

## The Ascendant, Essential Work

From a second-floor window in Graham Memorial, it is possible to understand the tourist's view of Chapel Hill, the quaint town in the pine forest, the ever-changing, ever-charming village.

Last fall's sojourners along the brick walk that leads toward the Post Office wore cord trousers and cotton skirts, changed to overcoats in the winter, and now are back to cord and cotton. The cherry trees, so full of blossoms two weeks ago, are bare today, with just the suggestion of new leaves. But the grass is greener and Franklin Street's convertibles have their tops down. The benches before Battle Dorm are filled.

But this is the tourist's town. Beyond the seasonal metamorphosis, there runs a deeper current, more important than color and charm and not dependent upon solstice or equinox: the University's state of mind.

Into this mainstream come the high school graduates of Selma, Charlotte and Pine Bluff and scholars and teachers, bringing their minds. It is a brook that springs out of the home soil. "There is no ivory tower for a state university," Professor Walter Spearman has written. "Its faculty, its students and its administration belong, rather, to a powerhouse which continually generates ideas for the homes, the schools and the market places of the state."

This is the real University. And how powerful is the powerhouse? How swift is the intellectual current which feeds it?

From one building set in the Piedmont wilderness, the University has become North Carolina's most precious belonging — philosopher, teacher, doctor, sociologist, historian to the state. It has grown great in the sight of the world — and not alone by serving North Carolina, but by leading, with a stubborn liberal vision.

It is that liberalism which many thoughtful people feel to be dimming in the University today; and if it is so, it is a tragic truth, because the freedom from orthodox tenets and narrow, established forms is the spring, the very source of the University's stream of greatness.

Such freedom will not be preserved unless there are those willing to see beyond the tourist town, to understand and believe in an unrestrained and unrestricted University where opinion may be freely told and freely judged, where men of every sort may learn from each other, where no one presumes to dam the intellectual river with logs of dogmatism or bigotry.

Mankind's twin hopes of light and liberty expressed in the University's seal have their home here. That has been assured by generations of great men who, as Dr. Frank Graham expressed it, have "mustered here the resources of the race for the development of the whole personality of the poorest boy." If, as some say, these hopes are now flickering in the great gusts that sweep around the world, they must be shielded.

An endless string of morning classes and afternoon labs does not make a University. Nor does golf in the afternoon, nor the late show at the Carolina, nor architecture, however quaint, nor administration, however efficient.

It takes teachers, and students — both willing to involve themselves in learning. This is the historic work of the world, the grasping for a greater truth.

A rebirth of this spirit is clearly needed by the University, where the high ideal of education is so often reduced to the dimensions of enmity and meaninglessness. And it is not the University alone which requires new dedication.

For today, amid darker shadows that have ever before been perceived by men, the spirit of liberal learning becomes the ascendant, essential work, the world's hope, the world's requisite if life is to continue apace.

## The Daily Tar Heel

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## Carolina Front Thoughts On Faculty, Coeds & Carolina

Louis Kraar

WITHOUT BREAKING the rules of this day when Dragnet characters talk in husked monotones and the highest forms of emotion are hidden like sobs in a movie house, this reporter writes his last column today.

At best, writing a column each day has been enjoyable. It hasn't been a popular job, for one quickly learns that speaking his mind doesn't win friends, or influence coeds.

Campus politics — the subject of perhaps too many columns — comprise an important part of Carolina life. And despite the fact that the candidates this spring offered little other than smiles and generalities, student government is worthy and — at times — exciting.

COEDS HERE are, for the most part, drawly, agreeable creatures who knock themselves out to learn — then strive to hide it from their men.

The Southern girl seems to think if she "yalls" enough, sits on her grey-flanneled bottom long enough, and smiles sweetly enough, all will be wonderful.

Young ladies like Sue Fink, new Woman's Residence Council chairman, Ruth Jones, outgoing WRC head, and Patsy Daniels, Elections Board chairman, are good examples of what Southern girls can do.

But if the University is going to continue as any kind of coed school, the idle, sweet things are going to learn to quit sweet-talking and start doing.

WHILE IMPARTING the little knowledge I've managed to pick up, I should mention the University Administration.

It's not really as bad as you hear about in fraternity row, nor as good as you hear in student government circles. Like the rest of the campus, the Administration finds itself with an almost impossible job of dealing with thousands.

Deans Fred Weaver and Roy Holsten not only talk a good case of student freedom, but they firmly believe in it. And although I've criticized actions of the Administration here, I admire their belief in students and freedom.

