

From The Charlotte News

Why Tar Heels Are Different

Writing in The State magazine, Reporter Chester Davis of Winston-Salem, a transplanted Montanan, casts about for an answer to this question: "What's Different About Tar Heels?"

Davis starts out from the premise that there is something different about Tar Heels, a premise that we accept as valid. For evidence he points to the popularity of The State itself as a sign that Tar Heels are hungry for the morsels of information about their state found in that publication. He cites the rash of historical dramas as proof that Tar Heels, like Texans, like to brag about their state and its history.

In trying to justify his premise, Davis digs into history to show that North Carolina never developed the plantation system as fully as did other Southern states; that the waves of migration went elsewhere, leaving ours a closely-knit homogeneous people; that the lack of good harbor facilities in the east and the rugged mountains in the west brought about a relative physical isolation, and forced Tar Heels over a long period to rely largely on their resources; that the rural atmosphere, with its small towns and villages, has prevailed against the trend to big cities elsewhere.

All of these historical and geographical forces may well have had a hand in making North Carolina different. It seems to us, however, that Davis has overlooked what is probably the greatest single influence upon the personality of Tar Heelia.

Something more is needed to explain why, with one or two notable exceptions, North Carolina has managed to avoid the pitfalls of cheap demagoguery so frequently a characteristic of southern public affairs and why good, clean and steadily progressive government has been the rule for more than a half century. That something more, we believe, is the University of North Carolina.

For many decades, the enlightened, liberal, progressive atmosphere at Chapel Hill has made an impact on young Tar Heels who have left the place for business, the professions, agriculture, the arts and sciences, and public service with a higher appreciation of the really important values of life and with a tolerance for new and bold ideas and programs. And in recent years, one branch of the University, the Institute of Government, has had an immeasurable effect upon the quality and standards of local and state government. No listing of the factors that have shaped Tar Heelia would be complete without the University.

YOU Said It

Editor:

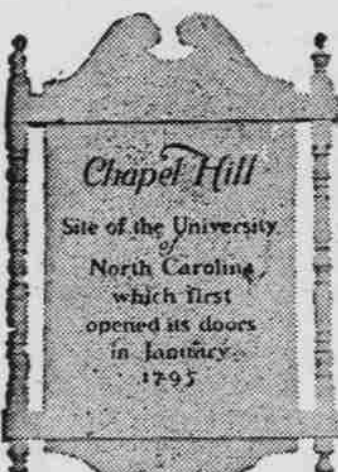
To keep the record straight I want to say that the statement in The Daily Tar Heel of December 12, reporting a meeting which I attended, in which I was quoted as saying that an educational institution which did not have a good intercollegiate athletic program did not deserve the name of University, was entirely wrong.

I did not say any such thing nor did I hear anybody else say it. If I should say any such thing people would think I had taken leave of my senses. There are many great schools that do not have any such program. To name a few we would list Chicago, Emory, Reed College, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and many more whose names do not appear in the Sunday papers as having won or lost athletic events.

A. W. Hobbs

The Daily Tar Heel

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Annie & Gun

Ted Rosenthal

Charlotte Greenwood, Gertrude Lawrence, Ethel Merman, Mary Martin—and Lynne Torres? The great ladies of the modern period of musical comedy have a potential addition to their ranks.

We saw Miss Torres for the first time in Durham; she starred in the Stanley Woolf production of Irving Berlin's Annie Get Your Gun, sponsored by the Civic Drama Guild of New York, which is now touring North Carolina.

The theatre was old and in disrepair; the upholstery of the seats was cracked, in some places torn; the walls and ceiling plaster spread a dirty grey around us; the boxes which had once flanked the stage had been ripped down, leaving raw scars, which contrasting with the surrounding wall area hammered unpleasantly at our eyes. In place of an orchestra, seven or eight pieces dominated by the sound of an organ cruised through the score with the effect of a dance band; there just wasn't enough power coming from the pit to make the production sound like a "real" musical comedy.

