

Tar Heel Debating

Are forensics dead on the UNC campus? Intercollegiate speaking the answer is no, although the debate squad is not getting its mail in time to compete in as many meets as it could, due to distributing difficulties.

The problem is the two oldest organizations on campus, The Di and the Phi. Both seem headed over the hill. The Phi, to be sure, is getting many visitors to its meetings, but neither society has enough members.

Moreover, the quality of debate is down abysmally. There are many fine speakers on this campus, and the two societies possess some of them. But even those that they do have, are not actually preparing their speeches, so that they seem to be speaking from feeling rather than from knowledge.

These two organizations were once the hub of student government. Even as recently as five years ago, a bill passed by both houses could be expected to pass the student legislature.

The two organizations offered an opportunity for one to get on his own two feet, to learn how to speak, and to keep up with the major issues. For some twenty people that comprise both societies, this is not the case any longer.

The two societies will have difficulty paying for a page in the yearbook, and cannot maintain a healthy financial status for long on the present membership.

The picture looks exceedingly bleak, for the latter day descendants of people like James Knox Polk. The two organizations are worth saving, but it will take the aid of any in the student body who consider these organizations worthwhile.

Will the Di and Phi pass away? The answer is up to you.

Out Of Joint

March Wind

TUESDAY, 11 P.M. — As the Democratic sweep picks up momentum, soon to lash into California with the force of a tidal wave, I find myself remembering another election of ten years ago, the historic upset pulled off by Harry S. Truman.

I was out on the West Coast at that time, and so about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, while California was still voting, I dropped by the local radio station to check the AP teletype on the eastern returns.

With a slight chuckle of condescension I noted that Truman's margins in the industrial towns of Connecticut exceeded the FDR vote of 1944. Obviously, this was some sort of a fluke.

A few hours later I was at an election night blast with some prominent California Democrats who were also chucking at the surprisingly good race that Truman was running back in the heathen East. These California Democrats were very calm about it all. They had long since written Truman off as a hopeless cause; they had campaigned for their state ticket vigorously, while sitting on their backsides with respect to the man from Missouri.

As Truman continued to run well in the East a few of the Californians began to get a little nervous. Jimmy Roosevelt, who had tried to get General Eisenhower (of all people) to run as the Democratic candidate in place of Truman, reassured those Democrats of faint heart who were worrying about the possibility of a Democratic victory. "Relax," said Roosevelt, who had made all his plans on the assumption that Truman would lose. "The rural vote will kill the little guy."

This buoyed the hearts of the unfaithful for all of five minutes until some spoil sport pointed out that it was 1 o'clock in the morning back East, the rural vote had already come in, and my God it was for Truman!

Somebody, I believe it was the wife of politico Richard Richards, produced a box of Truman buttons that had been brought to the party as a joke. The buttons were quickly distributed along with jocular comments like, "We were for him all the time," and everybody settled down to sweat out California. After all, if that Missouri rascal were going to be elected, it would be nice if he did it with an assist from California.

So now it is 1958, and the Democratic Party dominates the national scene, striding coast to coast with giant steps. This great political party, possessing lots of muscle and guts and glamorous young candidates, may well be the last hope for an America which is just now beginning to realize the trouble that lies ahead.

Bouquets for this Democratic victory will, I suppose, be passed out rather promiscuously. Adlai Stevenson will get a goodly number. Labor's Committee on Political Education will get a lot of credit. But my bouquet for the 1958 victory goes to the old warhorse who single-handedly pulled off the 1948 victory.

I remember Harry Truman in 1948. He taught many important people many important lessons in that year. He's still teaching, and if we're lucky he'll be around for many years to come. The usual analysis is that 1948 marked the end of the Rooseveltian Democratic Party. I suspect that it was not much the end, but rather the beginning of the new Democratic Party which is our last best hope today.

Moonglow

Joe John

Not too long ago, this column questioned the antiquated mode of justice employed in Alabama's now-celebrated Jimmy Wilson case. Inherent in the discussion of this affair were the fact that Jimmy Wilson was a Negro and that a color problem existed in the deep-South state of Alabama.

It now appears evident that the highly vociferous "liberals" who have indignantly condemned the South for racial disturbances must refrain from hurling stones.

Roscoe Fleming, a liberal columnist for the Denver Post, began a recent article with the following words: "Southern critics are right in one respect, in this civil-rights controversy. We in the North are too smug as to progress we have made."

Mr. Fleming wrote these words after coming upon a five-inch story in the massive recesses of the New York Times. The story was not printed elsewhere. It did not gain the attention of Jimmy Wilson's tragedy, but to Fleming it bore a "chilling resemblance."

Two young Puerto Ricans, recruited to work in fields near Poughkeepsie, New York, stopped a man on a street, asking him for a cigarette. When he refused, they roughed him up and took his pack, and nothing else. This is certainly not commendable, but hardly worthy of violent condemnation.

