

Editor's Corner

David Grigg And Grades

We would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Student Body Vice President David Grigg for obtaining the almost unheard-of average of straight A's. We do understand that Grigg slipped up in one course and got an A minus. That's what a few weekend parties will do for you.

In all seriousness, Grigg's latest achievement is one which is certainly worthy of comment. On the opposite extreme, many students in our memory have gone to their academic graves because of time spent on extra-curricular activities. A few years ago there was an Editor of this paper who made Phi Beta Kappa a few weeks before being elected and then flunked out of school five weeks after taking office. There are others too: a Daily Tar Heel editor and a student government officer who only passed six hours in one semester. Or, the editor who flunked every course he was taking due to excessive class cuts. Or take the case of Doug Moe, although athletic, still similar. There have been many, and there will be more.

Grigg is thus an oasis in the scholastic desert, graphic proof that the first duty of a student is to keep his academic average as high as possible. If you can mix with participation in extra-curricular activities you are all the better.

Our wholehearted congratulations to David Grigg for one of the most outstanding accomplishments of the year.

More Issues

Regardless of your personal political prejudices, every alert and astute reader should follow the forthcoming developments in North Carolina politics with the greatest of interest. In the race for Governor of the Tar Heel state we see two distinctly different personalities in John Larkins and Terry Sanford. The former is the veteran North Carolina politician and leader who has probably had as much experience along these lines as any man who ever sought the state's most coveted post. Sanford, on the other hand, is the youthful lawyer from down east who first came to prominence as the man who managed the late W. Kerr Scott's successful bid for a seat in the U. S. Senate.

In the race for the Senate seat, we have a choice between incumbent B. Everett Jordan, a Hodges appointee following the death of Senator Scott. Jordan has never before run for office, and this first test of his strength with the people of the state is now or never for him. It's also now or never for his opponent Addison Hewlett, the former Speaker of the North Carolina State Assembly, Hewlett long rumored to be in the race for Governor, suddenly dropped out of that contest and just as suddenly announced as a candidate for the U. S. Senate.

And so gentlemen that's the lineup: 1. Larkins vs. Sanford 2. Jordan vs. Hewlett Now that the fanfare of announcements is over, let's get down to more issues and less platitudes.

Be My Valentine

- 1. The nation is at war. 2. The nation is losing the war, badly. 3. The nation must exert a vastly greater effort.

The Daily Tar Heel

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A New Beginning

Returning to classes after several days glorious inactivity is never a pleasant experience. Inevitably, there are those energetic few who are champing at the bit in eager anticipation, but the general, good old, wishy-washy, run of the mill Carolina student chafes at the idea of reentering the harness.

The first day of classes is usually a morbid, event, or would it be better referred to as a socio-psychological study in reluctance and indecision. Students swarm the campus at eight a.m., trudging resolutely toward their appointed places of intellectual endeavor, some shivering with cold, others with fear, and a number dully unaware of climate. (This latter group is still hung over from last night's ice cream party.)

Approaching a classroom area, particularly in the vicinity of a freshman course presentation, one detects a buildup in the number of those loitering outside, chatting with acquaintances, glancing nervously at watches and hoping desperately that they can devise a plan for avoiding the first class meeting.

A few traitors sidle slyly off to breakfast, using the celebrated hunger-pain routine to cop out. The rest hover about, undecided. At last a wedge of zealots approaches the door, followed in half-hearted manner by the maulin multitude. The group spreads raggedly over the classroom, settling over the furniture like a dark and angry cloud.

Male members of the class slump into their characteristic relaxed pose, one foot over the arm of the chair and chin in hand, and fall to dismal contemplation of the great problems of life. To wit: wonder how hard this prof. will be? Can I eat for 90 cents today; I need the rest of my loot to buy a fifth edition of Shakespeare, no doubt; I wonder if that coed will; who shall I date tomorrow night; damn, but I'm sleepy.