THE FACULTY is the University.

Unfortunately, in our efforts to consolidate, televise, build new Old Wells they've been forgotten. And when the faculty is forgotten, the University is heading down hill.

A recent rule handed down from Chancellor House's office requires professors to teach every day. That means a faculty member doing a piece of research cannot teach all his classes on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, for instance.

While teaching students is probably the main job of a faculty, the continuance of scholarship and research is valuable. It builds up the University's reputation, and, more important, it adds to the world's supply of knowledge.

The Chancellor (or his higher-ups who passed the rule), should realize the importance of research and professors.

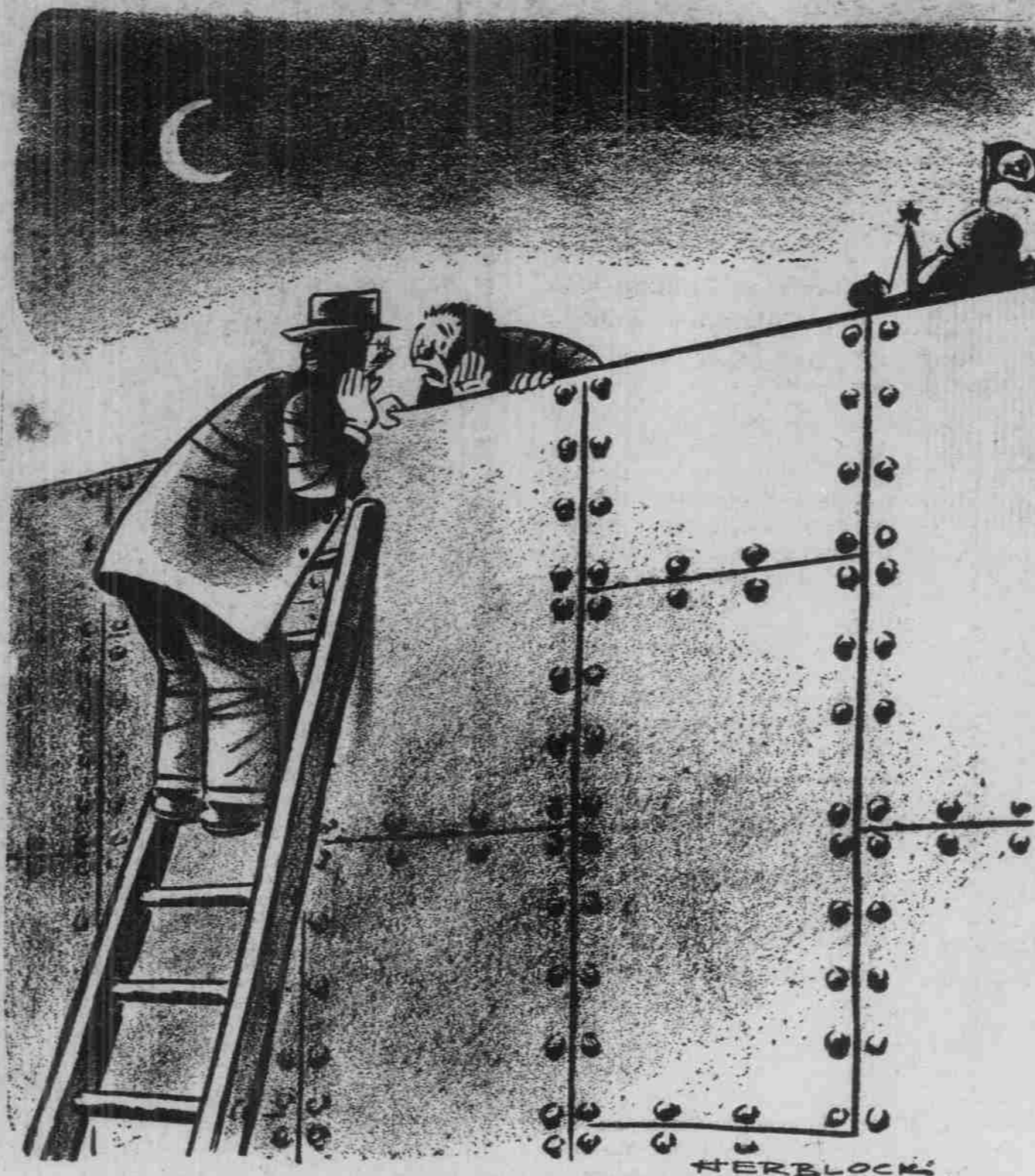
JIM DUNN, editor of the Carolina Quarterly, will be writing this column starting this Tuesday.

