

The Lost Chord (A Flatted Fifth)

This morning, we would awaken the members of the administration from their Sabbath slumber to call to their attention the most crucial need of the University. It is the fact that not a single mention is made in the catalogue of even a rudimentary course in the only native art form in America—jazz music.

The thought came to us while listening to the hot licks of Scotty Hester's combo waft into the windows of The Daily Tar Heel from the lawn concert after yesterday's football game. "Bonaparte's Retreat" was the name of the refrain to which we gave particular attention, and the sudden realization came (during the second chorus) that while Napoleon's military withdrawal from Moscow is covered fully by the Department of History, the music department is falling down on the job.

Most of the eager listeners to Scotty Hester's dixieland yesterday didn't know what they were hearing. A course, by an understander of the art, and offering full credit to takers, is in order. As guest lecturers we suggest Messrs. Simeon, Teagarden, and Shorty Rogers—living, breathing practitioners of a half-century's changing jazz.

There would be difficulties in such a course: Jazz being jazz, and never performed twice the same way, it might present frustrations to the uninitiated.

But until the music department lets down its hair and opens the door to exploration of the work of the great ad-lib musicians, there's a weak link in the pattern of folk-art education in the University.

Some Sunday Words About David Mundy

Louis Kraar

REACTIONARY DAVID MUNDY (author of the twice-a-week "Reaction Piece" column) has undoubtedly filled a long-empty role of a campus Westbrook Pegler.

Thus far, only two of his reactionary "Reaction Piece" pieces have been ground out, but already I've come to look forward to his views with a titillation not unlike the feeling one gets before a visit to the dentist.

Mundy has criticized the recently-formed National Association for a Free College Press because, he says, it will be able "to threaten possible critics with unfavorable publicity."

This reporter might remind David Mundy that this association wasn't formed to "threaten critics" of the press. It was formed to preserve what little freedom of the college press still exists in the nation today. Fortunately, for columnist Mundy, this newspaper is completely free. And because of it, his column runs—even on the "liberal" entrenched campus about which he writes.



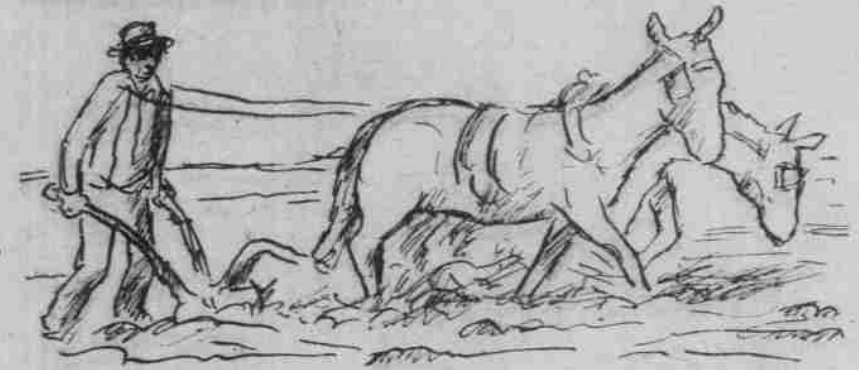
The South Through The Eyes Of A Chapel Hillian

Beware That Po' Boy From Up At The Forks

By James Street

The following is excerpted from an article, "The South", which appears in the current Holiday Magazine. It was written by Chapel Hill author James Street and is reprinted by special permission from Holiday. Copyright 1954 by the Curtis Publishing Company.—Editor.

The South can't be put in a book any more than the evils Pandora loosed can be put back in a box or the mystery of life in a test tube. However, regional writers are more and more catching the South in true colors and I am going to quote a book entitled Southern Accent to pitch the tone for this essay. . . "The South has somehow become transformed into a never-never, Kraft-Ebing land of psychopathia sexualis, peopled by sadists, masochists, rapists, satyrs, nymphomaniacs, and necrophiles, to mention a few of the betterknown types, together with assorted murderers, arsonists and lynchers. . ."



A while back a Northern writer sent me a questionnaire and explained that he was doing an article about the South. (Of course, it was contrary to custom for him to come down and see for himself.) One question was: "What is a Southerner?"

I replied that a Southerner is a fellow who doesn't know School of Business, so nail down your skin because pelt and pelf are fixing to fly.

