

### Come Back Or Resign

Perhaps there is a hot telephone line between the Pentagon and South Building, but if so it is a hidden one. So far as we can detect, the University has not heard a public word from President Gordon Gray since he marched off to join the Defense Department.

We are in the last doze of an alarming apathy if the students, the faculty, and the local administrators within the University intend to submit to the present limbo.

We have no leadership, save for the moribund "acting" administration; and it is impossible for a leader who is unsure of his tenure to function effectively. Yet we lie here, playing our fiddles, and in Washington President Gray shows no signs of interest in what is going on. All those involved in this crisis—we don't think we are being rash in considering headlessness a crisis—do harm to the institution, and those who support it, by thumb-twiddling.

The faculty and students should petition for a president.

The Trustees should ask Mr. Gray to state his exact position. He should indicate his intention to return within a reasonably short time or resign without condition.

### Nixon's Power Play

If all men in public life were as ruthlessly self-seeking as Vice President Richard Nixon, the Constitution and the Republic would collapse tomorrow.

Hardly had President Eisenhower suffered his heart attack, when the political spotlights swung to Nixon. The initial focus, piercing the darkness of the first hours, found Nixon at the home of U. S. deputy attorney general, William Rogers, who was then acting attorney general. Brownell was in Europe.

Nixon reported to the press that he left home to get away from phone calls. But Drew Pearson, the Washington columnist, tells how Nixon went to get a ruling on the ambiguous phrasing of the Constitutional provision for "disability" of the President. He asked Rogers during his illness. Fortunately, Brownell president, could take over Eisenhower's powers during his illness. Fortunately, Brownell was reached in Spain and he put his foot down.

There is no calculating how much political headway Nixon might have made if Rogers had given him the ruling he wanted. Nixon's wild power-grab seems to us only typical of the callous self-interest with which members of both parties—but chiefly those of the President's own—have greeted Eisenhower's illness.

What manner of men are they?

### Something Of Value On Fraternity Row

Fraternities constitute an important sector of campus life and student government. Some say that they are inherently unsuited for self-government because the tendency always is for loyalty to the chapter to take precedence over loyalty to anything else. Perhaps this is a limitation on effective fraternity-wide self-government.—Dean Fred H. Weaver in a 1954 All-Campus Conference speech.

Fraternities, the ancient whipping-post for campus editors and ancient deans, have done something on the Carolina campus that is worth both noting and praising.

They have opened their doors (and meal tables) to an international student, a visitor from another land.

Dean Weaver, an open-minded educator on the subject of fraternities, has repeatedly pointed to the potentialities of the Greek-letter clubs for doing something for the campus. Since fraternities are by the nature of their purpose selfish organizations, that is designed to serve their members rather than the campus at large, it is frequently difficult for them to see beyond Fraternity Row.

When they do, however, it's heartening. And we praise them for it.

### The Daily Tar Heel

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Night Editor For This Issue: Curtis Gans

### Carolina Front Kids Kids Kids: Ballistics & Decatur's Ride

J.A.C. Dunn

ONE DAY last week was absolutely jammed with children. Practically everywhere we went there were children doing something that caught our attention. The following three incidents seem well worth passing on:

WE HAD occasion to drop into Sutton's Drug Store in the early afternoon. Two boys, each about 15-years-old, were standing by the magazine rack poring over a gun magazine. One was rather chubby and his clothes were getting a bit small for him. The other was blond and short. Both had that look in their eye common to adolescents which betrays both fascination with and puzzlement at the strange goings on in the world around them. They hunched over the magazine and flipped the pages, intrigued by the show of potential violence.

"Frankly, I've always preferred pistols," said the chubby one confidently.

"Year, they're much easier to conceal," said the blond.

"Of course, they're only about half as accurate," added Chubby.

We stood innocently scanning the magazine rack and waiting for more gems of ballistic wisdom from this oracular pair. After a while our patience was rewarded. Chubby pointed to a scale picture of a revolver in the middle of one page.

"There," he said knowingly, "that's what you oughta have, a bolt action automatic with a clip."