A talented writer with a light touch, Dunn's work (which I've already seen) should be enjoyable.

Although it's corny-sounding, this reporter has to thank his readers and his editor, Charles Kuralt, for bearing with him through seven months of Carolina Fronts.

I may have offended some people during these months, but I've tried to be honest with readers and myself. And that's not always a popular job.

## 'What Do You Hear About Malenkov?'



## Opening Up On Ike

# How's The Pitcher Doing?

SEN. W. KERR SCOTT TO THE SENATE:

There is nothing pleasant about reviewing the damage to effective government produced by an administration without firm and effective leadership.

It is time we stopped criticizing the batboys and begin to see just what kind of a job the pitcher is doing.

We have a most unique situation around us. As a rule, the subordinates always pass the buck to the higher ups. The underlings always want the boss to make the tough decisions. In the case of the present administration, the exact opposite is true. The boss — the President himself



EISENHOWER  
Howzat? Me? Inept?

— is passing the buck down the lines of command. He, and he alone, can correct this unfortunate situation.

The fears that the President's ineptitude have aroused have grown all over the United States. It is inconceivable to me how any chief executive can tolerate taking such an important action as release of the Yalta papers without his knowledge or consent.

Lack of control over his administration is made evident by the mere fact that Mr. Dulles would dare take such an action without first consulting the President.

It is with sadness coupled with alarm for the safety of the country that I view and review the chaos that has been wrought at

home and abroad by a government that leaves any and every top level subordinate free to dash off at any tangent he fancies, contradicting the President and canceling out acts and statements of fellow Cabinet officers and highly placed military figures.

Such a pattern cannot help but result in piling up confusion upon confusion and make for a government completely lacking in a sense of responsibility. President Eisenhower is the master architect of this confusion.

SEN. PAUL H. DOUGLAS (ILL.) TO THE SENATE:

The Eisenhower administration has stuttered, contradicted itself and has often been silent in making America's case before the world.

Our nation, which is known for its super-salesmanship, has miserably failed in presenting itself to other nations.

SEN. STUART SYMINGTON (MO.) TO THE SENATE:

The administration's policy in cutting back Army strength is bringing the nation close to nuclear war.

In reducing steadily our ability to fight on the ground, while steadily increasing reliance on nuclear weapons delivered by air, we may well be committing ourselves to a path from which there can be no turning back — world devastation resulting from the use of the hydrogen bomb.

If war should be forced upon us, this country, despite all its continuous boasting about its superior air power, cannot as of today lift and support a single Army division.

GERALD W. JOHNSON IN THE NEW REPUBLIC:

About the year 1911 a young man of Abilene left Kansas and entered the United States Military Academy at West Point; whereupon the Olive Drab Curtain closed behind him and cut him off from civilian life for 40 years.

In the special, insulated world of the services he did well — so well indeed that the brilliance of his record is unsurpassed by that of any American soldier. In the end he commanded in successful battle fore troops than any other captain of any nation at any time, unless perhaps Genghis or Xerxes may have led as great a host. So he became the choice of a large majority of the American voters for President of the United States, but in accordance with our traditional system it was necessary for one of the major political parties to nominate him. This led to perplexity, for traditionally an Amer-

ican officer has no politics, so the parties had to inquire. Whereupon he replied, "Of course I am a Republican."

The answer evoked some astonishment in 1952, but certainly it would have caused no comment coming from a young man of Abilene in 1911. In Kansas, in 1911, everyone with punch enough to break a paper bag was a Republican.

To become a supreme master of the art of war is an absorbing occupation, affording small leisure for the pursuit of outside interests, such as close scrutiny of the development of political philosophies. This makes it easy to believe that it was the information possessed by the young man of Abilene that was voiced by the old soldier of Africa and Normandy and the Rhine.

It explains a great deal if one assumes that the warrior returning to civilian life after 40 years of monastic seclusion of the military world, took it for granted that the parties were as he left them. When asked his affiliation, he may have meant to designate the party of White and Capper and the Rough Rider, the party of vim and drive that had just dethroned Czar Cannon and that was chasing the Money-Changers up telephone poles with all the single-minded devotion of a beagle after a tomcat. Of course he was a Republican. He had courage, hadn't he? And vigor and resolution and dedication to the general welfare?

How then shall one measure his perplexity, or point out to him a dignified and adequate way of escape? If the Republican Party had been what it was in Abilene in 1911 — ah, but this is Washington in 1955.