Real Southern speech is somewhere between the

the words of Dixie but who wants to holler when he hears the tune. That didn't satisfy, so I tried again.

A Southerner is a man who doesn't read many books but he has sense enough to know that Steinbeck's Cannery Row is not all the Pacific Coast, that Sinclair's Jungle is the Midwest and the Midwest not in The Jungle, that Weidman's I Can Get It For You Wholesale is not typical of the Northeast, and then is flabbergasted by folks who think all the South is in Faulkner's Sanctuary.

It's not that the South remembers the Civil War, but, rather, that we can't forget it. It frowns at us from a thousand courthouse monuments and haunts us from a hundred thousand tombstones. It speaks to us from hotels named for our generals, from highways named for our heroes. It smirks at us from a thousand war books that either call us dull, brutal schizophrenes or puff us up as heroic gallants bowing and scraping and "honey-chiling" all over the place.

Oh, sure, we know that the Old South mostly is a myth; but the Garden of Eden story has served man well for a long time and the Old South legend touches us the same way: once upon a time, long, long ago, all the land was beautiful and all men were brave and all women were ladies. We know it is mostly myth, and we also know that only a few had it mighty good in the Old South while most folks had it mighty rough. But it's not the fact that influences us, it's the fancy.

The South still does not quite trust big money, and that's a hang-over from the old days, but we esteem Mammon without idolizing him. We disdain some folks who grub for money, but we ourselves are no slouches at the grab bag. When it comes to money, the Southern hand is often quicker than the Yankee eye, and our smile is wholly disarming. Beware the quaint character who takes off his wool hat and scratches his head and draws, "Well, now I tell you, mister, I'm just a po' boy from up at the forks of the creek." He might be right out of the Harvard phony mush of the honey-chile buffoons and the careful



enunciation of Edward R. Murrow, born in North Carolina. Nothing is so ludicrous to Southerners as Northerners trying to imitate Southern talk unless it's a Southerner away from home and mouthing a molasses routine for pay or for attention. . . Basically our talk is Elizabethan English (leavened by African) Shakespeare and Sir Francis Drake would get along just fine in the South, particularly among those vanishing few who still say "wont" for was not, "proud" for sensitive, "mought" for might.

We remain great one for family reunions. Usually we "reune" at the old family church for singing-all-day and dinner-on-the-ground. We tend the graves and sit around and tell rat-killing tales. Then the old folks take naps, the children get poison ivy, the young folks hold hands and sooner or later a few of the boys hit off the timber and pass a bottle and set in to fist fighting, wrestling or harmonizing. If we can't let off steam one way, we will another; often in hollering out our joy in the miracle of living. It's this hollering just for the hell of hollering that became the Rebel yell and you still hear it every now and then if the dogs are running good, the fish are biting or the whisky holds out.

The Mightiest Force

No reports are available on the extent to which the National Day of Prayer was observed in the United States. Nor can we expect at once to hear from all those behind the Iron Curtain who accepted President Eisenhower's invitation to join in "personal prayers for the devotion, wisdom and stamina to work unceasingly for a just and lasting peace for all mankind." Yet statistics are not needed. The faith which launched this appeal supports the expectation of great good from it.

Desire for a just peace is itself an unspoken prayer. Rising above personal sense or national prejudice, it asks humbly for divine aid in working for the good of all mankind. This unselfish, right desire of the individual (it is notable that Mr. Eisenhower made this prayer an individual matter) to seek and do God's will is the first step in "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man" which the Bible assures us "avail eth much."

The President could perform no greater service than to evoke this spirit—at home and abroad. Much of the world has the impression that Americans think as beligerently and hatefully as a few Americans speak. It is good for such folk to hear from the one official who can speak for all his fellow countrymen that Americans "know the true cure lies not in guns and bombs but "in the spirits and minds of men."

We believe most Americans do know that. But we hope they were listening in to this message intended to pierce the Iron Curtain. For they must prove their faith with their works. Too often they appear to be worshipping the H-bomb, in relying on it or fearing it excessively—a form of idolatry as dangerous as any Moses warned against. They need the President's reminder that "faith is the mightiest force man has at his command." They need to express more of that reliance which really trusts because it understands God's goodness and omnipotence.

The Ram Sees

THE CAMPUS probably will be interested to know that the author of "Reaction Piece" who wrote so cynically about the campus political parties is a supporter and former member of one of them himself—the Student Party.

