

Underground Railway: A Big-Time Conspiracy

A great underground grid railway apparently connects student advocates of big-time football at one college with their counterparts at other institutions.

We disclose this nationwide conspiracy with some reluctance and at considerable risk to our standing as bona fide collegiates, of the flannel gray and tie of stripes variety. But it's worth the risk.

As evidence of the underground railway, we cite the football happenings of the college scene this week, and we don't mean the ones on the field.

First, in Georgia, angry Georgia Tech students besieged the state capitol and governor's mansion, causing as much furor in Atlanta as General U. S. Grant, to hear the newspapers talk of it. (Governor Marvin Griffin, heir to the Talmadge throne, had insisted on a segregated Sugar Bowl game, which would hardly be possible against Pittsburgh, which has a Negro back.)

Then, at Wake Forest, hundreds of students marched about President Harold Tribble's home protesting possible football de-emphasis. ("We want athletics. We want big-time athletics..." said the students.) The Wake Forest President, who insists that no one was ever booted from his school for voicing an opinion, chatted with the mob for half an hour, thanking them for dropping by.

These partisans of big-time athletics among students seem to be characterized by their penchant for staging riots, hanging (and burning) people in effigy, and raising general hell.

As we write, two more reports of effigy burnings have come in both in protest of Georgia's governor, one at the University of Georgia, the other at Emory. The conspiracy grows daily.

Now that we've unveiled the underground railway, with a firm tongue in our editorial cheek, let all its members be warned that even though Governor Griffin of Georgia was wrong (and he was) and even if President Tribble wants to de-emphasize athletics, that's not cause for riot.

If students must stage an occasional riot, let them revolt about picking a University President, or picking teachers more, but not rebel for a game, or an empty pair of panties.

Nothing Factual, Nothing Actual

"In classrooms, in lectures, in sermons, runs the lament of an editorial in the new number of WC's *Coraddi*, there is 'nothing new, nothing blue.' The editors of our sisterly arts magazine draw their skirts up and sulk because 'convention can't be disturbed.'"

The lament is shrill: Only the same incessant chatter that the cave man heard in different dialect. In classrooms we hear teachers' notes quoted, read and rehearsed since 1862.

The point of this exaggeration is this: Is there anything new under the sun? Breathes there a professor with wit alive to jumble those ancient notes and sprinkle them with vitality?

Coraddi, even in self-confessed exaggeration wastes its stylistic elegance. We can't get away from the feeling that its thought on the subject of academic convention is part of another subtle—though growing convention. The subtle new convention is just this: That students consider classrooms the proper sites for entertainment, even to the exclusion of sound teaching. It would be fine if professors could lecture daily with the effervescence of Milton Berle and the profundity of Reinhold Neibuhr.

It would be finer if they could load the dreary facts with the jolt of 5,000 volts. But facts aren't built that way, sometimes; and just because they can't have the jolt of 5,000 volts, the new convention would as soon throw them out of the classroom. Under the new convention, students seem to want brain-tickling, not brain-feeding; idle and irrelevant embroidery—so long as it is 'stimulating'—rather than full elaboration of the subject; they want fancy indulged, not imagination constructed, as it must be, on a solid basis of facts.

Coraddi complains, "we get the facts, only the facts." It is so much that "we get... only the facts," as that we get more facts than the current pressures to be entertained will allow to be pleasant? Is the phrase "only the facts" just a part of the lingo under which "pedant" becomes a bad word for someone who knows more than we do? Is it just part of the lingo under which "notes... rehearsed since 1862" means notes containing more than it is timely or comfortable to learn?

Facts and notes do not always give the scent of roses to students, and there is a growing unwillingness to sit down and cope with them. There are too many "worthwhile activities," too many novels, too many "serious bullsessions," too many good arguments, too many talk-fests. It embarrasses and vaguely infuriates us when the sheer, grind-stone facts try to get in the way.

The Daily Tar Heel has its reservations about the "dusty wall of convention," like *Coraddi*—but not when it is just another symbol for the discomforts of learning facts.

Mark Twain: Failure Or U. S. Homer?

J. P. Duffy, British consul in St. Louis, was the speaker at a dinner Wednesday in observation of the 120th anniversary of Mark Twain's birth. At first blush it may seem a bit strange to take a newcomer to Missouri, and one from across the ocean at that, and give him the assignment of talking about this State's most outstanding author and, along with a certain former President, Missouri's best-known native son.

Yet the fact is that few Americans so well-known in other lands as is the creator of Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer. Possibly Premier Bulganin could make a talk about the onetime Mississippi steamboat pilot that would be well worth a Missouri audience. Certainly many Russians could, for Mark Twain is an American favorite of readers in the long nights on the steppes.