"Naw," said the blond, "I don't want one of them cheap things. It's only got ten shots."

We relapsed into the abyss of adulthood, bought a copy of Playboy, and departed wondering what the blond boy wanted for a penny, change?

LATER THAT afternoon we went down to Fowler's to do a little domestic shopping. As we prowled around looking for the Minute Rice, a little boy of about four suddenly swished past us at a dead run. He was wearing a blue sailor suit with a cap to match and he was laughing maniacally. Right behind him and panting somewhat was a girl of about 18, obviously doing her breathless best to maintain control over the sailor suit with the help of another girl about 12 or 13-years-old.

"Decatur!" she called as loudly as possible without shrieking in the middle of Fowler's. "Decatur! You come back here!"

We reeled against some cans of spaghetti. Decatur? Could it be possible that someone was actually named Decatur? Decatur giggled devilishly and sped on, oblivious of the fact that his pursuer was gaining. She caught him at the frozen orange juice, took him firmly by the arm, and led him away to help with the shopping. We left the Decatur menage, collected a few more items and paused briefly at the meat counter.

At this point Decatur rounded the turn at the cookie shelf, screaming in fiendish glee, going like the Silver Chief on a down-grade. Puffing heavily behind him came the girl again, followed in turn by the 12-year-old. Decatur hung a swift right turn and shot up the dog food alley.

"You go the other way! Up there!" commanded Decatur's guardian to her henchman. The twelve-year-old swung off past the breakfast cereal section (two old ladies pulled their cart into the ditch, so to speak, as she went through) and appeared presently at the other end of the alley looking bewildered. The other girl joined her, and both looked helplessly around. No Decatur.

But there was a Decatur: here he came, pounding along from a completely unexpected quarter, clutching his sailor hat and grinning like a gargoyles. We flattened ourselves against a bunch of brooms to give him sea-room. The wind of his passing ruffled our hair.

The two girls eventually caught him again, laughing and shouting, by the bread shelf.

EDITORS:

For the past month Head Cheerleader Collie Collison, student body President Don Fowler, and numerous others have been working and planning for the biggest football caravan Carolina has seen in years. However, their plans recently suffered a serious setback when the UNC Band, following like blind sheep the persuasive words of Director Herbert Fred and Drum Major Guyte Cotton, voted not to go to the Georgia game.

In doing this the band has not only dealt a punishing blow to the caravan, but it has also seriously threatened to end something that student government leaders have fought long and hard for — class-free Saturday.

### 'Poor Elmo, Didn't Give Bet 99 Parking Tickets Last Week'



### MATTER OF FACT

### The Republican Disarray

Joseph Alsop

WASHINGTON—Even while President Eisenhower is courageously struggling with his illness in his Denver hospital bed, the drive is already taking shape to make him run again despite his heart attack.

Chairman Leonard Hall of the Republican National Committee has declared that he still hopes the President will head the party ticket in 1956. Hall's subordinates swear that Hall really means what he says. They also give all sorts of elaborate reasons why Hall's hopes may turn out to be well-founded, if the President makes the good recovery the whole country prays for.

Chairman Hall is not alone, either. Among other Republican leaders and in the party rank and file, everyone is automatically repeating Dr. Paul D. White's statement that the President will be theoretically fit to run again, if his recovery progresses satisfactorily. Dr. White's opinion has already become a sort of Republican slogan. And this sort of thing will quite certainly become more and more widespread and overt as the President's health improves.

### PRESSURE SHOCKING

In fact, however, it is obviously unrealistic and even pretty shocking to continue the pressure on the President to seek another term. In the first place, the Republicans had portrayed it as a wicked act for President Roosevelt to seek a fourth term when he was not in tip-top physical condition.

Yet when Roosevelt accepted the nomination, he was no more than a little weakened by the burden of his office. Contrary to common legend, he had no warning heart attack of any other recent illness more serious than bronchitis. Furthermore, he had just been certified as entirely sound by battalions of doctors, including the great and incorruptible Dr. Frank Lahey of the Lahey Clinic. And Roosevelt in 1944 was more than three years younger than Eisenhower will be in 1956.