Coeds struggle from their uniform coats, of which there are two types, field and junior grades. The junior grade is a dung colored affair, beited in the back and talking straight from the shoulders. (Tradition states that Greta Garbo used to wear one-hence the trend); the field grade is of light windbreaker material with a slanting tur collar. It is suspected that this coat is a renovated London Smog design with a "bossom collar" appended.

All hands wear dingy white athletic socks and badly scuffed loafers. Seniority, it is rumored, stems from the degree of disreputability. There is, fortunately, some degree of difference in the hair styles, this item supplying the one means of identifying coeds at a distance or from behind. Conformity is a wonderful thing, but, in the words of an old sage, "enough is too much."

About this time the professor bounds in, not walking in the conventional manner, but galloping like a great bull. Feverishly scribbling his name upon the black board, he announces rhetorically that attendance is required unless excused, excuses to be issued only in case of dire need, (ie, ingement, paralysis of lower limbs, insanity, or oversleeping.) Having promulgated this message of import, he proceeds to regale all present with an account of the various vicissitudes in the text, which costs, by the way, a mere \$17.50. By this time all heads are nodding and eyes closed, except for those of one ingenious individual, who has thoughtfully painted an eyeball on each eyelid and who, with head upon fist, dozes blissfully, while the perfunctory eyes stare straight ahead.

Finally the period ends, the professor exists, gratefully and the class members exit, blinking in the bright sunlight and wishing it were evening. Gradually, things look brighter, for lunch time is hard by, there's always the mail to anticipate, and evening's activities at the Patisio should prove edifying. Anyway, college life isn't half bad—certainly better than working or carrying an idiot stick.

The bell in South building tolls and the campus empties as though by magic. An occasional late-goer puffs manfully up the steps of Murphy or Carroll, but no other life abounds, save the squirrels and Silvia, who sits in the sun and scratches a particularly annoying flea. A leaf blows across the walk, clicking against the bricks, the drone of a lecturer filters soporifically through the atmosphere, and the spring semester gets underway.

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Perspectives By Yardley

Jonathan Yardley

The Middle East, which has been a land of turmoil and terror for as long as most of us have been alive, continues to seethe and boil. In the last few days an Arab-Israeli dispute near the Syrian border has erupted into a sort of undeclared war, and Associated Press news analysts are now predicting a revolt in Iraq, where an educated 15 per cent of the population, dominated by Communist support, is being challenged by the suppressed, terrorized population.

The chance of any sort of amicable settlement of Middle Eastern border disputes in the near future is less than slim. This arid, oil-rich area, cradled between Communist Europe and neo-Fascist Egypt, is a polyglot of peoples, creeds and traditions. Perhaps the strongest of these traditions is that of the Jewish people.

The English-speaking world has become intimately familiar with the problems of the Jewish people in the last few months. Leon Uris's gigantic novel EXODUS told the story of the beginnings of the Israeli state to millions. Though it is a badly written, often dull book, its conviction and its sincerity remain with the reader long after the intricacies of plot, romance and battle skirmishes have left his mind. And in Germany, and in scattered spots across the world, militant minorities have brought to mind the tyrannies of Nazism with its swastikas, flaming crosses, and gas chambers.

The plight of the Jewish people is the plight of the ages, of the legendary Wandering Jew, of the nation without a country. Until the establishment of the Jewish state in the forties this people, numbering in the millions, had been forced to wander the earth, separated from each other, torn from the land they believed was, by historical rights, theirs.

The long, agonizing fight that led to Israel is not over. David Ben Gurion, Israeli Prime Minister,

told a labor convention in Tel Aviv that "during the next decade we are liable to face a grave and perhaps decisive military tests." The fight has only begun, and it has only begun because of the very nature of the middle East. The Arab peoples, themselves torn bitterly by internal strife, have felt since the first day the Jews entered Palestine that the land was theirs. And now they are encouraged by men, Nassers and Kassem, who harp upon Arab supremacy and the "need" for a United Arab bloc, a bloc which does not see the "need" for a Jewish homeland.

