

Fight For Freedom And A Grim Reminder

"We shall avenge your death."—From the grave marker of a Hungarian patriot.

Tomorrow, Nov. 4, commemorates the anniversary of one of the most brutal instances of suppression of free thought and free action in the ignominious history of such action.

On Nov. 4, 1956, massive and mobilized Russian troops entered Budapest, Hungary, and snuffed out the last flickering flame of liberty. The Hungarian Revolt had begun on Oct. 23, and had progressed purely through the miraculous and never-say-die efforts of a minority of freedom fighters.

Assuredly no amount of Russian propaganda—Sputnik, shaggy dog tales about sending a shaggy dog into space, claims of development of a sure-fire cure for Astair Flu, etc.—can eradicate memories of this valiant fight for freedom. Nor can such propaganda eradicate the picture of atheistic Communism inundating and drowning hopes for democratic freedom of thought—a phrase which has now come to mean so much on our local campus.

Colleges and universities throughout the nation, upon urging of the Christianform, non-profit, non-sectarian organization dedicated to the defeat of atheistic Communism, yesterday commemorated the Hungarian freedom fight with half-time festivities—grim reminders—lest we forget.

One of the Hungarian freedom fighters, Leslie Toth, who escaped Communist tyranny by fleeing to asylum in Austria and who is currently studying in the United States, dramatically describes the revolt in illuminating terms. We quote passages from an article written by Toth:

"In the fall of 1956, Hungarian youth, as universally claimed, occupied not only the platforms of schools but also of political life. . . . Hungarian youth became great when it realized that this fight for life and death had to be fought. . . . This youth lived in a world where the state meant totalitarianism and dictatorship.

"Our youth lived in a country where there were more spies than street sweeps, more prisons than

hospitals, where the concentration camp was the largest monastery of the Jesuits, where the only country one could love was, according to the orders of the Communist leaders, the Soviet Union, where morals are laughed at and called 'a rudiment of petty bourgeoisie,' where servility, falsity and cowardice are the greatest virtues, where attacks against the very nation and the family have begun all over and where the soviet citizen and communism by right of 'superhumanity' drove millions into imprisonment. . . . the soviet citizen and communist by right of 'superhumanity' drove millions into imprisonment."

After Toth's explanation of the Hungarian Revolt's background, he described the battle in these graphic terms:

"We had not more than a few hours sleep since the morning of Oct. 23. Our clothes were sticky from dirt and sweat. The Russians were chasing us from block to block. . . . Bitter fights were still going on in the suburbs. . . . It was impossible to walk on the streets with arms and with our dirty and ragged appearance, betraying us at once as revolutionaries. Our having been spied by Russian soldiers would have meant immediate arrest, if not death.

"People were aimlessly walking on the streets, their faces betraying their utter hopelessness and bewilderment. . . . Yet, somehow, we had the feeling that even in this vacuum of despair, everybody seemed to wait for something, to expect a miracle.

"My friend Geza said to us during the fighting, 'Even in case we win today, we cannot know what will happen tomorrow. I have not much hope, but there is no choice. Boys, let us do our duty.' Unfortunately, Geza was right. That night the Russians overran us and captured us.

"Geza himself fell in action on Nov. 4, during the second Russian invasion.

"He was no hero. He simply did his duty."

The Hungarian Revolt was a big blow in the belly against tyrannical communism. And while party Chief Nikita Khrushchev even tightens his dictatorship with contrived plots called de-Stalinization and de-Zhukovization, the memory of the Hungarian study in blood and ignominy, freedom and the conscientious fight for freedom, muscles and minds linger on as consistent spur in the tyrannical communist side.

"We shall avenge your death."

Commercialism And Alcohol . . .

In this age of crass commercialism, we spied yesterday a sign on Highway 98 which we felt was the limit.

Outside Durham, both on Highways 98 and 15-501, there are advertisements from the Selected Morticians Association, of which there is a representative in Durham.

Of course, undertakers could find no better spot for their commercials than beside the highway. For, after all, whence could they possibly get more business.

The advertisement's strategic position is similar to advertisement of a hot dog stand inside a Russian concentration camp—if the hot dogs could actually be procured.

Commercialism and commercials have definitely come of age.

Next thing you hear of in all probability, will be the Women's Christian Temperance Union's advertising at football games and in long orations in front of alcoholic beverage stores.

But, commercials have definitely come into their own.

And to what dark spot did the age of reason creep?

CAROLINA CARROUSEL:

Free Opinion Or Recall? Your Choice

Gail Godwin

The "Down With Bass" petition has a far greater significance than meets the eye. Students are jumping on the bandwagon and signing a petition which if successful, will demand a recall.

This is a very democratic kind of student action which is exercised at not only student government level, but state and national also.

Initiative can be very effective if used in the right way. It can be very dangerous if abused.

To decide whether this initiative is a very fine thing, or, on the other hand, something arising from petty resentment, we must look at it very objectively and ask ourselves these questions:

Who takes the initiative. . . . and why?

