

All Mankind— Minus One

A young Greensboro attorney, R. D. Douglas, has refused to appear on a panel on peace to be sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee because the Communist viewpoint was to be represented by Julius Seales, who has been convicted under the Smith Act.

Douglas says he "must from now on be highly suspicious and greatly concerned over any organization operating in our midst which felt a duty to provide Seales with a platform from which to speak."

Mr. Douglas was to have represented the "conservative approach," but his attitude toward dissenters and public debate in which they appear seems to us anything but "conservative." Conservatives, as they style themselves today, and perhaps as Mr. Douglas styles himself, feel it their duty to conserve only those institutions which appeal to them or to popular opinion. But we think real conservatives would be just as interested in conserving the freedom of public debate, the right of a group like the American Friends Service Committee to sponsor generally disapproved expression of opinion without "suspicion" and "great concern," and the right of any American citizen to speak his mind without fear of reprisal.

But maybe this is to wish a bit too much from "conservatives" still under the fear and pall of McCarthyism, who, as Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn of Chicago has shown, have bolted far from John Stuart Mill's ideal freedom of expression:

"If all mankind minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind."

Goldfish, Panties & UNC Traditions

In the roaring twenties, the collegiate penchant was for swallowing goldfish. And although we never have tasted any of the uncooked creatures, we suspect they suited the show-off more than the gourmet.

Now, in this decade of the furious fifties, the college fadists favor panty raids. And this collegiate practice, too, raises doubts in our mind, particularly since the sought after underwear generally contain none of the usual feminine occupants.

Carolina has always kept up with the college fads of the moment, and — at the same time — managed to build some individual and meaningful traditions of its own.

What could have been a new tradition for neglect had its beginnings with a pep rally that went bad. A janitor was pushed through a local service station window, breaking the window and suffering injuries that kept him from work.

But recent word from the University Club restores our faith in the Carolina potential for building proper and just tradition. The club has paid the janitor for damages to his person and clothing; it has plans to pay for the broken window, too.

The pep rally sponsors have done what decency and the Carolina way requires of them, and The Daily Tar Heel is glad.

Student Opinion

This space is for student opinion, which some say the editorial column ought to reflect.

Fill in your own.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Editors: LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER
Managing Editor: FRED POWLEDGE
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On The Town

Chuck Houser

I FEEL sure the majority of students and faculty at A. and T. College in Greensboro, the Negro counterpart of State College, sincerely regrets the action of the few that brought discredit on an entire race last Friday. What happened, briefly, was this: Several members of the audience at the A. and T. Founder's Day program were heard to "snicker" and "boo" during Governor Luther Hodges' speech. The disturbance came as a reaction to either or both of the following things:

(1) The Governor's statement that Negro schools in the state would continue to be needed and used in the future in spite of the Supreme Court decision ruling segregation unconstitutional; (2) The Governor's alleged pronunciation of the word "Negro" as "Nigra."

In the first instance, the Governor was merely discussing his own proposal for "voluntary segregation" as an alternative to possible violence or closing of the public schools. However, misguiding and impractical this program may seem to some people, there was no excuse for discourtesy being shown to Mr. Hodges during his address.

In the second instance, the Governor was pronouncing "Negro" as it is pronounced by many people in the South. He did not mispronounce it; he merely pronounced it with a Southern accent. No slur was intended. Had the Governor used the term "nigger", there would have been no question about his intent. However, he apparently said "Nigra," which is a softened, Southern-accent version of "Negro." I concede that it was impolite of him not to use the carefully enunciated "Nee-grow" which is today preferred by a race that has become hypersensitive over pronunciation.

The Governor's major mistake in the entire business, however, came on Monday of this week. Replying to an apology written to him by the college president and head of the student council, Governor Hodges wrote back: "I hereby acknowledge receipt of your communication of November 5 regarding the unfortunate incident at A. and T. College." And that was all, just 19 words.