The boys, however, were tried and convicted on three counts: 1) robbery in the first degree; 2) grand larceny; 3) second degree assault. According to Mr. Fleming, "lawyers explained that taking a few cigarettes was grand larceny because the deed took place during commission of another felony, either the assault or the robbery."

Comparing a capital punishment sentence for stealing \$1.85 to the ten year sentence for snitching a few cigarettes, Roscoe Fleming stated:

"... Just as the death sentence in Alabama for robbery has never been invoked save twice, and both these times against Negroes, if these two young Puerto Ricans had been white Americans, they probably would have gotten off with mis-

demeanor conviction, and perhaps a month or so in jail."

Yet, the two Puerto Ricans did not inspire the reams of protest which arose in defense of Jimmy Wilson—no petitions from Europe, no dramatic international cablegrams. Nations and their press were silent.

Of course, the degree of punishment was not as severe, but the basic principle involved was the same. Ancient laws in the hands of prejudiced interpreters resulted in a restricted justice because of color—in the South, in Alabama; in the North, in New York.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Little harm will come to tomorrow's joy if you borrow a little of it for today.

Courtesy yields large dividends, but it is an investment that is too often overlooked.

There are few dark days ahead for the people who have learned to spread sunshine.

Living today is a game of robbing Peter to pay Paul to make it possible to stand Pat.

It's easy to acquire a reputation for wisdom just by applauding the opinions of your friends.

Tip to motorists: The man who travels at excessive rates sets the pace that exterminates.

The only buried treasures most people have are the good resolutions they have laid away.

The faults of others appear so glaring that most people entirely overlook the glare of their own.

Necessity may be the mother of invention at times, but it is just the mother of hard work to most of us.

Many a failure can be attributed to the fact that a man keeps too big an account with bad luck in his mental bookkeeping.

"Back To The Shelter, Men"



Notes In Review

Arthur Lessing

The Sonata Recital of violinist Giorgio Ciampi and pianist Arthur Loesser last Tuesday evening can only be described meaningfully as a miracle. In this evening of the most intense artistic experience, one can only be utterly overwhelmed by the greatness of art, of music, and ultimately of man. For this was no ordinary concert of ordinary music, but an event of the very highest importance to all of us who were there.

Music may be pleasurable, but this concert went far beyond the satisfaction of pleasure. Music may be exciting, but again this concert was more than excitement. Music may be passionate, still again there was much more than just passion expressed by the two artists. To say what really happened in this concert is the answer to the question What is music? For I know with certainty that this was a concert in which music was presented for what it really is: complete, significant, and of profound beauty.

The program opened with the performance of the A major Sonata of Brahms. This work, representative of the composer's later works, is almost abstract in its romanticism; a curious contradiction of form, yet the romantic spirit seems stretched and diffused, making the music's mellowness a new dimension of musical meaning. In that sense, this late work parallels the late music of Beethoven: both composers speak with feeling, but it is feeling of a haunting, abstract and difficult to understand kind. It is not, as has been said falsely by so many, that their music now is "intellectual." Far from it; rather it is a new dimension of feeling in which the direction is not so much toward expression as it is toward a musical understanding of music itself. In Brahms this knowledge takes on a guise of musical pensiveness, almost perhaps a looking back. For Beethoven it is the use of forms (especially variation and fugue) to examine how much meaning, musical meaning, is within the simplest of themes. Both composers seem more at rest than their thought toward the music itself rather than their own identity.

The performance was completely sympathetic to the composer's intent and was deeply impressive. Mr. Ciampi has one of the most beautiful bowing arms I have ever heard, and the result was a range of tone and nuance that, incorporated in the music itself, made it sing with almost inexpressible values. Mr. Loesser's playing was also of the highest musicianship; it was sensitive, justified with a remarkably insightful interpretation, and in complete accord with his partner. The ensemble sounded so natural and at ease that it was difficult to realize how much work had gone into it, but its ease could only be a result of a very close collaboration in the total conception of the music they played.

The Beethoven Sonata in G major, Opus 30, No. 3 was performed next. The Haydn-like lightness beautifully fused with the growing romantic spirit of the young Beethoven was brought out by the artists with almost perfect control. The middle movement shows the beginning of Beethoven's concern with developing means to bring out musically all that the music may hold. The last movement is a small perfection of the balance between delight and thought.

The performance of the Cesar Frank Sonata was, for me, the most profound I have ever heard in my experience. Although I personally consider it the only worthwhile work this composer ever wrote, it remains, nevertheless, a great work of art. The performance was of such intensity and yet never performance that the experience of the music itself became a deepness of soul that can never be explained rationally or accounted for by description. The performance of this sonata went to the very depth of one's being, as all great art does, and presented a wealth of feelings that are beyond words. Again the artists seemed to have such sympathy for the music that as they played, all was transformed into music and there was finally no thinking of music performance and audience as

separate; all were within that which is the very center of all music: beauty.

