

New Year's Wish For UNC: In A Crisis, Think Freely

For Carolina students, the new year meant many things special. It meant a new chancellor will be chosen soon. It meant a new absence regulation.

It meant, perhaps, a settlement of the N. C. State College basketball scandal. It saw a love-feast, one that was pretty expedient, between football coach Jim Tatum and basketball coach Frank McGuire.

It meant McGuire and the Carolina basketball team get deserved fame in the Dixie Classics tournament.

The new year brought fears, too; fears of war.

The land of the Middle East, which everyone was happy to stop worrying about a few months ago, means something else, now in 1957. President Eisenhower is asking Congress for authority to use U. S. Armed forces there if necessary to combat Communist aggression.

What does this mean to the Carolina student? Ask the fellow who walks to Y-Court beside you after his 9 o'clock class today. Ask him what it means to be a draft-age male, physically fit, approaching graduation, knowing very little about the immediate future, having practically no say about it.

To him, the danger of war in the Middle East or anywhere else is a very real thing. It is more than something to kid about; it is something to fear, to consider with the same gravity he considers his work after graduation.

President Eisenhower, who has been removed from the national picture since his reelection last November, has not done very much to clarify the U. S. position as of this minute. He has done a great deal of posturing to allow Hungarian refugees to enter this country. But he and his policy leaders have been taking an extended Christmas holiday.

They were taking a holiday, that is, until the announcement came this week that Eisenhower would ask Congress for permission to use armed forces if necessary in the Middle East.

Now the Carolina male, draft-age and physically fit, finds himself in the middle of a great frustration. He knows very little about his future life.

Now is the time when men, facing a future that holds little security, start giving up. They allow their right to think freely slip

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GOETTINGEN LETTER:

50 Miles Away From A Revolution: UNC Exchange Student Has A Plea

John Raper

Dan Southerland and I finally arrived in Goettingen recently to begin our school year.

In the two weeks between the time we finished our language course in Koehel and arrived here, we roamed over Austria and Germany. We traveled first to Berchtesgaden, Hitler's mountain resort, then through Salzburg and Innsbruck, Austria, to the city of waltzes, wonderful pastry shops and wiener schnitzel, to the Paris to Eastern Europe—Vienna.

Vienna is the capital seat of Austria and formerly the royal seat of the powerful Hapsburg rulers. It has approximately 2 million people, a third of Austria's total population.

I expected to find many old buildings in Vienna, but mostly the government, cultural and other structures have been built since 1870.

Vienna reminded me much of Washington, D.C., with many large buildings about 100 years old, something of a city plan and many parks in between the buildings. Most of the older buildings were renovated in the 1870-80s, and their architectural design changed to that of the day, thus disguising their former appearances.

SITES

The interesting sites to see are in walking distance of one another in the city center. These buildings are laid out in a circle along what was the old city wall; the center of the city is known all over the world simply as "the Ring."

On "the Ring" lie the Palace of the Hapsburgs; Historical Museum of Art (equivalent to the Metropolitan Museum or Louvre, etc.); the National City Theater (nightly presenting the finest drama to be had); the City Opera House (center of Vienna's culture and renowned the world over); University of Vienna (Europe's second oldest); Parliament; and others.

On the north side "the Ring" is formed by the Donau River (Danube), which unfortunately is a blue.

The Historical Museum of Art had such well known paintings as Raphael's "The Madonna of Green," Titian's "Nymph and Shepherd" and other Titians, Rubens' "The Venus Feast" and "Self Portrait," Holbein's "Portrait of Jane Seymour," Velazquez's portraits of the Hapsburg children, and works by Montecchi, Bellini, Giorgione, Palma Vecchio, Veronese, Jan van Eyck and Roger van der Weyden.

At the time we were in Vienna the museum had a special Pieter Breugel exhibition. His works have large crowds of people, most of whom represent a different moral or saying.