Luther Hodges has answered rudeness with rudeness.—Chapel Hill Weekly

Reader's Retort

Editors:

I could hardly believe it. I walked into Bull's Head, and it was there on the magazine table, right out in the open. I ran out as quickly as I could without attracting attention and went up to the Periodical Room. My god! It was in plain view. Surely I thought, surely....

But right there on page 9 of the November 12 Saturday Review, in black and white, they were talking about what constitutes genius. "Well," protested the general, "Thomas Wolfe said genius was 90 percent energy and 10 percent talent."

"Whoops!" whooped the professor, "That lets in E. Phillips Oppenheim and John Philip Sousa, to say nothing of Thomas Wolfe. You'll have to do better than that."

Are we, the undergraduates of Chapel Hill University, to assume that Thomas Wolfe was not a genius? Surely Editors, you'll agree, somebody in the Administration is in line for a reprimand or a demotion or something for letting subversive copy like that reach the Hill. Somebody really should take action. They'd better do it quick too, because the word's getting around. People are gullible...you'd really better do something.

William Stribling

'Well, Here We Go Again'



THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

The Assistant Muse

T. Morris Longstreth

Commencement Day was over. Eighty ex-boys and girls had scattered toward maturity in all directions. Carl Mandl, however, was not flying to Germany until the morrow. He and I were to have the evening meal together and I walked over to the boys' dorm to detach him from his sorting of papers and letters.

After Carl's notable talent for writing poetry had been recognized, some wag had painted MUSE ANNEX on the door of his room. The faculty supervisor had let it remain—an even greater compliment. Carl's experience, his talent for conviction, and his pungent mode of argument in bull sessions had probably given poets a revised rating in that athlete-ridden hall.

"I'm just about done," Carl welcomed me with. I noticed four small piles of residue on his bed—letters, poems, clippings, notebooks—and a mass of discarded papers up to his ankles. "I make a pretty good demolition squad. Do you suppose that Eur-terpe, Thalia, and the other ladies had an Assistant Muse to consult with? Once I start disposing of things, nothing seems worth saving."

My eye had already been caught by lines on a torn sheet of foolscap on the floor. "Hail, picnic college, home of fellowship. The nest of genius waiting for its bird...."

"Where's the rest of this?" I asked and began matching yellow sheets.

"Oh, that. Don't bother with it. Last March, after the fourth or fifth college scout had shown me over his alleged halls of learning, I had to let off a little steam. Wonderful, wonderful resorts, but not for me, not now."

"You're crazy to burn this. It hits the nail on the head," I exclaimed as more pieces turned up. "Whack! Whack! Whack!"

"That's the trouble. It hits too hard. Bends it, is a distortion."

"Well, of course. But you're addressing a symbol, calling out a warning. You don't whisper warnings. You should call it a Commencement Ode for Freshmen. Let me be your Assistant Muse. Go ahead, finish up while I copy this out, if you don't mind."

"I do mind. It sounds like the bark of an ungrateful hyena."

I declined to listen to him. This is how it went:

ODE

Hail and farewell, fond mother who has bred
A century's athletes, scholars, gyms, and bores,
Leaders and led,
Lawyers and clerks and wealthy men in scores!

Thine is a setting worthy of the feet
Of Plato strolling with sly Socrates,
Thy lawns repeat

Virgil's green thought, and Frost has dreamt thy trees.

Thy buildings rise in ivied indolence,
Ungrimed by smoke, unweaved by labor's noise—
Minerva's tents,
Whence scatter men who entered eager boys.

Homer and Dante, Plato and Emerson
Visit these halls to answer asking youth:
How enter on
The narrow way that leads alone to truth?

Hither come deep-eyed lads, they journey here,
Each man a Jason seeking for his Fleece,
And year by year
Fare somewhat farther from the air of Greece.

Comfort bids laugh at dreams now seen as stark:
"Be a good fellow with us, and confess
Life is a lark,
If old vows yield you to the new success.

"Be realistic, get the fortune first,
A car, a wealthy wife, short hours, high pay,
And at the worst
Enough amusement to assuage the fray."

