

Jumping Off Bridges With Richard Nixon

When asked what Republicans would do if President Eisenhower decided against running again, GOP Chairman Leonard Hall used to say: "When I get to that bridge, I'll jump off it."

The grim news of Ike's "moderate" heart attack (at first reported as "mild") brought the sympathy of the nation and kept GOP planners awake this weekend.

While The Daily Tar Heel has looked upon Ike as much less than a satisfactory President, we, too, are sorry of his illness. Since Vice President Dick Nixon stands a better-than-ever chance of getting to be President now, our sympathy extends beyond that of man to his fellow in physical distress.

As a matter of fact, the thought of Nixon in the White House is downright harrowing. (Since Ike would be the oldest President ever at the end of his second term—if he seeks one—Nixon will still be a heartbeat away from the presidency, even though Ike's health improves.)

Long before the President's illness, Washington reporter Richard Rovere did a candid portrait of Nixon in Harper's magazine. Reporter Rovere's findings are pretty convincing—convincing that Dick Nixon is not the kind of man we want in the White House.

Described as "robust, intelligent, conscientious, ruthless, affable, articulate, competitive, telegraphic, and breath-takingly adaptable," Nixon at once comes into focus as a man more concerned with politicking than policy.

As the author of political style for the Eisenhower administration as well as chief hatchet man, the Vice President has changed sides on issues quite as often as he changed suits. His misleading statements about communists in government have confused and panicked the public, squelched free expression, and won his party votes.

Not since his role in the Alger Hiss case has Nixon taken a clear, consistent stand on anything. Nevertheless, he has been a vital partner to Ike, presiding over Cabinet meetings in the President's absence, organizing the Senate, and making partisan speeches.

If this inconsistent, white collar McCarthy (as Adlai Stevenson has termed him) is President, we will retch—and so will national and international policymakers.

But he's not in the White House yet. And we have some ideas on how to keep him out. So does an energetic Democrat from Illinois.

Biography Of Dante, Noised French General

The General Catalogue says that freshman and Sophomore studies in the General College are:

"Intended (1) to constitute the foundations of that general education which is regarded as essential to balanced development and intelligent citizenship, (and) (2) to supply opportunities for the discovery of intellectual interests..."

A group of students, either in or passing through the General College, was challenged by an instructor to identify the Italian poet Dante. Sample answers: "A Greek philosopher," "Roman writer," "French general."

We don't contend that every product of the General College should have in mind a neat dossier on major Italian poets; but this incident is symptomatic of a deeper fault than the absence of that information.

Just look, if you will, what a General College student may get away with. He can get away without exposure to any major works of literature, outside those of Chaucer, Milton and Shakespeare. He can get away without exposure to philosophy, and Parmenides, Plato, Berkeley, Hume, Kant, Hegel, Dewey, Royce may mean nothing. He can get away with Spanish. He can get away without knowing Mozart from Kafka, Brahms from El Greco. He can get away with only two courses from all of history, good courses admittedly, but restricted. Thus he may know nothing of the history of science, nothing of the history of art, nothing of the history of the law. He may not know James Jeans from Justinian, Picasso from Cicero.

Need we go on? Name any luminary since the creation and if he has done much for civilization, chances are good that you can avoid him in the General College. Worst of all, we neglect centuries of Eastern culture.

Who among us can pigeon-hole Murasaki?

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Front The Newsworld Tenses: Ike vs. A Blood Clot

J.A.C. Dunn

WE WERE at a party when the word came through Saturday night. As matter of fact, the party personnel was thoroughly seeded with the newspaper set. Both editors of this newspaper were there, both feeling considerably the better for wear; both daily columnists (ourselves and the Y-Court contingent) were there, in similar frame of mind. The god-head of Tarnation was present in all his Bermuda-shorted and professionally side-splitting glory; a photographer, who was at the time providing a good deal more humor for the benefit of the gathering than the Tarnation chief, a sorority girl, a graduated coed weekending here, and the wife of the married editor.

The scene was the essence of innocent, though somewhat sudden gaiety. Then the word on Ike came through.

THE INFORMATION came from the shop (News, Inc.), where the managing editor and the night editor, having been busy cheering for the old alma crater all afternoon, had just caught on to the fact that Ike was not in the best of condition. The newspaper situation tensed: the front page would have to be re-made up; copy on the Ike story would have to be gotten from a reliable source; the only convenient reliable source was the national wire at the Durham Herald; someone had to go and get the story, since it would likely be too long for the telephone; the Y-Court contingent scooped up the ex-coed by the scruff of her graduate pedal-pushers and took off for Durham in a thin blue-cloud; the Tarnation chief collected the sorority girl and went along. The party was somewhat decimated.

