

## Sissies, Shoes & God's Chillun

A history professor, pacing and peering under the rows of hard-backed classroom benches, announced just before class began last Friday (Barefoot Day) that he sought barefoot senior girls. He wanted, he said, to step on their toes. None of the senior girls had come barefooted.

"Sissies!" he thundered and laughed a huge asbestos laugh.

We felt like thundering and laughing with him. The besotted Seniors had the joke on them. Not only sissies were they for not enjoying the pleasures of barefoot day, but downright foolish.

Why? Here's the point, made in a recent Greensboro Daily News editorial. That worthy journal took a native Southern woman to task for implying there's a correlation between bare feet and barbarians, recalling Longfellow's lines about departing and leaving footprints on the sands of time. Their idea was

that the men who made the best footprints on those sands didn't wear shoes. A shoe is hardly the criterion of a civilized man. Take David, Solomon, Pericles, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Caesar, Asoka, Gautama Buddha, Mohammed, Gandhi and so on; they didn't wear shoes—sandals maybe that they could scuff off at a moment's notice, but not shoes. On the other Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin were confirmed shoe-wearers, but you would hardly call them civilized.

Whether certain seniors' inappropriate shoelessness last Friday was dictated by some inner voice whispering of that now-debunked link between naked soles and uncivility or from sheer modesty we just don't know. But Friday's "Sissies!" muffed a chance to move into a pretty fast caravan.

The moral of the story, and perspectives for next year's Barefoot Day had better take note, is that false modesty can harm.

Not all God's chillun ain't gotta have shoes.

## Hear The (Hot) Wind Blow, Dear

Down in the galleys, the galleys so low, you can, today, lean your head over and hear the (hot) wind blow.

Once in a while one of those ill winds through and through which blows no good at all puffs into our office, aimed for print. We, as good Volfrarians, believing in defense of even tawdry disagreement, must satisfy it. Today's appearance is the second for this particularly humid, ill and hot wind.

But if you have your clothespin securely clipped atop your nostrils you may, perhaps, find more than humidity and heat within that missile marked "You Will Cease." We didn't.

## Our Crossed Puzzles

Newspapers rustled to the classroom floor, and the professor valiantly tried to ignore the sound. Perhaps he was thankful that this particular morning's paper carried no crossword puzzle; he probably lectured with new confidence as the papers fell.

Every other day, when professors go before their undergraduate charges, students are deeply engrossed in the terribly important task of figuring out three-letter words for ancient Greek rulers, or synonyms for "endurance."

All this strikes us as rather odd that folks pay their money to attend the University, hear in classes about the world's various and painful plights (from Formosa to lung cancer), yet still center their energies on word puzzles.

This is one puzzle, we wish they'd work on, too.

## The Daily Tar Heel

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## Carolina Front

### Oh! My Dear! Do You Know, In Sweden . . .

J. A. C. Dunn

IN TIME MAGAZINE of April 25 we were brought to a grinding halt on page 29 by a letter from one of Time's correspondents in Sweden concerning the astounding candor and unconcern with which the Swedish have legalized unwed motherhood.



"The sex education given in public schools would make even the most modern, broadminded American blush," says writer Joe David Brown. A Mrs. Ottesen-Jensen, Swedish sex educator, informed Mr. Brown, "I tell them that the important thing is that they must be in love. I tell the girls it is all right to sleep with a boy — but first they must be in love. When I tell them that you see them smiling and nudging each other."

At this point we looked around to see if there was anyone within nudging distance, were disappointed to find that there wasn't and read on.

"What is the use of trying to change human nature?" said Mrs. Ottesen-Jensen. Mr. Brown asked her incredulously "How can a boy or girl of 17 or 18 know the difference between love and plain old biological urge?" to which Mrs. Ottesen-Jensen replied, "Oh, they can tell love. They can tell real love."

NEED WE SAY that this matter is interesting? Of course not. It's fascinating. We wonder what happens if that phase of undergraduate extra-curricular activities were transferred to this country. In fact, since, as we said, the matter is fascinating, we wonder very hard.

