

**LBJ Image Is Emerging**

A noticeable change has come over the American press in its attitude toward President Johnson and with it new understanding.

The American public is just now beginning to grasp the image that Johnson has been building for himself over the last six months—that of the homespun, folksy second-generation frontiersman.

The odd thing about it is that it has taken us this long to figure him out.

To the matter seems to be the fact that we are only just now getting over the deep-seated shock of the Kennedy assassination.

I, and I'm sure many others, will never forget the first awful disillusionment in our President when I first heard him speak in public as President last November. His nasal, backwoods twang combined with the lack of anything exciting in the content of his speech, was difficult to adjust to after the noble dialectic of our former leader.

Kennedy, like all the strong Presidents before him, had established an indelible image on the minds of all Americans and of all Americans and of the world. It was a highly popular image not easily forgotten, for both Republican and Democrat. Johnson's speaking voice and the content of his speeches were emblematic of the dramatic difference in the characters of the two men.

The nation soon found itself with an entirely different sort of leader, one who got things done in Washington without dramatizing his causes for the people through rousing speeches. He arose as an old hand at the old game of pressure and influence on Capitol Hill, a skill which had bought him fame as Senate majority leader.

The press too was continually surprised and occasionally shocked at the casual behavior of the new President. Being formerly accustomed to the formality and almost-awe of a Kennedy press conference, they were somewhat baffled when asked to breakfast by the new President or taken on beer-swilling mad-cap Sunday drives through the Texas countryside. He dined with his wives and shot the breeze on the balcony until the wee small hours, coming up with a new surprise every minute.

Kennedy, on the other hand, was the closest thing to a king America has had—not in the sense that he tried to perpetuate a "reign" or attempted to grab absolute power. Rather he had some of the aura about him that only a great leader can possess. He demanded that extra bit of universal respect.

He could thrill the people with a Sorensen cliché or merely by appearing in public. He had that charismatic quality that only the best actors and politicians are blessed with.

He had also the qualities of youth and vitality. One had trouble being convinced by President Eisenhower on the merits of the national physical fitness program, but with Kennedy it was more believable.

Johnson has already been cowboyed, comedian and senator paraded with Will Rogers, the old from Oklahoma. Although the likeness is not that strong, it's not a bad analogy.

Johnson has that folks-back-homey quality that Rogers had, that same casual wit. He likes to talk to just about anyone and on the subject of just about anything. One can picture him sitting on the cracker barrel of the old country store weaving a yarn about the strange folks over in the next county or the local bootlegger.

He's a 19th century frontiersman with a 20th century political education—the sort of man who might have learned his culture from Mark Twain and his politics from the Great Depression (the latter, in fact, is pretty close to the truth).

He is in many respects a latter-day New Dealer who has had the time and experience to learn the mistakes of that period while reaping all the good ideas and programs off the top.

Certainly his war on poverty legislation resembles some of the New Deal pump-priming. He received his political education from Franklin D. Roosevelt and has applied it to the problems of the '60's.

The Kennedy intellectual approach has vanished and the much less exciting pragmatic method has replaced it. Scholars, young people and the press, the traditional liberals, have all sought to understand that replacement for six months. Finally they have found the right pigeon-hole in their minds, and they are able to comprehend their new President.



Letters To The Editors

**Wellman Returns Bombs**

Editors, The Daily Tar Heel:

Louis Schmier, in his strenuous justification of mass area bombing, starts by assuming that I have not "seen fit to indulge in some preliminary historical research." The comment is particularly ill-timed, for his letter discloses that he has read none of the recent studies of the joint Anglo-American air attack that wiped out Dresden when World War II was almost over. If he had read Irving's book, or R.H.S. Crossman's recent article in Esquire, he would not proceed to say: "Dresden and hemnitz were military and civilian communication centers for the direction of the German war effort in the east." If he really clings to this argument, he should be able to explain why Dresden was never once bombed until February of 1945 when it was jam-packed with eastern fugitives. Prior to this, the R.A.F. had left it completely alone, simply because there was no adequate pretext for destroying a city which had no war industries.

