

From The Asheville Citizen

Lay Off, Virginia, Or Lay On

Though she was first at Bethel, farthest at Gettysburg, and last at Appomattox, North Carolina is kind of slow to anger. Right now, however, we are pounding ourself on the temple, trying to work up a rage. A rage at the Commonwealth of Virginia. A casus belli, maybe even. So let us begin with a factual report—true evidence of sovereign insult, of domestic affront, of honor assailed—at which we take umbrage, or under which umbrage we take. Deponent is the Hon. Thad Eure, Secretary of the State of the Great State of North Carolina:

I was standing there a-waving her when they came up from behind and grabbed the flag.

Broke the staff in two places, right at the joints. And one of those Virginia students wouldn't let the flag go.

You should have seen the Carolina students and alumni pouring over the wall. Police and patrolmen were coming from every direction. And there were some Army men there, too.

This boy holding onto the flag wouldn't let go. Then this big Army sergeant says, "Let me have him." And I tell you his fingers loosened then.

Then that pop bottle popped against place and I saw this other fellow with the concrete wall. Glass flew all over the another bottle in his hand. The police had to take two of them out.

The flag of course was North Carolina's resplendent banner. Hon. Thad was standing out there, behind the Virginia goal line at the Carolina-Virginia game, esse quam videring the Carolina backs in, like a checker at an auto track, as they went across for touchdowns. The rest of the story is the Secretary's. Pretty obviously, he was set upon by a Cavalier band and the flag went down.

While this does not match Iwo Jima and is not likely to be celebrated in verse as was Barbara Fritchie's bout with the bunting, we think it is significant enough to start something over — maybe an editorial hassle. How dare Virginia offer this insult to North Carolina!

Let us, therefore, repatriate Governor Battle (who is a Tar Heel born) and rush the Royal Rhododendron Brigade of Guards to the border! Let Bill Umstead blockade Norfolk with ships of the line from the Department of Conservation and Development! Let the General Assembly convene and pronounce a perpetual pox on Smithfield hams, Richmond mint juleps and Warrenton fox hounds! Let the frontier be closed from Moyock to Grassy Creek! Let the squirrel rifles spring from the Great Smokies and the shillelachs from the Cape Fear!

This is war, Virginia, war to the hilt! And by the way, which end of the dang thing is it?

The Daily Tar Heel

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Those Teagarden Tailgate Slurs

With Gusto And High Enjoyment

UNDERSTANDING MUSIC, by William S. Newman. Harper, 302 pp. \$5.00. Textbook edition, \$3.75.

For most of us who keep our Mozart and Brahms records side by side on a shelf with Armstrong and Goodman, understanding classical music is largely a hit-or-miss affair. Any halting efforts we may have made to further our understanding by reading have usually bogged down in the six-syllable words of some unreadable musicologist.

This frustration among embryo enjoyers of "serious" music customarily has led to a conviction that the stuff's just too ethereal. While we've always gotten a kick out of a well-done classical piece, we have ordinarily come back to the mighty Teagarden horn as the proper practitioner of the art. Someday, we told ourselves, (replacing Mozart on the shelf), there'll come along somebody who can explain classical music simply.

That somebody has come along, in the person of a musician-motorcyclist-chess player from our own campus. Dr. William S. Newman, who, with gusto and high enjoyment, has been teaching courses in music appreciation to Carolina students these several years, has written "Understanding Music."

The book, as Dr. Newman explains himself in the foreword, is an attempt "to get at the inner workings of music in a fundamental manner, in explicit terms accessible to all intelligent readers." This, he has done. And he deserves extra points for achieving this commendable end in spite of the elusive nature of his subject.

Don't misunderstand us here. "Understanding Music" is not exactly light reading, nor a shortcut to musical knowledge. The nice thing about it is just that everything starts simple. ("A chord means a group of three or more tones sounded together . . .") before it becomes at all complex.

The book is addressed to both "the layman who wants an introductory survey and to the connoisseur who seeks to put his knowledge in perspective." As such, it will require at the least an earnest desire on the part of the reader to know something about music. Dr. Newman takes it from there.

