

4 To 1 For Reason

Add signs of Tar Heel sanity: The Trustees' 57-15 vote to allow Negroes to attend a three-week summer farm and home course at State College, despite the opposition of John W. Clark.

The Board of Trustees is not, by any means, an "integrate now" body; but neither are they a bigoted or unreasonable body.

We find it regrettable that Mr. Clark picked up 14 agreements; but a 4 to 1 margin of calmness and reason is more than can be expected in most deliberative groups. It is an encouraging margin for the University.

Mr. Burdick's Logic

"I would be unalterably opposed to the appointment of John Marshall Harlan as a member of the Supreme Court because he is a Rhodes Scholar."

Speaking those words as part of the long parade of dilly-dallying over the appointment of a promising new Supreme Court justice was the Hon. Usher L. Burdick, U. S. Congressman from North Dakota.

Mr. Burdick quotes a Chicago Tribune booklet which says,

Rhodes scholarships were established for the primary purpose of instilling political bias in the minds of young Americans in favor of world federation, involving the surrender of American sovereignty.

And, runs Mr. Burdick's logic, "how can we support the Constitution and defend it against all enemies, foreign and domestic, if we are to contemplate relinquishing our sovereignty?"

The fact that John Marshall Harlan was a Rhodes scholar, and that the Chicago Tribune says Rhodes scholarships were established to push world federation, is apparently Mr. Burdick's sole reason for opposing the appointment of Mr. Harlan.

We were particularly crestfallen to read Mr. Burdick's speech in the Congressional Record, for Usher Burdick and one colleague were the only Congressmen brave enough to vote against the bill to outlaw the Communist Party when it passed into law last summer.

Spurious opposition to the appointment of a man to the Supreme Court because of a scholarship he once held we had thought to be far below Mr. Burdick's standards.

All this constitutes a warning to such outstanding students as Carolina's most recent Rhodes scholarship winner, Paul Likins, that even so innocent and honorable a thing as winning academic acclaim may be suspect in a suspicious world.

And we, shocked back into our shell of skepticism, are tempted to paraphrase the words spoken in Stuart England by the Earl of Strafford as he waited to lose his head to Parliament:

"Put not your trust in Western Republicans."

Ol' Joe? Haw, Haw!

A despot, it is said, doesn't fear eloquent critics preaching freedom; he fears a drunk poet who may crack a joke that will take hold.

At last America's most recent cloud of despotism seems to be lifting. The suspicion and acrimony and the general closing in against free inquiry and the attempt to equate anything that some people didn't like with communism seems to be slowly dissolving.

McCarthyism, people are saying, is not an "ism." It's a "was'm."

Cohn and Schine? "Katzenjammer kids," a recent writer called them. They are forgotten.

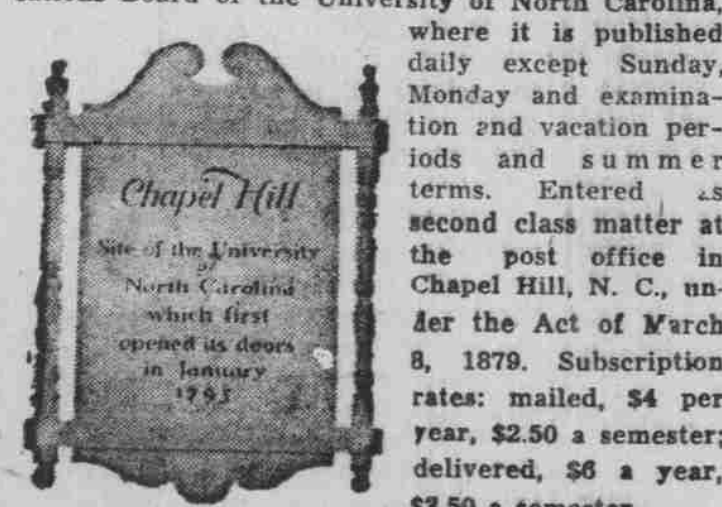
The Bar Association of New York is investigating the government's loyalty-security program. Much of the damage to our national thinking appears to be on the repair.

All is not yet well with us, of course. We still have a throbbing hangover. But—have you noticed?—nobody gets excited about Joseph Raymond McCarthy any more. They're cracking jokes about him, instead.