With book chores done, the day's real use begins.
In tennis, football, basketball and track,
The brusque coach wins
By shout or gibe the scholars' interest back.

This is the life! The grandstands roar and surge
With fur-swathed beauty in suburban shoals,
And frantically urge
The changelings of the Muses to kick goals.

Hail, picnic college, home of fellowship,
The nest of genius waiting for its bird,
Let no flag dip
If in our later years we are not heard!

Envoi

There are a few, a blessed few there are
Who come to thee to keep a greatness living;
Be thou their star,
Their strength, and arm them with thy giving.

When the Assistant Muse had finished copying out the collected stanzas and began praising them, Carl interrupted. "I don't believe in criticism with a hatchet," he said. "Why shouldn't the truth have a cutting edge?" I retorted, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." The place that drove away dreams, that's your typical college. Can you imagine Mozart belonging to a frat? Can you imagine anyone remaining single-eyed in the hurricane of extracurricular activities blowing across college campuses? What becomes of the contemplative men in this general conspiracy against contemplation? Anyway, your 'Envoi' is the heart of the matter and needs pointing out even to the colleges that have preserved a proper balance." I poked around in the papers at his feet. "What other gems have you destroyed?"

Carl tapped at his brow. "You're discharged. If the alleged gem is not remembered, it will remind me of itself again, or prove unworth remembering. Now let me give tongue to a powerful line, to wit: 'When do we eat?'"

GOP Faces Right Wing

Doris Fleeson

WASHINGTON — Evidence is accumulating that the Republican party is again being confronted by a right wing conservative effort to represent its policy and influence its actions.

This group went into eclipse when the Senate disciplined Senator Joe McCarthy. It was further blanketed by President Eisenhower's prestige during the period when it appeared that the Geneva spirit might really effect a change in the international atmosphere. The approach of the Presidential election in which Eisenhower was seen as essential to a GOP victory effectively silenced even the most unhappy members of the Old Guard.

The implicit challenge to the Eisenhower leadership which is now shaping up takes several forms.

A new weekly conservative journal of opinion, National Review, with vocal McCarthy supporter, William F. Buckley Jr., as its editor and publisher, has appeared. Senate Republican leader William Knowland wrote its lead article calling upon U. S. policymakers to return to a policy of "liberation" as promised in the 1952 Republican platform.

Senator Knowland recently joined Senator Barry Goldwater, chairman of the Senate Republican campaign committee, in a vigorous attack on union leadership and its political actions.

The Acheson-Hiss refrain was sung again over the weekend by the Senate Republican policy committee of which Styles Bridges of New Hampshire is chairman. The former Secretary of State has written an article for Harper's and a book on foreign policy. Alger Hiss wrote an article on Yalta for Pocket-book magazine. The Bridges committee suggests that "the two friends are together again" in an effort to capture the Democratic party.

Right-wing Republican Senators were conspicuous by their absence from the "welcome home" greetings a majority of GOP Senators sent to the President on his return from Denver.

The new journal offers its "whole-hearted wish for the personal well-being and happiness of the man who is elected head of our country and its government." Its Washington newsletter describes his election in these terms:

"Early in 1952 a small band of Eastern financiers, international bankers and industrialists organized the Eisenhower boom and entrusted its inflation to a New York advertising firm. The rest is history."

A Democratic reader remarked appreciatively that he couldn't have put it better himself. National Review, he suggests hopefully, will prove to be the kind of problem child for Republicans that the highly articulate Americans For Democratic Action represents to many Democrats. "We will hang it around their necks as they hang ADA around ours," he predicted.

The far right has been having a thin time since the late Colonel McCormick fell ill. He first sold The Washington Times - Herald which had espoused its cause to the liberal Eugene Meyer who amalgamated it with his Washington Post. Since the colonel's death, The Chicago Tribune has noticeably veered to a more moderate tone.

An interesting aspect of the new journal is that it mentions Senator McCarthy only casually. Senator Knowland seems to be their man and they hint that he will enter the New Hampshire primary in March.