The elements of music, musical forms, and programme music get discussed, thoroughly and in turn, and with a clarity that makes it easy to understand just what harmony (or a concerto or a tone poem, for example) really is. Relatively meaningless terms to the tyro take on meaning. Dr. Newman relates music to other arts and to the humanities, gives bar line illustrations of what he's talking about, and suggests examples of music to further complement his material. This is a book best enjoyed with a record player at hand.

There's not really much to be

YOU Said It

Editor:

On the basis of an editorial in the Greensboro Daily News for today I am writing just to express my very sincere congratulations for your "common sense and courage" in attacking the abuses of professionalized college athletics.

I do not always agree with the Greensboro News, but this time I endorse every bit of his editorial entitled "Big-Time Sports in the Wrong Place." Keep up the fight! And may you soon see results.

Ada M. Field
(A retired college teacher)
Guilford College, N. C.

Editor:

In my letter which appeared in The Daily Tar Heel of December fifteenth, the first sentence of the third paragraph was printed, "If the Chancellor considers that comments about an instructor's voice projection, the speed with which he presents his materials, etc." I should like to correct this reading which should be as follows: "If the Chancellor considers that comments about an instructor's voice projection, the speed with which he talks, the clarity with which he presents his materials, etc."

This is a small point, but it does make my argument sound a little more logical. Since I do not have an overabundance of this quality, I like to see that whatever I have is used to its best advantage.

Henry R. Rupp

said on the debit side. Small arguments might be picked; for example, jazz cultists will probably object to Dr. Newman's lumping all American popular band music under the heading, "jazz," as he seems to do when he mentions the word at all. But then, he'd object to their use of

the word, "popular," in referring to "social" music. A small point, best resolved by broadmindedness.

We'd say it's a masterful, thoroughly enjoyable book. Its effect on its readers ought to be noticeable. It may even make you forsake those Teagarden tailgate

slurs for a few hours of Bach's motivic play.

Which is probably what Dr. Newman had in mind when he wrote, "Taste is developed by experience and knowledge." "Understanding Music" is a good first step toward both.—Charles Kuralt.

'Now Knowland, Now Martin, Now Bridges And Nixon'



A Pot Calls The Kettle Black

English Club

Four articles on this page within the past week have been devoted to the Carolina Quarterly. This is a fifth. I want to talk about style in G. Boney's story, "Epiphany in E-Flat," and style in the DTH article, "The Editor Cornered," written by the English Club's Clio.

An extensive use of "-ing" words in a piece of writing tends to weaken it. It is the lazy man's way to achieve transition. This is not to say that such words cannot be used effectively. Cardinal Newman and Thomas Carlyle were able to do it—although I am the only person I know who would praise the latter writer for his style.

G. Boney, in his story, over-uses these constructions. A participle used as the first word of a paragraph is always an eyesore. When used as the first word of an essay, or story, it is even more disconcerting. Mr. Boney not only begins his first and third paragraphs in this way, but sprinkles other "-ing" words all over the first page and throughout the story.

Dangling modifiers are to be expected: "He looked in bewilderment at the faces moving close to him, smiling happily." There is no space need to quote many examples. (The last section of the story, a page and a half from the end, begins, "Closing the door behind him and locking out the yellow light, he felt for a moment as if he were . . . (sic) old, and resting his back against the paneled wood without bothering to take his hand from the knob, he looked at the sign of Stuyvesant's Cafe turning a sickly brightness and the sterile coldness of empty glass tubing by turns, on and off." The last part of the sentence is unclear.

Most of the time the remedy is easy to find. Take the first sentence of the story. It goes, "Turning his head to the side, he saw Dr. Gornonov standing in the wing." "William turned" or "he turned" would be stronger. In addition to these things, we find other words, such as "suddenly," "now," "soon," "then," "when," and "after," which the lay man uses for transition. In three consecutive paragraphs at one place, something happens "suddenly." The use of these words calls attention to the storyteller and his art and creates an unnecessary separation between the reader and the action in the story. Again, the remedy is easy. To make these detailed comments on style is not to quibble. A story has to be written word-by-word. It is not too much to ask that the right words be chosen.

