

# The Daily Tar Heel

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A. Z. F. Wood, Jr.

## More Types

Ron Levin left out some very important types of people on campus in his column last Friday. He talked about individualists, non-conformists, Bohemians, pseudo-intellectuals, and intellectuals. But these people, with the exception of the pseudo-intellectuals, all belong to one general class and they are decidedly in the minority on this campus, and, in fact, on every campus.

One type Ron Levin left out and which epitomizes a very large percentage of the individuals at UNC is the white buck (or Cordovan) wearing Cashmere sweater wearing, gray flannel (searsucker in Spring) wearing, striped tie wearing guy who loves to ride around in convertibles, drink gallons of beer, buy more clothes, date beautiful girls with "personality", play poker (but never check and raise), and send the bills home to Pop. This guy likes Ray Anthony, Marilyn Monroe, Archaeology courses, Dean Martin, Archaeology courses, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, and very little else. He reads Esquire, the Saturday Evening Post, Mickey Spillane, Sport, Look and the sports page of the daily newspapers, and he has seen Hollywood's version of *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* and if his date one night is partially bookish, he can talk about Ernest Hemingway with facility. He is especially (or exclusively) partial to white Anglo-Saxons and is impressed with clean cutness and an all-American boy. He would like nothing better than to revert back to the days of King Arthur and feudalism, and when he leaves college, he will still have piles of dough.

Another Carolina type is the sun bathing, T shirt rolled over the shoulder, pegged pants wearing, squirrel tail, side burn, key chain wearing guy who thinks that anybody that doesn't like Dixieland is a square, and he doesn't want to go to Paris, in

fact, he doesn't want to go anywhere, for the grand old state of North Carolina is good enough for him any old time. This guy reads pulp magazines and he saw *Snows of Kilimanjaro* too (just as he has every other movie that has come to Chapel Hill except the J. Arthur Rank ones), but he doesn't care who wrote the original story. For all he knows, it was written by Gregory Peck. This guy never speaks to a professor except in class because he doesn't want people to say that he's sucking around. And when he graduates, he will very likely join the Ku Klux Klan.

The two types have much in common. They are very careful in their dress, whether it's pegged purple pants or gray flannel, and their interests are limited to sex, football, contemporary music, foolhood, beer, fast cars, and crisp courses. Both types laugh or sneer at anything different: people carrying their books under their arms instead of on their hips, people who don't go to football games, people who like to read, foreigners, liberals, people on the fencing team, people who button all the buttons on their sport coats, and agnostics. And neither type would get within ten yards of Danziger's. Both types will do anything that's a fad at the time: cut their pants off at the knees, go barefoot on Senior Day, wear little blue hats with "Beat Notre Dame" on them up to New York, or grow beards during the spring, but neither would do any such thing as an individual for a hundred million dollars.

The Board of Trustees and the Alumni seem to me to be mere reflections of the present student body. Most of them were students once themselves. They are the same as the students except they are older. With such a prevailing atmosphere of stagnant, reactionary defeatism, is there any wonder that there are Saturday classes and Book Exchange profits?

Norman Jarrard

## Across The River

Ernest Hemingway's *Across the River and Into the Trees* is now available in pocketbook form (Dell, 320 pp.). When the book was first published in 1950 it was Hemingway's first book since *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940). The book reviewers attacked it with more violence than any other book has been subjected to that I know about. There are a number of reasons besides the merit of the book which would explain why that was so, but this is no place to talk about that. It can probably be taken as a maxim that any book so violently handled will turn out to be not such a bad book at all. Some of the reviewers must have been shocked by their concerted display of ferocity because later criticism has been more temperate and some what apologetic.

*The Old Man and the Sea*, two years later, afforded some more insight into the psychology of reviewers. It was received with almost unbelievable praise. True to form, subsequent criticism has tended to belittle the book. It's as true as it ever was that you have to read the books yourself in order to find out if they were worth reading. That's why in this column I am not primarily interested in rating a book as a whole. I try to find something interesting or praiseworthy in everything I read, and since I am not forced to review anything I don't want to, I usually find that something. If I can get across the flavor of the book that will be enough.

*Across the River* is the story of a demoted general, Colonel Cantwell, who is spending his last days in and around Venice. The Colonel goes on his last hunting trip, eats and drinks in the familiar Hemingway manner, makes love to the beautiful Countess Renata, and manages to purge himself of the effects of a long line of past troubles.