ONE EDITOR straightened his face, scratched his head and gloomily contemplated the floor. "I suppose this means he won't run again."

"I don't see how he could; it'd kill him to campaign."

"Now if only he'd leave those golf clubs alone..."

"Will Nixon take over now?"

"Not unless Ike is completely out of commission. I guess he'll do his work in bed."

"It doesn't look too good for the Republicans, does it?"

"I bet the Democrats are jumping up and down, bright-eyed and red-faced."

"How much longer till the newscast?"

WE SNAFFLED the photographess and followed the others to the Durham Herald office. They were all sitting around at desks with portions of the wire copy, beating the fear of God into typewriters, copying the story as fast as they could. We snagged four paragraphs and typed them off, collected the other scraps of paper, and waited for some more to come from the wire.

The Durham Herald office was crammed with weary, coffee-drugged night newspapermen, all pecking typewriters, red-penciling, slouching in corners with faces hat-covered, waiting for assignments. None of them except the man at the wire seemed to care much of a hoot about Ike. They looked rather gray and saturated with routine—even under fluorescent lights.

Nothing else came off the wire, and we took off for Chapel Hill again with the photographess organizing the scraps of copy paper into coherent succession as we squealed the corners.

Back at the shop, the managing editor snatched the papers and sat down to edit them, while the night editor and his cohort conferred with the printer over possible changes in the front page makeup.

WHEN WE got back to the party one editor had gone home sober and brooding, and the other was pacing behind an editorial scowl.

"You know," he muttered wearily, "maybe this means Nixon will run."

Harry Truman's Memoirs: A Preview Of 1088 Pages Of History, Life & Harry

"A Secretary of State," according to Harry S. Truman, "should never have the illusion that he is President of the United States."

This is one of many frank pronouncements about government—and those who govern—that the former President makes in his forthcoming memoirs. Officially, the Truman memoirs—some 1088 rambling pages—will be released later this year by Doubleday. Life magazine is running about a fifth of the work in installments. But, during the heat of a New York summer, I had occasion to read the complete manuscript of the Truman opus while in the employ of Time Inc., owners of the historic work.

Here's a preview of one of the few personal accounts ever written by a former U. S. President:

It all started in Missouri, where a slightly-built boy with an insatiable hunger for history was inspired by sympathetic school teachers.

"My debt to history is one which cannot be calculated. I know of no other motivation which so accounts for my awakening interest as a young lad in the principles of leadership and government," Truman writes.

Not able to obtain a college education, the man from Independence relied on history to teach him political facts of life. Concludes Truman: "I learned that a leader is a man who has the ability to

ta and original interpretations of the actual agreements. But Truman got through the conference without compromising principle, suggesting at the conclusion that the next Big Three meeting be in Washington.

Stalin, head of the land that embraced atheistic communism, replied, "God willing."

Later, the President would make his statement on functions of the Secretary of State, when Jimmy Byrnes decided to make policy, rather than carry out the President's policy. Truman emphasizes the function of the Chief Executive as chief formulator of foreign policy.

The first two volumes (all that Truman has written so far) conclude with the dismissal of Byrnes, after the war's end.

One comes to several conclusions after a careful reading of the lengthy work—particularly that Truman's presidential prowess exceeded his writing ability.

Some spots, such as his description of Roosevelt's death, pack the grim punch of life. But other portions ramble, bog down in ponderous texts of unimportant documents. A good example of this padding with trivial documents is a tedious exchange of notes between the White House and General MacArthur about broadcast arrangements for the Japanese surrender ceremony.

Taken as an interesting insight into a man whom

Y-Court Corner That Urge From Six To Senility...

Rueben Leonard

PARENTS CAN no longer hide behind the family bookcases and sing "The Inability to Learn Blues."

The ancient adage "you can not teach an old dog new tricks" has been thrown out the window by Edward Thorndike, famous educational psychologist. Thorndike found in experiments with people of all ages that although the learning curve rises spectacularly up to twenty it remains steady for at least another five years. After that, ability to learn drops very, very slowly up the age of 35, a little more rapidly but still slowly beyond that age.

NORMAN LEWIS, in his book *Word Power Made Easy*, relies heavily on the finding of men such as Thorndike. Lewis says, "The person who can recapture 'the powerful urge to learn' with which he was born can go on increasing his vocabulary at a prodigious rate—

No matter what his present age."