To begin with, a whole new branch of public counselling would probably crop up. We would not only have marriage counsellors, we would also have unmarried counsellors. In all likelihood another offshoot of psychiatry would develop based on the practice of helping people decide whether or not they were really in love. This field of specialization would probably not last long, since those who went into it would, we daresay, soon discover that most people with one thought in mind are not going to take the trouble (and money) to save their consciences by waiting for a go-ahead from a psychiatrist. They would conduct their own experiments.

The Swedes also take care of illegitimate children, instead of ostracizing them and their mothers, and we can see bobby-soxers and coeds comparing notes on their offspring — fathered, perhaps, by a star football player or a well-heeled fraternity man. Of course if the Swedish outlook on young love was transferred to this country intact there probably wouldn't be many illegitimate children, since the Swedes go in for abortions (good ones, performed by creditable doctors) to quite a considerable extent.

Without a doubt there would appear motels that specialized . . . And honeymoon lodges for very short honeymoons. "True Confessions" would take on a new look, and there might well be some changes made in the Lonely Hearts Club.

BUT FOR ALL the airy off-handedness of the Swedes, we think Mr. Brown's question as to how people of 17 or 18 can tell the difference between love and plain old biological urge is a good one. Ivory castle attitudes may be obtainable in Sweden, but we doubt, Americans being what they are (and don't ask us what an American is), if love's young dream would see much of the light of day in this country.

In the middle of writing this column we went downstairs to the Rendezvous Room and listened for a moment to the jazz combo playing there. We peered maliciously through the gloom to see if anyone was nudging anyone else, but (and perhaps fortunately) the gloom was too gloomy.

## Reader's Retort

### 'You Will Cease... That Is A Fact' (Number 2)

Editors:

Once again the stench of Daily Tar Heel liberalism oozes from its editorial page. This time The DTH "concur" with ideas set forth by the defense comrades at the Scales trial.

The DTH follows the party line remarkably well, for nigger loving and communism go hand in hand in America. It is recognized that only cheap lackeys of the Kremlin will stoop low enough to try to deceive and exploit the free American Negro in order that he and all other Americans might ultimately be enslaved. Scales admitted the value of racial agitation to the "revolution."

The DTH stood almost alone in its position on the Scales trial. The chief journalistic organ of our state university defended the defenders of a recognized, and now convicted, Communist. It spoke of Scales in terms of "sincerity" and "dignity," while those patriotic men who helped to reveal the true nature and methods of the scum who would destroy our entire concept of life and individual dignity, were referred to as "paid performers", and "spies." It praised men like Charles Jones, who was relieved of his church because he distorted the belief that "all men are created equal" into the doctrine that "all men shall be dragged to the dead level of mediocrity."

The communism of The DTH, the blindness of a Chapel Hill minister, and the unfortunate association of such trash as Scales with Carolina, have done incalculable damage to the reputation of our great University.

Again, as I have said before, a handful of political freaks are degrading an institution loved by thousands of North Carolinians. Those now attending the University are within striking range. These students must recognize their vantage point. They must realize that the many who love Carolina are watching for them to remove you and the red stigma from their university.

"You will cease. That is a fact." Even now the guillotine of Southern Pride is in motion. There is activity both within and from outside the University. Lewis Brunfield seems to have had your number, and he, unlike you, speaks for the students. As I predicted, the state legislature, via the Board of Trustees, has intervened by eliminating those among them who were making integration noises.

Because of you, the Carolina student body is getting a raw deal. They are being accused of things of which only you are guilty. They must rid themselves of you.

One of our state's great lady journalists, Nell Battle Lewis, said the hammer and sickle belongs on the campus flag pole. If I may, I will amend her statement and tell you that it should fly, instead, from Graham Memorial, proclaiming that you, not true Tar Heels, are communists.

Yes, justice does go on. Scales can now vouch for that. Justice is slow, methodical, . . . but ever so sure, someday you and your fellow travelers will find this out. That I may see you get yours!

William G. Grimes

### 'Oh, This Takes More Time'



## Some Thoughts At 4 A.M.

Ken Pruitt

Busy people — sleeping, sleeping.  
Busy people — breathing, breathing.  
In the hall — someone sneezing.  
Roommate, roommate — wheezing, wheezing.  
Nodding, nodding at my desk.  
Slumber, sleep; futile quest.  
One more hour; one more round.  
One more page.  
Then lie down.  
Wonder, wonder where is dawn?  
Ponder, ponder night is gone.  
Eyes that throb and lids that sting.  
Seconds tinkle; minutes ring.

