

The White Curse

Something there is that doesn't love exams.

It was two days before exams last year that Chapel Hill's last big snow came, and like this one, by dead of night.

You'd think crammers didn't have enough whiteness. Book pages, full of black strings of math symbols, Latin, English, history or economics, are still white. Notebooks, be they replete with long blue curlicues of Political Science 41 or Psychology 238, are white. You look at whiteness all day inside; and there's no relief through that door, friend. Outside, it's still white.

But if you think your own stacks of white papers and white notebooks and your own white outdoors merit a tear, squeeze out a bigger one for our managing editor.

He's flat on his back with flu amid the stifling, antiseptic whiteness of the sheets, uniforms and ceilings of Medical Hill.

Carolina Front Careful With That Studying, Intellectuals

Louis Kraar

NOW THAT the campus has taken to the pursuits of the mind (aided by coffee and No-Doze), the word "intellectual" doesn't have that hard, derogatory sound to it.

But unfortunately, after the exams are over, it will once again become an expression accompanied often by a sneer. The truth of the matter is that — even on this campus — intellectualism has become something at which many grimace.

Recently, the campus YWCA passed out a mimeographed sheet with topics for a discussion group. At the bottom in capital letters it said: "Are you free to discuss your views on segregation? . . . Is the faculty free to express personal beliefs in class? . . . Do YWCA activities interfere with the freedom of other campus and community organizations?"

Several girls, arriving late, took a glimpse at the sheet and immediately assumed it was a communist handout.

There was nothing political about the sheet — it was just controversial. At the top it said: "Your Freedom is in Trouble." And perhaps it is.

WOMANS COLLEGE Professor Randall Jarrell, a writer of some note as well as an intellectual, discusses the plight of "The Intellectual In America" in the current issue of "Mademoiselle" magazine.

"Most of us seem to distrust intellectuals as such, to feel that they must be abnormal or else they wouldn't be intellectual," the WC professor writes.

Professor Jarrell points to other ages in the past when knowledge and intellect were respected.

In today's politics, Dean Aderson is attacked because he has gone to Harvard. And even little children hate nonconformity, according to this professor. A little girl told her parents about a boy in her class that was different. When the parents asked what was wrong with him, the little girl answered: "He wears corduroys instead of blue jeans."

And writer Jarrell adds: "Forgive us each day our corduroys." The irony of all this feeling against intellectuals is that we're all intellectuals about something, as Jarrell points out.

"The man who will make us see what we haven't seen, feel what we haven't felt, understand what we haven't understood — he is our best friend. And if he knows more than we know about something, that is an invitation to us, not an indictment of him either: it takes all sorts of people to make a world — to make, even, a United States of America." Professor Jarrell concludes.

This reporter can say little more except nod in firm agreement, and hope that this campus will not deny controversy and the right to differ to its students.