Artists and scholars from Thomas Mann to Oppenheimer have demonstrated woefully that one cannot immerse himself in an ivory tower for 40 years without a risk that some transvaluation may pass unperceived with a resultant malaise of no small importance. It appears now that one cannot retire to a casemate without incurring the same risk; for political parties are scandalously Protean, and the selfsame label that adhered to the cohorts of LaFollette in 1911 sticks to those of Joe McCarthy today.

It's a sad story, mates, but he who can find moral turpitude in it must himself be unbalanced. As the saying goes, it's just one of those things; and it probably serves no better purpose than to set wisecracks to wagging their heads, repeating that all is not gold that glisters, and pointing out that while Lodge and Knowland both remain Republicans, nobody can be one "of course."

## Quemoy-Matsu & The National State Of Mind

Edward R. Murrow  
On CBS

If the United States goes to war with Communist China, and attacks the mainland, as we have virtually promised to do, the Soviet Union may become involved, since the Communist countries are bound by an alliance that calls for mutual assistance. One of the striking features of the situation in Washington, is the complete confidence with which men like Senators Knowland and Bridges assure the public that the Soviet Union will not, or almost surely not, fight on the side of Communist China.

### THEY ARE GUESSING

That is no assurance to be given lightly, for if World War results from an American defense of Quemoy and Matsu, the death of vast populations is at stake, in our own country included. These Senators cannot guarantee how the Kremlin will act. They have no intelligence agents inside the Kremlin, and are not recipients of the most confidential information that Soviet leaders possess. And since that is so, they are not speaking from knowledge, they are guessing.

Some such guessing has to be done in the Pentagon and State Departments, since careful estimates are essential even if they remain guesses. But if we could know for certain that the Soviet Union would not fulfill its treaty obligations, it might influence our course toward China. But if we don't know for certain, our lack of information also should influence our course. Yet the Senators, and those of like mind, advise us to act as though we know something we do not know, and urge us to accept the risks, the gravity of which has never been surpassed in history.

### A CRUEL DILEMMA

Let me repeat, the crisis is grave enough however it is looked at. If the decision is that the United States will defend Quemoy and Matsu, (and of course, use tactical nuclear weapons) we shall receive no help whatever from any Western Ally, not a gun, plane or warship. Even Canada has served notice on us that it would not help. And we forfeit the goodwill of most of our Allies and most Asians as well. The Western Alliance might even be shattered.

But if, on the other hand, we do not lift a finger to defend the islands, we stand to lose what faith remains in us, first in Formosa, then among all overseas Chinese, perhaps ultimately in Japan and Southeast Asia, with fateful consequences. This is a ghastly choice, and one that foresight could have saved us from. We did not have the foresight. And now we confront a cruel dilemma.

But in weighing the consequences, in the train of either alternative, something has to be considered that is on a par with the military and political factors. It is the state of mind of most Americans. If we are going into a major war, perhaps a world war, the American people, if they are going to endure a hard fight, must know what issue carried them into the war, and approved of the decision to fight.

### NO NATIONAL CONVICTION

A Gallup poll published yesterday shows that the ignorance of Americans over Quemoy and Matsu is no less than appalling. Of the 77 percent who had even heard of the islands, only 10 percent knew who held them, and only 14 percent knew that they were 30 miles or less from the China mainland. Of the 10 percent who knew who held them, 5 percent favored giving Chiang Kai-shek a guarantee to help defend them, 4 percent were against it, and one percent had no opinion. And of this 10 percent, 7 approved our having advised the evacuation of the Tachens, 2 were against it, and one had no opinion. This is not the way a national conviction would look.

A war for Quemoy and Matsu would express the conviction of a tiny fragment of the American public. And President Eisenhower's great hold on the American people rests to a considerable extent on the belief that he is a man of peace. These factors surely cannot be the least cogent of those that are to be weighed in Washington this week.

## Adlai & Ave

Stewart Alsop

WASHINGTON—If Adlai Stevenson wants the Democratic nomination, he can have it for the asking. On this point the shrewdest observers in the Democratic party are now agreed. But they also agree that, if he wants to run, Stevenson will have to pass the word soon—probably by September or October.

No one supposes that Stevenson is going to get up on a roof and shout at the top of his lungs that he wants another try at the White House. There are more delicate ways of making his wishes known.

### CITIZENS REBIRTH

For example, a move is already on foot to revive the Citizens for Stevenson organization, on a skeletal basis. But obviously the organization will not be revived without Stevenson's tacit consent. Or take the case of Pat Brown, Attorney General of California. Brown is believed to be the only Democrat with a chance of beating Republican Sen. Thomas Kuchel next year.

