

## A Death

What the American public is witnessing today, tomorrow, and next week is the death of a President. The President may not die in office, but the walls of prestige that have for so long shielded the President from the world of reality are crumbling in such a way as to leave no doubt of the final result.

He is witnessing what he has tried to do in six years being trampled into the dirt by a Democratic Congress which is showing the potent force behind the overwhelming mandate given them by the people in November. And for the first time, he is feeling the full impact of the world, a world from which he has been away so long.

If Eisenhower had been a strong man, a man of ideas, a man of foresight and vision, one could sympathize with this loss, but as it is, he becomes the object of pity, and a pitiable creature is the lowest on earth.

If it were truth or wisdom that Eisenhower was standing up for, or even education, one might rally to his cause, but when it is a balanced budget that the war is being for, one can only turn his head from the brutal slaughter.

Eisenhower won his election in 1952 by a name and a personal charm that were far removed from politics and continued that image through the 1956 campaign. This aloofness to politics made it impossible for him to strengthen his party, and as likely, his breakdown will not materially weaken that party. As far as the partisan political scene is concerned, it will be as if he was never there, for what little his leadership was, it was not partisan in direction, and indeed had no direction over and above the platitudes that were mouthed in both campaigns about "Modern Republicanism" and "Peace, Prosperity, and Progress." This, like so much of the Eisenhower Administration, has been shown to be empty words, and now the balloon has burst.

Whatever his lack of effect on the political scene may be, in world and national affairs, the nation is rocking from his punches, for although well meaning in all his actions, Eisenhower has shown that he was either too far removed from or lacked the ability to understand the situation.

The results are history now. They are told in pages which speak of the President's desire to implement sound economics, and the resultant record inflation. It is spoken in the voice of one who sought prosperity, and had to hang on through a depression. It is written in the large letters of a "stable agricultural" policy, which saw the highest surpluses in history being thrown into storage bins. It is said in the firm tones of a "positive" foreign policy and has borne fruit in the alienation of allies and the strategic dominance of Russia. And when this chapter of history closes and is read in twenty years, the name Eisenhower will be read few times, while the name Khrushchev will dominate the scene.

The death knell was sounded in the Senate two days ago, when Senator Homer Capehart, an administration adherent, introduced a substitute motion to cut funds out of a Democratic housing bill to bring it in line with the President's request. In his speech Capehart asked the plaintive question, "Do we want a balanced budget?" And the Senate with characteristic stolidity answered with a resounding 58-32 "No."

And the story is continuing. It will be read by millions coast-to-coast during the next days, weeks, and months, as one-by-one, the bills the President favors will be defeated, and those that he opposes will be passed. And a man who can shrink in press conferences from criticism as Mr. Eisenhower has in the past or who can be touched to the quick by a disagreeable word from the pen of an old military associate, Field Marshal Montgomery, is not going to be able to take much of the battering. He is a victim, caught in a web of his own unwitting making, a web from which he will find no release.

He is dying as sure as the sun will rise tomorrow or the sun set in the evening, and when one has to write an obituary in the pages of history, the best man can do for the President is say that he tried and that this trying could not make him a man equal to his task.

## Congratulations

Congratulations are in order for Orange County which voted overwhelmingly Wednesday to have ABC stores in the county. Orville Campbell and his group of people who actively backed the proposal are also due for praise.

Not only does this signal an improved and more natural attitude toward alcohol consumption, but it may be able to forestall the two shift school system that promises to be a reality next year, unless sufficient revenues come in for school construction.

Indeed the action of the county is commendable and perhaps through legal control, there is a chance to stop some of the rotgut that has been produced. The town should benefit both financially and in attitude, since they have rid themselves of much of the hypocrisy that is latent in prohibition.

## Levy Resignation

(Once in a great while a student gets nominated by both political parties, and if he is elected and must resign his office he is thrust into a position of having to decide which party his position will be filled by. Ed Levy was nominated by both the SP and UP in the fall and was forced to resign his seat because he moved out of the district. The letter below is his resignation and his choice of which party his seat should be filled by.)

Dear Ralph:

This is to notify you that I am no longer eligible to claim my seat in the Legislature, as I reside out of the district in which I was elected.

As I was fortunate enough to receive the nomination from both the Student Party and the University Party, it is my obligation to indicate which of the parties will have the opportunity to fill the vacancy I create. I assure you that the decision as to which party should receive the seat is not one which was arrived at hastily; instead the choice was made after a great deal of thought and consideration. I think that I owe it to you, the Legislature, the two parties, and my constituents to explain my choice.