And the jokes, at last, have taken hold.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Front — YOU Said It, Pro & Con

Baddley, Let's Have A Duel In Y Court

Louis Kraar

TO WILLIAM



Henry Baddley, the Stacy man who wrote that "we need more men like William Grimes," I suggest a duel in Y Court.

How about petitions at 50 paces?

★

THE JET zoomed across the sky over the campus, and all in the class looked up from notebooks. It was a harrowing sound.

The professor had been talking about population and the growth of communities. And the jet, like a rude intruder, broke into his talk.

I couldn't help but think of the jet as an appropriate reminder of the grim side of things these days. While we talked of growth and building cities, the plane zoomed across the sky with a ringing buzz.

And, like others, I wondered what the bombs and planes that man has made will make man.

"Hope he wins a citation," quipped the professor, and for a moment we all laughed at ourselves.

★

THE CAROLINA theater's candy seller, about whom this column has directed some critical remarks regarding the price of six-cent candy bars, has changed her mind—and her prices. The candy bars are now a nickel, according to a friend with a sweet-tooth.

★

THE COED seemed interested in a boy that cropped up in the conversation, so she asked: "Does he date anybody?"

"That's right, anybody," answered the roommate of the boy in question.

★

IF THE Student Party sticks to its present course, Manning Muntzing is almost certain to get the nomination for student body president.

Don Fowler is the other leading candidate and is not weak at all in his support. However, the fact that Muntzing's Inter-Dormitory Council activities (he's president) have made him better known will probably turn the tide.

Nevertheless, the SP nominating session for student body chief will be by far the most exciting political meeting on campus this spring. This will be one of those times when the SP will be almost evenly divided.

Perhaps it will be speeches that turn the tide for Muntzing, the usual idealistic-type oratory that ornaments SP functions. The SP's orator David Reid, however, is an ardent Fowler supporter.

★

BIG QUESTION in the University Party, it seems, is who will run for vice-president.

With Ed McCurry as good as already nominated for President by the UP, the center of interest is the second-spot post.

Bev Webb or Jack Stevens will be the UP's choices for vice-president. And here, again, there may be some political excitement.

Stevens, like so many would-be candidates, insists that he's going to Law School next year, and Webb is silent.

★

BRIGADOONS MAY become a new Carolina tradition, but at four bucks a throw, it seems to be that's mighty expensive "tradition" for the dorm man.

There's no doubt that the promoters of Brigadoons, a dorm man's answer to the Germans Club, are well-meaning. They may have a great plan, but this reporter can't help but see dollar signs.

More On Segregation

Editor:

You flaming Yankee liberals come to a Southern, state-supported university and by dint of your brash egotism gain control of the student Legislature and newspaper, then you proceed to publicize unpopular beliefs and doctrines in such a way as to delude the people of the state into thinking that your wild ideas on racial questions are held by the general student body.

You endeavor to make pseudo-martyrs of Charles Jones and his radical group of followers; you editorialize on the virtues of racial amalgamation, you choose your front page articles in an obvious attempt to misinform the student body and the people of the state on the true state of racial relations, you unceasingly call for the disruption of the established social order, and then retreat north after four years to the comfort of your all-white residential districts, your all-white restaurants and bars and your all-white theatres. While the Southern students reap the whirlwind that you have so well sown.

The Administration asks the state Legislature for funds to operate and expand the University, and the Assembly points to the strange ideas that its sons pick up here; it says that after two or three years they no longer seem able to converse on social subjects in the same terms as their families use, their sons are seemingly absorbing a foul miasmic doctrine that could destroy the peaceful relations between the races that has lasted one hundred years in the South.

Now the Administration knows that this is not true, that only a few Yankee fire-bugs are playing around the ammunition dump of race relations; but if it points out the root of the problem the Legislature might make it difficult for foreigners and Yankees to enroll here, and it knows that no University can be truly great unless there is the most liberal interchange of ideology available to the students. This spark that generates greatness in a University must not be put out, but you trouble mongers are evidently trying your best to do so.

I have tried to explain some of the facts of Southern life to you, so now I say to you, tone down your efforts to destroy the University or begone; you have outlived your usefulness, you have been here too long for the good that you do, you are helping no one, not even yourselves, so go.