As for the labor and Acheson-Hiss propaganda, it is clearly out of line with the President's own philosophy and political methods. Under his leadership, the party would not so campaign and the Senators responsible know it.

Francois Villon Murderer &

English Club Series

On Early Vernacular

Poets—II

Dan McIntyre

(Continued From Yesterday)

Death discolors him, makes him pale
The nose grows hooked, the flesh grows
The neck swells up, the flesh grows
Joints, nerves, muscles, all surging
Feminine body, soft and tender,
Polished, smooth, so highly prized,
Must you expect this Great Officer
You must, or go quick to the stake

Tell me where, or in what land
Are Thais, Archibades;
Flora the Roman courtesan
Who was of such close kin to thee
Or Echo, answering when the breeze
Sound-filled on pond or river flows
A beauty past what a mortal saw
But where are all the melted snows

And where the learned Eloise
For whose love Abelard was unlearned
And made a monk at St. Denis?
For his love had this reprimand
Likewise the Queen who had the
Buridan who, in a sack enclosed,
Was thrown in the Seine by her dower
But where are all the melted snows

Where Queen Blanche of the lily
Whose voice like a siren's voice
Beatrice, Arembour of Noyan,
Big-foot Bertha, and Alise?
And Joan of Arc, through treachery
Burned at Rouen by English fiends
Virgin Queen, where are all these
But where are all the melted snows

PRINCE, this week make no attempt
Nor yet this year, where Beauty
Lest this flow back upon the brow
But where are all the melted snows

FINALLY, sitting here all alone
This evening, getting this written
Feeling high spirits, and almost done
I hear the clock of the Sorbonne
As it does when nine o'clock rolls
Curfew and Angelus, three times
So I interrupt this work profound
To pray, as my heart is urging me

And doing so I was seized and tossed
But not from wine drunk to excess
My spirit was arrested, hobbled,
I felt Dame Memory in burlesque
Take and pigeonhole in her desk
All her collateral sureties,
Each intellectual due-process
And the mind's true and false snows
crees.

But when my senses had unbent
And my consciousness unlinked
I thought I would finish my Testament
But the ink was frozen in my pen,
My candle burned down to its end,
And I had no wood to rebuild the
So I wrap my cloak against the
Around me, and muffled up, retire

Written on the above-named date
By F. Villon, the world-renowned,
He owns no tent, no steed, no staff
Which he hasn't willed to some dreg
And now he's down to pocket change
To which he quickly will put an end

CODICIL

ITEM, I wish that around my grave
Be written the following epitaph.
No other, in letters big and brave,
If you have no ink or writing staff,
A charcoal chunk to print this end,
If it don't crack plaster, could be used
At least it will be the cenotaph,
Such as it is, of a natural fool.

VILLON'S EPITAPH

Human brothers, who after us live
Don't harden your hearts against us
For if you have some pity on our
God will the sooner take pity on you
You see us hanging here, five, six,
As for the flesh we nourished once
It is long since devoured and rotted
And we, the bones, are becoming ash
Let no man laugh about our evil
But pray that God absolve us from

And if we call you "Brothers," no
Should seize you, though you know
killed

By Justice. Even so, you understand
All men don't have enough of common
Excuse us, since we are dead,
To the Son of the Virgin Mary,
And may His Fount of Grace never
But preserve us from the infernal
We're dead; let no soul harry us,
But pray that God absolve us from

The rain has muddied us and washed
The sun has mummified and blackened
Magpies and ravens have caved in
And pecked our beards and eyebrows
Never again, no time, can we sit
First here, then there, as the wind
At its pleasure, never ceasing, it carries
More pecked by birds than a sewing

Therefore, don't join our brotherhood
But pray that God absolve us from

Prince Jesus, Who over all has mastery
Guard that Hell not gain ascendancy
We have no business there, no debts
Brothers, here let there be no
But pray that God absolve us from

EXPLICIT