In an obvious reference to his own political party, Mundy writes, "Promises are generally filled, since everyone wants to be re-elected. Next year we may even be promised maid service in the dorms. . . Everyone conveniently forgets, however, that to pay off takes money, student money."

Is Mundy's view of the Student Party congruent with the Student Party's view of the Student Party?

OF THE rival University Party, Mundy writes, "Their members appear to be a bit more mature than those of the other party, a bit more aware that the impulses driving people to seek recognition in petty campus politics should have passed with adolescence."

From this, I can only assume that Mundy is still in adolescence because he has been moved by the "impulses driving people to recognition in petty campus politics" in such a great way as to associate himself with one of the "petty campus" political parties.

STILL IT'S nice to have the Pegler-like logic appearing in this paper twice-a-week, Mundy writes well for an adolescent who still dabbles in "petty campus politics," and I enjoy a good argument over my morning coffee.

So go to it, Mundy. Knock the free press on a "liberal" invested campus—a press that lets you print your ultra-conservative views, and banter the "petty" politics of the campus of which your are a part. I like it.

A RECENT check of the freshman activity cards by the campus Young Republicans Club revealed that 51 first-year students are interested in the YRC. Three times that number indicated they were interested in the Young Democrats Club.

Could it be that the 51 are just curious—or does UNC really have 51 potential Republicans?

THE GRAIL room will be the scene of what could be a hot debate tonight when the Carolina Political Union discusses whether or not the recent Supreme Court decision will have an adverse effect on North Carolina's public schools. It starts at 8 o'clock, and I'm wondering if they will be through discussion when Graham Memorial closes at midnight.

'Some Day That'll All Be Done By Atomic Power'



Dr. Syngman Rhee

Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON.—One of the four octogenarians on whom the United States is leaning in vital parts of the world is Dr. Syngman Rhee, cantankerous, crusading president of South Korea, without whose stubborn patriotism Korea would not be even half alive today; yet whose stubbornness today may either upset the precarious peace of the Far East or prevent the orderly reconstruction of his country.

Dr. Rhee is now 79 years old. And like another old man, Chancellor Adenauer, on whom we are relying in another vital area, he cannot last forever. And because Chiang Kai-Shek also is reaching twilight of his years with no one groomed to succeed him; and because 79-year-old Winston Churchill, our best champion in England, is certain to step down soon, realist diplomats are wondering whom the United States intends to lean on after these octogenarians are gone. Are we grooming no young men for the future?

At best, Dr. Rhee can carry on only two or three years longer. In Germany, Konrad Adenauer can remain Chancellor only a short time. Yet our whole policy in Germany is aimed at arming a government which three years from now may put the arms we give it in the hands of the anti-American forces almost certain to succeed the aged patriot of West Germany. In Formosa, with no one trained to succeed the aging champion of Nationalist China, how can we buck Red China's entry into the United Nations after Chiang is gone? Unfortunately the dominating dispositions of elder statesmen are such that it's difficult to train successors. In Korea, Dr. Rhee has fired 200 cabinet min-

isters. For he is the whole show. He is South Korea. Without him there would be no South Korea, and unless you please him you serves not one day longer in his cabinet. His grit, his determination have mdae Korea what it is today. But his refusal to cooperate with others may tear down the very thing he has built. For when Rhee leaves this earthly scene, as leave he must, the man likely to succeed him is Lee Bum Suk, a fascist-minded undependable who could embrace communism with the same facility he embraces republicanism.

Such is our diplomacy of looking to the past, not the future. On such frail cornerstones is our policy, in an area drenched with American blood, based today. When you look abck over the vista of Syngman Rhee's nearly eighty yeras you can understand why he is sometimes difficult to deal with. During those years he has been beaten with bamboo rods daily for seven months. He has had oil paper wrapped round his wrists and set on fire. He has had his fingers mashed so horribly that even today he blows on them to keep them warm. He has had to wear a 20-pound cangue around his neck and sit with his feet and hands locked in stocks.