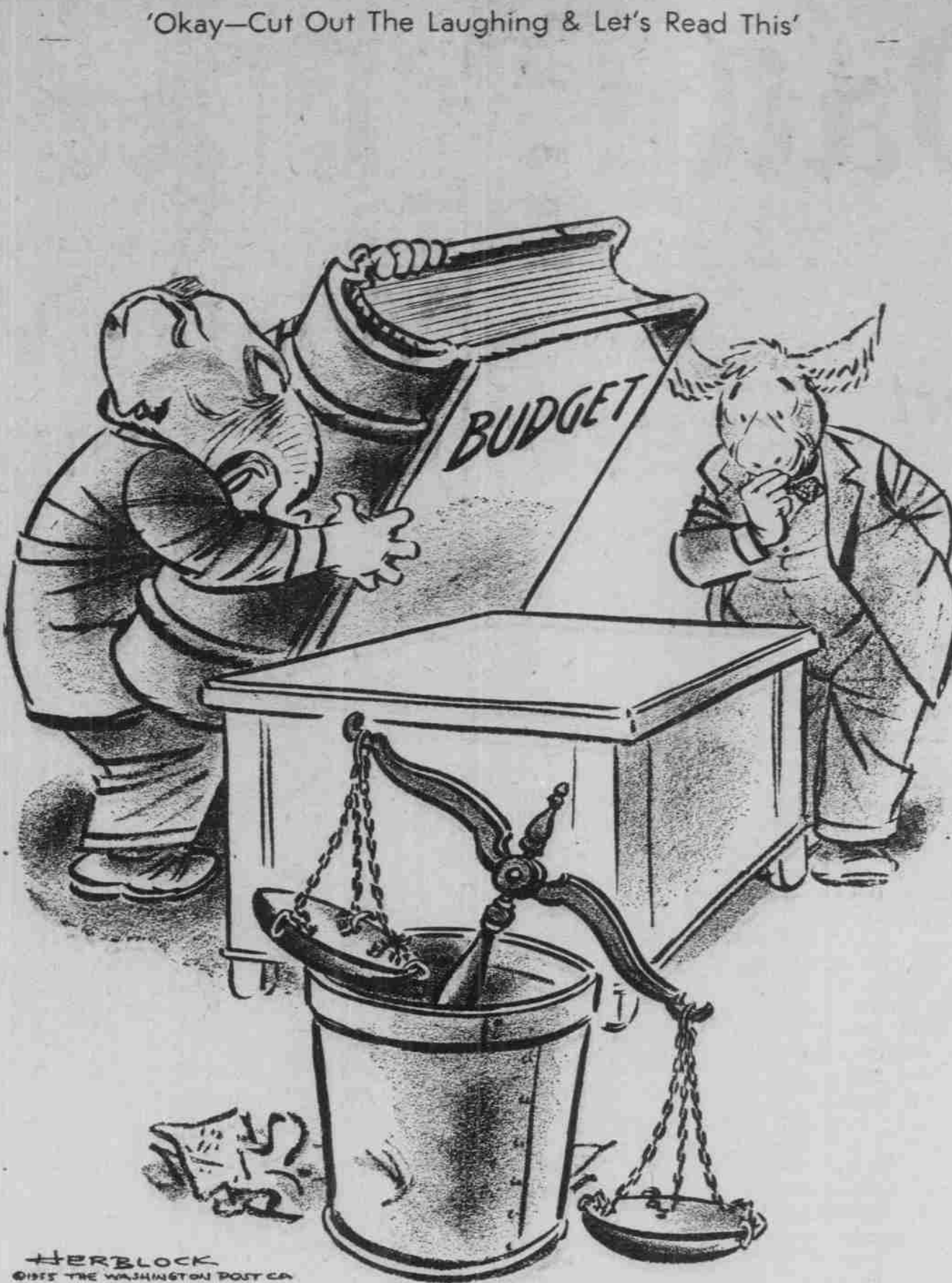
THE SNOW yesterday morning caught me in a Rip Van Winkle mood.

Having gone to bed early with a pre-exam headache, Franklin Street looked so different yesterday morning that I wondered just how long I had slept.

With a bag full of dirty clothes (thrown over my back in Santa Claus fashion), I headed down the main street expecting to hear strains of "White Christmas" from Kemp's Record Shop.

Stopping to duck a snow ball, I heard music coming from a record shop further up the street. Edging over to the shop window, to dodge the snowball and hear the music at the same time, I caught the tune.

The music was probably as appropriate as "White Christmas" or "Winter Wonderland." The song was "Cocktails For Two." Coffee in the Y was good.



HERBLOCK
GIVES THE WASHINGTON POST

'Okay—Cut Out The Laughing & Let's Read This'

Reaction Piece Some Original Column Ideas For Mr. Sisk

David Mundy

Yes, things are really rough during these last days before 'the days of the last judgement.' It appears that the DTH readers, real or imagined, are having a more unpleasant time than the DTH columnists, real or imagined.

And when letter writer Bill Sisk is forced into subscribing to the Raleigh News and Observer, it is a sure sign that the end of the journalistic rope is being reached.

To prevent such subscriptions becoming more common, I for one would offer to become more interesting. But about what? Mr. Sisk's a few arguments and controversies about life in general?

Now here are some nice, "original" arguments and controversies: "Should Communist China be admitted to the UN?" "Coed Drinking." "Solitude vs. Society." "The Philosophy of Leucippus" as opposed to that of Bergson. "Should Chancellor House be censured for appearing on TV?" and "Are Blondes prettier than Brunettes?"

Aren't those exciting? Of course, Mr. Sisk might want another type of column. What about: "What Hamlet Means to Me," "Milton and the New Cosmology," (These are old English 21 themes).

And then there is another type of column. Sample titles: "The New Hyacinths Behind Morehead Planetarium," "The Case of the Physiology Department's Missing Goldfish," and "Sex Orgies at the Home of Dean Z."