The student government of the University of North Carolina affords the student body the privilege (and with it the responsibility) of governing itself. This privilege has at times been exercised, at times violated. The responsibility involved is sometimes realized, sometimes shunned. Our student government of today provides us with many services, both tangible and intangible. However, it can, in fact, it must perfect and extend itself. The University Party and the Student Party are instruments which must suggest, discuss, and implement improvements and expansion. Unfortunately, there is only one party capable of exercising the type of leadership cognizant of the responsibility involved; this is the Student Party.

Although I have served both as an officer of the University Party and a fraternity, I cannot possibly justify a party based almost entirely on the block vote. The block vote is a bland corruption of the democratic process an autonomous student government is attempting to foster.

For the above and other reasons, I feel compelled to allow the Student Party to fill the vacancy.

Edwin Levy, Jr.

## Mikoyan Threat

It was interesting to read Mikoyan's reply to the charge that Russia does not have a free press. Of course Mikoyan maintained that the Russian press "belonged to the people." He made the counter-charge that we here in America do not have a free press. Mikoyan's reasoning was that where there is a millionaire who owns 10 newspapers and 10 million people who do not own any newspaper there will be no free press.

Of course Mikoyan was exaggerating for political purposes, but when we really examine some aspects of our press and radio system it is hard to prove him entirely wrong. It is well known that almost all newspapers and magazines are either Republican or Democratic. Their editorials are slanted toward the "party line" most of the time. Even on those rare occasions when they disagree with the "party line" they never actually take a stand that agrees with the other party. Of course this is a generalization; there are a few newspapers that still resemble Pulitzer's St. Louis Post-Dispatch, but the commercial interests have a death grip on them.

Consider a newspaper that is owned by an individual or family. We see an old, rich and conservative gentleman as head of the board. Do you think that such people are really interested in "freedom of the press?" They are interested in making money. The most pious organization cannot exist for long if it spends more money than it takes in; newspapers and churches are no exception. One does not get rich by always upholding freedom of the press (i.e. by paying more than mere lip service to the concept). One gets rich by not offending the right advertisers, powerful families and

minority pressure groups.

Some of you may recall my "blast" against some newspapers for not printing the Putnam letter (a southern viewpoint on segregation). Do not misunderstand me; any newspaper has the "right" to turn down any material for publication—providing it is above the issue involved (you know, the "all the news that is fit to print" line). But, in this case the northern press is filled every day with uncompromising and vitriolic attacks on the South. Yet, these papers would not halt this vicious and almost sadistic attack for one day in order to print another side of the issue. Is this what we call freedom of the press?

It is not a question of whether the Putnam view is "right" or "wrong" or "scientific" or "unscientific." It is my firm conviction that the majority of Southerners feel as Mr. Putnam and we cannot solve any problem until both sides will at least listen to the other side's viewpoint. There is a principle involved here. Voltaire expressed it very eloquently when he said, "I may not agree with what you say, but I would give my life for your right to say it."

The Washington Post and Times-Herald has attacked the South on many occasions. It also refused to print this letter. Rep. George Huddleston Jr. attacked in the House this very biased stand by the Post and demanded an explanation from the editors. "They could not be reached for comment."

It is interesting to note that J. R. Wiggins, former chairman of the American Society of Newspaper Editors' "Freedom of Information Committee," is vice-president and executive editor of the Washington Post.

## Harper's Bizarre

One of our most gratifying experiences at the University came with the Frost our freshman year.

Faced with the alternative of studying or hearing some poet talk, we donned a tie and made for Hill Hall and the long shot.

That evening marked the first time we differentiated between Robert Frost and Carl Sandburg. One of the men seated on the platform was that harmonica player, and the other was too well-fed to be Sandburg. We sat and listened to Dr. Lyons introduce the old New Englander. In essence, he said, "When Frost comes, can Spring be far behind?"

By the evening's end we were convinced that the coming of Frost and Spring were synonymous. The magic of the language which flowed from the silver wreathed mind held us in amazement. Mr. Frost leaned on the lectern and told us of his New England; about the birch trees, the apple harvest, the quiet snowflakes; about an ant called "Jerry" — and then we were laughing with him.

Members of the audience — almost everyone seemed to have a volume of poetry with him — would call for certain selections, and the old man would roll off the requests, moving easily from verse to verse, improvising poetry in the intervals, hardly turning the leaves of his notebook of thoughts. We'd heard the words before, but coming from him they sounded better.

We left the auditorium later, giddy with the musical patterns woven by the old man. We knew little more of the hired man or the two divergent roads than before, but the overwhelming warmth of Robert Frost remained.

The next week, infatuated with this newly discovered poetry, we went back to hear a lady read, allegedly in English. Perhaps it was British. At any rate, we found that the wonderful thoughts spoken by Mr. Frost were peculiarly his own.

We waited anxiously for the return of Spring. Then one day someone said, "Frost's coming."

