

Death Of A Spirit

"A heavy-hearted Minnesota mother bared to the world today her soldier son's personal letter from a Korean prison camp refusing to come home," the Associated Press story read. In doing so, Mrs. Portia Howe hoped to convince the people "how vicious a thing communism is. If it can destroy a home it can disintegrate a nation."

To us, Mrs. Howe's comments say in sad, simple, penetrating words that the battle for an individual is a precious scrap. That when that individual is captured and his intellect reformed without his consent he already is dust unto dust.

To us this is more than a mother's grief; it is a citizen's grief. It is the realization that our country — so capricious, so heady and bigoted yet still pregnant with compassion, capacity and the zest of life itself — will not be able to offer its hope and its heart to a man whose cup runs dry.

From The New York Times

Worth Saving

When Darwin brought back from his world-wide travels the theory of biological evolution, nineteenth-century scientists were given an entirely new set of hypotheses with which to investigate the nature of man, even the nature of nature itself.

But Darwin's findings seemed so important, so at the center of things, that their influence spread beyond the domain of the physical scientists. A number of social and political thinkers laid hands on them.

Seeing that among all living organisms an uncompromising method of selection was constantly at work choosing only the strongest to survive and perpetuate their strength in their progeny, these thinkers began to draw morals for mankind.

Let those humans, they said, who are foundering sink, those who are sick die, those who are hungry starve. Only the strongest then will survive and the human race will be all the mightier for its inhumanity. The argument had an icy appeal for many a nineteenth-century mind. And you can hear that kind of talk even in these "soft" times—veiled, of course, in sentiments like "hunger made more rich men . . ." or "a handout hurts more than it helps."

If you can censure your own century for its wars, you can also praise it for its awakened conscience. Look at random among the neediest and be thankful that you live in a time when these people seem worth saving.

Others Say

They love him most for the enemies he has made.—E. S. Bragg.

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands. But like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and following them you will reach your deserty.—Carl Schurz.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Washington Scene

—Drew Pearson—

WASHINGTON — Those who have watched Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge sitting stern and dignified at the United Nations could never picture him sitting cross-legged on the floor singing French boulevard songs.

That was what happened at the apartment of French Ambassador Henri Hoppenot the other day, however, and the result was a new camaraderie between Lodge and other UN delegates. The U.S. envoy knew more songs and sang them in better French than the French envoy himself.



PEARSON It began at a dinner given once a month by the president of the Security Council who holds office for one month only, and gives a party at the end of the month for his colleagues.

Andrei Vishinsky was at this particular party, given in the Hoppenot apartment, and he didn't look anywhere near as glum as usual. Lodge was also present, together with Sir Gladwyn Jebb of England, Charles Malik of Lebanon, and Dag Hammarskjöld, secretary general of the United Nations.

The informality began when Dag Hammarskjöld walked into the living room, found every chair occupied and sat down on the floor. His hostess, Madame Hoppenot joined him.

"Let's sing something," said the secretary general of the United Nations. "I feel like singing."

"Good," encouraged Mme. Hoppenot, "you sing."

"But I can only sing off key." "That would be charming," said the lady. "Then the first of us can try to drown you out."

Ambassador Lodge, also sitting cross-legged on the floor, came to the rescue. He broke forth with "Quatre Vingt Chasseurs." Mrs. Lodge joined him. The wife of the Colombian Ambassador sang in Spanish. A Yugoslav lady sang "Tam O'Leak." American songs followed.

In brief, the staid old Security Council, rent with wrangling over world problems, relaxed into a good old songfest. Delegates agreed they hadn't had such a good time since the UN was formed in San Francisco.

Inside story of how President Eisenhower developed his dramatic appeal for an atomic energy pool is gradually leaking out.

One phase of the story goes back some weeks to the Administration's decision to build an atomic reactor for civilian uses. Behind this announcement was the fact that our chief sources of uranium, the Belgian Congo and South Africa, have long been irked that they are not in on atomic secrets. And the possibility has always been latent that if not let in on atomic secrets they might cut off our uranium.

The Belgians and South Africans are not particularly interested in secret atomic weapons, but are tremendously interested in peacetime atomic energy. Both are deficit countries when it comes to coal and oil, so that cheap atomic energy could revolutionize their industries.