With the exceptions of Roger Franklin, competent in the male lead role of Frank Butler, and Irving Karesch who played Chief Sitting Bull with a good feeling for humor, the cast which supported Miss Torres was wretched—poor voices, poorer acting, although Jesse Ramirez did some good specialty dancing.

Certainly circumstances, except perhaps by contrast, did not conduce to our reaction toward Miss Torres, yet she made the strongest impression of budding greatness we've felt since having witnessed Geraldine Page's performance in an off-Broadway version of Summer and Smoke.

Even from the balcony her stage presence was captivating. Her impish gestures possess the sort of natural warmth and charm which quickly win an audience, and are the most valuable asset a musical comedy artist can have. She sings well to boot.

She made an adorable Annie; both the movements of her body, and her changing facial expressions indicated a rare stage sense, and this, coupled with the even rarer ability of transmitting a quality of sweetness, makes her the sort of girl you want to put your arms around and protect. Judy Garland produced similar feelings in the audience in her now-famous appearance at the Palace in New York a while back.

We don't like rave reviews; we're suspicious when we read them, we feel even more uncomfortable writing one. But this road company of Annie Get Your Gun is on tour in the South, and may be giving a performance in your hometown when you're home for a weekend or perhaps between semesters. If it is, go see Lynne Torres—the girl is Great.

Dangerous Rd. To Orange

C. T. Andrews

The several roads to Orange County and the University of North Carolina Sunday were crowded. As a matter of fact, roads the entire state over were crowded. From North, East, South and West, students were returning to school following a two-week vacation.

And families and friends were returning from long weekends to begin a new year of labor. It was a busy weekend for our highways, for our highway patrolmen, and for those who count and statistise accidents.

Officials at the University should have had more foresight when they made out the 1953-1954 scholastic schedule. Requiring that students return to classes on a Monday morning following some fifteen or sixteen days at home should be corrected. On a holiday weekend such as the past one, with highway fatalities rising each year, there is enough traffic to insure our patrolmen of earning their salaries.

Why, then, put some five thousand students on the road to Chapel Hill?

Cooperation with the State in their battle against highway fatalities would increase safety. Administration foresight in this matter would be a great aid.

'There Must Be Something I Can Do About This'



Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON—A lot of people have been asking me if it was true that I had a visit with Harry Truman in Kansas City the other day, and if so, what he said to me and I said to him. The answer on point 1 is in the affirmative. The answer on point 2 is that we had an extremely pleasant talk.

If anyone was looking for fireworks, I'm afraid they'll be disappointed.



PEARSON

I went out to Kansas City to interview Mr. Truman for a television program opening this week in which I wanted to ask him about his record for combatting communism and the famous remark about "red herrings."

Since the interview, most people have seemed more interested in the personal side of the visit, doubtless remembering some differences of opinion we once had over Maj. Gen. Harry Vaughan, of whom I was critical and to whom Mr. Truman was loyal. That came up only in a very indirect manner.

Mr. Truman has a rather modest office in the Federal Reserve Bank at which he arrives just as early as he did at his desk in the White House. Though now 69 years old, he looked in the pink of condition, younger and more rested than he did as President. When I told him so, he replied: "I feel better than I deserve."

Around his office were shelves lined chiefly with history books.

"I've always read a lot of history," he said. "And now I'm trying to write some myself."

On his desk was a huge stack of mail, and when I remarked on it, he said: "I get about 1,000 letters a day and do my best to get it answered. A lot of it has to be answered personally. But my job is getting this book written. I try to finish about 10,000 words a day."

"As one who makes his living writing," I observed, "that's quite a chore."

"It's only in rough form so far," Mr. Truman explained. "My research staff comes in and I dictate from memory my recollection of events. Then they check my memory back against dates and the written record. We've already finished about one volume.

"Sometimes," mused Mr. Truman, "I wish I hadn't undertaken these doggone memoirs. By the time I finish paying taxes I won't have any profit from them. But I wanted to do this for history. I went through some important and tumultuous years and I think it's my duty to record them.