Perhaps best of all, there might be articles on: "McCarthyism in Chapel Hill," "George the Campus Collie," and "What I Did Last Monday Night at 8:30."

No laughs, please. It may be either that or just the weather. The DTH can't be printed with but three pages. There have to be four, as the editor so cleverly noticed when I proposed omission of articles reflecting bias toward one of the national political parties. Or perhaps the DTH will just continue to clip and print articles from such 'fair, unbiased, sources as the "Democrat Digest," "The Reporter," and the "Nation."

My real suggestion is that letter-writer Sisk, who proves himself both facile and interesting, join the DTH staff. If nothing else, I'll offer him this space for one or two journalistic shots.

At long last I have been directly, personally accused of "McCarthyism." I've previously been accused of being a radical, a liberal Republican (worst of all), and even a McCarthy defender. But guilty of McCarthyism? Never 'til now.

It all began when I remarked that one of Associate Editor Yoder's articles was better written than a comparative article in the "Worker." (Excepting a few sickening phrases which stand for nothing but shibboleths, I agree with their contentions.) The similarity between them was so great that I felt compelled to count Yoder's article in my tabulation of political matter in the DTH.

Both articles managed to slyly insinuate that comrade Scales was getting a raw deal. In the process of doing so they tried to infuse something of their whole "liberal" philosophy into the reader's mind. It is that which I found personally objectionable.

I find the law outlawing the Communist party just as objectionable a threat to individual freedom as I do the statist philosophies of the liberals. Worst of all, of course, were the cheap, demagogic tactics used by the leftwing Democrats in getting the law passed.

If this be McCarthyism, call me a McCarthyite. I can paste this label alongside columnist Kraar's "Reactionary" tag.

Clark Olsen, last year's editor of the Oberlin College paper, seemed quite impressed by the hospitality and freedoms extended when he visited the Soviet Union last year. His pronouncement, in a "Letter to the Editor" in Saturday's DTH, is that American colleges extend the same kind of privileges to potential visiting "junior comrades." I would suggest that the same privilege be given to those presently enrolled in our universities.

Eye Of The Horse Roger Will Coe

THE HORSE was prowling the purlieus of Hill Hall and giving (somewhat frighteningly) with high notes and low notes.

"You wouldn't think I had anything to do with Music, would you?" The Horse shrugged, when I queried him. "The truth, Roger me boy, if it is in you!"

If I'd the diuibs, The Horses strangled warblings were convincing: No!

"The Marriage of Figaro, a notable musical triumph of our Music Department, has me here," The Horse ignored my critique. "It was swell!"

Good, and good. I hoped it was better than The Horse's burpings in his column, if the views of one Bill Sisk were to be accorded credence. Had he read what Bill Sisk said of The Horse's eyings?

"Yeah, and the guy is at least partially correct," The Horse said. "He said that formerly he suspected my eyings were full of hidden meanings; and they were. But mining meanings is not, it would seem, a popular occupation hereabouts, so I discontinued burying eadem — as Doc Ullman would say — and I come 'right out into the open."

That had its disadvantages? Durn right," The Horse growled. "It's all right to kid certain people and to make certain remarks when the guy or the remark can't be exactly sure you mean him . . . or can't prove you meant what you said to be taken a certain way. Sisk is right."

Sisk also had said The Horse was now meaningless. Did The Horse agree here, as well?

"As Poor Richard would say," The Horse tossed off glibly, "He that complains has too much." However, I do grant one Siskian premise beyond the one already granted: what interests or entertains one chappie is just so much hogwash to another. Humor is where and how you find it. The Anatomy of Mirth became a dead body instant the first nards. If my burpings, as you so rudely label and inquirer unzipped it and tried to classify its inlibel my small funnings in the "DTH, do not exercise any Siskian interest or risibilities, this is as incapable of correction on my part as it is on his part. George Horace Lorimer, late great editor of the Saturday Evening Post, once came roaring into his office and raised merry hob because a man he knew had told him he had enjoyed every story and article in a certain SATEVEPOST issue."

What? Why, how ridiculous!

"Not," The Horse countered, "from G. Horace Lorimer's viewpoint, which was — if he gave each one of his readers one story or article he or she liked, he was doing a bang-up job. Lorimer felt that his readers could be classified into seven utterly different types, with each type liking one definite type of story but disliking all other types. Ergo — as Dock Suskin would say — if one person liked it all, the editors were not salting the mag with variety."