We were there to see him, hear him tell in the best of words of the little things which had amused him, were dear to him.

Now we once again anxiously await their return — Spring, the young season; Frost, the young mind — to us, inseparable.

J. Harper

## "That's What Happens When You Rely On Ordinary People To Defy Law And Order"



## Chapel Hill-Brussels & Back

As you may observe from the overline to this column, my last year was spent for the most part as a guide at the Brussels World's Fair. One almost hesitates to begin a piece such as this, for the pitfalls are legend and there is tendency to write no more than a bore some travelogue. But, there are those who may be interested in what happens when one sets off to the largest world's fair in 20 years and the various anecdotes connected therewith. After this digression, I promise to esconce any further urges into farthest corner of my room and try to ignore them. No promises.

Looking back through the Tar Heel of last spring, I see that my last column concerned feeding Siamese cats in my home while waiting for the final congressional appropriation which was necessary before receiving final word of my acceptance as an official representative of America and the American-Way-of-Life in Brussels. Actually, I was taking a position as a glorified question answerer, most of the latter being "Where is the bathroom?"

Approximately 180 representatives of young America (ugh) sailed for Europe aboard the S.S. America on the 28th of March of last year. Among the 180 youths, there were wildly-distorted conceptions of the future which lay ahead of us in Brussels. The other 50 (didn't give a damn; they merely wanted a free trip to the continent. I still don't know whether to classify myself among the latter or not.

I must admit that the cross section was well crossed. There were guides from such places as Vermont, Georgia, Texas, Washington, Puerto Rico, and Hawaii. Awaiting our arrival in Belgium were 25 other guides who had been employed on the continent: Germans, Swiss, Portuguese, Dutch, etc. As soon as we boarded the ship, the coteries began to appear. Many of them lasted only to the end of the voyage, others to the end of the fair.

The counseling staff assigned us had prepared a comprehensive program of indoctrination which was supposed to activate our every moment. The well-laid plans were waylaid and the pooh-bahs were outflanked. Well, after all, whoever expected to keep 180 boys and girls in a classroom (even though the classroom was the ballroom in first class accommodations) while sailing to Europe. And besides that, the Captain informed us that we had the roughest trans-Atlantic crossing that he had experienced in 10 years. This was a fact of which we had no need to be reminded; many of the guides didn't see daylight until we arrived in Cobh, Ireland six days later. Seasickness was the order of the day and I lost several potential friends by eating two bowls of strawberries with steak and eggs for breakfast every morning.

Our crossing was probably as inebriated as any other, but one incident very nearly caused a congressional investigation. Several of us (I'm guilty) decided to have a little "let's sleep on the deck all night and see the sunrise" party. Besides hav-

ing exceptionally rough seas, the weather was nippy and we naturally carried along several bottles of foot-warmer. About three a.m., one couple decided that they could no longer brave the elements and went below to warm up. Instead of going "properly" to their respective cabins, the innocents ended up in the Cabin Class bar and fell asleep on one of the couches therein. That morning they were discovered in said scandalous state by a puritan twosome from South Platt, North Dakota or thereabouts. Their indignation was heard by all before noon and a threat was made to write several congressmen of the incident. "Are these the youths who are representing our country at Brussels?" After many apologies and official assurances by the high command that this wouldn't happen again, the puritan's fury was mitigated and an armistice was declared. We were more careful next time.

We arrived in Cobh a day late on the 4th of April. If one had ever read skeptically of the mist over the Irish lowlands in the early morning, their doubts were allayed that morning for it was as picturesque as reported. The sick ones edged carefully around the decks, looking anaemically cheerful. The rest of us ran higgledy-piggledy from port to starboard and how to stern trying to make as much noise and chatter as possible. Irish brogues were prevalent until we approached the French coast the next morning.

We docked at Le Havre quite early on April 5, the day before Easter. Several of us began the day by shouting greetings in French to some workmen who were having croissants and wine for breakfast in a shabby building close by. Those who had never before been to Europe were ecstatically pleased with the thrill of seeing la France. Many of us who had lived on the continent previously were muttering promises to ourselves and each other about "never going home this time" and "I'll be in Paris by the middle of next week." There was a final shipboard breakfast, instructions by the commanding officers and tragic farewells to the few instructors who were returning immediately to New York. We left the ship and entered France.

Debarications are always hectically confusing and ours was no exception. Loud voices and lost luggage about sums it up.

We finally boarded several busses for an all day journey to Brussels, singing songs in French accompanied by Hawaiian ukuleles. Our arrival that night was met by a large corps of newsmen who had expected us four hours earlier. They were very nearly as tired as we were, but everybody smiled cheerfully for the cameramen and answered their hundreds of questions. As we entered our apartments on avenue Stienon, we saw the blinking, geometric design of lights on the Atomium, the symbol of the Fair. This was our home from April 5, 1958 until October 19, 1958, the official end of the festivities.

