

The Daily Tar Heel

In its sixty-eighth year of editorial freedom, unhampered by restrictions from either the administration or the student body.

THE DAILY TAR HEEL is the official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, Richard Overstreet, Chairman.

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In The Heart Of Darkest Georgia, Historical Figures Are Rising

History is not being made in Georgia today; it is being re-enacted. Legendary historical figures are rising from the dusty past to walk the earth again. We are witnessing not so much what is happening today as what has happened for all time.

The traditional forces have gathered for the battle; on the edge of the action the world watches, horrified by the bitterness of the adversaries. The brave and the cowardly are there; and so are the hesitant, the undecided, those capable of great courage yet fearful of employing it.

The brave students, Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes, neither of them having reached their twentieth year, stand before their enemies with a courage that is quiet and terrifying; because it is a courage of suppressing the hatred and fear of the heart, a courage that gnaws at the very marrow of the spirit, leaving often only wasted tears and futile smiles.

The judge, W. A. Bootle, the guardian of the law, who denies his very people, to uphold that with which he has been trusted. He suffers the ultimate burden of bearing the hatred of his fellows because he is committed to an intangible law in which he believes.

The weak and cowardly, the students and their cohorts. They fight a battle not as individuals but as many; their collective action, however, soon becomes that of one frenzied, terror-driven individual desperately striving to shake the responsibilities of mankind. They pervert humanity until its ugly face grins not as that of the few but of the many.

And the hesitant, the undecided,

Governor Ernest Vandiver. In him is the material for heroism and greatness, and the barrier of fear and self-interest. A good, kindly man, he is bound by the empty statements of an election campaign and by the stigma which shackles his entire state. Yet there is in him, irrevocably, the genius of courage; and there is on him, equally irrevocably, the burden of decision. This is the heaviest burden of all.

This is a burden which weighs far more greatly than that held by Judge Bootle or the Negro students or their white adversaries. Governor Vandiver is the great historical figure, the man caught between warring factions. His commitment is a difficult one.

At stake in this Georgia battle are all the hopes of America that have been dashed to the ground since first they were expressed. The hope of peace for all, the hope of equality, the hope of courage, the hope of democracy—all of these hopes, and all of the fears which accompany them, are being tested in Athens, the quiet college town in Georgia.

The eyes of the world are watching Athens, but these are not the most important observers. The eyes of history are watching Athens . . . watching, and waiting. Waiting for the outcome, waiting to see whether history will be repeated, to see whether hate and fear will again triumph over mankind.

By some perverted twist of fate this town has become the focal point of man's destiny as a social being. Its success or failure will not change the face of history; it will merely repeat or deny the historical lesson.

A Challenge To All Students

In the last seven issues of *The Daily Tar Heel* we issued a challenge to the students of this University, a challenge aimed at a system as traditional as Silent Sam or Y-Court. We questioned the validity of an honor code and campus code that have been the dominant ethics on the campus for many years.

The response has been only negligible, at least that which has reached the ivoried towers of the second floor of Graham Memorial. Yet the series was not written to be ignored; it was written to be read, to be approved or disap-

proved, to be discussed and acted upon.

No presumption was made that a single soul would agree with what was said, charged and suggested. A presumption was made, however, that is of more importance: that the students of the University of North Carolina would be sufficiently aroused to question, themselves, the validity of this important system.

To date we have been disappointed by the reaction. Only a handful have taken the time to come to this office and debate the honor system with us; even fewer have gone to the trouble of putting their thoughts on paper.

There is no such thing as a one-sided debate, yet we have tried to start a debate and have only heard our own side. We want a fight, and the only warrior to appear has been ourself, albeit in hesitation.

We want to get a discussion going which will result in practical efforts to improve upon a system which is so obviously inadequate. We want to see students of this University genuinely concerned, if only for once, about something that transcends the fraternity house or the dorm or the playing field. We want to find a sincere interest in matters of importance, and the honor system is such a matter. What we gain from it or lose by it will be reflected in us for the rest of our lives.

The honor system has been challenged. As a reader asked yesterday, "is there no one to defend it?"

"Some Of These Days, You're Gonna Miss Me, Honey —"



A Garden of Prose

Letter Topics: State College, Cabbages, And Algeria

To The Editor:

After having been the twice victim of the psychological maladjustments of your poor deluded copyreader who was once "frightened by a can of okra," I decided to conduct some psychological research to determine his REAL problem.

Any copy reader who would diabolically (sic) change the name of one of the DTH contributors to that of a vegetable, is certainly in need of the services of a psychiatrist. Because everyone knows that the Daily Tar Heel has a sane staff . . . a staff dedicated to the preservation of sanity everywhere . . . a staff who is just CRAZY about keeping everyone from loosing (sic) their minds.