Last fall, therefore, when U.S. intelligence picked up apparently reliable reports that Russia was developing a peacetime reactor, the Eisenhower Administration immediately decided to do the same. It was realized that the nation which made the most progress the fastest in this direction would have the bargaining power for the uranium supplies of the world.

Simultaneously, Eisenhower learned that twelve European countries had decided three years ago to combine their resources to develop peacetime atomic energy. Already they have built a plant at Geneva, Switzerland and are constructing an atom-smasher about a dozen times more powerful than anything in the United States.

Cooperating countries in this atom pool include not only Belgium with its tremendous uranium resources, but England, France, West Germany, and the communist government of Yugoslavia.

Thus it became apparent to the President that the days when the United States could be the world's No. 1 atomic power would soon be over, if indeed they are not over already.



Lines On Literature

Palinurus

Why not give a book this Christmas? With the giving season upon us I can think of no better gift than a book, for a good book provides both entertainment and edification. Moreover, the cost of a good book is within the reach of everyone whether he be pauper or prince. After surveying the wide range of available books, I have selected the following ones as possible gifts that anyone would appreciate.

Since the most recent fiction is rather mediocre except for Alan Paton's *Too Late Phalarope* (Scribner's, \$3.50), the best buys are the collected works of proven authors. At the top of the list I would put Joseph Conrad's *Tales of Land and Sea* (Hanover House, \$2.95) which contains twelve of Conrad's best short stories and novels. It is a book that is suitable for anyone from nine to ninety. The recent published collection of *The Short Novels of John Steinbeck* (Viking, \$2.95) is a fine gift, containing all of Steinbeck's major works except for the *Grapes of Wrath*. Also available is the *Short Novels of Herman Melville* (Liveright, \$2.98) which includes the recently popular *Billy Budd*.

For those long cold nights ahead select *The Complete Sherlock Holmes* or *The Complete Works of O'Henry* (both by Garden City, \$4.95). In this category also is *The Esquire Treasury* (Simon & Schuster, \$6.00) which is aimed primarily at the red-blooded Marilyn Monroe addict.

If your recipient is one who likes good writing, I would suggest the *Ballad of the Sad Cafe* by Carson McCullers (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00) which contains the complete works of one of America's most talented writers. Another good choice is the *Short Novels of Colette* (Dial, \$5.00) which consists of six of Colette's most Gallie novels. Papa Hemingway is presented in an excellent light in the *Hemingway Reader* (Scribner's, \$5.00) with the *Sum Also Rises* and some of his best short stories. Another fine collection is *Stephen Crane, An Omnibus* (Knopf, \$5.00) which includes the complete *Red Badge of Courage*.

Books of humor are plentiful this year, ranging from the simple to the sophisticated. In the latter category are two volumes of French cartoons, *The Tattooed Sailor* by Andre Francois (Knopf, \$2.95) and *The Best Cartoons of France* (Simon & Schuster, \$2.95). James Thurber is always appropriate. Try either *The Thurber Album* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50) or *The Thurber Carnival* (Harper \$3.00) for a succession of chuckles. If you know an intellectual, give him *1066 and All That* (Dutton, \$2.25) and see if he laughs. If he doesn't, he's a fake. And for that diffident friend, shock him with some Chares Addams.

Poetry, like the fiction, is best represented by collections. If you know the prospective reader's taste, select one of the following: *T. S. Eliot, Complete Poems and Plays* (Harcourt, \$6.00); *Carl Sandburg, Complete Poems* (Harcourt, \$6.00); *Collected Poetry of W. H. Auden* (Random House, \$4.75); *Complete Poems of Robert Frost* (Holt, \$6.00).

For those interested in the stage there is the *Pictorial History of the American Theatre* (Grosset, \$3.95) as well as *Some Enchanted Evenings* by Deems Taylor (Harper, \$3.95) which is the story of the amazing Rodgers and Hammerstein.