Milton H. McGowan

(Mr. McGowan's letter is directed toward the controllers of the student Legislature and the Daily Tar Heel, whom he refers to as "flaming Yankee liberals." With a little investigation, Mr. McGowan could have found that the editor of The Daily Tar Heel is from Charlotte, the managing editor from Raleigh, the associate editors from Charlotte and Mebane, the business manager from Hickory, the sports editor from Norfolk, Virginia. The speaker of the student Legislature is from Concord. The circulator of the anti-segregation petition is from Williamston. The remaining student characterized as a "nigger-loving liberal" by William G. Grimes in his recent letter is from Fayetteville.—Editor.)

He's Ashamed Of Us? Well, We're Ashamed Of Him!

Editor:

Let me begin by saying that I have tried to take a calm but positive pro-integration stand ever since the disputed decision of the Supreme Court of the United States was handed down last year. I know that this evolution, and that is what it should be termed as, is not going to be easy on any of us, white or Negro, but it is upon us and is not going to be stopped by a few loud-mouthed radicals.

I have stood aside and kept my beliefs to myself long enough though. When persons present statements to the public as Mr. Grimes has done, they deserve an indignant answer from every North Carolinian who proclaims to believe in what can be termed as just plain and simple justice.

I don't think Mr. Grimes need fear that he will be termed as a "letter writer" at all. In fact, I don't believe that his name will even be remembered by those who read his letter for more than just a short while. People don't usually waste much time characterizing individuals who preach in such prejudiced tones. The one reaction that Mr. Grimes' letter will receive is that of a stirred up indignation from those on this campus and from those in this state who really possess that all-important value of fair play.

As for tagging The Daily Tar Heel staff as well as our campus politicians with such slurring names uttered in low tones of hate, Mr. Grimes only fortifies the picture of ignorant arrogance that he has presented of himself to the University and to the state.

Mr. Grimes must have struck off his remark concerning his shame of his University without a thought of wearing the shoe on the other foot. Perhaps he is ashamed of his University, and should he feel that way it is his right to do so, but only the Lord in Heaven knows how his University must feel about him.

If ever an institution had a right to be ashamed of a student, the University of North Carolina has a right to be ashamed of Mr. Grimes. I've never met him myself, but I find myself unable to foster any feelings toward Mr. Grimes but those of shame. He and his kind are of no great concern to this state or to the Nation as a whole because America has already proven her ability to withstand prejudiced persons and groups. Indeed, I put Mr. Grimes in the same category with the

Klu Klux Klan and those in the old hierarchy of Georgia politics, but these persons and groups are no serious threat, only a painful thorn that must be removed.

In conclusion, I must admit that we kids at Carolina have made some flagrant blunders at times, but after all, we haven't had all important year of experience in the hard outside world that you have had. Yes Mr. Grimes, we will cease, but only after simple justice has been done. On the other hand, you and your kind will only cease when you have to eat your words.

James M. Morgan, Jr.

Shame, Mr. Editor, For Advocating Love

Editor:

I, being half white (the other half a disgusting yellow), feel that I have some basis for assuming the glorious and pure white banner proudly carried by the Supreme Race and think it is my duty to thank Mr. William Grimes for expressing the opinion of the majority of the students at this University.

This is obviously the opinion of the majority because the mass of the students here are of the unsoiled White Race. After all, Mr. Editor, just because most of the students here do not express this opinion or when they do it is with a blush or an apologetic voice, does not mean that the multitude does not feel this way.

Mr. Grimes indubitably has written his letter in a true Christian service to our God. Naturally this is so because, as every honest Christian knows, our God is also Pure White and naturally loves his Pure White children the most and naturally does not want them to soil their Germanic Whiteness by mingling with those damn Negroes (excuse me, Mr. Grimes, I mean niggers).

Shame, Mr. Editor, that you should permit any ill logic, such as advocating a love between individuals regardless of racial characteristics or any other differentiating factors, that you should let your paper stand for open-mindedness and brother love and racial equality.

Don't you know that the fair-haired majority of this state will not permit it? Go west, young man.

Love in KKK,

Mary Lynn

The Letter, Says Barbre, Was His

Editor:

With regard to the article written by Charles Dunn concerning the pro-segregation petition in which I took a big part, I would like to clarify a couple of points.

First of all, the letter I wrote last semester about our petition which I was accused of not writing, is my own, and the views expressed in it are basically the beliefs of all the co-sponsors.