Coughing, coughing; blue-gray smoke.  
Hating, hating tower's stroke.  
Silly words dance on the page.  
Stillness mulls a quiet rage.  
Dizzy, dizzy; burning ears.  
Blinking, blinking unwept tears.  
Musty books and musty air.  
If — but, no! — I wouldn't dare.  
Time and worry; buzzing sounds.  
A spigot leaks, a cockroach drowns.  
Hurry, hurry, cloudy mind.  
Scratching pencil; weary grind.  
Fog is drifting through the door.  
Clouds are rising on the floor.  
Snow is covering all the wall.  
Chair — sliding — must not — f-a-l-l —

## Quote, Unquote: Using Differences Well

The democratic conception is based on the assumption that conflicts between individuals and groups will always exist. This assumption in turn derives from the principle of diversity. In nature, and hence in man who is part of nature, difference is a given fact. Important differences will inevitably lead to conflict.

If the democratic theory were left at this point, those who follow in precepts would soon find themselves living in chaos. Differences should lead to increasingly chronic conflicts which, if unresolved, would weaken and destroy the capacity to achieve

common goals. A democracy without a sense of direction would be like a ship with sails and no rudder. The right to be different is the basis of freedom and where this right is not respected, and protected, democracy cannot flourish. . . . A functional democracy, if it succeeds, becomes therefore a method for utilizing differences from common ends. One of the rules of conduct to which citizens of democracies must subject themselves is, then, the discipline of finding experimental methods for dealing with conflict. — "The Democratic Way of Life," by T. V. Smith and Edward C. Lindeman.

## Stevenson & Harriman

Stewart Alsop

WASHINGTON — The relationship between Adlai Stevenson and New York's Gov. Averell Harriman is the most interesting personal equation in American politics today. Stevenson and Harriman are at one and the same time close personal friends and potential political rivals.

Harriman made his position entirely clear to Stevenson, before Stevenson left for his carefully timed sojourn in Africa. Harriman told Stevenson, in effect, not to worry about the nomination — if he wanted it, it was in the bag. All he had to do was to pass the word to five or six key men — including Harriman — and they would get behind him and push.

But this time, Harriman said, there could be no indefinite delay. This time, in Harriman's view, the problem is not the nomination but the election.

Harriman strongly believes that the notion that Eisenhower is unbeatable is a myth. But he also believes, and has so counseled Stevenson, that in order to beat Eisenhower, Stevenson has got to start building for election day, not just after the convention next year, but almost right away. Harriman has also been completely frank with Stevenson about his own role — he is a Stevenson man all the way if Stevenson wants the nomination, but if Stevenson does not, he will try for it himself.

The implication of all this is plain. At some unspecified point, if Stevenson does not pass the word, Harriman himself will "go." To "go" in Harriman's case, simply means giving a tacit green light to Carmine DeSapio, able chieftain of Tammany Hall and Harriman's principal political backer.

Just when the point of decision will come is uncertain. But it could come rather soon. DeSapio reportedly favors starting quietly to build a Harriman organization by early autumn, if Stevenson does not pass the word before then. Meanwhile, DeSapio is keeping open his lines of communication to such key figures in the party as Mayor David Lawrence, of Pittsburgh, and Sen. Earle Clements, of Kentucky, who has the role of honest broker between the northern and southern wing of the party.

Thus — provided Stevenson does not let it be known that he is available fairly soon after he returns — Harriman must be taken seriously as a possible contender. Already, he is certainly being taken a lot more seriously than in 1952, when he first tried for the nomination, and did surprisingly well.

The simple fact of being Governor of New York has added a cubit or so to his political stature. So has publication of the Yalta papers, which show him in an admirable light — there is a certain irony in the fact that the only man to benefit politically from the Yalta papers is a New Deal Democrat. Those close to him say that being elected Governor of the biggest state has also "done something to Harriman. His old diffidence is gone, he has discovered in himself a natural bent for politics, and he is immensely enjoying his job.

