

## A Message To The Seniors

A degree from Carolina is something to be cherished—just ask the man who owns one. But a diploma is not a free pass to successful living.

Though education is a sure thing, it is not 99 and 44 one-hundredths per cent pure. Learning can be valuable only through direction and interpretation. It must be carefully channeled to meet current needs and at the same time, it must be ready for change. It should be able to branch out, but at the right time and in the right way.

Education is a state of mind. The college graduate is the mind of the state, of the nation.

The sentence, "This world is always in a state of turmoil," is practically an axiom today. Are you going to sit around and accept this, or are you going to help do something to disprove the statement as an established principle?

True, the world is having a bad spell. We are being stampeded by trouble and it's time to head it off at the pass. This job is everyone's responsibility. No one of you can afford to just make expenses or take the square route.

When you get your diploma, the University is giving you an insurance policy in the belief that you are a good risk and that you will be able to keep up the premiums.

All of you should be well-bred individuals after a four-year loaf off Papa's dough. It's time to rise and show what you can do. To the 1952 graduates, we say good luck and God's blessings upon you.—B.B.

## Quarterly

The Spring issue of the *Carolina Quarterly* is refreshing for its emphasis on creative work. Its strongest points lies in several good short stories. Among these, we should first mention Joseph Terrell's *A Race of Men*, the annual fiction award story. Here, we are convincingly told of a superior man's rational return to a crude and limited environment. The naturalistic temper of the story suffers from a too sensitively drawn hero whose emotions and thought are so incompatible with his surroundings that his assuming his sordid position, in the first place, does not quite ring true. Varley Lang's *A Few Hours*, a similar type of story, has the same trouble. While we can believe the actions and reactions of Terrell's hero, Lang's sentimental Irish dockworker seems somewhat contrived, as he picks out Corelli on a yellow upright, or loses his hearing for the sake of a particularly unattractive adolescent. *A Few Hours* has its great merits, however, in a concise and lucid style.

Wyat Helsabeck's *Jonathan Heard the Cries of Cain* is a well-drawn clinical picture of pre-puberty neurosis in a Puritanical environment. It is to be praised for a sustained and understanding portrayal of its boy hero. The author's English could be improved. Wesley Ford Davis brings us good, raw war-fiction in his *Look for a Buzzard*. Those who care for a fusion of sentimentality and steel will find it entertaining reading.

Cary Westervelt has, no doubt, contributed the best verse to this issue. Her *Introduction* shows a good balance of form,

supported by a consistent idea. Unfortunately, she chose metaphors which are patently startling and resorted to changing ordinary nouns into "symbols" by the mere juggling of definite and indefinite articles. Yet she excels all the other verse-contributors who carry Miss Westervelt's faults in high eminence but seem to have little to balance these. James Gardner, for instance, gives us the memorable "saw eyes moistly glisten, flare, as mice from upturned boxes stare" in his *See*. John Foster West tells us, on the other hand, that "pain is pain, and every shadow is not grim," enclosed in parenthesis from the remainder of his tautological *Time out of Mind*. Arthur Schaffer and Rose Roseberg, in strangely similar verse pieces, continue the tradition of Edna St. Vincent Millay. The *Quarterly's* poetry board should conceivably restrict its lyrical offering to fewer pieces of higher merit.

I was very impressed with the good quality of what criticism this Spring issue contains. Mark Linenthal, Jr. gives an eclectic, but well-phrased appraisal of Robert Penn Warren as a novelist. His *Cass Mastern and Jeremiah Beaumont: Novel into Myth* will make readers want to see the central ideas presented here enacted in Warren's fiction. Colette and Alexander Heard are well reviewed by Robert L. Selig and Fletcher M. Green, respectively. Credit should be given to Cary Westervelt, again, for her sensitive illustrations and to the editorial staff for turning out a periodical in good balance.

W. B. Fleischmann

## On Campus

What used to be a double room in 216 Spencer dormitory turned out to be a triple room last Thursday night at the goulsh hour of midnight.