The story is framed with the duck shooting episode, then the events of the two or three previous days are filled in by flashback. In that respect the book hangs together very well. The duck shoot, by the way, is about found worth praising. But there are other things. Something that amuses me in retrospect is the Colonel as political prophet. He didn't like General Eisenhower and says as much. Of Eisenhower

he says, "Strictly the Epworth League. . . An excellent politician. Political General. Very able at it." Later, he alludes to Eisenhower when he refers to "some politician in uniform who has never killed in his life, except with his mouth over the telephone, or on paper, nor ever has been hit. Figure him as our next President if you want him. Figure him and his people, the whole great establishment, so far back that the best way to communicate with them rapidly would be by racing carrier pigeons. Except, with the amount of security they maintained for their proper persons, they would probably have their anti-aircraft shoot the pigeons down. If they could hit them."

Food and drink is often an important part of a Hemingway story. In this one, one of the parts I liked best describes the Colonel's visit alone to the market. The chapter begins, "He loved the market. A great part of it was close packed and crowded into several side streets, and it was so concentrated that it was difficult not to jostle people unintentionally, and each time you stopped to look, to buy, or to ad-

(See ACROSS, page 3)

Herb Cohn

## Reviews and Previews

Tomorrow night at 7:30 P.M. in Garrard Hall, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" will be shown, sponsored by Hillel Foundation and the Y.M.C.A. Dr. Lee Brooks of the Sociology Department will lead the discussion that follows.

"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn", by Chapel Hill's Betty Smith, is the rare and tender story of a valiant and sensitive little girl reaching hopefully for spiritual fulfillment in a wretchedly meager home. It is the story of the love she gathered from a father who was a cheerful ne'er-do-well and of the painful peace she made with her mother after the adored father had died.

Peggy Ann Garner, with her plain face and lank hair, is Miss Smith's Francie Nolan to the life. James Dunn plays her father, Johnny Dolan, with deep and sympathetic tenderness. In the performance by these two actors is achieved a demonstration of emotion that is eloquent. Perhaps the sequence representing the ambition of Francie to go to a better school and the innocent conspiracy with her father to arrange it is the best in the film.

But, as well as the pathetic attachment between father and daughter, the film transmits a deeply affectionate conception of the mother, Katie Nolan, whose life is a constant struggle against the family's poverty. As Dorothy McGuire plays her, she gains strength and clarity through the film until a beautiful and rewarding understanding of her troubled, noble nature is revealed.

Joan Blondell gives a sketchy conception of a warm character as Aunt Sissy. Ted Donaldson is enjoyable as the healthy, little lad of the brood. Lloyd Nolan ably portrays the policeman. James Gleason makes a vivid pub owner, and Ferike Boros is fine as the grandmother in a generally excellent cast.

A story of a woman . . . who thought she was a star so high in the sky no man could touch her!

**BETTE DAVIS**  
"THE STAR"  
co-starring **STERLING HAYDEN**  
with **NATALIE WOOD • WARNER ANDERSON • MINOR WATSON • JUNE TRAVIS**  
Original Story and Screenplay by **KATHERINE ALBERT** and **DALE EUNSON**  
Music Composed and Conducted by **VICTOR YOUNG**  
Directed by **STUART HEISLER** • A 20th Century-Fox Release

Carolina TODAY AND MONDAY

# IMPORTED

## Irish Moygashel Linen

**BILLS MAILED HOME**

SPORTCOATS BY **Cricketeer**

In every man's collection of clothes, there's bound to be one special favorite. Well, make room for your new favorite . . . Cricketeer's imported Moygashel Linen sportcoat. It's smartly styled, crisp and clean-looking. A loose knit, porous fabric that literally breathes refreshing, cool air IN . . . as it exhales body warmth. Tastefully correct in any company, your Moygashel Linen sportcoat will see plenty of action during the scorching days ahead.

**LIGHTWEIGHT SLACKS TO BLEND WITH 29.50**  
We've a fine selection of lightweight slacks to go with your new Moygashel Linen Sportcoat. 5.95 to 16.95

**ANGOSTURA**  
AROMATIC BITTERS  
MAKES BETTER DRINKS

\*P.S. You shouldn't forget either—that besides adding zest and tang to a Manhattan, just a dash or two of Angostura brings out the full flavor of soups and sauces.

**THE Sport SHOP**  
N. COLUMBIA ST.

## Not Wanted

White Arayan clauses in fraternity constitutions are outmoded relics. For young men, especially, who are supposed to be freer from prejudices than older folk, the "No Jews" stipulations are archaic.

