

The Daily Tar Heel

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NIGHT EDITOR

Another Neglected Department

An article in Wednesday's paper pointed out one of the most important facets of University life, and one of the most neglected.

The UNC Bureau of Correspondence School Instruction offers to students in Chapel Hill and around the state the opportunity to achieve a great deal of scholastic credit when circumstances prevent their enrolling in the physical plant of the University.

We have known a great many people who have been able to graduate on time as the result of enrollment in one or two of these courses which were of credit to their major field of study. And we have received reports from the entire state of the good work this bureau is doing to bring knowledge to the shut-in, the invalid, and those who are unable to leave their jobs to come to the University and complete their higher education.

Correspondence courses are a relatively new phenomenon in American education; the self-improvement fad of the early part of the twentieth century saw many fraudulent organizations make a last

back in the good name of education. Since then, however, a great many major colleges and universities have incorporated this idea into their programs, and the movement has gained dignity and stature.

Many students are spending needless money in summer school to take courses which they could find in the catalogue of the School of Correspondence; by taking these correspondence courses they would be able to use the summer vacation to make some money and would not be in the position of being accused of coming to summer school to avoid getting a job, which is a pretty common accusation these days, or so we have been able to gather.

The average correspondence course is relatively inexpensive and is of immeasurable value. We are not saying that they are easy, because they most emphatically are not; but they are convenient, thorough, and as good as any lecture course.

And besides, think of all those lectures you miss . . .

Parker Hodges

New From Auden

HOMAGE TO CLIO, by W. H. Auden. Random House. \$3.50.

There are perhaps seven poets that are most often recognized as the greatest in our language, in our century. They are Pound, Yeats, Eliot, Stevens, Crane, Cummings, and youngest, W. H. Auden. William Meredith (one of the "academic" poets) has said that Auden is the greatest poet of the century. I cannot praise Auden this much, but without question he is a brilliant poet and has had great influence in American poetry. Karl Shapiro, for example, credits Auden with "having brought to perfection what everybody nowadays calls the Academic Poem." Also, undeniably, Auden is an almost perfect technician; he has at one time or another probably used most of the verse forms extant in the language. On the other hand, I cannot think of a truly "new" thing, an innovation, that he has given to the techniques of our poetry.

Too, his poems have always been almost glacially intellectual; the conceits are those of a chatty metaphysical. This does not mean that Auden never writes a lyric poem, but that he has made the lyric into a vehicle for an idea rather than an emotion, or if the emotion is present it is used, merely, as a support for an idea. For example, in *Homage to Clio*, the poem "First Things First" (published first, appropriately, in *The New Yorker*) ends with the line, "Thousands have lived without love, not one without water." This seems an exceptionally cold way to end a lyric concerning love.

Perhaps, Mr. Auden has fallen out of love with love for history is the theme which unites this collection of poems, another example of his intellectuality. It does not surprise a reader to come upon a book whose poems all deal with some aspect of love, or death, but to happen on a poet who spends five years (the poems in this volume were written between 1954 and 1959) writing poems about history might seem strange; indeed it seems strange to this reader.

Another aspect of Auden's attitude towards poetry is brought to light in the epigraph to the second part of the volume:

Although you be, as I am, one of those

Who feel a Christian ought to write in Prose.

For Poetry is Magic—born in sin, you

May read it to exercise the Gentile in you.

This epigraph is similar to that preceding his *Collected Poetry*, (1945):

Whether conditioned by God or their neural structure, still

All men have this common creed, account for it as you will:—

The Truth is one and incapable of contradiction;

All knowledge that conflicts with itself is Prose Fiction.

Also, in this vein it is interesting to see the last stanza of the title poem of the volume, *Homage to Clio*:

Approachable as you seem,

I dare not ask you if you bless the poets,

For you do not look as if you ever read them

Nor can I see a reason why you should.

Is Auden serious in these seeming denials of poetry? Has he, perhaps, made his poetry into such an intellectual play-thing that all elements of the mystic and visionary have fled from it? I think so.

This is not to say that the poems in *Homage to Clio* are not good poems. Far from it. Some of them are among the finest in his career. "Good-bye to the Mezzogiorno" is a beautiful discussion, demarcation of the northern temperament when it comes in contact with the languorous and new tensions of the Mediterranean world. The bawdy humor in the five-lined "The Aesthetic Point of View" is wonderfully funny; and the description of the coming of spring in the first lines of "Homage to Clio" is of that sort which makes other poets scream with envy. "Our hill has made its submission and the green/Swept on into the north: . . ." Likewise, the prose interlude, "Dichtung und Wahrheit (An Unwritten Poem)" which discusses the art of poetry in relation to the attempt to say "I Love You" to a single person, is interesting; in many ways it is the most interesting part of the book.

