

Voices From The Citadel Of Learning

The overriding allegiance of the scholar is to his classroom and to learning, not to the world of affairs. But there come times when he may well leave the citadel of academe and speak his mind.

Such a time came last summer in North Carolina, when it developed that the Governor and the state's attorney general chose to draw no distinction between segregation problems in higher education and parallel problems in the public schools at large. After the Governor's plea for "voluntary segregation," 50 faculty members in the Consolidated University collaborated in a series of letters supporting integration.

They were joined in their protest against the Governor's plan by Paul Green, the Chapel Hill dramatist who has devoted his career as a writer to heralding American freedoms.

The duty of both the scholar and the writer, since they are kinsmen in the effort to increase and maintain the cultural heritage, becomes crucial when that cultural heritage is threatened. Make no mistake: it has been under threat in the segregation crisis. The most vocal racists would not only deny the findings of biology and anthropology, the dictates of ethics and religion; they would stomp learning altogether before they would compromise their own wounded emotions.

In a 1940 essay, "The Irresponsibles," the poet Archibald MacLeish indicted the scholars and writers of the pre-World War II period for their indifference to the cultural crisis posed by the rise of Fascism. The practical man alone, "the man whose only care is for his belly and his roof," MacLeish asserted, could "safely be indifferent to these troubles."

The things he lives for are not menaced. And it is precisely the scholar, the poet — the man whose care is for the structure of the intellect, the houses of the mind — whose heart is caught. For it is the scholar's gods which are in danger.

Our own time of troubles, with its very real threat to the "houses of the mind," has caught the hearts of at least 50 faculty members. We wish there were more.

Legend Of Old, When Dragons Were Bold

Gather round, Y-Court strollers and carrell warmers, and we shall tell you the fable of St. Carolina and the dragon, an old story from the UNC Middle Ages.

It seems that St. Carolina was a heady, hot-blooded youth. This fair lad loved to gather in the stands about tournament fields and watch his colors win.

Once every year the tournament was held at a stadium far, far away in another land. And a powerful dragon called The Administration blocked the road to the faraway land, forever keeping St. Carolina from attending the tournament.

Finally, after a long and hard fight, the dragon yielded. At last, St. Carolina could pass on the road to the far land. The youth could see the great tourney, cheer for his colors.

One year, shortly after the dragon had been removed, St. Carolina hung sleepily about his castle, not venturing forth to the faraway tournament. And that was the year the big old dragon stepped back in the road.

But this was in UNC's Middle Ages. And such things could never happen today, considering the modern conveniences that convey one right to the playing field at little cost—conveniences like trains to Athens.

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 and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in 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.

Editors: ED YODER, LOUIS KRAAR
Managing Editor: FRED POWLEDGE
News Editor: JACKIE GOODMAN
Business Manager: BILL BOB PEEL
Associate Editor: J. A. C. DUNN

EDITORIAL STAFF — Rueben Leonard, Bill O'Sullivan.

Staff Cartoonist: Charlie Daniel

NEWS STAFF — Neil Bass, Charles Dunn, James Nichols, Mike Vester, Bennie Baucum, Bunny Klenke, Ruth Rush, Curtis Gans, Jimmy Purks, Joan McLean, Nancy Link, Bill Corpening, Virginia Hughes, Clarke Jones, Wilson Cooper, Charlie Sloan, Jerry Cathrell, Peg Humphrey, Nancy Rothschild, Barbara Newcomb.

Night Editor For This Issue — Rueben Leonard

Carolina Front 20-Inch Fables: The Southpaw Violin Player

J.A.C. Dunn

ONCE UPON a time, in a great big building in a great big city, which was the capitol of a proportionately great big state, auditions were being held for players in a great big orchestra.

The flutists, the trumpeters, the drummers, the triangelists, all sorts of instrumentalists, came and played their flutes, trumpets, drums, triangles, etc., tooted, blared, boomed, tinged, and generally carried on in a fine old way.

All during the auditions the Maestro sat on the edge of the stage and listened; he nodded his head, swung his feet back and forth in a boyish kind of way, and hummed to himself; occasionally he tossed his long black hair picturesquely just to let people know who was running the show. He hired some; he told others to come back later; he told some he would "let them know;" he told some unfortunate fe wto go into the grocery business, or seem similar trade.

