

Democracy Gets The Guillotine

The House of Representatives has crippled a vital organ of education in the name of economy.

The State Department's student-teacher exchange program is the object of a fund slash which effectively eliminates the exchange of students and leaders with many areas of the world. Even the time-proven Fulbright scholarship system is being undermined.

This comes at a time when more, not less, emphasis should be placed on effective methods of spreading the democratic ideology. Instead, student exchange joins the Voice of America and other media of communication between the people of the world which have gone to the Congressional guillotine while more and more billions pour into the arms race.

It occurs to us that this is an area where students can make their voices heard. Senate restoration of the cut in exchange funds is still possible. The chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee is Sen. Bridges of New Hampshire; your letter will make a difference.

And if the student Legislature really wants to support the National Students Association, which is fighting the cut in the educational exchange program, its members might make a stand the NSA could use in testimony before the Senate Committee.

It is far too dark an hour in the world for us to stand watching while others put the lights out.

Past & Present

"The past is prologue," wrote somebody once, and the nation has found that quotation meaningful enough to have it inscribed on the front of the National Archives Building in Washington.

It seems intelligent to believe in the interaction of the past and present. Knowing the past lends perspective and a pattern into which daily events can slip as they happen.

Sometimes, though, in our insistence that we must know the past, we may not notice the present—especially when moving through the catalized demands of a university curriculum.

A William Stringer column from Washington in *The Christian Science Monitor* alerted this concern in us. "A few evenings ago," he relates, "I took an informal poll among an intelligent group of students visiting Washington from a Pennsylvania college. I asked how many had heard that France had asked the United States a tremendously crucial question: . . . Of more than a dozen alert men majoring in political science and government only three had heard of this French request."

It is a platitude, but not untrue by being one, that what happens one of these days may change our lives, individually and collectively. There is no excuse for ignorance when the price of the daily paper is five cents.

What occurs to us is that maybe these political science and government students whom Mr. Stringer interviewed—and all of us—should take time out from Locke for a look around.

Gracious Living—II

The staff of life is coming across the counter cold. Lenoir Hall is serving clammy muffins and cornsticks that form doughy companions to good repasts. Hot rolls, we say, are a necessary part of Gracious Living in Chapel Hill. We want a flame kindled under our daily bread.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Tar Heel At Large

—Chuck Hauser—

BAREFOOT DAY wasn't exactly what you would call a whopping success, thanks to the weather. I searched in vain for a set of bare pinkies for hours yesterday, and finally gave up. One of my correspondents, however, reported that he had seen a barefooted senior, and another reporter swore that he had seen two. One freshman I know, who goes barefoot at home all the time, had been waiting to take advantage of the Big Day ever since he first heard of the custom. I asked him last night how he had enjoyed his day of pedal freedom and illegal senior impersonation. He said he went barefoot to his 8 o'clock class, and nearly caught pneumonia. He went back to the dorm and put on a pair of heavy argyles and white bucks and walked into his 9 o'clock class seven and a half minutes late, convinced that crime doesn't pay.

★ THE OPINIONS expressed in this column are not necessarily those of the author. I make this point because I have been accused of believing that Gordon Gray is wrong to go to Washington to handle such jobs as the Oppenheimer security committee. The fact is, I believe that Gray, like his predecessor Frank Graham, serves his University best by serving his country when it needs him.

★ CORPORAL Dickenson got ten years at hard labor, according to the newspapers. I'll bet there are 21 Americans somewhere behind the Iron Curtain who are thankful they didn't follow him back to "freedom" during the last days of the prisoner exchange period.

★ UNDER PRESSURE from the University Party, Tom Creasy did not go along with the proposal from the opposition party that he appoint Don Geiger as attorney general. Instead, he made Don assistant attorney-general, which was a nice gesture, but hardly a completely effective prime mover to carry the UP program through the SP Legislature.

