

Echoes Of Prophecy

Don't ask us to flourish any powdered wigs or silver-buckled shoes (18th Century style) to restore atmosphere, but we feel in succeeding Charlie Kuralt's days on the bridge much as Thomas Jefferson must have felt when he went to Paris to succeed Ben Franklin as ambassador.

"Do you come to replace Mr. Franklin?" the French asked.

No, said Jefferson, he could never replace Franklin; he could only succeed him.

Likewise we feel small of stature to put on the toga so recently worn by our predecessor whom we look upon as something of a prophet. A prophet must stand a lot of hard knocks from those who listen day by day to his prophecies. For often those prophecies are percussions which beat against the established walls of thought and feeling; and those percussions draw repercussions.

The choir of the prophet is to keep the percussions he feels to be warranted waving out of his typewriter; and, at the same time, to refuse to bow before the repercussions that shoot back (often with vengeance). So go the days (for here and now) of the prophet and he waits for time to bring appreciation.

The prophecies of the past year's editor, elaborated by a style as fine as any that has yet graced the editorial page of The Daily Tar Heel, were expansive. But actually they stemmed from one or two vital assumptions: That if the flow of student and faculty thought about deep-searing issues ossifies, if the University's venerated goals lose their luster, we will falter and all slide backwards together. What could be more direct or basic? Yet, in demanding times, what could be more difficult to guard against than a loss of grip on untrammelled thought, on the quintessential aims of the University?

And, speaking of prophecies: As we lean our ears to the wind after the echo of this year's prognostication, allow us one of our own: The world of publication, of shears and paste and clacking typewriters, of art gum and printers ink, of eloquence and prophecy, has not heard its last of Charles Kuralt.

Quo Vadis, DTH?

Where is The Daily Tar Heel going? As the new management sharpens its editorial pencils and picks up a new supply of erasers, this question is put to us. It appears in the words of inquisitive readers and the doubt that sneaks into our own minds this first day.

Segregation, the need for emphasizing liberal arts, campus politics, and educational television have been given their editorial due. But now we turn to new things—parts of these same issues that haven't been explored and countless other grievances, gripes, and campus hangnails.

Whatever the issues that The Daily Tar Heel will take up, whatever causes we embrace, we promise fair treatment to all sides. While student opinion is represented on these pages in the form of news stories, letters to the editors, and personal columns, we do not attempt to reflect in this editorial column any opinions other than those of the editors. This is as it should be. No editorial can be more than an expression of the editors' considered opinions.

The campus paper has often been attacked for being what assailants call "too liberal." If the critics mean by this catch phrase that The Daily Tar Heel is ahead of student opinion on such issues as racial integration, that we are not bound by traditional opinions merely because they are traditional, then we accept the charge with a bloated chest.

Should this paper ever become a mere printed mirror of the prevailing tenor of student thought, it would be duller than a pedantic professor trying to teach an 8 o'clock Saturday class; it would not stimulate or lead.

If The Daily Tar Heel can be verbally prod an often dull campus into thought and action, we will be satisfied. If we can record in these pages the vital events and ideas of student life in an interesting manner, then you will be satisfied. These are our objectives.

A Very Short Edit

VOTE!

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications 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 at 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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Carolina Front A Last Word On Elections —Almost

J. A. C. Dunn

FOR THE PAST few weeks we have been hearing a great deal of palaver kicked around about policies. Blotz's "policy" is such and such, and Smashpipe's "policy" is so and so, and Crackle-wicket's "policy" is this or that and it all gets very tiresome. We have had policy thrown at us in such gobs lately that we are beginning to wonder just what a policy is anyway.

We notice that everyone who says he has a policy, or demands that someone else state a policy, seems to assume that once a policy is established it will automatically cover all possible contingencies that may arise in the course of leading a normal political, editorial or any other kind of existence. We question this. Unless there is some definite question as to what the organization to which one is attaching a policy really is, we don't see how anyone can be expected to formulate a policy when he doesn't even know what kind of situations his policy will have to cover in the future.

We heard what appears to be a very simple solution to this business the other day from a newspaper editor in South Carolina. He said that when people came to him and asked "What's our policy on such and so?" his invariable reply was, "Our policy is to print the news and keep it clean. Now what's your problem?"

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IT HAS BECOME apparent that this column should have something painfully trenchant to say about the recent political uproar and downblast and whatnot. Acting on a gentle hint from an outside source, we went and asked a friend of ours just why people went into campus politics.