THE LAST man to audition was a violinist, named Abdul McTaggart O'Connell Klump. Abdul was a young fellow, eager to please, extremely enthusiastic about music, hard-working, reliable, learned in his trade; he had studied at the Hothouse Conservatory under Dr. Pizzicato Von Crescendo, had graduated cum something - or - other-very-special, and generally knew his stuff. When his turn came to play for the Maestro, Abdul intimidated his palpitating duodenum into a sufficient state of quiescence, and walked up on the stage.

"Play me the first fifty bars of the solo, first movement, Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto," commanded the Maestro, and tossed his hair grandly.

Abdul knew the score well. He took his violin out of its case, wiped off the strings, blew on the bow for good luck, swallowed a wayward particle of his lunch, and began to play.

He played beautifully. The notes soared and sank, mellow, gentle, dripping with genuine compassion. The Maestro had rarely heard such violin playing. He stopped humming and swinging his feet and turned around to watch Abdul McTaggart O'Connell Klump, and the sight that met his eyes made his face turn bright red; this was saying a good deal, because the Maestro's face was fairly saturnine to begin with.

"STOP!" he shrieked. "Stop playing! How DARE you come in here and play the violin left-handed?"

ABDUL STOPPED. He stared. He goggled slightly and his mouth opened. "Get out!" shouted the Maestro, and his face approached a carnation shade. "Get out of here and go away! I will not have a left-handed violinist in this orchestra! From under which stone of the gutter have you arisen, sir?"

Abdul shut his mouth and started to explain that he had studied at the Hothouse Conservatory under Dr. Pizzicato Von Crescendo, and that he had graduated cum whatnot, and that he really knew his stuff, and that after all, he was a left-handed violinist, which to be sure, was rather rare. . . . But he saw it was no use. The Maestro's face progressed rapidly down the color scale to royal crimson.

"It is unthinkable that such scum as you should have the slime-coated temerity to attempt to join the glorious fraternity of violinists, and play left-handed! Begone, churl!" (said the Maestro, with a fine gothic touch). Begone and sully not my sight again!"

ABDUL McTAGGART O'Connell Klump went away and had a few beers. After the beers, he and his left-handed violin went and joined the Merchant Marine, where both of them remained for many years. They supplied left-handed accompaniment for countless hornpipes and beer-hall ballads, and subsequently became much more famous and appreciated than they ever would have been in the Maestro's orchestra. Burma Shave.



Reader's Retort In Defense Of The Band

Editors: In yesterday's Daily Tar Heel, there was a letter which assailed the University Marching Band for coming to a decision not to go to Georgia.

Our decision may or may not have been a good one, but we voted on this question as a group after carefully considering every facet of the situation. The band appreciates the commendable work which Mr. Oldenburg has done in the past as Business Manager of the band, and sympathizes with his economic interest in the total trip because of his work with the travel bureau, however we do not endorse his condemnation of our assistant director, Mr. Herbert Fred and our drum major for their opinions concerning the Georgia trip. No two men could be more aware of what the easiest course for the band to follow would be, since they are in a position to see the band's progress.

First, it was charged that if the band did not go, the caravan would be ruined. I would be the first to agree normally. I wish it were possible for the band to go, and indeed we would be going if there were not a number of factors which discouraged this.

Primarily, we could have had only two practices rather than the usual three, and there is no law which says that one of those wouldn't be rained out. When we voted, there seemed to be some doubt whether the student body would be going to the game in very large numbers because not too many game tickets had been sold.

The band's budget had been cut to about one-fourth of what it was in 1951, thus making finance important. By not going to the game we could have much needed funds to take care of some long overdue needs like new uniforms and instrument repairs. (The State Band took the field with new uniforms at Saturday's game, while we represented the University in our 1940 style uniforms. We entered with only two majorettes, in old uniforms, because of insufficient funds to equip five with proper attire.)

Realizing that music is necessary to keep up the morale of a caravan, there will be a group of ten musicians to accompany the caravan to play jazz, etc., on the train at the pep rally, and the game.

The second criticism came as Mr. Herbert Fred, our assistant director was charged with being unwilling to work up the extra show. Preparing a show is a great deal of work which doesn't reward much pay, but other considerations should be pointed out. We need time to practice marching since there is no band clinic here before classes at which time we could learn such fundamentals adequately. We also have nine football shows to work up, thus giving us no other time to catch up on this. Marches other than show tunes need to be learned. Music for Founders Day, October 12, also must be learned. All of these things were considered.