## Letters

Editor:

Last Sunday night, Dr. Francis Hooper paid a visit to Chapel Hill to perform in the Petites Musicales Concert. Dr. Hooper along with Mr. Efrim Fruchtman and Mr. Wilton Mason gave a very interesting and refreshing performance of Baroque music. Most of the three hundred people who attended the concert, the music and its performance was quite satisfactory; however, Mr. Arthur Lessing was one of the few who were quite displeased with the performance.

In Mr. Lessing's case, it seems that his dislike of the music was so intense that it interfered with his ability to make a proper appraisal of the artistry of the performers. In his article, I could not always decide who he was criticizing, as first he would mention the irritating style of the composer and then the frightfully uninteresting performance of the artists. Throughout the article, he continually mixed in the obsolescence of the instruments and the "inconsequential musical material" with his degrading evaluation of the artists.

Commenting on Dr. Hooper's playing of the recorder, Mr. Lessing said that the performance sounded like "a Boy Scout playing the National Anthem on his home-made whistle." This statement was indeed uncalled for and showed Mr. Lessing's inability to give an analytic criticism. In calling the reader's attention to the "petite performance and irritating nasal sounds" of Mr. Fruchtman's instrument, Mr. Lessing, whom I have heard is a cellist, failed to mention that the viola da gamba is an extremely difficult instrument to play and very hard to keep in tune. In addition to Mr. Lessing's brilliant criticisms, I marvel at his profound musical knowledge. The reviewer stated that Handel's Sonata No. 1 was originally written for the flute and not the recorder. However, most musical historians consider that task of discovering which instrument the original was scored for, extremely difficult, and some say the work might even have been scored for an oboe.

I think that I can say without too much contradiction that many people enjoyed the same enthusiasm for the concert as I; and in the future, I would advise Mr. Lessing to remain at home or out in the invigorating Chapel Hill air when Baroque music is to be performed.

Ronald L. Birke

Editor:

This past weekend, The School of Business Administration was visited by one of today's foremost journalists, Harry Ashmore, editor of the "Arkansas Gazette." Mr. Ashmore first gained nationwide prominence by his courageous stand on the Little Rock integration controversy. Despite the opposition's attempts to boycott his paper, Ashmore remained firm in his fight for equal rights.

This reason, coupled with his uncompromising journalistic editorials, enabled him to receive the coveted Pulitzer Prize for Journalism. Since it is not an everyday affair for this university to play host to a man of Mr. Ashmore's stature, it was to be expected that the student body, together with the School of Business Administration, would be permitted to have an opportunity to hear his lectures.

Unfortunately, it seems this rare privilege is afforded only to cartoonists (Walt Kelly) and the like. While Mr. Kelly's cartoon strip holds a certain amount of fascination for everyone, I hardly think that his importance in current affairs can quite compare with that of Mr. Ashmore's.

In Friday's "Daily Tar Heel" it was disclosed that the meeting was "closed to the public because of the small size of the room used." However, it was never explained why roomy Memorial Hall was not utilized for the occasion.

If such is the case, then why in the name of almighty Pogo did the School of Business Administration invite Harry Ashmore in the first place? For tea and crumpets? Why were only certain people permitted to be present at the press conference held afterwards? Do the moguls who run this Academy for the Sons of Gentlemen feel Mr. Ashmore's talk would go unappreciated by the majority of the student body? Probably so, but if only a few students could have benefited, I believe the sacrifice would have been worth it. Although the university has at various times encouraged students to attend such gatherings by inviting leaders in the fields of music and literature, this is one instance when the students were denied entrance. If the university feels our intellectual capacity is limited to the fields of "Pogo" and "Peanuts," then its usefulness has long been exhausted.

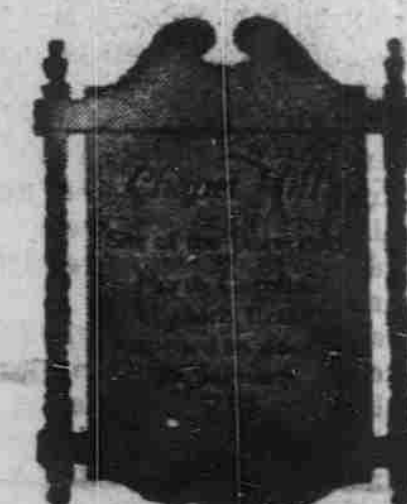
And so, as Harry Ashmore heads his weary bones back to the Ozarks, we, the forgotten students of Carolina, wave a belated farewell to our secreted visitor.

Nick Bagdasarian

## The Daily Tar Heel

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