The reasons were interesting. Some people go into politics because they enjoy the petty intrigues and behind-the-scenes finagling that go along with party government. Others join the throng because they just can't bear to be out of the public eye for more than ten minutes at a stretch. Some few are drawn to politics out of a genuine desire to do something good for the students and to maintain decent standards in student government.

These are perfectly good reasons, though we are not sure everyone would admit candidly to being motivated by all of them. However, we have not yet heard anyone say that the reason he went into politics was simply because he liked it and he thought he was good at it. Perhaps there are some people like this, but unfortunately one never hears of them.

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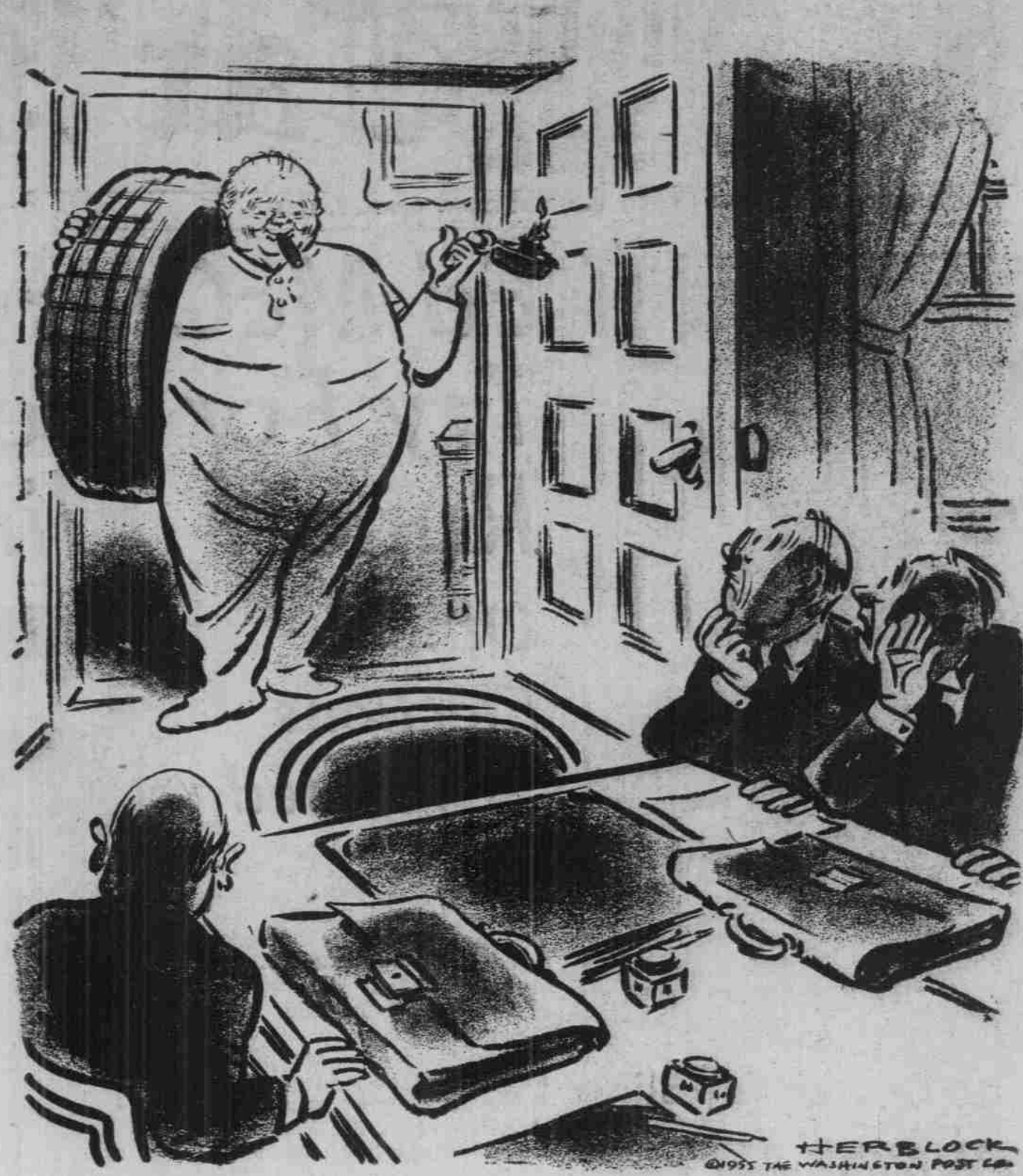
AND WHILE ON the subject of politics, a subject which nobody really seems to have been off for the past few weeks, it is interesting to note that while we have seen six election campaigns on this campus, we cannot remember anyone who included in his platform a plank which was directly connected with education. The closest approach to an educational plank we remember was Manntzing's recent proposal that there be established a reading day between the last day of classes and final exams.