It was stated that the band could put on a show in two practices. Yes, we could, but it would be about like the football team playing a game with one-third of their practice time cut out.

We want to do everything possible to support the football team and back up the student body in what ever it wants to do, but for the reasons stated we felt that in the long run it would not be to our best interests to go to the Georgia game if we are to put on the caliber programs we desire to for the rest of the semester.

Editors: How come you print such trash like stuff as that boy, Ron Oldenburg, done wrote 'bout our band? That band's alright. Jest 'cause they don't think 'bout some things the way he does and he gets his feelings hurt ain't no cause for him to get so rilled up so.

Y-Court Corner If In Sparta, Call 1194 & Ask For Helen

Rueben Leonard

WILLIAM CULLEN Bryant probably turned over in his grave when a group of students, cramming for a Greek Lit. quiz, discussed Homer in hop talk last Tuesday morning. Steve Allen and his Bop Fables have nothing on those kids.

FOR FEAR of inciting the "Wrath of the Classics Dept.," all names of students involved in this Homeric sacrilege will be omitted. The subject under discussion was the Iliad.

Anyway, this cat named Paris crashed a party on Mt. Olympus and as a result of his deed was asked to judge a beauty contest. He was handed a golden apple and told to give it to the hottest looking babe in the house. Three real queens had the hots for that apple, and one named Aphrodite called Paris over to the side and said, "Listen boy, don't pay any attention to those two pigs Athene and Hera. You pick me and I'll line you up with a real doll. When you leave tonight call SParta 1194 and ask for Helen." Paris, being no square, tossed the apple to Aphrodite and nixed the other babes.

AFTER THE party Paris tripped down to Helen's house instead of calling her. "But Daddy-O, can't you see I've already got a man?" she purred. "Baby, that makes no diff to me," said Paris. "I've got a little shack over in Troy, and we've gotta go."

So Helen packed a few of her maids, and off they went.

When Menelaus came home and found Helen and Paris gone he vowed he would skin the cat that had snaked his sweetie. He went over to his brother Agamemnon's house and told him to round up the regular army and ship out. Aggie, feeling sorry for Menelaus and itching for a little loot, decided to sack Troy.

AGAMEMNON STOPPED by the local beer hall and summoned Achilles who sat crying in his beer. Achilles spent quite a bit of his time crying, but he sure could be a mean cat when he tried. Aggie and Achilles set up camp outside the walls of Troy and fought over 9 years without getting inside. Then Aggie and Achilles had a fuss. Aggie wouldn't give a priest's daughter back to him and Achilles raised Hades. When Aggie decided that maybe he ought to return the girl after all he said Achilles had to do the same thing with the little filly he had latched onto. Achilles got mad at this and started bawling and told Aggie what he could do with his silly old war.

N.O.W. ACHILLES had a friend named Pat Patroclus who didn't want to go home right then so he borrowed Achilles' soldier suit and went after the Trojans, that is until Hector went after him. Hector took a can opener to Pat's armor and then hamburgered the contents.

Achilles got hot about this so he ordered a Vulcanized suit and went after Hector. He was determined to fix Hector's wagon. Achilles chased Hector around the walls of the city three times before Hector had a nicotine fit. Then they squared off right there in front of the wall where everyone could see them. After a couple of new bop steps, Achilles shoved Hector in the neck. Mercury swooped down and grabbed Hee's soul and hustled off to Hades. Achilles took Hee's carcass out of the tin suit and the rest of the Greek army ran up and played "stick a sword in Hector."

ACHILLES FINALLY got his curtain call at the hands of Paris and Apollo, but the Greeks still got Helen back for Menelaus. And they all lived happily ever after. For that was the custom in those days.

The moral of this story is: If you are going to go around with a married woman be prepared to go two rounds with her husband.

The GOP Plan & Eisenhower

Doris Fleeson

WASHINGTON—Republican National Leonard Hall has dispatched new assurance Francisco that the GOP Presidential convention will be held on schedule.

The chairman's argument is that the not seem to be retreating in any way lack of confidence in itself no matter future may bring. He believes, no doubt that a change of convention plans was reted in that fashion.

Mr. Hall's opinion that it might still to re-nominate President Eisenhower ended. The reaction of the stock market, a bit of adverse news about the President shows why. Too much in the way of gence hangs on the day by day reports of Eisenhower's health.