Quote, Unquote

Editor: In reference to Louis Kraar's "Carolina Front" column of Friday, September 24: The writer manifested a brazen ineptness in his admitted inability to enlighten the Japanese student who asked "Just what kind of democracy has America given us when you have men like McCarthy?" As to my sentiments regarding McCarthy, I hope the Senate censure committee deides to deport him. However, Mr. Kraar failed as a citizen when he regarded the foreigner's question as enigmatic and unanswerable. Indeed, Kraar implied a condemnation of our form of government and sympathy with the Japanese student's misgivings toward our democracy with his silence.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday, examination and vacation periods and during the official summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

- Editor CHARLES KURALT
Managing Editor FRED POWLEDGE
Associate Editors LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER
Sports Editor TOM PEACOCK
Business Manager AL SHORTT
News Editor Jerry Reece
Society Editor Eleanor Saunders
Assistant Sports Editor Bernie Weiss
Circulation Manager Dick O'Neal
Subscription Manager Tom Witty
Advertising Manager Dick Sirkin
Assistant Business Manager Tom Shores
Durham Adv. Manager Ed Lipman
Librarian Connie Marple
Night Editor for this Issue Richard Thiele

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

(The Horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others. . . — Hippocrates, circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was squatted outside The Playmakers Theatre on the campus peering in the side door, when I saw him. Tsk-tsk!

"I ain't ogling the acterines, Roger," The Horse denied my inferential clucking a mite too quickly. "Not that there aren't some ogleworthy Juliets leoparding around on the stage, yassuh! But alas, this is a rehearsal for a heavily dressed play."

Alas! Was The Theatre, then, only burleycue to The Horse? Had The Horse no appreciation for Pantomime, Art, Verisimilitude, Grace, Literature, Scenery, Lighting, Costuming?

"I have," The Horse sighed, "but Dior made them also-rans when he devised his new high-style Mother Hubbards which the femmes are wearing nowadays."

What did The Horse mean, Mother Hubbards? "Wearing-apparel which covers everything while touching nothing," The Horse growled. "Like a politician's campaign speech, only worse. At least, a politician's campaign-speech features lotsa promise. These Dior deals the dames are wearing now promise nothing but higher clothing bills. Me, I'm a Marilyn Monroe stylist, myself."

Well, that style had its points. What was this play being rehearsed?

"It is yclept 'The Croosible,'" The Horse informed me. "And it is real up-to-date despite the costumung."

The Crucible? Arthur Miller's smash Broadway dramatic hit? Waaaaaadaminii, waaaaaadaminii! Wasn't that the play about the Witchcraft persecutions? It was true history dramatized, The Crucible! But as for being modern—why, that had happened back in 1692-93!

"Quit showin' off, Roger," The Horse chittered. "I took Doc Hugh Lefler's justly famous Colonial History course here on the campus, too. The North Carolina part of it, anyway."

Well, certainly Salem was in Massachusetts, not in the Old North State.

"Yeah, but Doc Lefler armed us with practical things," The Horse stated proudly. "He told us what the Danyankees sneered at we-uns about, and provided us-uns with things to snar at them-uns about. Salem Witchcraft Persecutions were high on the list."

Yes; but how did that make it modern, The Crucible?

"There's a lotta stuff going on to-day, Roger," The Horse said soberly, "that rivals Old Salem at its worst. Cotton Mather of Salem has his modern counterpart in Cotton-Mouth McCarthy, of our allegedly august United States Senate; the Reverend Samuel Parris, of Salem, is the archetype of a cult of present-day clergymen who run too Christian young ministers from campus pulpits because they try to live Christianity instead of just shouting it of a Sunday, or because another minister thinks it is safe to preach Christ, The Savior to unsegregated souls instead of to segregated epidermises. Yup, The Croosible is real modern. It is a warning to us that mass-hysteria is still mass-hysteria, and that crooked minds can hide behind the straightest of faces. It is a warning that—oh-oh!"

I followed The Horse's cross-eyed ogle of concentration and I saw upon the Playmakers' stage the several causes of The Horse's approving exclamation. And they weren't Actors Trotman and Sasser!

"Dior, you have been tested in The Croosible and beaten at your own game!" The Horse apostrophized the traitorous French male. "Aha, Roger, what say you?"

I said I agreed, I said I would like to see Dior negate those lines, by gum!

"Well, now, I wouldn't," The Horse snapped. "Nor do I think he could. Am I alone in my opinion?"

Mr. Wump whumped from a neighboring bush; and even Neckley, who is responsible for the high-level view in The Horse's world, managed a squeak of approval.

"An upstanding pair!" The Horse applauded his fellow-sightseers.

Or...has The Horse keener vision that I suspect...?