And then of course there was also that TV business last year. TV is pretty educational.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF California seems to have been having problems quite similar ours lately. They have been through a good deal of controversy over the possibility of a new student union building, and they are worried about parking difficulties. Though they have not settled their student union question, one alumnus of that institution has come up with a suggestion for parking, an underground co-op student parking lot, connected with the student union. Not being construction experts, we don't know if this is practicable or not, but from the layman's point of view there does seem to be a considerable amount of hill underneath the campus for the students to go underground in. Perhaps a whole system of subterranean roads would be good. Just think how nice it would be to drive from GM to Cobb without ruining one's white sidewalls in the driving rain.

'On The Other Hand, He Doesn't Look Very Sleepy'



HERB BLOCK
GIVES THE WASHINGTON POST CO.

MATTER OF FACT

Saigon: Blood And Darkness

Joseph Alsop

SAIGON, Indo-China—A long, agreeable Chinese dinner; an hour's intricate discussion of the current political crisis in a bright-lit sidewalk cafe; a cool walk homewards in the tropic night; and then the sudden distant rattle of machine gun fire and the heavy, muffled clump of mortars. Then a long ride in a chance-caught motorcycle rickshaw to the first line of Nationalist tanks, where they say the Binh Xuyen attackers are retreat. A further advance down the Boulevard Gallieni over pavements scattered with mortar fragments to a crossroads clogged with troops, where there is a snick, snick and young paratrooper is hoisted into an ambulance with a grim, dark hole in his forehead.

After that the battle continuing for a couple of hours, with sudden sprays of rifle fire, hurried leaps behind the concrete terraces where the coolie restaurants put up their tables by day, tanks clattering forward, a company moving up under the dimmed street lights, and a crescendo of fire at the finish.

It was an odd war, this quickly flaring, quickly ending night-fight between the forces of President Ngo Dinh Diem and the tough Binh Xuyen boss of Saigon, Gen. Bai Vien. But it was an important war, because among the rather few casualties, there was one really big one.

For practical purposes, the American policy of using President Diem to save Southern Indo-China from the Communists is now as dead as the poor young paratrooper with a bullet through his brain.

FAILURE
It hardly matters whether the current frantic efforts to glue together a new combination result in President Diem remaining at his post. The Diem experiment has failed, and so much time has been wasted that it is very doubtful whether any other experiment can now succeed.

Clear notice of the failure was given by an experience of this reporter, even before the present crisis reached fever heat. The all important problem here in Southern Indo-China is to halt and roll back the continuous Communist infiltration of the countryside. The supposed instrument for solving this problem is the "Civic Action" organization headed by one of President Diem's confidential staff, Tran Trung Dung.

Tran Trung Dung is an amiable young man. His office in the Nordom Palace, just next to President Diem's, is full of impressive tables of organization showing the chain of command of Civic Action, reaching down from himself, through the provinces and districts, to the vital village level where the Communist cadres are

at work. But when I asked how many places in these impressive tables of organization had actually been filled, Tran Trung Dung gave a wry smile and replied with mild embarrassment:

"Well there is a special Civic Action group in the Camau Plain that we got together as an emergency measure when the Viet Minh left that area. But for the rest, I'm afraid there have been too many arguments about the budget and differences among ministers. I'm afraid, to be honest with you, that Civic Action is really just myself, so far."

This little episode, which left one wondering whether to laugh or cry, is a fair symbol of what has happened to the Diem government to date.

POWER FIGHT
The internal struggle for power has been continuous and ferocious. Four months were spent in the fight with the army that ended with the dismissal of Gen. Hinh. Then, when restoring army discipline was the vital need, President Diem insisted on naming a new chief of staff whose sole recommendation was extreme pliability. And finally, with the National Army still disorganized and demoralized, President Diem took on the sect leaders who had been his allies against Hinh.