If we look into the background of this first question, we may find some things that startle us. We may find that the originators have other motives than those of merely correcting a wrong. They may want to exploit an organ devoted to informing the public for their private use, and thus be seizing the first opportunity that arises which will boost them in the eyes of the public. This opportunity, which may come in the form of the editor making the right mistake at the right time. . . . The kind of mistake that would arouse mass indignation, is rain from heaven for instigators of this sort.

On the other hand, if the editor is abusing freedom of the press, someone must have the foresight and the courage to take steps to stop this. In this case, the originators of such a petition are loyal, interested student citizens.

Which is the situation here at Carolina?

If the petition is successful, a recall election must be held. Could the instigators of this petition benefit in any way from a recall election in which the present editor is defeated?

Or are the instigators simply a group of enlightened students who have thoroughly investigated the situation and have reached intelligent and logical conclusions as to how the paper is being run?

What could be the result of this recall?

Will it be a step up or a step down in the history of freedom of the student press?

Will selfish opportunists ride to positions of glory under a false banner which proclaims freedom of the press?

Or will interested students apprehend a lack in their student publication and remedy it by electing a new editor?

Think carefully, students who champion freedom of the press, for only one of the two above conditions can be correct. You are the ones who must decide.

"Now, Panel, What's My Line?"



READERS' REPOSITORY:

Readers Defend Free Thought, And Freedom Of The Press . . .

EDITOR:

Again this odious business of "recall" has been raised over the editorial policies of the Daily Tar Heel for the second time in three years. It is not without misgiving that one observes that a trend is being established whereby the Editor shall be called to account if and when he expresses an opinion contrary to that of the self-appointed diviner of current campus thought. But in a deeper and more real sense, the editor is not on trial here, but actual freedom of the press to print such opinions as it feels are to the general good of the campus.

There are those who will counter that since the DTH is financed from fees collected irrespective of whether the student actually wants a copy each day, the Editor should make it his policy to try to agree with that nebulous quantity "public opinion." But if we are to have a newspaper and not merely a publicity sheet for campus activities or a nicely supervised journal-English project, then the editorial integrity of the Daily Tar Heel must be protected. You have been accused of irresponsible editorial policies. True, I must agree you are a bit radical, but to paraphrase Voltaire, I may not agree with what you have to say, but I will defend to the end your right to say it.

Surely those who advocate a recall must realize that in electing a personality to head a student activity they are electing him for better or for worse. Evidently you have the confidence of a majority of the student body, or you would not now be in the middle of all this ruckus. It is also noteworthy that the fuss is coming from the camp

of Charlie Sloan & Company, not from the campus as a whole. I wonder if Mr. Sloan remembers his front-page article, an unabashed piece of campaign propaganda, in which he maligned your qualifications for the Editorship. Is this quite in line with what Mr. Kurali is now advocating, or is it indeed quite fair tactics? I doubt it. I had thought that the conformity on campus in the three-button category would certainly not spill over into the realm of the free expression of ideas. It is a great disillusionment to one who had looked on Chapel Hill to be an open-minded student community, but who now finds more and more a trend toward conservatism and conformity. I doubt that this trend has affected a majority of the campus, but it is becoming every day more important.

To Sloan & Co. I agree with your sour grapes. But I don't think they really realize where all this might eventually lead. The recall of an editor for the expression of unpopular ideas is a dangerous precedent, and I deplore it.

JOE FERRELL

EDITOR:

As a former associate of The Daily Tar Heel, I often found myself in opposition to Editor Bass's stands and treatments to issues of the day.

Recently and currently I find myself in perhaps even stronger disagreement with editorial treatments of the DTH. I number myself as one of many who are critical of the present policies of the paper which have been reflected in the of 'times unfortunate statements of the editor. And like many, I have taken ex-

ception to the editor's display of poor judgement and taste in more than one instance.

But unlike those who are currently circulating a petition demanding a recall election, I do not condemn the right of the Tar Heel editor to think and print as he sees fit.

For this is the basic right of Editor Bass or any newspaper editor for that matter. An editor's claim to office rests on an almost unbounded freedom to put his words and feelings into the force of black print on the opinion page of his newspaper. This is the freedom of press which is guaranteed him in a free society.

To deny the editor's right to expression—regardless of consequence—is to deny the public itself of one of its free institutions.

The danger to freedom of expression and Freedom itself should be underscored in the implications of the current recall action.

If a recall election is effected, the campus community should take into account the dangers inherent in its actions to maintain or remove the present editor.

Recall, to my mind, is a destructive element to free press and society. What is needed in the present situation is constructive, helpful criticism.

If the UNC campus is dissatisfied with Tar Heel policies, it could translate its dissatisfaction into a floor-writing program of letters describing the why's and wherefore's of its dissonance. If it is interested and dissatisfied enough, it could provide individuals who would voice their opinions and disapproval directly to the editor.

WALT SCHRUNTEK

MICKEY MOUSE:

Of Shrimp & Mice And Holy Terrors

Walt Thomas

One minute I was standing there slowly and carefully shaving my scroungy countenance when I was suddenly and explosively presented with the bathroom door between my shoulder-blades and one beautiful scar on my chin which bled like the devil and to which even now people point and shake their heads slowly, muttering sad things about wounded veterans.