Quite aside from this parallel which ought to be decisive, there are current and highly practical reasons why it is unrealistic for the Republicans to pretend that Eisenhower will now go forward as though the recent tragedy had really never happened.

It is an open secret that even before his heart attack, the President was reluctant to run, while his wife and son were bitterly opposed to his doing so. He had just about made up his mind that he would have to run, all the same, because of the continuous pleas by Gov. Sherman Adams, Chairman Hall and almost everyone else around him that "it was his duty to finish the job."

### Reader's Retort

### Assails Band For Cutting Caravan

A member of the administration has personally told me that if the caravan is not a success this year, there is likely to be none next year. The administration can see no point in granting a class-free Saturday just so the students can have a longer week-end at home.

To justify their stand the band has advanced two main contentions:

1. It will cause Director Fred a sizeable amount of extra work to plan and organize another show. No one in the band thought of the hours already put in by Don Fowler, Collie Collison, and numerous others in planning and organizing the trip. Personally, I believe that it is part of Fred's job as assistant director to plan and produce shows. If he's not up

to it, then he'd be better off if he resigned.

2. With only two rehearsals the band could only produce a mediocre show. I have been a member of the band for the past two years, and while it has greatly improved during that time, it has produced few really outstanding performances. I feel that I know its capabilities almost as well as Director Ford, and I believe that if they really want to, the band can produce a show at the Georgia game that will compare favorably with those of the remainder of the year.

Personnel money was a minor factor in the consideration of the trip, for the University would furnish the money for the band's transportation, room, and a good

portion of their board.

Perhaps I'm writing from a prejudiced viewpoint since I'm one of those who have worked on the planning and organizing of the caravan. However, I can not help but feel ashamed to be a member of an organization which last year went pleading to the student Legislature for more money, and then this year turns around and refuses to help the student body support one of the finest football teams Carolina has seen in years. Therefore I intend to attend future games only as a spectator and not as a performer.

As far as the caravan goes, it can still be a huge success, despite the band. If the student body goes out and really supports the team it will not only be proud of the results, but it will also have the best team it has had in years. Remember, "Getting there is half the fun."

Ronald Oldenburg

### Stevenson Announces In Nov.

Doris Fleeson

WASHINGTON—Adlai Stevenson will announce in November that he is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. He is, however, still wrestling with the next question reporters will put to him. It is:

Will you enter the Presidential preference primaries in the states?

He has been told by his supporters within the states themselves that he must say yes. But some of his national advisors are counselling him to hold back arguing that Senator Kefauver or some other favorite son might knock him off before he gets to Chicago.

It is not a decision that can long be avoided. Senator Kefauver will arrive in Seattle next week from his long journey through Europe, including Russia, and Asia. He will be met by friends who will start planning with him a Kefauver campaign in which the primaries are a vital element.

### CHALLENGE

The Stevenson people in the states are aware that they are going to be faced with a Kefauver challenge on the home grounds. They are asking their man how he can possibly justify ducking it.

It is a real quandary for Stevenson who has no public office at his back, no large treasury or fortune to dip into, and who is going to have to start an organization from scratch.

To the professional politicians the Presidential primaries are frankly a nuisance. They are expensive to enter and full of uncharted, unknowable pitfalls. There is no assurance that glorious primary victories will influence a national convention; sometimes they have and sometimes they haven't.

But they have great appeal in the Republic. It seems only fair that men who want to be President should be willing to put their fate to small tests before they ask for the big prize. There is a tendency these days to insist that nation-wide telecasts are the answer to all politics but Americans still like to shake the hand that may some day shake the hand of world's leaders.

### HARD WORK

For the candidate personally they are the hardest work he will ever do. Once he achieves the national ticket, the money starts coming in and much can be done for him. In the proving ground of the primary, he is much alone, and greatly dependent on himself.

One thing is certain. Once in a primary, the aspiring politician had better make sure he wins. It may not help him—but it will hurt him if he loses. This is particularly true of Stevenson at this point for his standing has not been tested by actual count for three years.