Harriman is an essentially uncomplicated man. When he wants something he goes to work to get it — and usually succeeds. Thus his advice to Stevenson, to nail down the nomination and start right away working to win the election, is perfectly in character. It is precisely what Harriman would do in Stevenson's position. Indeed, if it were not for Stevenson, his friends believe that Harriman would be out beating the bushes for support right now.

But Stevenson is a much more complex character. Those who know him well believe that he really wanted the nomination very badly last year — or at least that he very badly wanted to be sure that he could have it if he wanted it. Then the election by a smashing majority of his friend and protegee, Paul Butler, as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, proved to Stevenson that he could have the nomination by lifting a finger. At this point — or so friends of his believe — he began asking himself, in his introspective, Wilsonian way, whether he really wanted to run after all.

## Over The Hill

Charles Dunn

COMPLIMENT: Fellows coming back in from dates react in different ways. Some are quiet and go right to bed; other make all grades of noise and seem to want to stay up all night, and then there are some in-between who come in quietly but want to talk. The following comes from one of the latter:

The boy and girl were coming in from their first date. They had been to a movie and had had an ice cream cone. As they heard the girl's residence, the boy spoke: "Well, I sure hope you have had a good time tonight."

The girl smiled and said she didn't mean to sound mushy, but that she "didn't see how anybody could date him and not have a good time."

The boy was speechless. That is he was speechless until he got back to the dormitory, and then oh brother!

★ ★ ★

FOLLOW UP: Two nights later he came quietly home and went straight to bed. His dream had popped. She had refused to date him ("because of studies") and he had seen her with a friend.

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REACTION: The little girl from the far western part of the state who came to Carolina to learn how to write and talk (in the column on Sunday, April 24) replied with a poem:

I wish I wuz a writer—  
With words all bright and flow'ry,  
A tribute I could pay to you  
As you have done to me!  
Alas, I've no such talent  
Sad case, don't you agree?  
That I could not do HALF as much  
as you have done for me!

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WANT TO BET: The cutest coffee seller in the Monogram Club was telling a sleepy early morning coffee customer that she "wouldn't get up" if she were as tired as he "just to go to an eight o'clock class."

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SEX IN HISTORY: Every year about this time a history professor reads the following Freudian, or sexual, interpretation of the statesmanship of Cavour, one of the leaders in the unification of Italy in the last century. Needless to say, the interpretation was written by a Frenchman, probably for the like of Carolina gentlemen in the springtime:

"From the day Cavour left the Military Academy at Turin his gallantries were beyond all reckoning; he was always worshipping at a woman's shrine; his youthful passions grew, wore out, and again revived. Cavour's numerous amours bear witness not only to his physical virility but also to the numerous traits of mind and personality, and the many little idiosyncrasies, to which presently he was to owe his success in politics.

"For example: his strong emotionalism, his calculated readiness to accept risks, his exact conception of the object he was pursuing, his perseverance in its pursuit, his skill in manipulating a situation for his own ends, his rapid power of recovery after a rebuff, his keen appreciation and understanding of human psychology, his promptness and ability to seize an opportunity, and finally his intuitive sense of when to make, and his courage in making, the decisive move."

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COULD BE: The professor was asking about different kinds of partnerships. Students had volunteered: partnerships of doctors, lawyers, engineers, tec. Bright coed writes down: "and Indian Chiefs."

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ANOTHER BY ACKER: Many people have spoken to us with regards to the poem entitled "Integration and the D.T.H." that appeared in the column last week. The great majority who commented liked the poem and wanted to know more about the work of its author, Bill Acker, a freshman from South Carolina. Today we print another of Acker's poems. The title of this one is "Just Last Night, or The Night Before."

Just last night, or the night before,  
A hundred-fifty coeds came banging at the door,  
I hurried downstairs to bar the doors,  
They hit me on the head and they took my drawers,  
I went upstairs for another pair,  
I looked into the dresser and there weren't any there,  
Then I saw my roommate, with the window open wide,  
Throwing my long fannels to the mob outside,  
I shoved him out the window because he wouldn't stop,  
I then went to the telephone and called a big, brave cop,  
He came and took the coeds to the Chapel Hill jail,  
And they were all convicted for robbing the male,  
All this happened, and maybe even more;  
Just last night, or the night before.

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WONDERING: Why every year when the Lower Quad and Cobb finally settle down to study, the Playmakers start making noise galore over in the Forest Theatre?