The book, then, is an excellent book by an excellent poet, but the poet is Auden, a special kind of poet, and the reader must decide whether Auden is his own kind of poet; it most emphatically is not the place of any critic to dictate to a reader's taste.

The quotation from Karl Shapiro in the first paragraph is from an essay in Shapiro's fine new book, *In Defense of Ignorance*, Shapiro is refreshing. The book is four dollars, from Random House.

Letter to the Library

Dear Editor:

I just want to praise them people over at the library who are closing it up 15 or 20 minutes earlier than the scheduled time. After all, the only people who use it are the smart fellows and they don't really count. And I notice they've been cutting off more and more study time—up to half an hour sometimes—thet's good! Only, I jest wonder, why not go all out? Why not just close it up two or three hours early or, better yet, just not open the dumb building at all.

John D. Whipple

"You Just Don't Seem To Fit In Here"



John Justice

Ike's Trips And Wolfe's DTH

Instead of making with the around the world bit, it seems to me that Ike could have been more useful in Washington seeing that Congress got something done.

As it is, this session of the delions has produced nothing of note except the emasculated civil rights bill which was made so civil that it now provides no rights. But this do-nothing Congress will probably take on the aspect of a dynamo by elections.

It is highly possible that the result of the Presidential election will be determined by the voting on a single issue—the Forand Bill to provide compulsory medical aid for the aged. Not only those who are personally effected by the passage or rejection of the bill but also those who have indirect interest in it are watching the legislators with a perching eye.

If the bill is passed and the President vetoes it, which would appear likely judging from his past statements, then the Democrats will probably seize the issue as the crux of their November campaign. Realizing the extreme importance of the aid to the aged question, Nixon has a panel of experts (what other kind of panel is there these days?) working on an alternate to Rep. Forand's proposal.

Something must be done about the declining farm incomes—both parties agree that there is a problem. The Republicans are in the position of being forced by cold facts to tacitly ignore Benson's policies and to forge a more workable program.

Until Nixon and his farm experts form a coherent farm plan to eliminate the falling farm incomes and crop surpluses, it is hard to say exactly what will even be suggested, much less predict the final concrete legislation.

From now until the November election, every action of the Congressmen and Senators will be taken with an eye to what the effect will be in terms of votes, the magic word.

At present the Democrats seem to be making the most political hay out of the issues—medical aid to the aged, the farm problem, the missile lag, economy—because they have not had to deal with the problems that the party in office has been forced to face.

If something definite is gained at the summit conference in May, then the Republicans will have a strong talking point to add to their peace and prosperity theme. However, if the conference is a disastrous failure, then it looks like the elephant may give way to the mule in the capital.

What was the Daily Tar Heel like in 1919-1920 under the editorship of Thomas Wolfe?

A frank appraisal of the paper, then the official organ of the athletic association, would have to conclude that it showed little indication of Wolfe's future literary genius. The year is so long past that

it is hard to place oneself into the context of the times. Thus it is hard to take seriously the editor's suggestion that the following cheer be memorized by all:

Hackie, hackie, hackie,
Siss, boom-bah,
Carolina, Carolina,
Rah, Rah, Ran,
Rough, Tough, We are the stuff
We play football, never get enough.

The advertising was also strange. Fatima cigarettes and Bevo, an invigorating soft beverage (made, incidentally, by Anhauser-Busch Co.) were conspicuous in the Tar Heel. Pepsi-Cola was reputed to "make thought flow evenly." "A great place for Good Eats" was the Goody Shop Cafe.

The humor of the paper at the time is hard to describe; the best way to do so is to give a few (mercifully) examples:

"A friend, the cynical Sophr, remarks that the length of a coed's ambition is about six feet. The unfeeling brute!"

An anonymous poem called, appropriately, Love.
"A bit of sighin'
A bit of cryin'
A bit of dyin'
A lot of lyin'."

The students had their counterpart of today's Ptomaine Tavern; Swain Hall, the cafeteria, was known as "Swine Hall."

Athletics naturally were allotted the most space. There was quite a bit of editorializing in the sports stories, so UNC, though they might lose to Yale by 6-37, nonetheless the headline read: "Carolina Scores on Yale." The Tar Heel had a truly positive outlook back then.

Interestingly enough, in his editorials Wolfe protested against violators of the honor code, overcrowding, and stealing, some of which are still very much in evidence here today.