"This country has given me a lot, and one thing I want to do when I finish these memoirs is to go out and lecture at colleges about the duties and obligations of citizenship. I want to talk to the youngsters, not the older people, and tell them what a great country this is and the obligation they have to keep it that way."

Mr. Truman talked of many things, much of it off the record.

"Whenever you wrote anything mean," he said, "Roy Roberts

would play it up in the Kansas City Star. Whenever you wrote anything nice about me, he would omit your column altogether. It gave me and others a lopsided opinion of what you were writing.

"That's the trouble with the newspapers today. They only want to print one side of the story. Roy Roberts blames me for indicting him, but the fact is I didn't know about it until well after the Justice Department had begun the case."

The ex-president made no criticism of President Eisenhower, though he did talk about some of the big problems facing him.

"I've been very careful in what I said about my successor," he explained, "but the biggest problem facing any president is to sell the American people on a policy. They have to be led forward. It's not a matter of keeping your ear to the ground to find out what the American people are saying and then trying to please them.

"You can hear one opinion on Grand Street and another opinion a few blocks away on Baltimore Street. And the President of the United States has to mold that opinion and lead it forward. That's the biggest challenge every president faces, and one which he cannot escape."

The conversation drifted round to our only other living ex-president, Herbert Hoover, and the fact that he was long ignored after he left the White House.

"It was always glad," said Mr. Truman, "that I helped bring Mr. Hoover back into the public eye."

Robert A. Smith

College Life Is Good

We and others have gone to great lengths to point out the evident deficiencies of the University. Today we'd like to mention a few of the virtues of University life here.

Foremost, the student in a university leads a good life. Will anyone quarrel with this contention? He has everything here that a man can want. He may, if he chooses, also lead a full life.

The student at the University of North Carolina has a unique opportunity for self-development. He may pursue as he sees fit these four primary facets of self-education: (1) Reading; (2) Writing; (3) Conversation; and (4) Leisure.

(1) and (2) are for the introspective, primarily, and (3) and (4) are for extroverts, in the main. The best students will engage in all four pursuits. (4), which is sometimes ignored, is of particular and extraordinary value: for in it we also include Thinking (which no student should overlook in the general confusion of collegiate existence).

Another point. Amidst the self-contradictions, lies, and demagogic emissions, characteristic of cold and hot wars (and of peace, too), there is one self-evident truth that emerges from the vortex pure and uncontaminated, it seems to us. That is: Man's quest and yearning for freedom. All ideologies to the contrary, no man wants to be a slave. Which brings us to our point, that of all groups in society probably no other has as much freedom as the student in a university.

Student politicians accustomed to screaming at South Building may think this a curious statement. Yet, compare student life with any other and we believe that it will more than stand the test.

We in this University should be thankful for our relative freedom; we have more than students at Duke or Wake Forest, if you want to make a comparison. Furthermore, you'll have less freedom after you graduate (particularly if you get married).

Indeed, in a governments of checks and balances—of counter-balancing protests and affirmations—such as ours, the university (along with the press) is the traditional advocate for the allowance of the maximum freedom consistent with good sense. We won't mention any of the other numerous advantages of University life— for fear of overlaboring obvious points.

We know that a university has . . . Something (a weak word, but broad and all-inclusive in meaning). We know that alumni never get tired of returning here. ("Look at that sunset through the trees; ain't she pretty, boy?," said one alumnus, lingering on the campus after seeing a football game this fall.)

We know that university life is better than army life. (Even though, unfortunately, in a civilized community there is no greater chaos to be found in a men's dormitory in a liberal university.) We do not regret having come here.

YOU Said It

That Poem Again

Editor:

In his "Lines on Literature" in The Daily Tar Heel of December 18, Palinurus—usually a fairly perceptive critic—entirely missed the point of the poem submitted to him for explication by "the modern poet, Mr. Bill Wiatt." Mr. Wiatt, in the DTH of the fifth of January, further obscured the issue when he submitted what he purported to be the authentic explication of his literary masterpiece. The next day Mr. Mike Simpson in a brazen attempt to destroy the value of literary criticism "naively" approved of the interpretation presented by Palinurus.