While I am putting forth this big culture act, I might as well say that I saw my first opera in Vienna, Richard Strauss' "Salome." The opera "Salome" was a bit different from Rita Hayworth's film version. We saw Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus" ("The Bat"), an operetta, which had no bats but some nice waltzes.

Vienna is a theater-going, music-loving city, and one has to get tickets several days in advance or feel himself lucky to have steno-ing room.

Two other very interesting attractions were the armor and weapons collection and the exhibition of the Hapsburg Treasury. The former had knights armor from many of the great warriors out of the days of chivalry. Among the items in the Royal Treasury was the crown of the Holy Roman Empire dating back to Charlemagne's time.

A word over churches—we attended a service at St. Stephen's Cathedral, in which a Mozart Mass was given by a professional choir and members from the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. St. Stephen's was said to be built by Charlemagne. Another old church was St. Ruprecht's, dating

The director came in, took us into the rare book room, brought us not only the Gutenberg but also the first German printed book, and allowed us, Dan Southerland and me, to thumb through both. The Gutenberg alone (one of the two or three with an introduction) is worth \$1,500,000. In the room were other scholars and learned men translating different works from their original Latin or Greek manuscripts.

Earlier in the week we had stopped by the Melk Cloister where they had one of Austria's three Gutenbergs, but sold out to Yale at over a \$1 million tune to repair the cloister. The loss did not completely disrobe their library, while they still own many old books, some hand-copied ones dating back to the 10th century A.D. Then there was our little night

miles to Budapest, until... The Hungarians arose while we were in Vienna. The center of the rebel's camp was not more than 50 miles or so from us. The Austrians were rejoicing that Hungary seemed to be free again.

There were two reasons evident for this hope among the Viennese Austrians:

1. Much of Austria was under Russia's control after World War II, and there is no love for Communism in Austria (they say of a person who says he is a Communist, "He hasn't been to Russia yet"). 2. Vienna was at its height before World War I when Hungary and Austria were one kingdom, and many of the old Viennese dream of a reunification.

There were trucks being loaded in Vienna with donations from the city's people to aid the

'I Thought I'd Surprise You'



back to the seventh century. The Vienna Choir Boys sing in another of the cathedrals.

These aesthetic arts were quite tingling to my mental and spiritual senses of beauty, but even more exquisite were the pastries and confections that I tasted there. We, being typical tourists, went to Demel's, the former palace bakery, and to other less publicized-gooey shops for the connoisseur of goo.

Probably the most unusual things we saw were one of the original Gutenberg Bibles and the first book printed in German, a Bible, too, in the National Library of Austria. We had thought that the Gutenberg Bible would be in an airtight glass case surrounded by an armed guard. We asked in the library if we could see the Bible, and they replied that they were not sure and would have to get special permission from the library director, as it was not on public display.

excursion out to the suburbs to one of the "Heurigen." A "Heurigen" is an institution unique to Vienna where new wine can be had. Pine branches over the door mark where you can buy the "Heuriger," and a bundle of straw means a locale which sells last year's wine.

INVITATION

We met a young doctor at the opera "Salome" and began talking. During the conversation's course it came out that we could be lured into one of these "Heurigen," if we had an invitation. He asked us to come with him, a friend, and his friend's date to one of his favorite "Heurigen."

We went. His friend's girl was from Budapest, Hungary, on a visit to Vienna to see relatives. Having seen only the Gabor girls, and this young lady I would hazard an opinion that the Hungarian ladies are quite attractive; in fact, so attractive that I was ready to travel another hundred

Hungarians. A large neon sign downtown flashed the latest news. The Hungarian girl we met said that two weeks before when she left Budapest, there was hardly an indication of what took place October 27 and 28.

I read the newspapers every day now. One becomes more conscious of the world's troubles when one is only 50 miles away from a revolution that could disturb the delicately balanced world into war. One begins thinking over the Big Bad Bear's designs when he begins to move tanks into East Germany, and the one thinking is only six or seven miles from the Iron Curtain.

How about writing your Congressman and Senator? Tell them to get on the ball, to start thinking about how the United States, as the champion of the democratic world, is going to set a trap for the Big Bad Bear's ever reaching paw. I'm no coward, but just don't want to get stepped on.