Brown has let it be known that he will run only on condition that Stevenson is the standard-bearer. If he is going to run, Brown must begin organizing fairly soon for the primary contest. Thus, if Brown decides to run, or if the Citizens for Stevenson movement is revived, this will be taken by the initiated as a sure sign that Stevenson is going to try again.

### SIGNAL FLAGS SPELL 'YES'

There are plenty of other signal flags which Stevenson can hang out, and which the initiated can read without a code book. If the signal flags spell "yes"—and if they are hung out fairly soon—that will be that, in the now almost universal opinion among informed Democrats.

This is not because Stevenson is universally loved in his Party. He is not. But he is at least reasonably acceptable to most sections of the Party—more so than any other candidate presently visible. Thus a fight, inevitable in the case of any other candidate, can be avoided if Stevenson "goes".

Another reason why Stevenson can have the nomination for the asking—if he asks soon enough—is that the prize is not thought to be worth a great deal. The great majority of Democrats privately believe that, in a repeat of the 1952 race, Stevenson would be beaten again, perhaps worse than last time. But they think anyone else would be beaten worse than Stevenson.

Suppose the Stevenson signal flags read "no—but I'm for Averell Harriman." They are much more likely to read this way than a simple "no." According to reliable report, on their recent get-together in Albany, Stevenson and New York's Gov. Harriman reached an unspoken agreement, by a sort of mental telepathy. This telepathic understanding, put into words, might read about as follows:

### ADLAI COULD HELP AVE

Harriman: I'm for you if you run, Adlai, but I'm for myself if you don't.

Stevenson: I'm for you if I don't.

Stevenson might well be able to put Harriman across, if he had a mind to. As Governor of the biggest state, after all, Harriman has a perfectly legitimate claim. He has a useful habit of success. And with Stevenson out, the Northern professionals, like New York's Carmine DeSapio, Pittsburgh Mayor David Lawrence, Connecticut's John A. Bleyer, and Richard Daley of Chicago (who looks like becoming Stevenson's long-sought James A. Freley), would be most likely to agree on Harriman. And they might well have the votes to nominate him, over the opposition of the South.

But suppose that the Stevenson signal flags read, "I haven't made up my mind yet," and continue to read that way month after month. Then the situation is likely to start coming apart at the seams. For Democratic observers agree that there is a point beyond which Stevenson cannot hold back—and that point is not many months away.

### THE MAN TO BEAT IKE?

If Stevenson delays too long, a process of crystallization around other possible candidates is sure to take place. Harriman, for example, cannot afford to wait indefinitely for Stevenson to make up his mind. Michigan's Gov. G. Mennen Williams is making candidate-like noises already. And if Stevenson delays, a whole series of favorite sons will begin taking themselves seriously as candidates.

But the best bet is that Stevenson will discreetly raise the "yes" signal flag fairly soon. Stevenson is far from unambitious, and he is by now painfully aware that he cannot possibly duck the nomination and hope to survive politically. What is more, Stevenson is now telling all comers that the notion that President Eisenhower is unbeatable is a myth. The clear implication is that he is the man to prove it.

## Quote, Unquote

This morning I am borrowing a bit of home work turned in to me on a writing class by Bess Davenport Thompson's daughter Anne—reckon that will hold you, Bob; I know where the gal's brains come from—entitled "A Little Learning."

A college education is a marvelous thing. Witness these gems turned in by students taking a general information test at the University of Oregon last year:

Fjord—A Swedish automobile.

Iran—Bible of the Mohammedans.

Nicotine—The man who invented cigarettes.

Scotland Yard—Two feet, 10 inches.

There's no use getting smug about it, either. University of North Carolina students are not exactly filled with wisdom. For instance, there was the puzzled young thing who raised bleary eyes from her favorite fashion magazine during Phillips Russell's creative writing class last week. The question was not directed at her, but still, it bothered her. "Dogmatist??" she muttered confusedly. "It means...uh...has something to do with a man who runs a kennel, or something."

Still, she looked brilliant beside the blonde with the blank smile who was overheard in Smith parlor. She was an art major; seems she hadn't ever heard the word "syntax."

"Tax!" she inquired in a shocked tone. "I knew it was wrong but I never knew there was a TAX on it!"

We have heard that there was once a student at UNC who thought Hamlet was a way to cook eggs, too.

But we're discouraged enough with the process of education without believing that one—O.J.—at Greensboro Daily News