A coed walked into her room, and after performing the usual nightly task of rolling up the hair, she walked lazily over to her bed and lifted her pillow in order to secure a pair of pajamas.

The calm, quiet dorm was suddenly shaken with the coed's three piercing screams! Look and behold! What had once been a pair of yellow pajamas

was now a huge monster bearing black fur, a four-inch beak, and claws. The coed stood there just long enough for a brief view of the monster whose massive wings were spread out across the bed. She then raced out the door and down the hall, clothed in the opposite of Aladdin apparel.

The moral of this story? Beware of your crow-hunting friends!

What happened to the coed? ... We haven't seen her since!—Carol Kelly.

## Al Perry Monologue

It's been quite a while since *Monologue* appeared, mainly because I ran out of nothing to say. However, I'm back in my usual form at last, the dry spell is over (att. Miss Pogo), and boring attitudes and platitudes are back in style.

Got a first-hand account of that raid on the coeds, and it seems that the whole deal was rather carefully planned, in contrast to the spontaneity of raids at other schools.

Things started rolling at midnight that evening, as an estimated group of 20-40 men were observed wandering very quietly in and out of the arboretum. Two cars with short-wave equipment were observed parked across the street from McIver. Another car pulled up and one of the men standing nearby said, "Hurry up and get out—let's get this thing started—everybody is waiting for everybody else."

Shortly after, an unusual whistle was heard, and several men detached themselves from the group and walked across the street to McIver. One attempted to open the side door, and the others worked on screens and the front doors. There were four men in this group, and their faces were blacked with charcoal or something similar. Having failed to secure entry into the dorm, the four men returned across the street, following a repeat of the strange whistle, and reported to their compatriots.

One said, "We can't get in—all the doors and windows are locked." And another, "If we could only get inside and pull the switches."

At this, my informant (a coed) woke the house president, who called the cops. Then the actual riot itself started, as lower and upper quad residents poured out of their dorms.

Nothing more was seen of any men in blackface, and they apparently quietly left the scene.

The point is—the men who are up before the Honor Council for entry into coed dorms are not, it seems, the men who planned the whole deal.

Rumors have been flying concerning a repeat performance but it seems unlikely—police patrols have been doubled, and I had to walk through a cordon of cops to get my date in on time last night.

Just a stray monologuial comment—it's been great being Pogo Champagne Manager along with T. Mac, and I wish to thank all concerned—let's keep it rolling.

## Library Hours

Library hours for the period after final exams and the first session of summer school were released yesterday.

The Library will be open next Thursday, from 7:45 a.m. until 5 p.m.; Friday, May 30, through June 9, 9 a.m. until 5 p.m. excepting Sundays; Sunday, June 1, 2 p.m. until 5 p.m.; Sunday June 8, 2 p.m. until 5 p.m.; summer session, Monday through Friday, 7:45 a.m. until 10 p.m.; Saturdays, 7:45 a.m. until 5 p.m., and Sundays, 1:30 p.m. until 10 p.m.

The regular schedule will be resumed in the fall.

Barry Farber

## PERSONALLY

Here's where I sit down on the chewing gum.

For weeks I've been itching to sweep out the back room of my brain and throw all the leftover words on paper with no regard for coherence, organization, syntax, or grammar. This time I'm playing the Remington strictly by ear so I can close up the shop without leaving a single unexpressed thought.

First of all I want to spray my effervescent gratitude over everybody whose vote helped station me behind the Bubble Desk here in the Editor's Chamber. And while my heart is holding open house, I'd like to publicly cuddle up and kiss everybody whose smiles, kind words, letters and post cards let us know that our journalistic efforts were not going unappreciated. You've been a magnificent audience, even on days when the paper looked like an Oriental atrocity.

I remember one Saturday morning you picked up a *Daily Tar Heel* that looked like a calculated study in cosmic blundering. Even the banner headline was misspelled. If Moses had seen that paper there would have been another Commandment. Still, scores of Carolina Ladies and Gentlemen stockpiled their praise at our doorstep and implored us to "keep up the good work." That sort of encouragement gave us a metaphysical spark that made us happy to bang the midnight keyboards while all the normal students were down at Myrtle Beach. I always said Chapel Hill was a great place. Now I believe it.