IN HIS collection of data from various universities, colleges, and professors, Mr. Lewis found that:

1. The average four-year-old child has a vocabulary of 5,600 basic words. At the age of five, he knows 9,600 words. At the age of six, 14,700 words; at seven, 21,200 words; at eight 26,300 words; at nine, 29,300; and at the ripe old age of ten the average child is able to recognize and understand 34,300 words.

2. The average college sophomore has a vocabulary of approximately 200,000.

3. The average adult vocabulary is 50,000 words—one-fourth the size of the vocabulary of a college sophomore, only one and one-half times as large as the vocabulary of a ten year-old child.

4. The constant rate of increase among adults is in the neighborhood of fifty words a year—one one hundredth the rate of children between six and ten.

Mr. Lewis then sums up the reasons for the big drop in the number of words learned yearly by adults (from 5,000 a year for a child between six and ten to 50 a year for the average male adult). He says, "Day in and day out you kept learning; you kept squeezing every possible ounce of learning out of every waking moment; you were an eternal question box, for you had a constant and insatiable desire to know and understand.

Then eventually, you lost your great drive for knowing and understanding.

When that happened, your vocabulary stopped increasing—because your intellect had slowed down its tremendous rate of growth."

MR. LEWIS then goes on to encourage older people to read his book and give themselves a chance to improve their vocabularies. He says that no matter what their age may be, whether it is 30, or 40, or 50, or 60, or 70—or older, they can once again increase their vocabulary at a prodigious rate—provided they recapture the "powerful urge to learn" that is the key to vocabulary improvement. He then maps out a three-week plan of vocabulary building which odd as it seems—works.

IN CONCLUSION Mr. Lewis has this to say, "Is it any wonder then that the most successful and intelligent people in this country have the biggest vocabularies?"

It was not their large vocabularies that made these people successful and intelligent, but their knowledge.

Knowledge, however, is gained largely through words. In the process of increasing their knowledge, these successful people increased their vocabularies."

Get out the books, ma, we are going to get some knowledge.

The Harry Cain Mutiny

L. Edgar Prina In Collier's

When former Senator Harry Pulliam Cain took the oath as a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board two years ago, no one—least of all himself—could have predicted the astounding change in his thinking on security matters would follow.

Here was a right-wing, pro-McCarthy Republican before he left the Senate, a defeated candidate in January, 1953. Here was a die-hard supporter of the late Robert A. Taft's presidential campaign being "taken care of" by the victorious Eisenhower Administration.

The bookmaker, as everyone knows by now, would have lost a bundle. Last January 1953 he spoke to the archconservative Fifth Congressional District Republican Club in Spokane in his state of Washington. This turned out to be an opening salvo in what has become known as the Harry Cain Mutiny.

Harry Cain, the man who had used Communism as a personal political weapon in the campaign, vaulted him into the Senate in 1956 and there it again to block confirmation of Mon C. Waller, a nominee of President Truman, had now delivered a scorching attack on the Administration's security program.

If there were some who didn't believe what Cain had said, he banished all doubts on March 1957 in Washington, D. C., before the National Civil Liberties Clearing House. This time he read the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations and called for its prompt liquidation.

Three members of the United States Supreme Court have voiced approval of Cain's crusade: Chief Justice Warren and Justices Frankfurter and Tom.

There were other persons, however, who were less than enchanted by Cain's outspokenness.

When the SACB member returned to the Capitol after his Spokane speech, he received two phone calls from the White House. One was from Maxwell Rabb, the President's adviser on anti-Communist problems. "Harry, why didn't you screen that speech?" Rabb asked.

"Max, because I wanted to give it," Cain replied unabashedly.

The other call was from Sherman Adams, Assistant to the President.

"He gave me unshirtd hell," the 49-year-old Washingtonian asserted. "I tried to explain the merits of my criticism of the security program, he snorted: 'To hell with the merits. You understand this problem better than I do, but this is a matter you're expected to play on it.'"

If Cain has been an irritant to some of the House entourage, he has been unadulterated to the Justice Department. One high official, when asked to comment on the former Senator's Spokane speech, said that Cain is speaking in his field of responsibility. The official went on to explain what many persons do not understand: our complicated internal security system—that members of the Subversive Activities Control Board do not hear employee security risk. Cain's job on the board is to help determine whether the Attorney General is correct in labeling that an organization is a Communist front. Brownell reportedly informed a group of Capitol leaders in Seattle that Cain did not have a foggiest notion of what the security program was all about and that he was one of the most disinterested influences in the Administration.