At the time of this massacre, which would have disgraced Attila, the R.A.F. spokesman claimed that the city had suddenly been converted into a center of troop movements. Our American press encouraged rumors that the Russians had requested the attack. The first story is demolished by General J. F. C. Fuller in at least one of his books; the second is exploded by Crossman. This attack on Dresden was not a tactical raid, but an area bombing mission in which we deliberately created a firestorm that killed at least 120,000 civilians in a night and a day. The Dresden railroads were in full operation three days after the last bomb.

den was not a tactical raid, but an area bombing mission in which we deliberately created a firestorm that killed at least 120,000 civilians in a night and a day. The Dresden railroads were in full operation three days after the last bomb.

Schmier counsels me to "read some very interesting documents in the British Air Ministry." I call his attention to a memorandum which Winston Churchill addressed to his chiefs of staff on March 28, 1945: "It seems to me that the moment has come when the question of bombing of German cities simply for the sake of increasing the terror, though under other pretexts, should be reviewed. . . . I feel the need for more precise concentration upon military objectives . . . rather than on mere acts of terror and wanton destruction." The chiefs of the Air Staff objected to this minute so vigorously that the Prime Minister rewrote it, but the original survived and is published in David Irving's book. Churchill, who apparently did not expect the shock waves that swept through the civilized world after the bombing, seems to have written this in the hope of escaping responsibility. But he played a large part in planning the attack, and if he regretted it so shortly afterwards, no comment seems necessary.

I am frankly amazed by one of Schmier's key paragraphs: "It is very difficult to distinguish soldiers from civilians, or to hit

a tank or any other military vehicle without doing damage to the people surrounding it, be they soldiers or civilians. It is true that the allied fighter pilots were very skilled in their profession, but it is too much to ask of them the skill of a sniper."

On the face of it, that is Schmier's defense of a bombing mission the very purpose of which was to kill the maximum number of civilians. That is his justification for the special assignment given to our Mustang fighters, which machine-gunned thousands of survivors in the Elbe meadows. In this case they displayed, if not the skill of a sniper, at least the skill of fighter pilots who knew how to dive over refugee columns and shoot them up. If Schmier's type of thinking is still widespread, David Irving's book was even more of a necessity than I had imagined.

Wade Wellman

**Letters**

The Daily Tar Heel invites comments on current topics from its readers regardless of viewpoint. All letters to the editors should be typewritten, double-spaced and of reasonable length. All letters must be signed, with the address of the author. No letter considered libelous or in poor taste will be printed.

**Fidel, Lyndon And Hubert**

**'Dear Abby' Opens International Mail**

I am a nine-year-old boy and I live in a very nice yard that I always play in. I fixed this yard up all by myself. My mother says that only certain children can play with me in my yard which I think is OK.

However, some bad boys who live up the street keep coming over and teasing me. Every time that I want to play with the new toys that my Uncle Nick sent me these boys keep teasing me. In fact, these boys even told all the other kids in the neighborhood not to play with me and not to talk with me. They said that I was selfish and mean and threw rocks into their yards. I only want to have fun with the toys that my uncle sent and I don't throw rocks and all that nasty stuff that these bad boys said that I do. They won't let me join their organization either.

I think that these boys are just jealous because my toys are just as good as their toys. Should I try to play in my own yard with my own toys or should I give them back to my uncle until I get older? These nasty boys even tried to take my toys away once. But I fooled them and wouldn't let them in the gate. Please help me.

Fidel

Dear Lyndon: If these other children don't stop teasing you I'd give those toys back to your uncle and try to make friends with the other children in the neighborhood. If you throw rocks they may gang up on you and take your toys away from you. Otherwise, maybe your uncle would let you go and live with him and these other children couldn't tease you.

Dear Abby: I'm so mad I just had to sit down and write to you before I explode. A young man that I've been dating, a tall good looking Frenchman, has started hanging around with a group here in the office that he knows I don't like. We weren't engaged or anything but we have been keeping company for a long time.