SAME TEAM The asperity with which the national vetoed one suggestion that has been some news value. It is that if the President sent to re-nomination, it might be a backstop him with former Governor Dewey as Vice-President.

Mr. Hall was emphatic. If Eisenhower ticket, he said, it will be an Eisenhower ticket again.

The remark cheered Nixon's friends noted his mixed press and the adverse reaction to the possibility that he might helm. They had discounted the browns of Governor Knight of California of who have long been aware.

Governor Knight is apparently loathe in asserting the importance he expects in 1956 through his control of the state's to the GOP convention. His latest slight to President was leaving him off his list of al possibilities.

NIXON'S PALS Also heartening to Nixon's friends is plimentary view of him just taken by Week, a magazine edited by Elliott Bell, an old Dewey team who was to have been Secretary of the Treasury. With California it is vital to Nixon to maintain his high with the New York Republicans who put his ticket in 1952.

Dewey, then governor, had complete the New York delegation. He ran it with iron hand that two Harlem leaders who to bolt to the late Senator Taft reversed the at the mere mention of retaliation at home.

The titular leader of the New York Rep now is the former Liberal Congressman Javits, now New York Attorney-General, only Republican to survive in the state elec year. It is not yet clear to Washington means in the national situation.

The first week of the President's illness to develop any new possibilities for the succession. Many were mentioned but all including Milton Eisenhower, the President er, have had previous trial balloons floated behalf.

The Truman Memoirs

No one, least of all Mr. Truman, would this is the last word on the Truman Administration but it is a fresh and lively picture of the stration as seen from its pinnacle and set Mr. Truman suggests, to help present and generations know what impelled him to did.

The personal and political memoirs of our Presidents have been published during lifetime; and even fewer—if any—have been in so candid a style so soon after the while so many of the protagonists were so much alive.

Buchanan wrote in 1865 that he had "abstained" from the use of "private correspondence in his account of his own Administration."

Gen. Grant's "Personal Memoirs" did not until almost a decade after he left office.

Theodore Roosevelt did produce his memoirs only about five years after his presidential career, and Calvin Coolidge his rather unrevealing one even sooner.

Herbert Hoover, on the other hand, wrote most 20 years to publish his memoirs.

The diaries of John Quincy Adams and Hayes, were not published until long after death.

But Harry Truman, as one would have of him, has lost little time in plunging into own account of his life and his Administration.

His comments and his judgments, even cases his presentation of the facts as he will arouse sharp and probably angry criticism. If it could ever be said of any man, surely he said of Harry Truman that he was the didn't want to be President. Nor, at the time, equipped for the job.

What thought was given, by him or anyone to the possibility of presidential succession was nominated for the vice-presidency in 1948.

And on that fateful day in April, 1945, when moon, the stars and all the planets had him, it was Mrs. Roosevelt who expressed thoughts in a "deeply understanding" way: "there anything we can do for you?" For you are one in trouble now."

More than once, in his revealing letters to and Mary," he refers to the unwanted and unsupportable burden of the presidency.

And yet one feels that as he got into on the job with even greater relish until his protestations, he was very much enjoying self.

It is far too early to attempt to draw conclusions on the presidency of Harry S. Truman. Some great and some petty thoughts were some ways he was his own worst enemy. Whatever else he was, he was a statesman and will have an important place in the of our country.

His memoirs will comprise valuable material when the chronicle of our times in the New York Times

On The Town

It was just a little item in The Daily Tar Heel, but somehow it irked me. It started off:

Luther Hodges Jr. has been named president of the Consolidated University Student Council.

Three paragraphs later it wound up with: He is the son of the present governor of North Carolina.

Now, I ask you. Why on earth should Luther Hodges (Junior) be saddled with a last sentence like that every time he does something worthwhile? He has made a fine reputation for himself—and by himself—on the campus, being active in many phases of student activity. Nearly everyone knows that Luther Hodges Jr. is the son Luther Hodges Sr., who happens to be the governor. And if someone doesn't know it, so what? What is the connection between Luther Jr. being honored on the campus and Luther Sr.'s job?

My sympathies to Luther Jr. for being treated the way he has been treated by a newspaper which can't forget who his father is and doesn't seem to want to give the son full credit for his own accomplishments.—Chuck Hauser in The Chapel Hill Weekly.

Name Withheld