All of which leads us to a new book about Mark Twain, compiled by Prof. Arthur L. Scott of the University of Illinois and published by the Southern Methodist University Press. It is a collection of evaluations of Mark Twain's writing and thinking by critics from Bret Harte to Henry Seidel Canby. Prof. Scott is a Mark Twain specialist and he teaches a literature course that centers on Mark Twain. So he is intimately familiar with writing about Mark Twain as well as the writing by him.

The collection is fascinating. Covering almost 90 years, it shows the infinite diversity of views concerning this celebrated son of the little village of Florida (pop. 100), up in Monroe county. Here is Van Wyck Brooks' "Freudian theory" that Mark Twain was a "God-sent satirist shanghaied into the business man's paradise" by his wife, who re-established over him "that old Calvinistic spell of his mother's." (Going over the proofs of "Following the Equator," Mrs. Clemens wrote: Page 1050, 2nd line from bottom. Change "breach-clout." It's a word that you love and I abominate. I would take it out of the language.")

To answer Van Wyck Brooks and Harvey O'Higgins, who called Mark Twain a "biological failure" torn by fears and frustrations and an inferiority complex going back to his birth, there is Bernard DeVoto who replied with all the violence of which the late occupant of Harper's Easy Chair was capable. Out of the battle came a landmark book, "Mark Twain's America," an examination of life in Hannibal and the Missouriian humor as part of the folk art of a people. Here, too, are the other opinions: Ludwig Lewisohn's that he is our national bard; in the blood-line of Homer; Carl Van Doren's that he "loafed through the world something like a comic Whitman"; W. D. Howells's that he was unique in "the power of charming us out of our troubles"; Stuart Sherman's that "robust, big-hearted, gifted with divine power to use words (he) makes us all laugh together, builds true romances with prairie fire and western clay, and shows us that we are at one on all the main points."

Yes, and not just the critics, but the poets, too, for as Editor Scott reminds us, Henry Van Dyke wrote for the Mark Twain public memorial meeting in 1910 in Carnegie Hall:

We know you well, dear Yorick of the West,
The very soul of large and friendly jest,
That loved and mocked the broad grotesque of things
In this new world where all the folk are kings.
St. Louis Post-Dispatch

SPIRIT OF CHARITY

Among the little irritating things of life is to be standing in line for service at a bank or a store and to have someone cut in ahead of you.

There came to mind the story of the woman who rushed in and interrupted the butcher as he was explaining to good points of a roast to a gentleman customer. "Give me a half pound of cat-meat—quick!" the woman ordered. Then she turned to the first customer and said, "I hope you won't mind my being served ahead of you."

"Oh, no," shrugged the gentleman, "not if you're as hungry as all that."—*Smithfield Herald*

Reader's Retort & Comment

Editors: I am proud of the University and its fine football team and excellent coach. As elected student leaders, please use your influence to prevent the firing of Barclay. Ed Tenney Jr., '51

Three Questions

Editors: Mr. William Elliott states: "Thus, a proposal is made to the band to return to a mission of adding spirited music and drill to the games and abandoning inadequate attempts to delight the crowds with enchanting little imitations of Broadway extravaganzas."

- I pose three questions to Mr. Elliott. (1) What is not "spirited" about "Dixie"? (2) Is not the championship NROTC Drill Team good enough for Mr. Elliott? (3) What is "inadequate" about four majorettes? John Wall Hanft

A Month Before Christmas

'Twas a month before Christmas, when all through the town The spirit of Christ did officially abound; The wreaths were hung by the lamp posts with care In hopes that the shopper soon would be there. O come, all ye faithful, check-book in hand, Sing out His praises in all the

land— In a crude manger the Christ Child was laid— To whip up the spirit, we'll have a parade. Come one, come all, who our heritage shares— Tinsel and tinfoil, alluring wares— For was not our Savior born on this day! Then let the Merchants' Guild show the way.

Sounds upon the midnight clear, glorious chant of old, From parrots bending near the "mike" to usher in the guld; "A TV set for Christmas? A life-time fountain pen? Then hurry today, right away, and see Old Honest Jim." The children were nestled all snug in their beds; Radio commercials danced in their heads While the world in solemn stillness lay And Christ was born on Christmas Day. —Ulmont E. Ivcs, '53

What Happened To Leonard?

Editors: What happened to Rueben Leonard? His column was one of the very few that I enjoyed reading. He seemed to be the only one that had anything to say about campus happenings. The majority of the editorial page is devoted to outside problems. There are numerous other publications dedicated to events and contro-

versies that take place other than at Chapel Hill. It seems to me more space should be used for the episodes that are continuously going on on the campus. I would like to suggest that, in addition to the crossword puzzle and the two cartoon strips, you list the T.V. schedule and the show times. Dave Stewart (We found Leonard in the Y-Court—Editors)

Ad-A-Li-Myocin?