The fact that Ben (Bobrow) and several others sharing our beliefs are out of state students is no reason why we should reject their help, just as the supporters of integration are also eager to get help from all sections.

I hope that in the future The Daily Tar Heel will concentrate more on the issues rather than indulge in name-calling and innuendo.

Ray Barbre, Jr.

'Boss, Do You Want To See Government Get Ahead of Private Enterprise?'



The Quarterly: 'A Mediocrity Of Apathy And Compromise'

Bill Scarborough

(Mr. Scarborough, a senior in the University, disagrees as follows with The Daily Tar Heel's review of the current Carolina Quarterly.—Editor.)

I take gentle, but diametric exception to a review of the Carolina Quarterly by Ed Yoder, which appeared in these columns last week: the Quarterly is not worth its price, and stands in likelihood never of being so again unless its editors institute a drastic re-direction of policy.

Any magazine has a two-fold obligation: to its readers in the selection of literature worthy of public attention; to its contributors in the provision of diligent editing, and presentation in a format advantageous to the writing.

In these terms the Carolina Quarterly fails. A magazine directed to student audiences, it should present a fair proportion of writing from student authors; it does not. Since students of the University pay for the Quarterly, writers from among their number should receive equitable representation; they do not.

WHITHER THE LOCAL FLAVOR?

A quick perusal of the contents shows that indigenous pieces compose almost exactly half the bulk of the magazine, half of which in turn is devoted to a play by an alumnus who has had no formal connection with the University for almost a year; of the poems, not one was written by a University student. This does not constitute a primary concern with local writers and local materials; that writers of merit are here is amply demonstrated by the Quarterlies of last year; such writers as Doris Betts and Louise Hardemann achieved national acclaim for their work, and one topical article enjoyed the prominence of being reprinted twice elsewhere, once in the Southern Architect. We find in the present issues no writing worthy of equal attention, yet there is no evidence that there are no writers here capable of its production; that they are not submitting to the Carolina Quarterly is patently obvious; I qualify that remark with these criticisms of work in the current issue:

The editorial has no relevance to the substance of the magazine, or for that matter, to editorial policy or the production of literature either. Editorials are ideally commentaries germane to the activities and aims of the publication in which they appear; finished style in their execution is no objection, but they are not in themselves belle-lettristic writing. Editor Dunn might have followed the example of certain predecessors and omitted comment when there was nothing to say.

A FEW PAGES OF OPINION

The lone article is a sad descent from former times, when it was the custom to print several of substantial length. Worse, Mr. Archie Hess, the author, disqualifies himself by his own admission as a competent student and evaluator of his topic and fails to supply the essential modicum of factual substantiation any scholarly topic such as this demands, producing a few pages of doubtfully qualified opinion.

Of the two stories in this issue, "Suttee," by Robin White, is the better; Mr. White is a writer of some polish, whose chief ability is characterization; intimately sacrificing his very plausible main character to a proportionately implausible fate.

The second story, "Journey Before Dawn," by David Elliott, is best characterized as "sophomoric;" Mr. Elliott has a facility with narration which he should cultivate, but his style is on the whole derivative, his tone evanescent, his plot structurally weak, suffering from uncertainty of purpose, and containing many standard devices and cliches which he must eliminate.

His theme, along with that of "Suttee," is becoming somewhat shopworn on this campus; about a little Mexican boy guilty of a miracle, "Journey Before Dawn" is the third story in two issues concerned with juveniles and juvenilia; at the risk of appearing ogish, I must confess that I'm damn tired of children.

TYROS DISADVANTAGE

A new feature, "Best Freshman Writing," is composed of two short pieces, both by veterans. There are other ways of encouraging neophytes than publishing them. Material in a magazine must be judged by common standards, and the work of the two freshmen selected is at a distinct disadvantage, because it is classified as tyro, and must be judged by separate criteria.

An editor may criticize and instruct promising young writers, but he should not commit himself to including their work until it can hold its own, qualitatively, with the rest of the magazine. Exercises in writing, such as these, may well be indicative of potential talent, but an audience is by nature interested in reading only the polished result of such proclivities.

As regards poetry in this issue, we had reason to expect a better and more extensive selection from poetry editor Bill Rivera, who in past times has made some sound, if hyper-subjective and polemical choices. With one exception the poems, only four in number, are inclined to a too-close conformity with a single artistic attitude, one set of poetic criteria, which one would suspect of being Mr.