Within the fortnight our Seniors will be formally divorced from the Carolina scene. Congratulations. You've hit a base knock, but you're not home yet. Between now and Commencement, speakers will tell you your future is lined with honey. I'd like to underscore the heartache. It seems that somewhere north of Parallel 38 a group of powerful fanatics, cleverly disguised as human beings, is working overtime to knock your dreams of rings, romance, and rice into a cocked helmet. Light a cigarette. Now inhale deeply. Before you stamp the ashes into the cosy asphalt of the Y-court, one American boy will have been killed in Korea and two others injured—one seriously.

Yesterday President Truman warned you that Asia is about to hit the fan. Maybe you recently gave Archie Myatt a dollar for membership in the Alumni Association and a subscription to the *Alumni Review*. I get a lump in my throat the size of the Planetarium when I wonder how many copies of that magazine will be forwarded to the Korean peninsula only to be returned with the crisp, official marking "addressee unknown." It's a shame our planet has to take on a fresh coat of young blood every few years just because Lenin liked to show off his ruptured reasoning, or because a German general found a short cut from Berlin to Dunkirk, or because a few greedy men can't behave themselves.

Before the hands of the scoreboard clock pinch the last remaining minutes out of a wondrous year I want to address a few remarks to certain persons

alties who have claimed more than their share of my thinking moments.

To Rolfe Neill, my Managing Editor, I extend best wishes for success in his July marriage to one of the most fabulous females I've ever had the exhilarating pleasure to meet. There's a slogan around the office that says "If you can't find it in the dictionary, encyclopedia, or World Almanac—just ask Rolfe." Neill is the citadel of journalistic excellence who provides the mystic mainspring that keeps this paper solidly within the realm of readability. Thanks for teaching me all the tricks, Rolfe, and good luck to you and Rosemary.

To the *Daily Tar Heel* staff, those ever-loving drone bees who so gleefully cast their springtime freedom upon my chopping block for naught but an occasional by-line, I offer my undying appreciation plus another year of slavery beginning next September.

To all our foreign students, whose impressions of this country will always revolve around their year in Chapel Hill, I say "adios," "bon voyage," and "auf wiedersehen." I hope you now realize that America has more to offer civilization than just tuberculosis and the T-formation. Please tell your countrymen that we are actually an easy-going people eager to live and help live, but that we have learned (at the highest tuition rates in history) that we can't afford to sit idly in the bleachers and watch a lunatic heavy-weight sling ugly uppercuts at the welters and bantams. Our association with you has helped culture the penicillin of understanding that will inevitably obliterate the malignant infection of totalitarianism.

To John Clark, well known University Trustee, I want to say that I respect your opinions but find your views on humanity in diametrical opposition to my own. Sure, I'm young and idealistic but I still think Dr. Frank Graham split the goalposts when he said "It takes both the black and the white keys of the piano to play the Star-Spangled Banner." Frankly, I'm interested in the color of a man's character and money—not his skin. That's why so many of us love Carolina. It's great to live in a community where nobody cares whether your grandfather stepped off Plymouth Rock or crawled out from under it.

P. S. to P. B. in L. A.—One should never meddle with the deck after the cards have once been shuffled. May you be blessed with joy, happiness, health, sunshine, and bliss from now until Gabriel blows that high note.

## Traffic Management

The industrial traffic management class under Professor J. D. Blaine recently visited the Railway Express Agency in Greensboro to observe express operation. Greensboro express agent Bruce Fowler conducted the class on a tour of the Agency and its operation from the receipt of shipment to the loading of cars.

## Pencil Lost

A Shaeffer fineline pencil, black with a gold cap, was lost in the Grail room of Graham Memorial Wednesday. Anyone finding it may return it to The *Daily Tar Heel* office or Ted Fleischmann.