But it wasn't a bomb or a grenade or anything like that at all that got me. The scar was a gift exuberantly given by a little guy that "boards" around at my Parents' home, and goes under the assumed name of Dwight Douglas Thomas. He's usually called many other names by his friends. Now don't laugh yet, because they aren't necessarily the rock throwing kind, but just other names, manly because his dumb little friends are thrown by the "G-H-T" part of his name. To tell the truth, it throws me too, so I call him Shrimp.

But anyway, just at this minute I was being



thrown through the tile wall of the bathroom (the Shrimp calls it the "head"), and in comes the Tee Shirt Terror himself.

"Thanks a lot, Shrimp," says I, acting the big ugly brother to the little Shrimp.

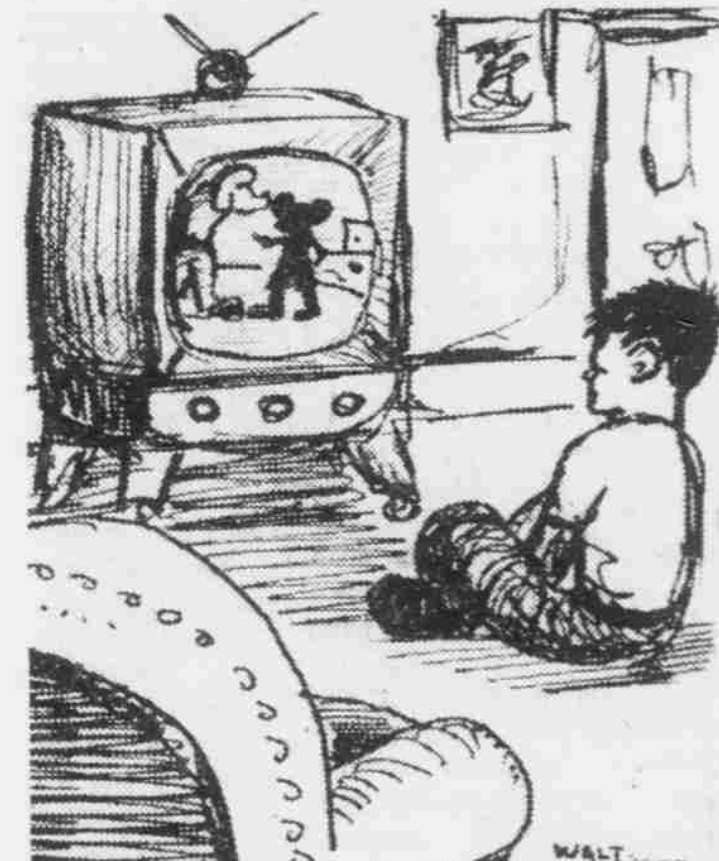
"Your chin is bleeding," says the Shrimp to me, his non-anemic brother, "and I'm sorry."

With this, the little boy that is my brother mused his way into the room and proceeded to wash his hands.

"Why the devil have you got to wash your paws right now, Knotty One?" I asked.

"Well . . . Mother says I have to wash up before I can watch Mickey Mouse." He spluttered as he scrubbed his face.

I groaned and looked up at the ceiling, holding my martyred chin and growling something about



the sacredness and impeccability of a Mickey Mouse to which little boys must sacrifice their well earned dirt and I my chin.

The Shrimp looked worriedly at me then and, handing me some more tissue he said, "Well ya know, Walt. . . it ain't just Mickey . . . it's the cookies that I'm going to eat, and Mom says that after all those rabbits today. . . well you know. . . She just says I gotta wash 'em.

This wasn't enough for me so I snarled at the very "frightened" little boy who now proceeded to dry his hands in my towel. . . Wash what, Shrimp, your hands or the rabbits?"

He chose not to answer his paper-chinned brother and after leaving my towel well muddied, the boy could ride a bicycle better than anyone else, could eat more doughnuts, had more rabbits, dogs, cats, chickens, and turtles than anyone else (he told me so himself) elbowed his way out. When he heard the familiar strains of the Mickey Mouse song beginning, he broke into a run for the living room. I stood there in the door long enough to see him dive onto the floor head first and skid to a stop just about a foot away from the television screen on which there capered a little black mouse and a . . .

I turned hastily back to the paper roll when I bull-dog with pants on. From the kitchen I could hear Mother unconsciously humming. . . "Mick eee Mou ussss, Mick eee Mou ussss." . . .

fancied that I heard my blood dripping on the floor. Again I groaned up at the ceiling and then glanced at my wounded face in the mirror once more before applying a bright green band-aid shaped like a bug, over my cut. It was the only one left in a box marked "Band-aids for children".

Feeling better now and looking really dashing with my green bug stuck to my chin, I sauntered into the living room and yelled at the Shrimp (who never hears anything when that black mouse is in trouble) . . . "Hey, Dwarf, what has Walt Disney got that Walt Thomas hasn't anyhow?" He didn't answer so I sat down and began to hum. . . Mick eee Mou uss. . . Mick eee Mou ussss."

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