Rivera's own, had they not so many affinities with certain of the principles of Ezra Pound.

The one anomaly, "A Little Conservative," whose author is totally justified in remaining anonymous, is an incredible aberration from the manner of the other three poems, and is incongruous in their context; if Mr. Rivera's appreciation and comprehension of poetry are so nebulously and uncritically catholic as to include the disciplined measures of Lawrence Lipton's "Libation to the Lesser Gods," the somewhat phthisic but adequate imagery of Seymour Gresser's "Gender for Kinsmen," and the glib faculties of "A Little Conservative," I urge that he undertake a searching re-perusal of his aesthetic theories.

As before mentioned, none of the poetry came from Chapel Hill; this would indicate that there are no poets here capable of meeting the standards, yet we find Mr. Rivera in his book review of In This The Marian Year by H. A. Sieber, lavishing extravagant praise on this Chapel Hill resident's first published volume of verse, but making no effort to explain why he has neglected to solicit and publish contributions from Mr. Sieber.

RUPTURED SALESMAN

An added feature of this issue deserves mention only because it represents recognition of an area of writing long ignored. With the publication of "The Salesman Ruptured by a Streetcar," by David W. Ashburn, attention is directed to the fact that drama forms an integral part of the Chapel Hill literary scene. Many good regional dramas have been produced here; tragically, "Salesman" is not one of them; a one-act farce, it was conceived as satire, poorly executed as low parody, and is an unfortunate selection to initiate a custom which is worthy of continuance.

The book review selection, representing the work of University students exclusively, has its salient defect in its severely limited scope. Of the five books reviewed, one is a critical biography, one a volume of poetry, and the other three current best-selling novels. While students at this University undeniably read best-sellers, they may read much earlier reviews of them in weekly magazines; properly the book review section of a quarterly publication should be composed of articles on books of a more substantial and enduring interest, books that do not receive prominent examination in the popular press; this would be a true service to the books themselves, as well as to potential readers.

By far the best of the reviews is that of Hamilton Basso's The View from Pompey's Head, by Robert F. Looney, who despite having made three glaring errors of fact, bring to his job a thorough knowledge of Southern Literature and makes a well-considered evaluation of the book and its importance.

PREY TO ALL THE ILLS

The Carolina Quarterly has, from its inception, led an invalid's existence; prey to all the usual ills of an outlet for beginners and amateurs, it has nevertheless persisted in a tenuous existence for six years. Its circulation has never exceeded 1,600; today it is less than half that figure. Some of this decline may be attributed to student apathy toward student writing, but writing worthy of consideration has always found an attentive audience, however small; there is little indication of such a group's supporting the Quarterly today. In the current issue symptoms of a more pernicious and lethal malaise are apparent; it is characterized in inconsistent editorial policies, irregular, fluctuating printing schedules and sale prices, and more damaging, inferior makeup: the cover is poorly designed; typography and design cramped; pages are of uneven length; poems are crowded under the endings of stories in inconspicuous positions; vestigial advertising is cluttered in the back.

At the first of this academic year editor Jim Dunn announced a raise in subscription rates, promising four issues per year in place of the customary three; individual copies of the fall issue, marketed for sale at thirty-five cents, costed non-student readers fifty cents; the winter issue is marketed for sale at forty-five cents and plans to publish a fourth issue have been abandoned.

THE EFFECT IS A MEDIOCRITY

On the basis of this evidence, it appears that the Quarterly has suffered a fundamental disorientation from its proper aims; it has isolated itself from the local writers who provide its primary source of material; its format and design appear born more of expediency and exigency than of planning and discrimination; immediacy of appeal rather than intrinsic literary value appears to govern selection of stories; pervading the entire magazine is an aura of deep-seated aesthetic compromise. The effect is a mediocrity more serious than the inherent limitations of writers and editors; it is the mediocrity of apathy and artistic nihilism, for which there is no excuse.

While I respect Mr. Yoder's critical acumen, I feel that he has not given the Quarterly its proper criticism, that he has tended to be rather, a Quarterly apologist. A publication which receives no criticism of its mistakes tends to fall victim to the smugness thus induced in its editors, who consider the silence of critics sufficient justification for perpetuating past errors. The Quarterly has fallen into this trap.