Clio criticizes the poetry editor's "Note." The note, true to form, begins with the word "accompanying." Clio begins his own article with the detested "being." I do not plan to criticize what Clio says about the poetry editor. The "Note" calls for adverse comment but not comment in detail. Actually, as a friend pointed out to me, the most vulnerable sentence in it, "No one editor could be expected to appreciate fully both schools," is not mentioned.

I do plan to criticize in Clio's article what seems to me to be a case of the pot calling the kettle black. The word which may best characterize Clio's style of writing is that contagious "learned-journalness." There are also other elements. The over-use of the rhetorical question may be due to reading too much oratory by someone like, say, Edmund Burke. Clio's topic, by its nature, calls

for a degree of formality, but he uses contractions. If he plans to be colloquial, he should say for example, "hard" to understand rather than "difficult." (To say "internal consistency of ideas in a poem" is redundant. "I discovered, however, that what appears to be some sort of poetic credo leaves me more confused than ever," and "I think I know what the poetry editor means here. But it's a guess, and I've arrived at the probable meaning through a process of eliminating all the other possible meanings which appear to me too absurd even for a person to whom I here will allow considerable latitude in this regard" are unnecessarily wordy and awkward.

In places he uses the colon incorrectly or at least awkwardly.

Clio's last sentence, "In this, our poetry editor has miserably failed," is tactless and stereotyped. At the end, Clio speaks of old-fashioned prose (he leaves out the hyphen), and the witticism and sarcasm are good. I would like to think he had in mind the sentiments of Winston Churchill, who said, "The short words are the best, and the old words, when they are short, are the best of all." However, if Clio meant to inspire by putting similar sentiments into practice, "In this, he has miserably failed."

Cartophylax

YOU Said It

Editor:

NOW we're getting the student paper that we paid for!

So you want to now whether or not the students agree with Roger Meekins' viewpoints concerning a home and/or travel education versus a college education? Well, you're welcome to my opinion.

When I stop to think about the education that a lot of students, including myself, have gotten from four years at UNC, the revolting truth hits me like a ton of bricks. We jus ain't learned nuthin! Compared with what we could have learned if we had applied ourselves all these years as Roger Meekins suggests, that is. For my money, he really has the right idea.

Take travel, for instance, as an education in itself. Being an ardent travel fan in the first place, that mode of education naturally strikes home. You just can't beat a first-hand education. As for the cost, consider the cost of attending UNC. That would go a long way toward financing any trip within reason. Come to think of it, you can even fly around the world for something like \$1800 these days, stopping over for as long as you wish, in as many places as you want, provided that the trip is completed within a year.

Now how much would you learn, as an example, by spending a month in each of twelve different countries? There's no telling. But one thing is definite. You would remember what you learned about fifty years longer than most of this university education is remembered.

What am I doing at UNC? Making plans to leave at the first break—that being January 28th.

John R. Carr Jr.

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

THIS TALE is not in the classical tradition that ends happily. It was not written by Charles Dickens; it won't be radioed into millions of warm and gay homes; it features no triumphant Tiny Tim. In fact, this UNC-Campus Christmas Tale has not quite ended. That's for you to do . . .

The villain of the piece is Old Scrooge Life, and it begins, this Tale of Christmas which is a tale of three Christmases, in an ancient and honored fraternity. The fraternal Tar Heels had planned a surprise for its colored house-boy of some two decades of devotion to not overly-paid duties. For what pay can equate a role of House Father, Confidante, Chattanooga Shoshone Boy, Dispenser of Bromo-Seltzer, Giver of Sage Advice, Lender Of Willing Ears To Tall-Tales And Undreamed-of Suffering, Valet, Arbiter of Fashion, Keeper of the Pantry-and-Cellar Seals, and Kitchen Magician Par-Excellence? And what frat, what dorm, could pay it?

And because Eulas Mason has been all of these things and was the father of five children of his own on the side, the fraternal brothers who had waxed healthy and wise under his major-domoship asked Eulas' help in staging a Kids' Christmas Party at their house just before the Yule 1951 holidays.

With the sagacity of a singular father of plural children, Eulas advised on tricks and toys, games and gimmicks, candy and cake, bats and balls and dillies of dollies. And if he gave thought to his own kids at home it was not in envy but of the audience of wide and shining eyes when Eulas would recount the wonders of the party and presents his charges had given. Then, at the very right moment, the guests arrived and —

Have you guessed it? The guests were Eulas Mason's own five children. And so ended Christmas of 1951, the first Christmas of our Tale.