Art books are always appropriate gifts. Abrams has just published a new series of inexpensive volumes at fifty cents each which include Cezanne, El Greco, Renoir, Rembrandt, Utrillo, Degas, Van Gogh, Matisse, Botticelli, and Dufy. The reproductions are surprisingly good for the price. Abrams has also published the more expensive but excellent two volumes of *Art Treasures of the Metropolitan and the Louvre* (\$12.50 each). However, my favorite art books are two by Phaidon, Bernard Berenson's *The Italian Painters of the Renaissance* (\$7.50) and Gombrich's *The Story of Art* (\$6.00). Skira has a new series at \$4.95 each which in-

cludes Van Gogh, Gauguin, Lautrec, and Picasso in addition to its more famous centuries of paintings series (\$12.50 each). The French *Illustration, Noel Edition* (\$3.95) is rare and unusual, while the *Art News Annual* (\$3.50) is excellent. Finally, if you really want to impress someone, try *The Voices of Silence* by Andre Malraux (Doubleday, \$25.00).

If you know someone of the avant garde set who likes to keep up with the latest trends in literature, you will please him with any or all of the following inexpensive paper-backs: *New World Writing* (\$5.00); *Martha Foley's Best Short Stories of 1953* (\$5.00); *Ballantine Books' New Poems* (\$3.35); *Seven Arts* (\$5.00); and *Discovery* (\$3.35).

For those interested in history, three excellent books are available: *The Shorter Cambridge Medieval History* (2 vols., \$12.50); *The Renaissance* by Will Durant (Simon & Schuster, \$7.50) which is surprisingly both readable and authoritative; and *Triumph and Tragedy* by Winston Churchill (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.00).

Of a more regional nature are *Lawson's History of North Carolina* (Garrett & Massie, \$4.00) which should be on every Tar Heel shelf; and *The Mind of the South* by W. J. Cash (Knopf, \$4.50). Regional but in a lighter vein is James Street's *The Civil War* (Dial, \$3.00), but don't give it to anyone over fifty or another civil war will break out. Finally, William Polk's *Southern Accent* (Morrow, \$4.00) contains enough controversial material to keep the southern recipient hot during the cold months.

In the realm of literary criticism there is, as Dryden said, "God's plenty." For the casual reader I recommend either Cyril Connolly's *Ideas and Places* (Harper, \$3.50) or Lionel Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination* (Anchor, \$7.75). And for the heavy scholar, try *The Classical Tradition* by Gilbert Highet (Oxford, \$7.50) which is an amazing accomplishment. If he is interested in something nearer home, give him the new *Southern Renaissance* (Johns Hopkins, \$5.00) which is a collection of essays on all of the major southern writers.

I should like to conclude this list with three books that are "sure-fire" Christmas gifts for family relations. The first is *A Treasury of Hymns* (Simon & Schuster, \$6.00) which is an excellent collection of words and music with many colored illustrations. The second is a perennial best-seller, *The Robe* by Lloyd Douglas (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.98). And the third is *The Southern Part of Heaven* by William Meade Prince (Rinehart, \$2.49) which all North Carolinians should have.

The above list is only a small part of the great number of books from which to choose. Everyone should give at least one book this year. And don't forget to read it yourself before you give it.

If you read it, our literacy rate might increase.

Gone With The Shears

—Roger Meekins—

Betty Martin has cut her hair. And so comes the downfall of another particle of humanity, once shining in all its glory. Betty is not to be condemned, for she has fallen victim to the fad of the day.

Woman's glory is her hair. That, no man will deny. That has been so for centuries. True, some women would look better with all their hair cut off, as there are some who don't take proper care of it. We believe it was the lazy women who started the fad, anyway. God bless their souls; may they rest in peace.

But for those who aren't lazy, we see no need for them to destroy the nicest gift of nature. There's nothing quite so attractive as beautiful, well-kept, long hair. Such was Betty Martin's.

The other day in the cafeteria we asked a male friend to look at a coed, sitting at the next table, and tell what he thought the most attractive thing

YOU Said It

It's important that someone who has first-hand experience with both the English graduate school and the creative writing classes at Carolina answer the recent condemnations of the current issue of *The Carolina Quarterly*.

I'd like to make one suggestion, even if by doing so I bring the entire coterie of the English Department to my door with a most humble and obedient curse from Clio and Cicero and Palinurus and all the other anonymous parrots who seem to demand that they be given final authority to damn every piece of contemporary writing. A panel of graduate degree candidates from the English Department is the very worst group to which *The Quarterly* could be submitted for constructive criticism. They are the least likely, of all groups on the campus, to open their minds to experiments in literature. To refer a piece of writing of this decade to them is as dangerous to the inexperienced, developing writer as anything could possibly be.