The primaries are again necessary to Senator Kefauver because so few organization politicians have taken his side. His supporters are convinced that he is as popular with the rank and file of Democrats as he proved to be in 1953.

### The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will-Coe

THE HORSE was so pale, when I saw him in his library stall. I thought for a moment it was a new horse... maybe even the horse of White Horse Scotch Bottles?

"That's a rye joke, Roger," The Horse said. "Ugh, same old Horse! But why the wan?"

"If it ain't wan thing, it's another," The Horse sighed, sweeping his typer, papers and poly-sci reference books to the floor of a grand gesture. "Ike's illness has scared me, proposing a Constitutional Convention, gotta do something about this business of good men by making them front-men for al phoniness, and the letting the likes of Nixon threaten us with becoming President."

What was wrong with Nixon?

"Ask his Republican buddies whom he double-crossed day and night," The Horse said. "If you can stand their lankwich, that is, make specific reply. Ninety-five years ago, in a grand gesture, another Republican managed to make a drunken, drooling speech himself; but this was manly and decent to the televised cry-baby act Dickie-Boy when his snide sell-out of his California governor which had been committed to Earl Warren sorely threatened with retributive justice."

What else did The Horse know?

"He blubbered; he called on St. Patrick, for some obscure reason; he hauled a handy pocket a pouch named Checkers and a picture of how disappointed Checkers was. Dickie-Boy didn't make it; he wrung his hands not the national heart, by sobbing over his Ohone and wurra-wurra, that we should be possible for such as him to assume the likes of Ike!"

I knew all of this, but I'd been trying to go over it again. Besides, since when was Horse such a rabid Ike-supporter, since when?

"I've never said Ike wasn't a good heart," The Horse shrugged. "But I do say now, that this country is too big for me to President, or too big a population to call President to shake everybody's paw, king lay cornerstones, and do his work, too. It should be tabu by law. It is ludicrous to go with Secret Service guards to ward off and then let his alleged well-wishers do him impossible duties and functions and responsibilities."

Agreed! So...?

"So let's some one, or both, parties, pick out two good men to run for the instead of one; let's assign a good VP to the President's ornery and ornorous duties; even change things so each President-elect not alone with a good V-P... and not a spoof or sectional-sop or ambition-mad man... but also names on the ticket three Presidents who will go in as a team with him."

What! Change the Constitution?

"It was changed eight time before it was adopted," The Horse waved a depressing "The Constitution is with us today because capable of observing the primary requirement alive; and that is, change. And me, The Constitutions and live Presidents, and again Constitutions and dead Presidents."

Well, hadn't Dickie-Boy — er, perhaps President Nixon — said they were a team?

"Yeah," The Horse horse-laughed, "of team where ten guys run interferences like while Ike carries the ball on every day the final one it's got to stop, this business of a President and ending up with a poll-ror"

But, Nixon had put Hess into jail!

"I know a cop," The Horse mused, "with two hundred guys in jail. Flatfoot Flanagan called, and he has a big dog which he calls dog name — Fido! — and none of yer sissy names. Saaaaaaaaaaaaaaa, maybe I can foot Flanagan on the ticket with Adlai, New York's Governor Harriman, maybe?"

Me? I left to consult with the real White Horse!

### A University Stood Firm

Had the faculty and administration of Hopkins University scared easily, they would have been stampeded into hasty and irrevocable action in the case of Owen Lattimore. When first McCarthy, and then Senator McCarran, of the Truman Administration's Department of Justice, and then the Eisenhower Administration's Department of Justice, undertook to brand Lattimore a Communist agent and perjure him corporate fortitude was required for the university to withstand the pressure to do so.

Johns Hopkins did withstand the pressure. He had been legally indicted, the charges placed Lattimore on leave with pay until he should be legally disposed of. It never occurred, never equated an accusation with conviction, never bowed to the storm of popular opinion.

The storm has moderated now. The college twice thrown out key counts of the Lattimore case. The United States Government has the dismissal of its case against him. Hopkins can take pride in a record which stands with the quiet announcement that Professor Lattimore has resumed his duties as a member of the university.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch