

# Political Candidates Of Both Breeds - Both Bad

We don't know which is worse—a political candidate who stomps and fumes and raises all kinds of sand and says nothing in the process, or the candidate who just keeps quiet and says equally nothing.

There was evidence of both kinds over the weekend. One kind—the stomping, fuming kind—was evidenced by the name-calling that went on in Raleigh last week between candidate W. E. Debnam and incumbent Rep. Harold D. Cooley, both running for the Democratic nomination for House of Representatives.

Both Debnam and Cooley raised quite a big ruckus, but neither showed any signs of leadership. Cooley's speech in the Wake County Courthouse was one big name-calling, as was Debnam's television broadcast the same night.

Neither man spoke about America's place in the rapidly-changing world; neither man talked about the South's biggest problem, inter-racial-segregation, in a calm voice, free of hysteria and other elements calculated to bring about false emotion in the audience. Neither man rose very high above the level of name-caller.

Friday night in Chapel Hill, however, the other type of politician was shown. The Chapel Hill League of Women Voters held its "meet the candidates" night, with Orange County campaigners for state and federal offices addressing the audience for three minutes each. Almost every candidate, including those for the Sixth District Congressional seat, county commissioners, state representative, state senator and county Board of

Education, was there. And they said practically nothing.

Just about all the candidates promised to work for better schools. One nearly promised his faithfulness to God, motherhood and the country's welfare.

Most of the candidates Friday night were either too scared to express their views on anything weighty or controversial, or they just didn't have any opinions on such matters. Perhaps, in this age of fear, it is better not to have opinions.

Which candidate is better—the one who raises the devil while saying nothing, or the one who says nothing at all? It isn't a question of which is better. Both are bad.

## Gracious Living: Number 6

If you ever dash out of the English Department's Bingham Hall (north door, first floor), already late for your next class, you probably come in violent contact with the rubber doormat that lies waiting.

The mat invariably lies on the second step from the bottom; half of it hangs over into thin air, hoping a student foot will come to rest on it, hoping the student will break his neck.

In the name of Gracious Living in Chapel Hill, let us bolt the mat to the steps, before one of our number is taken by this fiend.

### YOU Said It:

To the editors

And all of my Suth'n brothers:

Fellers, they's a real shahp furriner amongst us. He hails f'm Sh'cago, you know, the land uv Linckun. His name's Gerber. Marvin G. Gerber, and he's so smaht that he'en mingle with one'r two of our lib'rals an' fohm a 'pinion uv the whole bunch uv us suth'ners. Leestwise that's the idee I got out'a ree'n a letter of hi'n in this here very same Tah-Heel.

Now fellers, you take a man th't 'en do that, 'an you bettuh b'leeve whut he sez, 'cawse he's pow'ful smaht an' you cain't out-do 'im no mattuh whut.

Now lemme tell you whut'ee sed. He sed, "All one hears down here is malicious remarks about the Negro. But the facts are shunned that the South's prosperity is dependent upon the Negro."

You fellers heah that? All'uv you go right now an' wash yo' faces an' quit bein' so onery. An' c'moa all you black folks, hunch up yo' backs, I'm stahvin t'death.

Heah's sump'n else that feller sed. He sed, "I hope that God plays a great trick on all of us and makes all people in the next life one color—black."

Sum've you fellers tell now, I'zee fur th'black folks'r agin'm? He sho' did slam one on'm teah.

This feller Gerber went on t'make a earth-shatterin' rev'lution, an' heah's sump'n you fellers've got to know—Rusha, our fued'n neighbors, s'gotta membuh on th'great bo'd uv d'rectuh.

Theah's th' way this feller sed

### 'Never Mind—I Think I Get The Idea'



## The Trustees' Good Deed

The University's trustees were good to listen to the students Saturday.

The trustee committee investigating the hiring of a new Consolidated University president, meeting in Raleigh, opened the floor to three UNC students, several from N. C. State College and one from Woman's College in Greensboro. The trustees didn't just stop after hearing the students' general outline for the new presidency:

They asked questions of just about all the students there.

This is a good sign. For, as we have said before, the trustees are not compelled to consult the students on the new president; their invitation for student thought on the matter was a sign that the committee though the students should have their say.

That kind of trustee leadership is good for the students and, thus, good for the University.

## North No Angel In Race Relations

Editor:

Mr. Marvin Gerber, you do not hail from Chicago, "The Land of Lincoln," but from Chicago, "The Land of Hypocrisy." You are jubilant at the thought of returning to freedom and leaving behind the Southland where the Negro groans in bondage.

Apparently has never occurred to you, in your eagerness to attack the South, that your own section of the country might not be clothed in the robe of righteousness. You would undoubtedly not believe southerners, who probably whip Negroes every morning before breakfast, but we will prove this point by quoting from "The U. S. News and World Report."

"As migrants pour into Negro slums, Chicago's officials are struggling with mounting crime, a serious health problem and big relief rolls. Around the edges of the expanding 'black belt' Negroes moving into white sections are running into trouble—threats, assaults, sometimes even bombings."

The same magazine has this to say about Detroit, another city in your section:

"The tell about a Negro moving into a predominantly white section of northeast Detroit in January. This man, they say, was told immediately by white neighbors that he wasn't wanted there. Then his garage was burned down. And early in April he reported that he found one side of his house soaked in fuel, with a fire going."

This, Mr. Gerber, smacks of discrimination. And in your section, too. Now, Mr. Gerber, we expect you to pack your bags and hurry home to begin a crusade against discrimination in your city and section. We hope to pick up The Daily Tar Heel soon and see

that there is peace in Chicago once and for all.

Ronald V. Epting  
Robert C. Jones  
James M. Walters

### PETITE MUSICALE:

## Little Chamber Opera

A. R. Harden

### 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 in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1870. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

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Its subject is timeless—the world of the theater and its artists. Its characters are ageless—vanity-ridden sopranos, harassed directors and culture-smitten bourgeois. Its music is as youthful and ebullient as the moment Mozart delivered it to his patron.

The composition is a rich satire. Into some 40 minutes Mozart crowded some sharp comments on the musical foibles of his time and of all time, the labored and melodramatic arias of his predecessors and rivals, the inherent exhibitionism of musicians, the cheap power of flattery, the hypocrisy of temperament and the complete neglect of the humble soul who made it all possible, the composer.

The intimate nature of the setting in the lounge Sunday evening suited admirable this little chamber opera. All the performers, both those who sang and those who spoke, were a delight.

Ethel Casey as Madame Goldentrill, Bea Allison as Madame Siverpeal, Robert Andrews, who both sang the role of Mr. Angel and directed the performance, Russell Link as Mr. Bluff and John Ludwig as Mr. Scruples projected the satiric humor of the dialogue and the music with undeniable charm.

Joel Chadabe was the accompanist and in that capacity delivered a lively version of the opera's best-known music, the overture.

### Li'l Abner—Capp



### RATHSKELLER BARGAINS



it, he sed, "Everything we do here on earth will be returned to us two-fold in the next life. God is watching, and Russia is watching too." Now whut d'you s'pose, you reckon ole Stahleen—na-ah, that feller done went too fer. Ole Stahleen, he wuz a pow'ful feller, but'ee put 'iz britches on'n tuk'm off jus' like I do, an' I aint gonna b'leeve he's a setting up theah with my Cree-ater a'avin' anythin' t'say about my heah-afth, spit'uv whut no dam-yankee sez.

I reckon I'd ought'a stop with thet, but I'll tell you one mo' thing thet dam-yankee sed. He sed, "I will be pleased to have been here for these few short months, if some day soon I can pick up a Chicago paper and see peace in Dixie for once and for all."

Now feller, f'evah they's peace'n quiet in Dixeh, that Gerber, he won't need no Sh'cago paper t'tell'im about it. In fact, they won't be no Sh'cago paper, 'cawse the sudd'n halt in activity'll throw th' wurd off-balance'n thet sin-ridden city'll be swaller-ed up in a suth'n swamp.

Now heah's a wurd fo' you, Mistuh Gerbuh. We suth'ners reely appreshate your in'trest in us, but I reckon th' good Lawd t'ended fer us t'waller in ignernee'n filth. 'Cept they's one thing we've larned thet mebbe you'd oughta know. We've larned not t'go 'way fm' home'n try take use uv folks thet's dumber'n us. So you jus' pack your sack'n go on back to Sh'cago, th' land 'uv Linckun, boy.

Thomas S. Brickhouse

### Letters

The Daily Tar Heel does not print letters-to-the-editor that are not signed or in good taste. If the writers-to-the-editor wish, their names will be withheld upon request.

The newspaper is in possession of one unsigned letter from a student. It cannot print the letter unless the student furnishes his name.