Editors: Florida! It attracts all of the snake-doctors. Last week it was honored by a visit from Stevenson, D.D. (Doctor of Democracy). In the early 30's, Dr. Cure-All, Frankie went there. Someone shot at him but missed. Doctors are lucky. He promised to cure our ills if it took the last drop of our blood, World War II.

Three-letter-Harry then took over. Key West became the Little White House. He promised not only to cure 'em, but also to educate 'em. A Point Four Plan. "Give 'em Hell" and "S.O.B." replaced "Da Da" in our kids vocabulary. He too, went over with a bang! Korea.

Now Stevie goes South. From the mouth of the great Doctor we are once again offered a cure. A specific for all our ills. It's not named yet.

Could it be: ad-a-li-myocin? C. W. McGee, Jr. (School of Education) (Could be.—Editors.)

'I Thought Sure It Was In Here!'



The Dangers Of 'Ingrowing Provincialism'

D. Hiden Ramsey, chairman of the State Board of Higher Education, warned North Carolina recently to avoid that "ingrowing provincialism" which comes with denying the freest flow of students across state boundaries.

Mr. Ramsey was noting the trend manifested earlier this year when the General Assembly raised tuition for out-of-state students at the Greater University—excepting of course those agile athletes needed as intercollegiate football fodder.

President Gordon Gray bitterly opposed the finagling that accompanied that increase. Mr. Gray's orderly mind saw the irony of an out-of-state tuition increase which exempted scholarship athletes, but raised an interstate tariff barrier against other students. He spoke his mind vigorously and went down fighting as the General Assembly, viewing a sagging budget on one hand and visions of football shabbiness at Kenan Stadium on the other, approved an increase—with "necessary" exception, of course.

PROBLEMS ENOUGH

North Carolina has problems enough without manufacturing more. Her universities cannot educate the nation and the world—while ignoring her own; neither can she give her own the love of learning which springs from a great university without the cross-fertilization of ideas. These fresh ideas which sparkle in the interchange of differing apti-

tudes and talents comprise one of the basic requisites of a great seat of learning.

Howard Mumford Jones, professor of English at Harvard and formerly at Chapel Hill himself, set forth some of the defects of undergraduate education in an article in the Harvard Alumni Bulletin when he noted that the nation's colleges are not encouraging students to focus on learning as their chief concern.

NATIONAL PHENOMENON

This basic problem of undergraduate campus life is not confined to any one state or region; it is a national phenomenon; and there is no pat answer to it. The atmosphere of learning and inspiration which automatically goes with great universities has been present at Chapel Hill in the past. It may not be there as much today as it was formerly, but neither legislatures, trustees nor alumni should initiate policies and programs which would destroy that seedbed of learning.

North Carolina has enough "ingrowing provincialism" to go around. It needs to heed the call to leadership of its great hearts and minds—men like Hiden Ramsey, Clarence Poe and Frank Graham—and march onward.

The multiple challenges to higher education in North Carolina have been met valiantly in the past. They can be mastered again if the proper leadership inspires the people to their best.

Y-Court Corner—Doll Or Ava? Two Types Of Pulchritude

Rueben Leonard

IT IS too bad that we couldn't have lived between 1763 and 1849. For in 1768 there was born, in Guilford County, North Carolina's "most beautiful woman."

Dorothy Payne Todd, alias Dolly Madison, measures or measured up to what a "state agency to select N. C.'s most beautiful woman" thinks an all-time beauty of this state should measure up to. But the beauty contest was no walkaway for Dolly. ("Dolley" to historians.) Smithfield's Barefoot Contessa Ava Gardner put up quite a tussle for the crown.

★ ★

REPORTS HAVE it that several segments of North Carolina's beauty-ogling public were not happy over the choice of Dolly. Their dissenting opinions are ridiculous. A "State agency to select N. C.'s most beautiful woman" is certainly an agency well schooled in the appraisal of beautiful women. The agency evidently contains members almost 200 years old who are capable of disregarding changes in fashions and the populace's taste in what constitutes beauty and what doesn't.

Then too, it is common knowledge that beauty is only skin deep. The agency was lucky in this respect. Dolly showed very little of her dermis to her admirers. Her collars came up to her chin and her hems touched the ground. On the other hand, toothsome Ava's neckline is much nearer Dolly's hemline, etc.

This display of epidermis may have been a defeating factor for Ava. The agency could see the various flaws in Ava's superstructure whereas Dolly kept her flaws hidden under folds and folds and folds of clothing.