The Arabs are not the only guilty party in this long term war of steeled nerves. The Israelis have been partly to self-righteousness, self-pity and clever trickery in order to gain their objective. They have, however, shown themselves as a united people, united in a desire to gain a homeland and an identification with the land. America is a nation which traditionally has been deeply bound to the land, and Americans should understand this aspect of the Jewish problem more readily than the rest of the world. Perhaps this understanding has been reached, for it has been, in the past and in the present, the American people who again and again have responded to the supplications of Israel.

The next few months may well determine the fate of Israel. Border line disputes, United Nations ultimatums and top level conferences will combine to spell the victory or the defeat of the Jewish people. It may be one of the most important battles in the history of mankind, because it will demonstrate to all the world whether or not man really believes he is his brother's keeper. It is particularly important to the people of America, because in many ways it is a re-enactment of the battle we fought to gain our independence. There are the persecuted, the homeless, the torn. We were those people once, and should find it our historical and moral duty to lend a helping hand.

Reader's Repository

P. W. Carlton

Dear Sir:

The rather extreme pro-labor position taken by the Daily Tar Heel on certain issues has become increasingly apparent. This policy of slander of the private industrialist reached its culmination in the issue of January 14, when in the "Editor's Corner" Davis B. Young piously condemned President John D. Cooper of the Harriet-Henderson Mills for "the most vicious and uncalled for union busting we have ever seen."

In this editorial Mr. Young makes some statements which seem to me amazing when we consider the social system under which we supposedly live. He criticizes, at least by implication, the conviction of Boyd Payton and Charles Auslaender for conspiracy to dynamite a substation. He claims that the judge in the case was one who "has continually dealt one severe legal blow after another to the strikers." Is Mr. Young aware that we have laws in this country against dynamiting (and, for that matter, other violent means of sabotage)? If some member of the UNC student body were caught in a conspiracy to dynamite that most holy of shrines, Graham Memorial, I have serious doubts that Mr. Young would take such a tolerant view of law and its enforcement as he does in the case of Payton and Auslaender. The implications of Mr. Young's doctrine are far-reaching; now are we to determine who is a justified and who is an unjustified dynamiter?

Mr. Young also leaves serious doubts in this editorial regarding his position on the very nature of free enterprise itself. He violently condemns Mr. Cooper for importing "scabs" to keep his plant going. Pray tell me what right anyone has to deny Mr. Cooper the right to hire and fire whom-over he pleases. If we were under a syndicalistic system, where the plant would be owned, at least in theory, by the workers, Mr. Young would have a point. We, however, make at least a pretense of having a capitalistic system. Yet Mr. Young denies Mr. Cooper the right to produce his goods in the manner which seemed best to him, which is a fundamental tenet of capitalism. The result of the hiring of "scabs" according to Mr. Young, was "local bitterness of almost unbelievable intensity." What does this prove? It merely proves that the strikers did not want to work and as much resented anyone else who did want to hold a job. Thus we had the violence which Mr. Young finds so very excusable, as mentioned above.

In conclusion, I do not claim the omnipotence of management. Labor has its rights; but it also has obligations, and it is on this point that Mr. Young seems to me to have gone astray. Labor certainly has the right to strike for better conditions; at the same time, there should be sufficient risk involved in the striking (namely, the possibility of losing one's job to another - a "scab," as Mr. Young puts it) to make labor ponder seriously before commencing such action. Management is the truly productive element of our population; yet our present tendency is to penalize and punish their initiative and resourcefulness. I do not say that management has rights superior to those of labor; I do say, Mr. Young to the contrary, that management has rights equal to those of labor.

Yours very sincerely, James R. Hogfoed

Jazz And Talk

Gary A. Soucie

Jazz is still spelled with just four letters, but it is an awfully big word these days. In the sixty-odd years since its humble origins, jazz has swung along a great and brawling road right into its own as an art form.