Perhaps; but — couldn't Humor be analyzed?

"No more than, as Doc Walter Allen, Jr., of Greek Drama fame," The Horse cited, "would say that a general statement concerning the 'thinking of a people' can be nailed down to thus and so. People have different brains, different ambitions, different backgrounds, different motivations . . . one person from the other. A hundred different people can have a hundred different thoughts about one certain issue. What they subscribe to despite their thinking is another thing entirely. Just so with humor. I have my own ideas of what is funny and what isn't funny; of what is interesting and what is not. An Irish story illustrates this . . . as well as illustrates the futility of trying to analyze humor."

Okay, okay, I was listening!

"A proposal was made in the Dail Eireann, the Irish Free State legislature, to fight the Depression by borrowing on long-term bonds to finance a huge public-improvement program." The Horse recounted, "but a conservative member arose to cry Ehem! — as Doc Epps would say — over the saddling of posterity with the cost. And up jumped the posterity of the measure to shout, 'And what has posterity done for us that we should consider it?'"

Very funny, but —

"The upshot of it," The Horse interrupted, "was that one of these eager analysts of humor went to Ireland to inquire into exactly what Irish Humor is. But exactly! The best Irish humor is the result of a bull, for sure, the inquirer was assured. 'It is just that — a bull.' So the inquirer pressed his search further, asking about the countryside for examples of Irish bulls. And he met with a countryman who willingly explained it all."

Oh. Then it could be classified, this humor?

"After a fashion," The Horse agreed. "This brood of an Irish country lad pointed to a nearby field where three bovine ruminants were lying belled down in the grass, and he asked, 'Do ye see them three cows a-lyin' down? Th' grass, sor?' The inquirer into Humor did see the three cows, and so stated. 'Well, then,' said his explainer, 'the one standin' up is the bull.'"

That was the story?

"Like Harvey, the Rabbit in the play of the same title," The Horse said, "either you see it or you do not. Nobody can make you see it, and nobody, if you do see it, can stop you from so doing. But Herr Sisk will get no back-of-me-hand from The Horse because of his recent critique . . . although it is my observation that those who write same are usually little qualified to do so, and usually betray naught but a lack of something. Mr. Sisk is to be congratulated that his lack is so simple to correct: all he has to do is change his reading sources."

Then The Horse wouldn't try to assist Sisk?

"Newspapers published for one man's benefit are, as Poor Richard says, Great Labor for 'Little Profit.'" The Horse Poor Richarded me. "Would you like me to sing an aria or three, Roger me lug?"

We got out of there fast.

Plaudits

The Wesley Foundation, by a thumping 483 ballot, this week declared racial segregation a denial of "true Christian brotherhood." In so doing, the student Methodists carved another chip from the hard trunk of prejudice on the campus. We commend the Wesley Foundation members for the search to which they have submitted their minds and for the decision they have reached.

Shakespeare On Exams

Studying in the library: "More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up, and quench the fire, the room is grown too hot."

Cramming at 3 a. m.: "How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of the world."

Cramming at 7 a. m.: "It is not for your health thus to commit your weak condition to the raw, cold morning."

Teacher handing out tests: "O most pernicious woman! O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!"

Composition exam: "Why, I will fight with him upon this theme until my eyelids will no longer wag."

Leaky fountain pen: "Out, damned spot! out, I say!"

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday, examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

- Editor — CHARLES KURALT
- Managing Editor — FRED POWLEDGE
- Associate Editors — LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER
- Business Manager — TOM SHORES
- Sports Editor — BERNIE WEISS
- News Editor — Jackie Goodman
- City Editor — Jerry Reece
- Advertising Manager — Dick Sirkin
- Circulation Manager — Jim Kiley
- Subscription Manager — Jack Godley
- Photographers — Cornell Wright, R. B. Henley
- Assistant Sports Editor — Bob Dillard
- Assistant Business Manager — Bill Bob Peel
- Editorial Assistant — Ruth Dalton
- City Editor — Eleanor Saunders
- NEWS STAFF — Ruth Dalton, Neil Bass, Peggy Ballard, Barbara Willard, Sue Quinn.
- EDITORIAL STAFF — Bill O'Sullivan, Tom Spain, David Mundy.
- SPORTS STAFF — Bob Dillard, Roy Linker.
- BUSINESS STAFF — Jack Wiesel, Jan Metz.
- Night Editor for this issue — Eddie Crutchfield

A Basis For Hope In Indonesia

JAKARTA, Indonesia. — The news from Indonesia is, both negative and unprecise, thus breaking two old newspaper rules; but it is still important news. In brief, the Communist danger here is nothing like so serious as it has often been painted in the last year.