★ IT'S GETTING right dangerous to walk across campus these days, with all the falling greenery. I was watching one of the tree mechanics near New East the other day. He was playing the old Joe McCarthy game, sitting on the end of a limb and saving it off on the tree side. But when he sawed through, and the limb dropped away, I realized that he was hanging safely on a rope seat, escaping, like Mr. McCarthy, an apparently inevitable fall.

★ THE CAROLINA Young Democrats Club, presumably a non-partisan organization in relation to internal fights in the party, seems to have some pretty partisan ideas about primary senatorial candidates. And the fast piece of verbal footsie the YDC played with Alvin Wingfield hardly explains the club's refusal to invite him to speak in Chapel Hill. The fact that the YDC doesn't like Wingfield's views is not reason enough; it is not supposed to differentiate between viewpoints. And this statement that the speaking program for the year had been completed before Wingfield declared for the Senate is pretty darned weak. I know it would be a terrible burden for the YDC to make arrangements to get Gerrard Hall for another night. Rubbish! The sad thing about it is that Wingfield is a far better platform speaker than either Scott or Lennon!

★ CURRENT SERIES of articles running in the Greensboro Daily News entitled "Caribbean Cockleshell" is written by Archibald Yow, a former Carolina student and sailing enthusiast. Yow, who has often been accused of staging shipwrecks to get publicity, tells the story of a lot more in the articles.

'OK, Boys, Vacation's Over'



Winnie Wouldn't Budge

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON. — Two of the most persuasive personalities in the Western world — Winston Churchill and Adm. Arthur Radford — met in London for a vital unpublicized talk on Indochina the other day and, though it hasn't been announced, Churchill proved himself the most persuasive.

The question at issue was whether Great Britain should support the United States and back up our proposed intervention in Indochina.

Secretary of State Dulles, who also talked with Churchill on his earlier trip to Europe, got nowhere with him. The aged and forceful Prime Minister of England would not even join the United States in a declaration of warning to Russia.

Following this, Admiral Radford stopped off in London to try his luck with Churchill. Radford is considered one of the most dynamic men in Washington. In fact, he won his job as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff partly by his persuasive personality. For, when President-elect Eisenhower stopped off at Iwo Jima on his trip to Korea, Radford met him, took Ike for an hour's walk while the plane refueled, and during that time sold him on a lot of ideas such as rebuilding Chiang Kai-Shek's navy for use against the Chinese mainland.

Ike was so impressed that he asked Radford to accompany him on the remainder of the trip to Korea.

Since then Radford has been the only member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff who has favored U. S. intervention in Indochina. But he has managed to sell Eisenhower on that policy — provided our Western allies went along.

So, with Dulles having failed to win Churchill, Admiral Radford himself stopped to see him. The Prime Minister, however, was adamant. He said that American intervention in Indochina would be the biggest mistake the United States could ever make. And Radford, despite his logic and eloquence, could not budge him.

Note — After his talk with Churchill, Radford was suddenly called home. He was not scheduled to return, but got White House instructions to come back immediately — presumably to report to the National Security Council.

McCarthy's G-Man

There was a good reason why Joe McCarthy got his back up and protested so vigorously when it was proposed last week that his chief investigator, Don Surine, be called to testify regarding the distorted Secretary Stevens-David Schine photo. McCarthy even threatened to resume the chairmanship of the

committee—a power incidentally which he does not have—if Surine was called. He so scared timid temporary Chairman Mundt, however, that Surine was not called.

Reason for McCarthy concern was that Sen. Stuart Symington of Missouri has shrewdly asked each ex-FBI man who has testified so far regarding his severance from the FBI. He has established that they all resigned in good standing.

Not so, however, with Surine. Surine, who has been with McCarthy longer than any other investigator and is the man closest to him, was fired from the FBI. That's one reason why McCarthy didn't want Surine called to the witness stand.

Surine was fired in connection with a white slave case in Baltimore.

This fact was developed by the Senate Rules Subcommittee which probed McCarthy's finances in 1951. At first the FBI tried to protect Surine — perhaps indicative of the close liaison between J. Edgar Hoover and McCarthy. Later, when Senator Hennings of Missouri persisted in wanting to know the full facts regarding Surine, he received an official letter stating that Surine had tried to resign but had not been permitted to do so.