I should like to present what appears to me to be the correct interpretation of this poem. The poem is not about Christ, mathematics, or carpenter strikes; it is about murder! This fragmentary piece is a visual image of the thoughts that probably ran through Mr. Wiatt's mind one morning when his wife beat him to the bathroom.

In a moment of overpowering fury Mr. Wiatt saw his wife's body spread out on the bathroom floor; hence the "X" for the title (also for "X" marks the spot). The clawhammers are what he, in a moment of towering rage, used to brutally murder his wife. (In answer to Palinurus' query, "Why clawhammers?" I will give what should have been the obvious answer. Mr. Wiatt is a student and not a mechanic who would use a ball pen or an upholsterer who would use a tack hammer; so a clawhammer would be the type with which he is most familiar.)

After having so brutally murdered his wife, Mr. Wiatt was struck with a sense of guilt and grabbed some towels from the rack to wipe the blood from the floor and the hammer. (The towels were dripping with blood and not water (as one would imagine from Mr. Wiatt's explanation). However, in the worst of us conscience must return; and the poem ends suddenly and dramatically—if one is perceptive. When Mr. Wiatt's conscience returned and he realized what he was doing; dropping the hammers still wrapped in the towels, he rushed into his study and shot himself because of his horrible crime.

My conclusion must necessarily differ with that of Palinurus and Mr. Wiatt. The poem is obviously the outburst of a mind with definite homicidal tendencies. Because of his innocent interpretation Palinurus did not do full justice to Mr. Wiatt; he failed to appreciate the vivid imagery of which Mr. Wiatt is capable and the wealth of detail which he can pack into a few lines. Mr. Wiatt's interpretation was obviously an alibi to hide what had been in his mind. I agree with Palinurus when he says that this is an excellent poem; and in regard to Mr. Simpson, I will only say that his naive condemnments more ably than I would be able to do.

Mr. Wiatt's mind is an uncluttered one, a fact which Palinurus recognized; but because he did not realize it was a homicidal one, he also missed the moral of this poetic fragment, which is obviously: Mrs. Wiatt, let your husband use the bathroom first.

Henry R. Rupp

Into The Viscera

Editor:

Progress or a Reformation is not a little boy with a new set of miniature carpenter tools exuberantly, but without taste, sawing and hammering away on the living room furniture.

One should examine one's passionate desires to set the world on fire to determine whether one would honestly like to burn the evil rottenness and uselessness in the world, or whether one merely likes to strike matches.

It is unhealthy to revel in the means of progress when these means embody violent conflict, either on a physical or mental plane. If it takes spilled blood and cut throats, literally or figuratively, to signify real (as against pseudo) educational progress maybe we should wait til spilled blood and cut throats are at a premium in the world—which today they are not.

As for eliminating unnecessary student organizations, who can tell but what rambling, blatant editorial columnists might not be eliminated in the same purge.

That the University is not ideal in many ways can, no doubt, be proved. That there are drones and parasites in South Building is possible. There may be rotten academic trees (remember they once were green and leafy) that need to be cut down. But—let us not in our over-anxiousness to do good tear up everything in sight. Let us pinpoint the wrong or evil, identify it, and work on it, specifically.

If we are going to have a University with a heart, lungs, stomach and sinews, as has been suggested, let it also have some bowels and a bladder—natural elimination—is perhaps what the Reformer is trying to say.

Mike Simpson

Others Say

Irrationally held truths may be more dangerous than reasoned errors.—Thomas Huxley.

Foreign travel ought to soften prejudices, religious or political, and liberalize a man's mind; but how many times people travel for the purpose of getting up their rancor against all that is opposed to their nations.—C. B. Fairbanks.

Most of the time we think we're sick, it's all in the mind.—Thomas Wolfe.

Man does not live by bread alone, even pre-sliced bread.—Denis Brogan.

The safest road to Hell is the gradual one—the gentle slope, soft underfoot, without sudden turnings, without mileposts, without signs.—C. S. Lewis.