They intend to destroy, to discourage, and to humiliate. They have forgotten, largely through the English Department staff's insatiable craving for an artificial "correctness" in literature, that there are many sincere and intelligent people who feel that "correctness" is a dangerous term and that the development of contemporary poetry depends upon a courage in young writers to demand to be heard above the parrot-squawks of people who read from carefully prepared notecards and have learned, with the approval of an associate professor of English, to imitate a Spenserian sestina or invoke a muse and sign off as "Yr Mst Obd & Hmbl Srvt."

The English Club is designed to apotheosize the literature written before our time, the very literature that is great enough to stand by itself, without the teas of its humble and obedient servants.

It is not intended to encourage experimentation in writing; why, then, should Clio and Palinurus have final authority on the value of experimental writing or the sanity of experimental writers? It is useless to refer contemporary poetry or prose to them. They are determined to damn it the moment they spot something that challenges a standard which some anemic little soul with piping voice has shouted at a literary tea (backed, of course, by an associate professor's permission).

They are less interested in the poets than in the poems, simply because an associate professor has told them that is the proper thing to say; yet they are required to spend years of research digging up information about earlier writers, or they get no degree. And then they try to crucify Mr. Rivera because he suggests that we "understand and appreciate those who live and write with the language of today." Is it really less "Correct" to try to understand the poet of today than to burrow through an entire library of "authorities" in order to decide what the associate professor has decided contributed to the writing of Manley Hopkins' *The Windhover*? Mr. Riviera at least has the courage and open-mindedness to show that when experimental poets ask to be heard he will not damn them with faint praise or try to squelch them with a cute and useless little eighteenth century witticism.

I give Mr. Rivera my vote of confidence for rejecting an opportunity to flatter the English Club and choosing instead to try to keep *The Carolina Quarterly* from becoming a parrot for the English Club's yelling for "correctness."

It is a point of impertinence, I have found out, to have a mind of your own, offended at the absolute necessity of flattering a squad of die-hard professors who insist upon handling everything on their own terms. Now their offspring, whose legitimacy varies, insist upon handling *The Carolina Quarterly* also upon their own terms, scoffing at the need for fresh terms in the development of a contemporary literature. It is quite possible that Bill Rivera selected the poems, out of all those he received, which in his opinion showed at least a concern over finding fresh and useful terms for poetry; if they were not just exactly right, if they were not first submitted to the English Club for approval, at least they were not pointlessly imitations of *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*.

There is one obvious difference between Bill Rivera, who is interested in creative writing, and humble and obedient Clio, who is interested in humiliating and discouraging. Bill signs his name to his ideas because they have not been dictated to him by someone who can withhold his degree; they at least show enthusiasm and courage, without which the best of poets will fail. Clio does not sign his name, because the ideas he gets so panicky and insulting about are not his own, but the ideas of a quibbling coterie of English majors of the advanced type, who are primarily interested in annihilating all ideas opposed to those which their associate professors have handed down to them on note cards. One Bill Rivera is of greater value to the development of contemporary poetry than the whole wad of English graduate degree candidates at Carolina.

As long as *The Quarterly* people have the good sense to realize this, there is great promise for the magazine.

And the prose? I challenge anyone to produce another issue of a Carolina magazine that contains a more promising and masterful example of prose writing than Gabriel Boney's *Epiphany in E-Flat*. I predict that one day the staff of *The Carolina Quarterly* (if the English Club will permit it to last that long) will refer to Mr. Boney's work with pride (parallel to that connected with the early writing of Thomas Wolfe) and boast about having published a leading writer's undergraduate work. There isn't a single person in the English graduate school who could produce so fine a piece of creative writing. I'm sure *The Quarterly* would welcome anyone who wishes to try.

Congratulations to the staff of *The Quarterly*.

Wyat Helsabeck

about her. "Well, er, eh," he said, "you know what in the devil it is."

Yes, he was right, for she had lost her glory.

Then we pointed out another girl and asked him to comment on her most attractive point. "Why, I suppose it's her hair," he said. He was right again, for that's what we, too, had in mind. She was a former Betty Martin.

May God grant long life to those women who continue to attract men with their hair, rather than with the bare essentials of sex.