However, Surine has continued on the taxpayers' payroll as McCarthy's no. 1 investigator. He was the man charged by William Fedder, the Baltimore printer, with kidnapping him during the Maryland campaign against Senator Tydings. He's also among those who scared the mother-in-law of Arthur Pierson during the investigation of his partner, Assistant Secretary of Defense Struve Hensel.

Surine also went to New York to probe Assistant Secretary of Defense Anna Rosenberg, before the erroneous smear charges were made that she was a Communist. The Senate, however, unanimously rebuffed the charges and confirmed Mrs. Rosenberg.

Finally the faked picture of Earl Browder and Senator Tydings, used in the Maryland campaign, is strangely reminiscent of the "trimmed" picture of Secretary of the Army Stevens and G. David Schine.

No wonder McCarthy protested so vigorously when it was proposed that Don Surine be called to the witness stand.

McCarthy & Taxes

A lot of people don't realize it — including at first this writer and probably the Secretary of the Army — but it was one Dwight D. Eisenhower who played into McCarthy's hands by permitting him to examine income-tax returns.

Without an order from the President, it's a penitentiary offense for the Treasury to give tax returns to anyone, even a Senator. However, on Feb. 19, 1953, Eisenhower signed a blanket executive order, no. 10,435, giving the McCarthy Committee and other investigating

committees the power to get any income-tax returns they wanted merely by writing a letter to the treasury.

Hence Commissioner T. Coleman Andrews has no choice about giving McCarthy all tax returns — if Joe asks for them.

Thus it was that, when McCarthy learned Assistant Secretary of Defense Struve Hensel was helping to prepare the Army's case against him, all he had to do was ask for Hensel's tax returns and he got them — as well as those of various other Pentagon people.

(Laughter) In The Senate

(From The Congressional Record.)

Mr. GOLDWATER obtained the floor.

Mr. MURRAY. I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Does the Senator from Arizona yield for that purpose?

Mr. GOLDWATER. I decline to yield for that purpose.

The PRESIDING OFFICER: The Senator from Arizona declines to yield.

Mr. GOLDWATER. I should like to know whether it is within my prerogative to refuse to yield.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator is correct. He may refuse to yield. The Senator from Arizona declines to yield except for a question.

Mr. MURRAY. Do I understand that the Senator from Arizona refuses to yield for the purpose of having a quorum call?

Mr. GOLDWATER. The Senator from Montana understands the junior Senator from Arizona correctly.

Mr. MURRAY. It seems to me that in connection with legislation of such importance as that pending before the Senate today, we should have a quorum present.

Mr. GOLDWATER. It is the opinion of the junior Senator from Arizona that the Members of the Senate are fully aware of their responsibilities.

Mr. LEHMAN. Mr. President, I make a point of order.

Mr. GOLDWATER. Mr. President—

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Does the Senator from Arizona yield to the Senator from New York?

Mr. GOLDWATER. I yield for a question.

Mr. LEHMAN. I make a point of order.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Does the Senator from Arizona yield for a point of order?

Mr. GOLDWATER. I yield only for a question.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Arizona yields only for a question.

Mr. LEHMAN. Does not a Senator have a right to raise a point of order?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Not unless the Senator from Arizona yields for that purpose.

Mr. LEHMAN. This a most unusual procedure. (Laughter.)

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

("The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others. . . ." Hippopotis, circa 500 B.C.)

THE HORSE was looking profoundly pleased with things, considering that he had just exited from a class. But doubtless the joy mirrored in his weathered face was also reflected in the suffering visage of whatever teacher The Horse had just quit!

"I do not admit I ever gave any teacher a hard time," The Horse leapt to his own defense with the agility of a veteran self-defender. "The reason for my pleasure is, I am fresh from my hour of English 167, where Dr. A. Palmer Hudson demonstrated, via melodious song, the linkage twixt Early American White Spirituals and English & Scottish Ballads & Folklore."