He still comes around once in awhile, usually when he wants a couple of dollars until pay day or something, but he never pays any attention to me any more. That sales department crowd is fast and are only out for a good time. I don't want my friend to get hurt and I don't want him to take me for some sort of a sucker. Don't you think that he owes me something for all the

time I've spent with him? Should I tell him to make a choice between that fast crowd and me, or should I hope that he'll come to his senses in time. I'm not getting any younger, Abby. Is all I can see is red! Lynda-A.

Dear Lyndon: If this friendship means anything to this friend of yours he'll come back as soon as he sees that this sales department gang is only out for a good time. Don't make too much of it, and I wouldn't be so free with your pocketbook until he does decide to start seeing you again, and on a more intimate basis.

Dear Abby: Our school is planning to have a big spring dance for all the students, but we have a problem. The faculty said that they will make up the guest list and some students will not be able to come to the dance. The teachers said that the students who don't dance aren't too smart and who have caused trouble in classes should not be allowed into the dance. All of us kids want the whole student body to come. The teachers keep changing the guest list every day and now no one knows if all the kids will be

invited or not or who will not be invited. I keep telling the teachers, I'm the dance committee chairman, that it is our dance and we can invite whom we want. They just keep saying the same thing over again that the roughnecks and the poorer students shouldn't come. I think that this is ridiculous. The dance is only a week away and I'm afraid that the kids who don't get invited are really going to be mad and they will blame the committee. What should we do? I don't think teachers have this right! Hubert

Dear Hubert: You really do have a problem. I would ask all of the kids who feel the same way that you do to make their feelings known to the teachers. I would also speak to the roughnecks and tell them that they won't get invited if they continue to act up in class. If they show the faculty that they can behave maybe the teachers will change their mind. Maybe some of your friends can teach these non-dancers a few basic steps so that they could attend and have a good time with everyone else. Good luck, those teachers sound tough.

**Book Review**

**Hidden Poor Are Revealed**

By PETER RANGE

"The Other American: Poverty in the United States" by Michael Harrington; Penguin Special Edition, 1963; 186 pp.; \$3.95.

"To be sure, the other America is not impoverished in the same sense as those poor nations where millions cling to hunger as a defense against starvation. This country has escaped such extremes. That does not change the fact that tens of millions of Americans are, at this very moment, maimed in body and spirit, existing at levels beneath those necessary for human decency."

Michael Harrington is an angry young man (36), to be sure. Yet the substance of his research on the scene of American poverty discloses irrefutable evidence that there are indeed "two nations" within the borders of the world's richest country. The one nation is that which all of us know, the world of comfort, middle-class values and various forms of super-affluence.

The other nation is comprised of thirty to fifty million Americans (Harrington very adequately acknowledges other views as to the size of impoverished America) who not only live far below the standards of the rest of us but below standards acceptable anywhere in the twentieth-century Western world.

The face of poverty has many aspects: the industrial poor, the rural poor, the migrant workers, the Bowerly alcoholics, the poor intellectuals of the Village, the racial minorities and — worst of all—the aged poor. Yet all these aspects are interrelated and form a gargantuan, self-sustaining disease which must be fought on many fronts.

And, tragically, welfare legislation (social security, minimum wage, etc.) does least to help those needing it most. By-products of the whole system are greater psychological disturbances among the poor and the various system of replacing old slums with not enough new housing units, soon doomed to the level of slum housing again.

Most significant about the other America, the huge shamefully impoverished side of a wealthy nation, is (1) that it is hidden from view and unknown, swept under the carpet by a blind, rich unsympathetic society, and (2) that poverty is a way of life, an institutionalized sub-culture with intricately related aspects which augment one another and a system of blocks which help keep the poor poor and, worst of all, render them hopeless, "maimed in spirit."

Harrington's study is revealing, shocking, moving and intimate. His factual reliability is supplemented with wide firsthand experience with America's poor. One feels personally involved with the human beings bound by the culture of poverty. While one might have wished for more comparisons with the same problems and their solution in other Western countries, Harrington's assertion that our Federal government is the only agent large enough to cope with the problem is valid and his specific suggestions make a viable basis for attacking "the other America."