In one of his editorials against thieves on campus, Wolfe writes with characteristic intensity: "... you poor things, vile moral degenerates . . . do you think that you can hide yourself and your insane debauchery in this group of men?"

Jonathan Daniels, noted journalist, was on Wolfe's staff, and Legett Blythe, who became a prominent writer of Tarheelia, contributed letters. One of these protested against students playing ball on Sunday. Stating that these boys gave the school an immoral reputation, Blythe suggested that they go to an out-of-the-way spot where their deeds would not reflect on Carolina.

Finally, to show that those times were not entirely different from the present, in one editorial written in December, Wolfe says that, "The weather for the last week has been damnable. It will likely continue so. . . ."

A Letter

On Action

TO THE EDITOR:

In your editorial of Friday, April 29, you praised the students of South Korea in their militant action against strongman Syngman Rhee, because "they wasted no time at all when they saw and felt the injustice that had been done . . . You went on to say: "When we see what these students have done and when we look at the students of America . . . we feel a tinge of regret for the passage of spirit from the American college . . . Perhaps . . . social zeal will return to our campuses someday."

In another part of the same editorial column, you praised a group of Negro schoolchildren for their good behavior at the planetarium. I quote you again: "The best method by which the Negro can advance the cause of his own equality is to continue to behave quietly and in the reserved manner demonstrated by these children . . . They did not feel it necessary to sit in drugstore chairs or picket Franklin Street." (I need hardly note that you have constantly opposed the sit-ins and picketing since you became editor.)

Such editorial inconsistency and hypocrisy is inexcusable. The Southern Negroes are "feeling injustice" just as much as the South Koreans were. If the South Korean students can revolt, why can't American Negro students do likewise? If you praise the South Korean students for revolting, why don't you be logically consistent and praise the American Negro students for also taking positive action? And have you reflected that the students at A&T College and North Carolina College are displaying the "spirit" that you called for? "Social zeal and revolt against injustice are O. K. in Korea, but don't let such things disturb my Way of Life!" —isn't that what you really mean, Mr. Yardley?

"Perhaps . . . social zeal will return to our campus someday." But first the post of editor of the DTH must be restored to its traditional position of being held by a crusader, a crusader capable of stirring up a spirit of revolt-against-injustice among UNC students. An editor who counsels "do-nothingness" under the guise of "moderation" is certainly not performing this crusading function—and he sure puts out a dull paper because of it.

I cannot believe that such a sophisticated Carolina gentleman as you, Mr. Yardley, would be so naive as to believe that the Negroes are really going to gain equality in the South by merely "behaving themselves," that such a course of action would be more effective than sit-ins and picketing. If you have ever discussed integration with a typical, white, Southern racial bigot you must be aware of the fact that such people are never going to voluntarily allow the Negro equal rights, no matter how high a cultural level the Negro eventually attains. The "behavior" of the Negro is not the cause of racial discrimination; the cause lies deep in the economic, psychological, and social fabric of the Southern Way of Life. The historical causal forces cannot be erased by "good behavior;" rectification and justice is going to require SOCIAL ACTION.

I am sure that you are just as aware of this as I am, therefore you must have some motive in taking your anti-sit-ins, anti-picketing editorial stand other than concern for the Negro. So please quit nauseating us with your phony editorial "front" of: I've really got the Negro's best interests at heart. I just think he's going about things "the wrong way." I'm sure the Negro doesn't give a damn for pseudo-paternalistic advice from twenty-two-year-old white boys, anyway.

Dennis King

219 Graham

a Tarheel born 'n' bred

Meanwhile, Back To Reality

While the bigwigs of the Republican Party spend their time trying to figure some way to make Mr. Nixon look a little more respectable, our man in New York goes quietly about his job, and moves a little closer to a dark horse nomination.

Nelson A. Rockefeller was quite serious when he said he was not and would not be a candidate for the nomination of the Republican Party for the Presidency of the United States, but he said it at a time when his political fortunes were not exactly riding high.

Now Mr. Nixon's star is beginning to wane and Mr. Rockefeller's is beginning to rise. Political

analysts favorable to the Republican side of the fence - *Time* Magazine, for example - explain the situation away by pointing out that Rockefeller's write-in support in Pennsylvania was practically negligible; we point out that people are naturally lazy about writing in the name of a man who is not on the ballot. Primaries are not indications of real strength.

The Republican Party, by steam-rolling the Nixon nomination, will be avoiding not only its responsibility to the electorate by refusing to choose the best man; it will be neglecting its responsibility to itself by refusing to choose the man whom no one in this country can defeat.

POGO



by WALT KELLY

PEANUTS



CHARLES M. SCHULZ