To besure, Indonesian politics have a quality all their own. Everything happens slowly. Everything is indeterminate. A crisis that would tear another country apart in a week can last a couple of months here, and produce no very clear result when it is over. And all this makes analysis pretty difficult.

Yet the fact remains that there is little in the picture here to justify the pessimism about the Indonesian future that is so often voiced in Washington. On the contrary, if world

those whom I will soon see no more. Spring has returned to my soul, and joy and happiness permeate me.

communism is not flabbily permitted to take over the rest of Asia, there is every reason to feel hopeful about this remarkable new nation of 80,000,000 people, with its beautiful land, its vast untapped resources and its immense future possibilities.

Among the Indonesian people, 90 per cent of them devout Moslems, the Communists have gained no mass base except in the labor unions in the biggest towns. They are tolerated and Communist political support is accepted by the government of Prime Minister Ali Sastroamidjojo; but they have not yet got their hands on the police, the Army, or any other vital lever of power.

When this reporter was in Jakarta a little more than a year ago, the Army seemed to be in danger. The only seriously suspect character in the present government, Defense Minister Iwa Kusumasumantri was seeking to get the Army under his personal control. And this attempt was causing a major crisis that filled all Jakarta with rumors of violence to come.

The crisis ended with the semi-retirement of one of Indonesia's most impressive leaders, the former Chief of Staff of the Armed Forces, Gen. Simatupang. But the way was still not opened to Communist penetration of the armed forces. The factions in the Army have drawn together, if anything, because of the political attempts to play one faction against another. The Army remains a powerful anti-Communist force.

Meanwhile Prime Minister Ali's government, whose good faith on this point has been unfairly attacked, is now seriously preparing the first national election. Both Ali and President Sukarno are firmly pledged to holding the election this year, and it will probably come in late July or early August.

That means that the present artificial situation, in which all politics center in a Parliament of arbitrarily appointed deputies, will shortly come to a welcome end. The people will have their chance to speak. There will

be a chance for a more vigorous and confident attack on Indonesia's many difficult problems, among which the economic problem balks particularly large. And as the national problems begin to be solved, the Communist danger should recede still further.

There are still every real difficulties ahead, of course. One of the most unpleasing characteristics of Dutch imperialism, which was generally unpleasing, was the extreme restriction of education. When the Indonesian Republic was established, 93 per cent of the people were illiterate, and the group of men with full, modern, Western education numbered no more than a few thousand.

However patriotic they may be, illiterates cannot administer one of the biggest nations of the modern world. The task of Indonesia's small group of adequately trained leaders has been back breaking. The wonder is not that progress in Indonesia has been relatively slow. The wonder is, rather, that the nation has survived and gone forward.

These facts mean, in turn, that any judgment of this country has to be sympathetic in order to be realistic. When the beginning was so inordinately hard, a bad end cannot be predicted just because there are initial falterings. Men like Prime Minister Ali and President Sukarno should not be judged pro-Communist, because their present attitude toward Indonesian communism seems alarmingly amiable to many Americans.

Every brand new nation always has two traits. It is irritatingly touchy and suspicious, as any reader of our own early history will surely have observed. And it needs time and more time and still more time to develop its own national political forms, its own characteristic national life and its own ways of doing world business.

If these things are remembered, and Indonesia is given both time and sympathy, this country can one day become one of the great powers of the free world. But whether the time will be allowed, directly depends on what the responsible leaders of the free world do about the Communist advance in the rest of Asia.

Two wifters ago aimlessly I drifted here like a puff of white cloud out of the infinite sky.

There was no friend for company, no echo rebounded at the sound of my voice. Day after day I rested on the crest of high waves of hopes.

Having survived the frosts of winter, I was destined to enjoy the intoxication of flowers of spring.

The hot summer winds chastened and consoled me, preparing me for the love I then found beneath the autumn leaves.

After a year my solitude left me, and even the squirrels were my friends. Now in a winter scene or loneliness and harsh wind, without a flower to brighten the world,

My heart, oblivious of that around me, fills with hope for the future and gratitude for