**The Daily Tar Heel**

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**The Fine Arts Festival Is On The Way**

The success of the Carolina Symposium brought many comments, not the least of which was, "Why don't they do this every year, instead of every other?"

Student Government went to work, and Shazam, we are to have a Fine Arts Festival next year. The idea had been kicked around ever since Bob Spearman entered legislature—it was one of his pet ideas and work on it started then. But the Symposium's success provided the impetus to really get it into action, and next year it will be a reality.

The festival is a joint project of Student Government and the Department of Journalism, RTVMP, English, Dramatic Arts, Music and Art. The proposed format is to have a performance during the evening and the following afternoon have a panel discussion with the author, composer or director and a critic or other authority in the field.

For example, a quality film, such as "America, America", would be shown at night and the following afternoon Elia Kazan, the author and director, would be on a panel with, say Bosley Crowther, critic-at-large for the New York Times.

Of course, Kazan is but an example, for he once took the Fifth Amendment

before the House Subcommittee on Un-American Activities, and you know what that means.

The Festival would be held Sunday through Thursday during the first full week in April, roughly a comparable time with the Symposium.

Spearman's appointments to head the Student Government part of the program — Henry Aldridge and James Meredith—are excellent. They have had experience with the Symposium, and are highly qualified as judges of talent the students would like to hear.

Their idea of having a jazz concert the final night reflects this.

The Festival, as it now is planned, will have about 15 prominent participants—such names as Crowther, Archibald MacLeish and Roger Sessions are being considered.

It's going to cost a lot of money, perhaps as much as the Symposium. But it will be worth it, and we hope the departments will throw their full support behind the idea. If the Festival is a success in its first year, then it has a far better chance of being successful in ensuing years.

It is projects such as this which make Carolina great, and this is a project worthy of Carolina. We hope it becomes a reality.

**'Run Hard To Stand Still'**

The Charlotte Observer

It is often said that North Carolina and other Southern states must "run hard to stand still" in comparison with other states in such vital concerns as wealth and education.

The latest statistic to come out of the Census Bureau underscores this solemn fact.

Personal income for all North Carolinians went up by \$435 million in 1963, raising the state's per capita income figure from \$1,742 to \$1,813. That was a considerable gain of 5 per cent for the state—but the average gain for the nation as a whole was also 5 per cent.

Hence North Carolina stood still during 1963 with relation to her sister states, ranking eighth from the bottom again. Viewed from another direction, Mr. Average Tar Heel is about nine years behind Mr. Average American in personal income; in 1955 the per capita figure for the United States was a mite higher (\$53) than the North Carolina figure for 1963.

Simply put, this means that most Americans live better — at least in the

things that money can buy — than most North Carolinians do.

The last two state administrations have kept the state "running hard," trying to improve the lot of our citizens. Gov. Hodges launched a drive to bring new jobs into the state. Gov. Sanford has continued that drive, and has encouraged the creation of more wealth by upgrading all levels of education and initiating a program to turn poverty-stricken people into effective, wage-earning citizens.

"Running hard," we have inched ahead in some fields, held our own in others. The promise is always there that continuous effort and progressive leaders will eventually thrust us into what Sanford calls "the mainstream of America," so that North Carolinians will be as well off as any other Americans.

Yet even if we only inch ahead or merely hold our own, it is infinitely better than backsliding. North Carolinians should bear that in mind when they are deciding who will get their vote for governor.

**Windy But Serene**

Those hurricane headlines in the daily papers this weekend weren't kidding. Man, what a wind!

We ventured to the beach for the weekend to get some material for term papers (don't laugh, it's true) as well as relax, and immediately found ourselves thrust into a howling gale. Gusts approached 75 miles per hour, and the sea looked as though Neptune had found his eggbeater.

A pier near our motel took a fearful beating—it swayed and twisted, but somehow it, and the idiots who were fishing on it, withstood the blow.

Needless to say, there was no sun all weekend. But there also were no telephone calls, no meetings, no deadlines or no irate people screaming at us. It was great, and we heartily recommend it.

Even during hurricanes.

Fred Seely, Hugh Stevens

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