The former Senator, who himself is not immune to criticism, thought the matter over for days and then wrote a 10-page letter to Brownell, is doubtful whether the Cabinet officer has been spoken to more bluntly.

"I am not convinced you appreciate the difference between your public pronouncements and the lack of achievement (in combating Communism) that follows..." he declared. Cain said he had been on the board long when "it became distinctly apparent that something was organically wrong in your department." He continued:

"The threat of Communist subversion and infiltration is either real, as you constantly say in public, or it is more fanciful than real, as your board's workload might indicate."

A new tack was taken by Brownell in the of the Cain letter. He directed Assistant Attorney General William F. Tompkins to meet his critic for a series of basic discussions on the program. When the talks were concluded, Cain felt confident that he had convinced Tompkins that at least two important improvements should be adopted at the earliest time.

The first proposal was one that Tompkins had been considering: to allow department heads to keep an employe on the job at least if his case has been heard. At present, the employe must be suspended without pay before he is granted a hearing. The second was that the department should provide counsel for its civilian employes in security cases, just as it does for its uniform in courts-martial.

Cain was hoping to get a reply from Tompkins on what the Justice Department planned to do. It is still waiting.

Because of a certain amount of misunderstanding, Cain likes to make two things clear: He has not become, in his own words, a "leftist." His switch is confined to the one issue of security and individual liberties.

He does not favor a weaker security program. He wants the present one to be "fair as well as effective." If a security officer has charges that an employe is on his side, he says, "I am an anti-Communist as I have always been—and I am a little bit more about it now."

While neither Jenner nor McCarthy would turn that Cain might be motivated by visions of glory to the Senate, some Administration officials say privately they believe that's it.

They believe, however, that his prospect of winning the Senate nomination in a hotly-contested popular Gov. Arthur B. Langlie, an anti-Communist, would be slim.

On his own part, Cain continues to demand to run for any office.



get other people to do what they don't want to do, and like it."

That afternoon in 1945 when he was summoned to the White House, Vice President Truman didn't realize that he would have to put his theory of leadership into immediate practice in the presidency. Up until then, he had distinguished himself as a conscientious Senator. And, on that basis, President Roosevelt had picked Truman as a running mate in 1944.

When the newly-elected Vice President reached the White House that April 12 afternoon, he was greeted by Mrs. Roosevelt, who said, "Harry, the President is dead."

Stunned, Truman asked the first lady if he could do anything for her.

She answered at once, "Harry, is there anything we can do for you. For you are the one in trouble now."

(It's not unlikely that this incident crossed Truman's mind this past weekend, when he heard news of Eisenhower's heart attack and declared that he was "praying for his recovery.")

Three months later, President Truman had guided the nation through the San Francisco Conference that formed the United Nations, the surrender of Germany, the Potsdam Conference, the birth of the atomic age, and the Japanese surrender.

He was in trouble, because the world was in trouble, but simple faith in his ideas of government was getting him through. He stated it plainly and congenitly in a V-J Day speech:

"... We know that the spirit of liberty, the freedom of the individual, and the personal dignity of man are the strongest and toughest and most enduring forces in the world."

But other forces in the world were blocking the path to lasting peace—forces from Russia.

At Potsdam, Truman found himself faced with a recalcitrant Stalin, who seemed determined to claim countless imaginary agreements made at Yal-

fate thrust into the world's biggest office, the Truman memoirs are fascinating. Inclusion of letters to his mother give the work a breath of life that too many historical works lack.

Don't look for any sensational news in the Truman memoirs. Truman isn't news; he's warm, true, living history—history that will inspire others to leadership just as earlier American history thrilled that schoolboy in Independence, Missouri.—Louis Kraar.

Exercise For The Left Hand

"Either we foster flourishing trade between the free nations or we weaken the free world and our own economy."—President Eisenhower.

Come, let us foster a flourishing trade, A trade universal and free. If the nations all sell exceedingly well We'll have peace and prosperity.

There's only one thing worth remembering As we foster a flourishing trade: We must keep a sharp eye on whatever we buy, Depending on where it is made.

If the British sell bikes that everyone likes, We must slap on a tariff or two. If the Swiss make a watch that is really top-notch, If the Swiss make a watch that is...

We must see that it's tough on them too. If the English make bids for a dam or a bridge That are lower than ours, pay no heed; We've got to consider the poor native bidder (And Pittsburgh's in desperate need).

Come, let us foster a flourishing trade, A trade universal and free, So long as we're sure we need endure Competitive ignominy! — Sec

—The Reporter