Phi Delta Theta at Williams College has pledged a Jew, probably because the brothers like the man for what he is. For this liking, the chapter has violated the law and has been kicked out of national affiliation. At Brown, Phi Dels are planning to pledge "several" Jews, also because they happen to think that they will make a good brother.

The comment, "Isn't he a Jew" that pops up during rush week is as important a qualification as whether a man has a good personality or not for some fraternities. Action at these two Northern chapters however, is indicative of progress.

Phi Dels here like the status quo. They won't be thinking about the problem until 1954 when the national convention will be held. Probably, if the members took a vote now, they would continue to uphold the "No Jews" qualification. While we think men have a right to get together with the people they like, we also think it is morally indefensible to count men out because of a national background. The Phi Delt constitution, incidentally, excludes Chinese, Negroes, and Japanese, among others.

We like the policy of choosing an associate as an individual rather than as a representative of some nationality, race, or creed.

## Freedom From Fear

"Many college campuses today are suffering from excess fear and caution," Benjamin Fine recently reported in the New York Times.

A panel discussing academic freedom convention found that professors won't talk about controversial issues. They are afraid of being called Communist frontiers. This fear even extends to the discussion of social and economic problems.

The "fear philosophy" has implications. Colleges seeking outstanding professorial talent won't be able to get it. Fine reports that Dr. Carter Davidson, president of Union College, has said that colleges will have difficulty in attracting the brilliant minds; that brilliant minds just won't go into an academic career.

To counter this increasing unwillingness to speak out, college administrators and teachers "must develop a greater faith in 'free inquiry,'" the panel concluded. In the long run, freedom pays off and counter attacks on higher education.

At Chapel Hill, the professors who used to be popular were the ones who had the most to say on controversial issues. Now they are pushed into the shadows. A continuing policy of encouragement to utilize our freedoms ought to be in the minds of all our leaders.

## DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Present
  - A coil
  - or filly
  - Medley
  - Contest of speed
  - Level
  - Leader of Protestant Reformation
  - King (L.)
  - Raised
  - platform
  - Sun god
  - Gold (her.)
  - Courage (slang)
  - Through
  - Trapped
  - Impolite
  - Benchlike seat in church
  - Gain
  - Arab coasting vessel
  - Stabbed
  - Help
  - District of a city
  - Greek letter
  - Part of "to be"
  - Weird (var.)
  - Open (poet.)
  - Frying pan
  - God of war (Gr.)
  - Frosted
  - Persia
  - A Hebrew tribe (poss.)
  - French novelist
- DOWN**
- Rule
  - The holm oak
  - Paddle-like process
  - Toward
  - A food
  - Food for horses
  - Indian tree
  - Looked slyly
  - God of love
  - Placed
  - Unusual
  - Hauled
  - Flourished
  - Decayed wood used as tinder
  - Footless
  - Skin
  - Lean and sinewy
  - Raised platform
  - Rough with bristles
  - Young salmon
  - Disburse
  - Perishes
  - Obnoxious plants
  - Paradise
  - Seaport (Algeria)
  - River (So. Am.)
  - Constellation
  - Part of "to be"

**SAME MISS**

S	A	M	E	S
A	P	A	N	E
N	I	A	K	A
T	R	A	N	S
S	E	R	E	T
M	A	D	W	E
S	O	T	A	P
O	P	T	G	L
D	O	R	E	U
A	R	I	E	L
S	T	E	L	E
O	S	S	A	L

Yesterday's Answer

37. River (So. Am.)
38. Constellation
40. Part of "to be"

**WIMPY'S BIRD ATLAS?**

**DISCREDITED**

**NO SIR, IT'S OUT OF DATE—AND ON FIRE.**

**THERE'S NOTHING QUITE SO LOVELY AS A BRIGHTLY BURNING BOOK.**

**ONE—ROOF—FREE BEEFSTEAK COMIN' UP!**

**MIGHTY NICE O'THET TRAININ' CAMP T'FEED US FUTURE SPARRING PARTNERS T'BUILD UP OUR STRENGTH!**

**—SHE'S SO SLOPPY SHE MIGHT DROP A CHUNK! GO WAY, MOUSE—AM GOT HERE FIRST!—**

**?!—BUT—TH CAMP'S THAT A WAY!!**

**WHO CARES?—ALL AM WANTED WAS TH' FREE BEEFSTEAK. AM DON'T WANTA BE NO SPARRING PARTNER!!—YO GOTTA TAKE 'EM SHOWERS!!**

**EF AM WAS A GAL AH'D BE AN HONEST ONE— BUT AM'LL NEVAH HAVE TH' CHANCE TO PROVE IT!!**

**YOU MAY!!**