It is one of America's only native art forms, skyscraper architecture being the other. It is true that the sound-tracked motion picture was born here, but this country is one of the few in which this medium cannot be argued as an art form. There are exceptions, of course, and I for one hope that the exceptions soon become the rule.

Like any other art form jazz has had its pioneers and innovators, some of them destined to be among its all-time greats. Jazz fans of this generation will have the sad, sad honor of witnessing the death of just about every major pioneer in jazz, both traditional and modern. In the five years since I have been an avid jazz fan, a whole host of jazz greats have died: W. C. Handy, Sidney Bechet, Baby Dodds, Hot Lips Page, Art Tatum, Lester Young, Billie Holiday, Walter Page, Frank Trumbauer the Dorseys, and even young modernists like Serge Chaloff and Charlie Parker. I feel certain that I have unwittingly omitted some very important names, but these are the ones that I can recall offhand. And there are many 'old men' still playing jazz; Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Jack Teagarden, Kid Ory, Coleman Hawkins, and James P. Johnson are all over fifty-five, and younger men like Benny Goodman and Bud Powell are infirm enough to go any minute.



LOUIS ARMSTRONG ... not since 1950

Jazz has had at least three immortals: Duke Ellington for his compositions and orchestral concepts, and initially Louis Armstrong and later the late Charlie Parker for instrumental solo influence. Bird is dead and the other two are well past their prime: Duke is 60 and Louis, 59. In addition, Satchmo hasn't contributed anything but entertainment and the same old notes since about 1950. Where does this leave us? Where are their successors?

No one, no even the late Fletcher Henderson, has given jazz as important an orchestral contribution as Edward Kennedy Ellington. Duke has given jazz some two thousand-plus compositions and the most distinctive coloration ever. And he's still writing. But Duke is getting on in years and someday he'll be no more. To whom do we then turn? Only three names come to mind: Gil Evans, John Lewis and Charlie Mingus. Gil Evans' contributions for Miles Davis and Claude Thornhill have been momentous, but far too sparse to fill the Duke's shoes. And Gil is already pushing fifty. John Lewis and Charlie Mingus are just coming into their own and it is on these two that we must place our hope. John Lewis has done amazing things with his Modern Jazz Quartet and with his writing for larger, more symphonic groups. However, Lewis' writing is not of the wide scope that Ellington's is. Mingus will never reach as many ears as Ellington and he may be a bit too cerebral.

Louis Armstrong is a legend, but his contributions were dated by the bop upheaval in the Forties. Charlie Parker was one of bop's earliest practitioners and progenitors, and none of his followers have matched his seven league stride. Bird gave jazz an entirely new concept of the way things should be. Jazz had hit a dead end musically and Charlie Parker opened a door. As Leonard Feather wrote in his Encyclopedia of Jazz, "From every standpoint — tonal, rhythmic, melodic, harmonic — his work set a new standard." His imitators are myriad, and lesser, and even his co-pioneers walk in his shadow. Even Dizzy Gillespie.

After Bird's untimely death in 1955, all eyes turned to other alto saxophonists to see who might fill the void. First Sonny Stitt was inaugurated and defeated by Bird's spirit, then Lee Konitz, then Cannonball Adderley. Later attention was shifted to tenor men Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane. But while the saxophonists were getting all the attention a trumpet player who, ironically enough, spent his formative years as Parker's sideman leaped forward as the most likely heir apparent: Miles Davis.

Even though there are many excellent and important soloists who have a great deal to say, including the listed saxophonists, I feel that only Miles Davis has the mark of originality stamped indelibly on him. Whereas Bird's solos were of the order of an empassioned delirium, Miles' are more like approaching sublime ecstasy. Davis' contributions are less noticeable than Parker's for jazz is not at present stagnated. If Sonny Rollins could be a little more serious consistently, he could give Miles a scare, and now that Thelonious Monk is out of hiding he might be able to turn the trick.

At present it looks like the contributions made to jazz by Duke Ellington and Charlie Parker will never be equaled.

