratic standard bearer is an ex-pharmacist who hopes to play alchemist and create enough anti-administration gold to gain support from a prospecting fourth fellow who happens to be something of a guru to the young. Other than that, candidate number four, a failed nominee, performs feats of memory, quoting Chesterton at will.

Among the down-home boy, the druggist and the lawyer, the current betting favorite is the barrister. The last President many of his party speak of was a gangly veteran of the Black Hawk wars also seasoned in the legal profession. Though this leader in the sixties of the century preceding ours never orated on the "inner city" or "law and order," he did speak of "a house divided," quoting from the Bible. This is considered pretty gauche in 1968.

Today, like Orphan Annie or Charlie Brown, the front runner is a known dog owner, at least in the past, of a spaniel named "Checkers." As he never publicly pulled its ears, he may have rallied the ASPCA vote to his banner.

Still, he must stave off the challenge of the glib druggist, who calls him "Fearless Fosdick" in an obvious attempt to gain the support of old LaGuardia partisans. Too, he must be wary of the "ol'guvner" who is around stumping for "jes' plain pee-pul." Ever a raconteur in many of his spiels, at one stop he called to mind a time in his flaming youth when he sold magazine subscriptions in a small North Carolina town. An adoring public heard this bit of nostalgia. In truth, some in his audience paid twenty-five dollars for barbecue plates at a supper two hours before the fiery rhetoric began.

Americans, with his dark horse name constantly before them, may write in Louis Harris, dashing all hopes of: (1) joyful politics (2) standing up for American and (3) giving the Loyal Opposition their chance.

WAR NOTES: What of the 20-year old Marine, recently found guilty of murdering five Saigon civilians?.....Some people just don't know when to kill and when not to..... It's all pretty confusing to us but then everyone can't have John Wayne's analytical abilities.



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