What! Did the distinguished Dr. Hudson, already hailed as an authoritative lecturer and acknowledged as a man of letters with few peers among Folklorists, sing, as well?

"He does, when it serves to illustrate a point," The Horse said, flopping down unceremoniously on the grass. "But on this occasion he was cast in the role of entrepreneur. The singing was done by seven UNC graduate students and the wife of a North Carolina College professor, yclept Mrs. John. The rendition of the White Spirituals was professional in competence, and it is unfortunate that the group is not presented to large audiences."

It was that good? The University radio station should hear about this!

"Unfortunately, many of the graduate students in the octet are tied up in preparation for examinations," The Horse rued it. "But none the less it is my guess that Mr. Patterson, who sub-directed the group presented by Dr. Palmer Hudson, will be busy turning down requests. He should be. Good as was the group in *toto*, the surprise to me was that the petite and charming Mrs. John is possessed of a voice of such amazing volume. Her facility with the high notes of the Spirituals — *coloratura* passages, really—stamps her as a performer who could even be heard in Memorial Auditorium."

Oh, come now! People who could hear the hum of a hummingbird ten leagues distant, had been known to come away from Memorial Hall musical comedies under the Impression that they had attended an operatic pantomime, so anti-acoustical were the barnlike reaches of Memorial Hall.

"You mention something which I long to have someone bring to the attention of our great and good friend and alumnus, John Motley Morehead," The Horse sighed. "It is a sad fact that some of our UNC sons and daughters do not fully appreciate the Planetarium for what it is: the generous gift of a generous man. But none could fail to hail the real service to every facet of our campus life if a Morehead Auditorium were to replace the current soundproof arrangement. After all, the Planetarium finds duplication in the night skies. A modern and sound-transmitting auditorium is something we've never had, and maybe never will have unless it comes to us as a gift."

Didn't The Horse think there was a limit to an alumnus giving?

"Not to hear Secretary Saunders of The Alumni Giving Campaign, tell about it, there is no limit," The Horse laughed. "He snuck into Memorial Hall behind Chancellor Bob on Tuesday and put the bee on the Seniors gathered there before they are yet alumni. For once, it was good not to have good acoustics."

"Wump!" Mr. Wump, the Frog, agreed enthusiastically.

YOU Said It

Bang!

Editor:

For the past few days I have been wondering if fireworks have been outlawed in this state and in Chapel Hill. The answer apparently is no because of the numerous nightly disturbances of exploding fireworks. Assuming the "no" answer is correct, would it be asking too much of my fellow collegians to show some consideration for the majority of students who prefer not to lose sleep or study time because of exploding fireworks? There are also those war veterans on our campus who I feel sure do not like to be reminded of war experiences by the sound of unexpected fireworks late at night.

Perhaps the tooting of car horns, the exploding firecrackers, the blowing of trumpets, and other loud noises late at night all serve as a commentary on mankind's difficult problems on this earth. The climate of opinion seems to be: "To hell with everybody else so long as I get out of this mess in fine shape." We are all in it together regardless of choice. However, we are on this campus by our own choice. By being more considerate of our fellow students and less self-centered, couldn't we all make our college careers more enjoyable and more profitable?

Brian Sherwood

Disappointed

Editor:

Listen here, man, I want to know what is the matter with these fat cats up in South?

Here it is practically Spring Germans with the old master, Louis Armstrong himself, coming to play; and me and my gal from over WC way won't even be able to take a sociable little nip. And it's just by the grace of Fred Weaver that I can even bring her into my fraternity house for chow.

Now Spring Germans is the one time in the year I get a chance to let everything go and get in some serious partying. So naturally I am more than a little peeved at the recent goings-on. But what I really want to know, man, is what is the long-term objective?

I look at it like this—my folks know that I take a little root beer ever now and then and my gal's folks know she does, too. So why all this talking trash—let's just get on with it!

Namp Withheld By Request