CAROLEIDOSCOPE:

Thoughts While You Were Away

Frank Crowther

In a way, I didn't want to write this piece, but I suppose that it had to come out sooner or later. I told myself that my holiday experience was unique and significant to me alone; after all, everybody has had at least one little experience they will savor from these past holidays and mine, I mused, would be a personal souvenir only.

But, then, spending the titular Christmas vacation here at the university was an experience I shall hold singularly significant for a long time. And what is writing anyhow, except a form of expressing ourselves and interpreting the myriad of emotional experiences we have had or someone has had, will have, or would like to have? Alors...

The gauntlet ran something like this: "Relief in seeing the students stampeding "that-a-way," verging on lonesomeness, but sneering at it for a while, perceiving the "new" Chapel Hill; mass exploration; extended prostrate procrastination; diligent employment for the local merchants; one last shot at the 4,137 things I had sworn to do; being apprehensive of the inevitable "return of the masses," reconciliation, and, finally, I'm glad you're back."

So now the students again replace the squirrels as the intelligentsia—or do they?—and I can no longer sit in my spooky room in Old West while the rain outside drips and drums on the window-sill, a slight breeze creeps one of the downstairs doors, and I imagine a hodge-podge of mysterious things. The proverbial honeymoon is over.

With the new year just having shown itself over the horizon, it is only appropriate that we (actually, me and my typewriter) say a few words about it.

Life magazine starts the new year off by picturing the California fires, Australian animal life, and Hungarian refugees' progress in the U.S. Also, it started a feature concerning psychology which should cause Epicurean mumbblings to come forth from-New West for some time to come. Actually, I know that I'm a confusionist, verging on neuroses, they didn't tell me anything new; I've always striking for psychosis. That's fundamental... isn't it?

QUOTES

Before the New Year grows too old or, better yet, before the turn of the year gets too far behind us, there are several quotable quotes which characterize this time in the year, and which I haven't seen used at all in the limited publications which I devoured.

Under the sentimentalistic banner we could put the following:

"Of all the sounds of all the bells—(bells the music highest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year."—Charles Lamb

And then there is the factualistic or universalistic edict of Thomas Mann:

"Time has no divisions to mark its passage, there is never a thunder-storm or blare of trumpets to announce the beginning of a new month or year. Even when a new century begins, it is only we mortals who ring bells and fire off pistols."

But no matter how we tend our fires, swim our forges, or climb our trees, are we not, as Tennyson lamented, wailing children?

"But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry."

In a search for, as Confucius characterized, "the way," I also like to remember the Spanish proverb which I someday hope to complete:

"You have not lived a full life until you have fought a bull, written a book, had a son, and planted a tree."

YOU SAID IT:

On God's Definition: Love... Perfection

In response to preceding articles appearing in The Daily Tar Heel:

"Have I been with thee all these many years, O world—dost thou not know me even yet?"

THERE IS NO UNBELIEF

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod—
He trusts in God.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow—
God's power must know.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever says "tomorrow," "the unknown,"
"The future," trusts the power alone
He dares disown.

There is no unbelief;
The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
Gods comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
For thus by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why!

Elizabeth York Case

God is love, beauty, understanding, rest, peace,
timeless, spaceless, law, perfection.

Name Withheld By Request

Gracious Living Number 10

Gracious Living in Chapel Hill (and other places) was somewhat graciouser because of certain government officials.

They were the men who drove mail trucks and toled huge leather pouches full of Christmas cards.

The mailmen of Chapel Hill (and other places) deserve a huge card themselves. And, under the tree, there should be a pile of corn plasters.

Day after day, night after night, even on Christmas day, those gentlemen (most of them college students who needed a little extra Christmas money) delivered cards. They didn't complain; they even smiled as they lifted piles of Christmas messages.

A gracious thanks to the gentlemen who made Christmas day so bright.

L'il Abner



Pogo