The miracle of music is the miracle how beauty comes to us, human beings, and is able to transform our very souls. The question What is music? must somehow incorporate the reality of this beauty and make clear how it is possible. Music is never a simple fact, but a mysterious complex that is experienced but never quite understood. That does not mean that music is purely emotional or beyond our intellectual capacities. No, the real miracle of music is the unity of feeling with thought in the musical experience.

It is, therefore, the fervent hope of this reviewer that these artists will return to us here at Chapel Hill in the very near future, for their greatness made possible this musical miracle.

Words

Sidney Dakar

Many freshmen and seniors alike never seem to realize the extreme care that should be used when choosing words with which to influence people. Even the most careful writer sometimes inadvertently antagonizes his readers by a poor choice of synonyms. Our language is a living, hence changing, thing. Even the most up-to-date dictionary will not give you the meaning that a word will have for different people.

The connotation of words and the visions they bring to mind are far more important than the objective dictionary definition. There are no real synonyms for most of the emotional words, the words which have the most influence upon us. Consider the word "fearful." The dictionary tells us that the following are synonyms: dreadful, lurid, alarming, formidable, terrible, ghastly, shocking, dreadful and etc. However, at a glance you will not doubt think of different things and circumstances when seeing each of these synonyms.

To see a classic example of the use of emotional words to tell the truth, yet convey different meanings to the reader, I refer you to a copy of an article which appeared in the Harvard "Crimson" by M. S. Gwartzman entitled "What Time Is It?" (See our Political Science Dept.) Mr. Gwartzman goes through the back issues of "Time" and gets its description of Truman and then later Eisenhower doing the same thing.

Here is a sample. Quote: "Last week . . . the President (Truman) eased his cronist crony, George E. Allen, into the Board of directors of the Reconstruction Finance Corp." (Jan. 28, 1946). But behold: "Last week . . . the President (Eisenhower) chatted with golfing companion George E. Allen, Washington lawyer and friend of presidents." (Dec. 14, 1954.) Unquote. Crony and friend have the same dictionary meaning. This article is a "must read" for all of you who are looking for anti-"Time" ammunition.

Sometimes the connotation of words drastically alters the course of history. Some of you may be familiar with the article by Caughlin called "The Great Mokusatsu Mistake" (Marpers, Mar., 1953) The Japanese were presented with an ultimatum to surrender in WWII prior to the dropping of the atomic bomb. One word of their reply, "mokusatsu," was erroneously translated by the Allies to mean "to ignore" rather than "to withhold comment," the meaning the Japanese had intended to convey. As a consequence, two cities were destroyed, thousands of people were killed, Russia entered the war and a whole series of events in the Far East was precipitated which might have been avoided.

I trust that any of you Russian language students who may be reading this will make a strong resolution to redouble your efforts. You might work for the State Department one day.

Advertising

Nancy Combes

The other morning at breakfast I took a test. Anything that happens before eight o'clock is bad enough, but after finishing the test the Viceroy people had so kindly placed in the Daily Tar Heel, I was more prepared than ever to jump back into bed, pull the covers over my head . . . all because I had discovered I didn't have one . . . one of my own, that is.

First of all, I learned I was not a man who thinks for himself . . . but then I knew that . . . I'm a girl . . . and sometimes I like to think, I'm a woman.

Now take this question: "Do you believe you could fool a lie detector if you put your mind to it?" I must answer no.

By the way, the footnote says you must have six yesses to win your own self-respect? Do you get an island to live on all by yourself with all the filters you can smoke or build log cabins with if you say yes ten times? I overslept my first day on the job and although I did have trouble with my fuel pump or carburetor on the way into town . . . I stammered and blushed and lost my voice trying to tell the story to the boss. It was the truth as it came out like an alibi . . . When I get a phone call from a certain party . . . even with my face not exposed, I can hardly play it cool like all the articles and manuals in the How to Catch Your Man Magazines demand . . . I'm too busy shouting, "Hooray." You called at last! into the receiver. So you can take those straps off me right now. My heart is pounding at the very idea of your trying to detect my lies.

How about this one? "Do you believe society should adopt new ideas at the expense of old traditions???" Well that old tradition of small taxes seemed to me to be a pretty good one . . . and this new idea of hydrogen bombs is a pretty expensive . . . Marriage for keeps was a better old tradition than legalizing bedchopping and lover swapping . . . cheaper too . . . So I must check the no box and say that many of the society's new ideas are too expensive . . . for my filtered taste.