"Animals have these advantages over man: they have no theologians to instruct them, their funerals cost them nothing, and no one starts lawsuits over their wills."—Voltaire

## A Resident Of Everett Reveals Unknown Facts

Editor:

As a member of Everett Dormitory and an interested viewer on its doings in the 1955-56 intramural athletic race, I believe that the truth should be made known to your readers as to the actual standings in the dormitory division race.

There is no possible way for Joyner to defeat Everett this year. I realize that the Intramural Dept. sends you its sheet every day and that your editors

must take it for a fact. But either the Intramural Dept wishes to hide the fact that Everett has made a shambles out of the race already and there is actually little use in the rest of the dorms even showing up, or else there is a man from Joyner working for the Intramural Dept.

In either case, I repeat, there is no possible way for Joyner to win the dormitory division intramural title for 1955-56.

Alan McSurely

### AND A BROTHEL

## Let's Remember Mr. Morehead

Through this semester I have heard many comments on the sun dial, and none of them have been favorable. Everybody seems to think that Mr. Morehead should have built a new dormitory instead of spending a reported \$35,000 on an antiquated contraption. But those same people should and think—to realize both sides of the story.

For purposes of illustration, let's go to Heartbreak Ridge. Here we will find many unshaven, improperly clothed in the weather, low on ammo and probably no supplies left. Then a helicopter comes buzzing and a gentleman steps out. He says that he is the land and feels sorry for the boys who are being for it, so he wants to leave a memento of great and illustrious name.

His present to these troops was a birthday cake. Just one big birthday cake. It was unnecessary, was not needed. Ammo, clothes and medicine needed a lot more, but the cake did bring a smile into their lives. If he had brought some ammo, clothes or medicine, he would not be remembered for it for many years to come.

You can still hear some of those same guys, years after the battle, saying, "There we were, rounded by 5,000 men and only 25 of us left. A birthday cake. Boy, it was just like Christmas. It really made a guy feel good."

Back to Chapel Hill. Apply the same situation to the sun dial. It is unnecessary, it is not needed. There are many more things that are needed—the sun dial does enhance the beauty of the campus.

It is definitely an added attraction, especially for the visiting high school students. After Morehead Dormitory will mean nothing in the generation, as Mr. Battle, Mr. Vance and Mr. P. grew mean nothing to me other than that these the names of the dorm where I reside. BVP, Morehead has picked one of the few ways to his name remembered and the administration parently agrees.

When I become elderly and a millionaire plan to offer to pay for the building of three dormitories, completely furnished, and give them to the University, with the condition that with an \$50,000 which I shall provide yearly for 25 years, the University must build and maintain 25 room brothel within walking distance of campus.

And if the responsible people use the logic they did in accepting the sun dial, things will be looking up at Carolina in the years to come.

Courtland H. Edwards

## Answer From The Journalism School

Editor:

Your editorial in praise of Professors Coffin and Russell was an understatement of the major contributions they have made to journalism and journalism education in North Carolina. What praise gave them was indeed well-deserved.

It so happens, however, that some of the material about other staff members which you presented as fact was in error. What interests me the question, what methods were used in obtaining the "facts"? Most newspapermen and journalism teachers would agree that an editor should have full freedom of expression on the editorial page.

They would also argue, however, that what presented as information rather than as opinion even in an editorial—should come from reliable sources and should be checked for accuracy.

The structure you used in your editorial is fairly common one. You began with an event, a retirement of Journalism School staff members; this you added additional information (supporting factual data concerning the background of the staff members), and from this you went on to comment and make predictions based on that data.

You said that Prof. Russell and Coffin "will be replaced, as those before them have been," by younger men who, on the whole, never set out to be newspapermen professionally. These "young men," you add, are "career men in the field of journalism education."

It is difficult to see how you are able to diet who will replace whom on the University staff. It is equally difficult to believe that you are omniscient enough to know what the "young staff members originally 'set out' to do.

Youth, it might be pointed out, is a relative term. I happen to be the youngest of the "young men," but it so happens that I was getting "set out to bed" (requisite experience, in your opinion, at a time when you were perhaps seven years before I was a newspaperman for several years before the possibility of work as a journalism educator occurred to me. And the experience of the staff and of most of my colleagues has been similar.

Your errors were, I am sure, honestly made. I know that you intended your editorial as a comment on what you seemed a matter of procedure rather than as a personal attack on the qualifications of any specific Journalism School staff members.

I hope you continue to maintain a lively editorial column in which you regularly meet criticism where it is deserved. Certainly the possibility of error in fact to which I am calling your attention is the exception rather than the rule.

Ray E. Carr