Like a good man and true, Eulas marked well that date in heart and memory; and when Christmas of 1952 became a nearness, Eulas made his move. He made it in a car of old vintage, and himself equipped with a driving-license of matching years: One of those in-perpetuity operators' licenses, and forgotten by Eulas in perpetuity even if a tax-minded administration in Raleigh had put a profitable date on eternity by issuing new licenses. The new law troubled Eulas as little as Eulas had ever troubled the Law, which was not at all.

Many hours, incalculable stops and debatable exchanges of toasts with farmer friends later—and a man of proper kidney doesn't exchange toasts in water—Eulas hove into sight of a Chapel Hill policeman and of his frat house, simultaneously. The factotum of Law & Order considered that Eulas was enjoying something less than the clear-visibility and blandness of the perfect weather prevailing for ordinary mortals, and waved the Eulas Mason Caravan to a stop within hailing distance of the caravanserai itself.

Loud were the protests of Eulas, and desperate his hails. One of the Magi was not to be interfered with in the discharge of his gift-bearing duties! But stern was the Voice of the Law and strong its arm. Alas, ere the cock crowed again to mark the hour, Eulas was in durance vile with a variety of charges lodged against him. And more vocal than ever.

And why not, when his automobile was chock-a-block with the fowls and fixin's for a chicken dinner for his young men, searched out and paid for by Eulas in markets, from friends who farmed, or wherever quality and bon marche' coincided . . . and now everything perhaps rotting in the car, which had been pushed to one side on West Cameron?

When the hospitable doors of the local calabozo opened again, it was to release to fraternal bondsmen a sadder and wiser Magus; and a conference with the magisterial dignitary of our fair town left Eulas facing what was, for him, a fine of stratospheric impossibility.

Eulas took immediate, if insecure, refuge in the right of Appeal while he conjured ways of caring for his young men, feeding his five children, supporting his wife, and saving up the lawyer's fee and the fine that were inevitable. For a colored house-boy might be one of the Magi once a year; but the law was The Law every day. Two extensions of time delayed judgment until this current Christmastide.

In Hillsboro, this past Monday, Eulas Mason heard the grim score: Close to two hundred dollars in fines and costs. Or . . . else!

A touch of drama was added when Eulas' arranged-for lawyer did not appear. As sympathetic, able but hands-tied Judge Leo Carr ironically commented, "You probably neglected to enclose a check in your last communication, Eulas. I'll give you time to telephone and make some other arrangements."

Eulas telephoned; but not to a lawyer. Three of his fraternal charges appeared in a matter of minutes and perhaps some fractured speed laws. They hired a lawyer pronto, climbed the witness stand to depone that Eulas was tops in their books, that this was his first offense ever (this was substantiated by the arresting officer, who had known Eulas twenty years); and good Judge Carr permitted Eulas to be released on a minimal down-payment of the fines, the balance to taken up soon.

But as befits a man of noble kidney, Eulas refused to let his frat bear the brunt of his human error, even if they could. And thus in this, our third and not-quite-yet completed Tale of Christmas in this year of our Lord 1953, it looks like a far from merry Christmas for Eulas, Mrs. Eulas, and the five shining eyed Masons who remember Christmas two years ago.

What is The Horse's interest? Just this: Eulas may work for one frat (twenty years ago he worked on the campus proper) but he is the symbol of the scores of other "Eulas" here on the campus—men of honor, of integrity, of devotion to duty and to students and faculty; in Halls, in Dorms, in other Frats, in Offices. Men of heart and of human frailty. Men of color. And men satisfied to be what they are.

Here is a chance for Carolina students to pay all the Eulas a tribute by going to bat for Eulas Mason. If each frat club, dorm and department were to chip in and make up a Five Dollar Check, we could make this Christmas one with a happy ending for a good man and for his good family. Because Eulas and his kind belong to UNC, not just to his frat.

Checks of Five Dollars (or less) from groups, made payable to "Eulas Mason's Feed Bag," c/o The Eye of the Horse, Daily Tar Heel, will do it.

Let's gooooooo, Ca'tina!