★ ★

JUST HOW decisive a role limbs played in the contest is debatable, but it is a sure bet that family trees were thoroughly examined. Some people pay to have their family tree looked up and others have to pay to have theirs hushed up. Both Ava and Dolly may have very stately family trees but Dolly's is probably more the blueblood.

★ ★

THE TIME element involved in the difference of ages further serves to make the contest even more ridiculous. Women concentrate on the beautification and accentuation of their different assets at different times (Example: Dior and his periodic change of styles and fashions to keep designers wealthy, wives fashionable, and husbands broke.)

In Dolly's time there was more hustle over the bustle. Today, the hustle remains, but the "le" has been dropped from bustle. Tomorrow women may shave their heads and wear the latest thing in Marian space helmets. Who knows? Nobody except the state agency to select North Carolina's most beautiful woman.

★ ★

THE ONLY possible solution to our problem, if we must admit that one woman is the most beautiful, is to select the most beautiful one (not the prettiest, mind you) and jot her name down on paper and file it away somewhere. Then, in the future there will be no problem of determining beautiful women. Times are changing and so are women.

★ ★

WHILE SEEKING material for this column I saw a certain "Socrates of the stables" chomping grass in front of the library and I posed the question to him.

"Horse," I said, "who do you think is North Carolina's most beautiful woman-person?"

"Neigh," said the Horse, "I don't go for these women-people, I like women-horses."

English Club—Old German Vernacular

Kenneth Keeton

(This is the third in a series of vernacular poetry.—Editors.) Germany's second great literary man, born around 1050 and lasted to about 1130, this there had been a long silence of rebirth was brought on by the church to win the laity and thus ultimately universal church.

PEAK

The peak of this second renaissance literature occurred between the 11th and 12th centuries. This is commonly referred to as the Golden Age, in medieval German men have withstood the passage of time, been accepted as superior to their own. In any discussion of medieval German literature one is to mention the other, difficult to say that one is superior to the other, cause none are perfect masters yet all in style, metrics, or profoundly. They are representative of medieval German at its best; to leave one out is to leave a picture.

Three of these men are noted for one for his lyric poetry. The latter, Wolfram von Eschenbach, was a wandering minstrel, deeply of both the bitter and the sweet, still ranks as one of the greatest poets in a country that is noted for its (the last poem "Under der Linden" by Cummings in his "non-lecture" was by

BEST TREATMENT

Gottfried von Strassburg is the best medieval treatment of the Tristan story. He is credited with refining the plot and motivation of the source. It has also said that he elevated the lovers for each other to a mystic with mystical leanings.

Wolfram von Eschenbach, the author is considered the most profound and the "big four". The story of Parsifal for the Holy Grail is well known in Wagner's opera, Parsifal; just as Wagner has acquainted many moderns with the

Of the three 'epic' writers, Hartmann is perhaps closest to the modern reader in his idyllic tale, *Der arme Heinrich*. His technique in this case compares with that of the modern short story. The tale treated by Longfellow in his Golden Age is still popular in German literature. Work is morally didactic, its appeal lies in the plot. Heinrich von Aus, the knight who has fulfilled all the requirements of chivalry, but he has neglected God for this, he is afflicted with leprosy and saved by the voluntary self-sacrifice of his son. The young daughter of a peasant hears of the condition and moved by pity, while probably also thinking of gratification for herself and security for her through her good deed, Heinrich offers when all other means fail, but she refuses the sacrifice, preferring ignoble death to exacting the life of her child. Because of his unselfish act, he is cured of the disease. The girl, however, furious at being deprived of the cure which is granted to all martyrs, is triumphant. Her disappointment is assuaged though when Heinrich marries her to a position hardly within the expectations of a peasant girl of the Middle Ages.

ONE REASON

Perhaps one reason for the enduring popularity of "Poor Henry" is the fact that his milieu and bursts the bonds of his marriage of a nobleman to a commoner (or not?) was unheard of, yet Hartmann dared to resolve his plot in this manner. The plot is revealed in the "marriage" of the girl. She is magnanimous in her life.

At the same time she is, frankly, her sacrifice would afford a quick and painless passage to heaven with accompanying hood and fame on earth. Heinrich would provide for her parents out of gratitude.

The plot is close-knit. Heinrich's abilities for a cure—goes to the most modern medical centers—before accepting offer. Then, when he resigns himself to order to preserve the life of the girl, the one flaw in his character is revealed.

The girl, who had nothing on earth but everything in heaven, gains wealth on earth; Heinrich, who had achieved marriage of the two symbolizes the bridge between heaven and earth—the religious ideal; this was one of the noblest of Chivalric Age.

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