Number three asks, "Are you completely at ease when people watch you work?" The children . . . I have taught in elementary school can answer that one. They knew when the door opened and the principal sat in the back with his pen scribbling over charts of teacher evaluation that they just better sit straight in their seats, raise their hand, whether they knew the answers or not . . . and they better not make any unnecessary comments such as one unfortunate child made—like . . . "Teacher, how come you're grinning away at us like that?" . . . or that little smarty who pointed out that I had spelled Spelling with one l . . . Oh, no Viceroy people . . . completely in chaos, not at ease for that one.

"Do your emotions ever lead you to do something that seems unreasonable even to yourself?" Let me say that my emotions always strike me as reasonable, but that's another story I could never fit into one of those little boxes.

"Do you plan ahead rather than make snap decisions?" I never dreamed when I awoke this morning I'd be checking no in a little square box on the back of the Daily Tar Heel.

"If your roommate suddenly inherited a million dollars, are you sure your relationship would remain the same?" . . . There's a little picture of this wealthy partner lighting what looks suspiciously like a cigar with a dollar bill or more. If the other one who is standing in the background, looking goggle-eyed on, is supposed to be me . . . then how come I haven't got a fire extinguisher in my hand??? Let me state now that for less than one-tenth of my roommate's sudden fortune . . . I would sniff sniff if it was requested.

"Can you honestly say you pay more attention to political issues than to the personalities of the candidates?" In this writer's opinion . . . personalities are the political issues . . . We might have a tennis player instead of a golfer in the White House now . . . if I like had rhymed with Stevenson . . . and people didn't listen to advertising and chose the well-known name brands.

Oh, dear Viceroy . . . The one more question at the bottom:

"Do you think about the filter cigarette you choose or just smoke any brand?" I thought I could triumphantly answer yes to that one.

After enjoying the fun of writing out my replies, I felt I owed it to you, people to run down to the nearest corner store and pick up one . . . I didn't have enough for six packs. I thought about it, I really did. But when I pressed the button in the machine . . . I found I was a failure again. I don't know what to do with the wrong pack of cigarettes that popped out except smoke them.

Can you honestly say you blame me?

Letters

Editor: The "O.G.H." controversy has roused me to speak out in favor of Mr. Orne's attempts to centralize library facilities on this campus. Anyone doing research, who has found himself fruitlessly seeking books hidden on a departmental library shelf, might begin to wonder whether the books are the personal property of faculty and graduate students. Certainly, research and graduate study are essential elements of university activity, but must the undergraduate pay for it with legwork and wasted hours of searching?

One evening this past summer, I went to the library to do some research for a term paper. I found that every book listed in the catalog which pertained to the subject was in the department library. Upon going there, I found the building locked. Next day, in answer to my inquiry, my teacher said that in the evenings, one used a side door, and knocked loudly for admittance if it was locked. I tried again that evening, only to find that the librarian was not on duty, and the catalog was in such a state that nothing could be located without her. I won't tire you with more details, but suffice it to say that it was a number of days before my visits coincided with one of the two days the librarian was on duty.

It's true that I probably will not need that particular library again (I have certainly lost all inclination to enter it). However, in the insistence of some faculty and graduate students on maintaining department libraries, which are inconvenient for the undergraduates, there seems to be an implicit attitude towards the undergraduate which might be questionable.

Edith B. Back

Further Election

Two southern elections have a great deal of significance on the segregation picture.

The unseating of Rep. Brooks Hays of Arkansas by Dr. Dale Alford, an ardent segregationist, and the large vote Senator Byrd's female opponent received bears heavy significance on future dealings with the segregation issue.

Clearly Alford's election is a victory for Orval Faubus' massive resistance techniques as opposed to Hays' moderate stands, and conceivably has again harmed the South in bringing integration in a peaceful manner to this area. It is unfortunate that a man of the caliber of Hays must lose an election, but he may have some consolation in the fact that demagogues do not last as long as honest men, and Faubus' star will grow dimmer shortly.

The Virginia contest is a triumph for moderation in a Byrd dominated state. For a woman to get over 100,000 votes against Byrd is something unheard of, and to campaign on only one issue—The Almond-Byrd massive resistance policy towards integration is an achievement that augurs ill for the conservative machine and massive resistance. The heavy vote against Byrd in area where massive resistance tactics are currently being employed is another sign that people are beginning to awaken to the fallacy in southern demagoguery.

Despite Alford's victory, the future looks bright.

Eisenhower

President Eisenhower's statement that the people have chosen to elect a left wing Congress instead of a sensible one is revealing.

The people have finally come around to realize that the left wing is the sensible wing, despite the President's protestations.

The people have voted, quite heavily for an off year election, and quite wisely for any election.

Wardroom

Gracious living in Chapel Hill has moved one step further courtesy of the navy. For midshipmen there has been installed at the Naval Armory a wardroom with suitable refreshments.

The Daily Tar Heel

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