As the case of the unfortunate Tran Trung Dung too clearly suggests, everything else, all the most urgent administrative, political and welfare work of the government, has been subordinated to the unending struggle for power. On all sides in this struggle, there has been the lack of realism one saw in China, of little men fighting for position in a country which may not be a country very much longer.

To this unreality of President Diem and his rivals, moreover, there has been added much American unreality. There has been some French sabotage too, to be sure. (The loyal and cooperative Gen. Ely sacked a general officer on his staff a couple of months ago for secretly slipping arms to the sect leaders who are now attacking President Diem.) But on the whole American unreality has done more harm than French sabotage.

This American unreality has taken several different forms. For example, conventional minded Americans find it very hard to accustom themselves to powerful, semi-gangster feudal leaders with large private armies. So the strength of the Indo-Chinese sects was seriously underrated; and worse still, the sects were dealt with in such fashion that their chieftains are now just about as angry with Gen. J. Lawton Collins as with President Diem himself.

POLICY LACK
Again, conventional minded Americans find it very hard to

believe that any country really can be utterly lacking in a coherent administrative system. So the word has too often been taken for the deed, as when this reporter was told that great things were hoped from Tran Trung Dung and his ghostly organization tables. Something of this appeared in Gen. Collins' statement in Washington, that there was a good chance of saving Southern Indo-China if President Diem could only put over his program. The Eisenhower administration's public relations men cried that estimate from the house tops, as though this unhappy country had been saved already. The only trouble was that even then, long before the present crippling crisis, the odds against President Diem putting over his program were somewhere between five and ten to one.

Those same Administration publicist men who twisted Gen. Collins' words, are a large part of the explanation of the lack of American policy in Indo-China have been under constant, heavy pressure from Washington, for something to show, something to boast about, something that would distract attention from the fearful dangers that threaten the free world in Asia.

The moral of the whole experience, perhaps, is that public relations and foreign policy do not mix well.

Balloting Bons Mots

Your every voter, as surely as your chief magistrate, exercises a public trust.—Grover Cleveland, Inaugural Address.

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A straw vote only shows which way the hot air blows.—Rolling Stone, A Ruler of Men.

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They have such refined and delicate palates. That they can discover no one worthy of their ballots, and when someone terrible gets elected.

★
They say, There, that's just what I expected!

★
—Ogden Nash, Election Day Is A Holiday

★
He cast his vote, distrusting all the elected but not the law.—Karl Jay Shapiro, Elegy For a Dead Soldier, VII.

★
Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half completed, while millions of freemen with votes in their hands are left without an education.—Robert Charles Winthrop, Yorktown Oration.

Passing Remark Singing Stops & 'Peace' Is Restored Here

Ron Levin

About a week ago, I was seated in front of Kemp's place on a sunny afternoon trying my best to get an early tan under way. Kemp came out and put a baritone uke into my hands. He wanted me to tune it up and iron out any kinks that might be left over from the factory. As I sat there strumming idly, a few friends of mine came up and sat down in the canvas chairs that were on display. It was after lunch and on a Saturday afternoon. The routine of classes was over, and it was only natural that we started in singing on a group of stock collegiate tunes. We had warmed up pretty good and were about to tackle a second chorus of "Down By The Riverside" when an ominous shadow fell in our midst. I looked up from a pair of unshined black shoes, past dark blue trousers, past a black leather belt and holster into a face of fairly rigid dimensions. He was a cop.

"Don't you think you've had a little too much to drink?"

"No, officer. As a matter of fact, I haven't had anything to drink. Why? What's the matter?"

"Your singing is disturbing the peace. I can hear it all the way up Franklin Street. You gotta keep it down from now on."

"SORRY OFFICER"
"I'm sorry, officer, but I wasn't aware that we were disturbing anyone. We'll try to keep it down."

His mission accomplished, the policeman strode off, climbed into the double parked car and soon disappeared from sight in the growing line of traffic.

Here it was Saturday afternoon. There was no classes going on, nor was it likely that anyone was asleep in downtown Chapel Hill at this time of day. We had NOT been drinking, nor had the occupants of the nearby stores complained that it was too loud. Yet, just as the officer said, we were "disturbing the peace". It was a plain as that.

It was a bit too plain. Peace has come to be a comfortable word for too many people... too comfortable. They tend to rest not only the intrusion of singing voices, but also new ideas, strange customs and foreign faces. Their peace is merely a state of dull complacency or a lethargy of existence to be likened to that of the sloth. Any action or thought that is the least bit contrary or different from the every day routine is to be fought against and forcibly suppressed so that the "peace" may be maintained at all costs.

PEACE
If what we were doing was disturbing the peace, then perhaps the peace NEEDS to be disturbed every once in a while and in a similar manner. Even through such a seemingly minor action as ours, mutual understanding and group happiness can be and was accomplished. The fact that the one driving force in the human mind today is the attainment and possession of some degree of happiness seems to have been forgotten by a few slow minds.

To those few whom we annoyed, if any, I apologize for our actions, but to those that regard this an similar occurrence as disturbance of the peace, I say open up your mind on a sunny afternoon; let a little... just a little... sunlight penetrate to remove the stale atmosphere, and then see just how much more enjoyable life can really be.



LEVIN & CONE
... 'But officer.'

Over The Hill

Charles Dunn

BEGINNING A new column in a newspaper is just like being on a television quiz program. You never know how many people will be watching you, you can only hope that the quiz master will sort of overlook any slight mistakes you chance to make with the low paying questions, and you wonder if you will make a big (or even a little) hit with all the people out front.

Those who know say the first question is usually the hardest to answer, and likewise the first column is usually the hardest to write, unless later you find something to criticize. There are so many things to write about, but few, if any, are worthy to read about, at least for the average "busy" college student.

But the job must be done. The smaller the dose the better.

TARNATION: When Tarnation arrived last week everybody dropped whatever he or she was doing to read the latest and to wonder what the administration would have to say about the whole thing this time. They found it up to par, and in places a little above. Some of the jokes were a wee bit old, and some had to be read aloud to be caught. Then there were others very original, very modern, and very appropriate, to say the least.

The jokes and cartoons had one freshman out of stitches. He had a split lip, with three stitches holding it together. He read one of the jokes, thought about it a few minutes, and before he could catch and control himself, he had pulled one of the stitches.

COED: The dean of women was recently concerned, and rightly so, about what her girls could do when they arrived in Chapel Hill on a bus late at night, after the station and taxi stand had closed. According to town officials, if needed the local police department will answer any calls from the bus station at any hour of the night. There is a telephone booth on the loading platform and the lights are left on all night. The matter is being looked into further by town officials.

POLITICS: The politicking is over, and after today's run-off, will soon be forgotten. It seems funny how election day is always set just so it will fall on or around the time so many professors have scheduled quizzes, or vice versa. Most everybody trying to study, and the rest campaigning.

Last week this sort of thing went on until several of those who were really studying started pushing the propaganda back into the hall as fast as it was pushed under the door. One or two got so perturbed that they put up signs saying that their votes would go to the candidates who disturbed them least.

It really must have been bad on some of the independents. One of them got caught in the middle of the U. P. and S. P. candidate for the same office. He ended up disturbing both candidates' propaganda at the same time.

EASTER: With everybody going home tomorrow something should be said about the Easter holidays. No doubt the wise thing to do would be to tell all to be careful and drive safely, get plenty of rest, and don't spend too much time studying. But knowing how this would be received, it's best to say simply "have fun, and do come back."

About The Writers

J. R. C. Diem, a junior from Charleston, South Carolina, a student of English, has consented to move down the hall from the Carolina Quarterly office—where he has edited the literary magazine for the past year—and become a daily columnist for us. Dunn has already crashed one of the most hallowed of slick-writing markets and if you want proof check his "Caroline's Men" in last week's Saturday Evening Post.

Charles Dunn, a junior from Ahsokie, will do a chatty column of notes from here and you about the campus. He's a history major, and his journalistic experience is abundant with papers in his home town and with Louis Graves' Chapel Hill Weekly.

Ron Levin, a senior from Williamston and, like J. A. C. Dunn, an English major is an old hand at Daily Tar Heel column writing, as many will remember. His "Rebellion"—a first book of poetry—was issued recently by the Old Well Publishers of Chapel Hill. We are glad to have his "Passing Remark" back with us.

Quote, Unquote

A best seller is the gilded tomb of a mediocre talent.—Logan Pearsall Smith.

Our true nationality is mankind.—H. G. Wells.

I would sooner read a timetable or a catalogue than nothing at all. They are much more entertaining than half the novels that are written.—William Somerset Maugham.

Politics has gotten so expensive it takes lots of money to even get beat with.—Will Rogers.