This being the case, I, an amateur psychologist and a sane DTH contributor, have decided to help your poor, deluded copyreader find himself before he changes the names on the Mast Head into the contents of a can of mixed vegetables.

From the Freudian standpoint, as everything is these days, I discovered that the copy reader was not frightened so much by the can of okra as he was by his mother who threw it at him. This naturally manifested itself in a mistrust of all women . . . any women . . . women who submit contributions to the DTH. In other words, YOUR COPY READER CANNOT LOOK AT A WOMAN OR THE NAME OF ONE WITHOUT THINKING OF A VEGETABLE.

This is serious. Your poor deluded copyreader is frustrated. What's more, he is in a position to make tossed salad out of the Daily Tar Heel!

Think what he could do to Mary Stewart Broccoli or Susan Lettuce, not to mention Henry Mayberry and Rip Squash.

In the Thursday issue of the DTH, there were obvious signs that the situation is becoming more serious. Your copyreader is letting his obsessive parallel hatred of women and vegetables extend to men, fruits, and nuts!

BEWARE Daily Tar Heel . . . or even Jonathan Yam and Wayne Kamquat will not be safe.

Linda Cabbage Cranberry

To The Editor (also known as Great Grape Yardley):

Although normally considered to be a shy and reticent person, not given to verbal or written protestations, I feel compelled to express an opinion on one of the grave crises confronting us. Luckily this is one problem that requires DTH help and not JFK help—the poor guy has enough trouble without us.

The recent expose of the Tar Heel's psychotic printer is a most

lamentable situation. The very idea of subconsciously associating names with fruits, vegetables (leafy and otherwise) actually constitutes an abridgement of freedom of the press! (Hear! Hear!)

Mr. Editor, you have a responsibility to your non-vegetable readership to expurgate this odious growth from your garden. Or else to quote a rather obscure English writer, the DTH will find itself "full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up, her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined, her knots disorder'd and her wholesome herbs swarming with caterpillars."

Frankly sir, I do not think you wish to be replaced by a caterpillar. Nor do the fairest flowers of your staff (namely, the Misses Broccoli and Lettuce, plus Miss Margaret Ann Limes (chimes with Rhymes) wish to be carried off by a great big clutching poison ivy vine.

You must get rid of the noxious weeds in your print shop before they spread their vile and cancerous blight to your news pages. If this botanical malaise hits page one, no one will be safe. Chancellor W. B. Apple, President Fruitcake, Deans Fred Walnut, Bill Lima and Katherine K. Kumquat will be affected, as will Gov. Terry Snapbean and ex-Gov. Luther (H) artichoke.

I repeat sir, get your fungicide and kill the nematodes and other rancorous pests playing havoc with your presses. I just can't picture a caterpillar typing editorials on the Honor System.

/s/ William Weedkiller

P.S.: The only one likely to enjoy the demented ravings of your printer will be the mythical Mrs. Wiggs, who will be able to—pardon the expression—frolic in her cabbage patch.

Dear Miss Crabapple:

Your scathing words as to my abilities as a proofreader are not only unnecessary but steeped in gross misunderstanding of the intricacies of Freudian approach. My affliction stems not from an aversion to women—you imply that I am a passion fruit—I am not. The fact that I replaced your actual surname with the name CABBAGE, stems from the fact that your head resembles that vegetable. In fact, it seems to be filled with the same material. The later explanation that I offered in an editor's note was merely an attempt to spare your dignity.

However, Miss Sauerkraut, now that you have had an opportunity to stew in your own juice for a while, I feel sure that you are moved to offer your apologies.

/s/ Copyreader

Dear Mr. Weedkiller:

What you propose, sir, is murder. It is monstrous.
/s/ Copyreader

To The Editor:

State College's sermon to the UNC "Payola Kids" on keeping within the regulations of the NCAA was very interesting, as would be Al Capone's dissertation on the virtues of honesty and fair play.

The "Cow College Gazette" editorial tells the Tar Heels that "Crime Does Not Pay." Coming from Durham or Winston-Salem, we might have resented this. However, we feel that the boys in Raleigh can speak with authority on such things as crime, NCAA violations, probation, etc.

Reporter Jay Brame learned from a reliable source that the list of "Payola Players" includes Lennie Rosenbluth, Tommy Kearns, Pete Brennan, Lee Shaffer, Harvey Salz, York Larese, and Doug Moe. We might suggest that "Farmer Brame" inquire and find out if this reliable source knows any way to stop the last two (Moe and Larese).

In his "Crime Does Not Pay" editorial, the editor makes the profound statement that "there is no love lost between the two institutions when they engage in athletic contests—a stunning but brilliant deduction that could have been conceived only in the twilight stillness of a cow pasture."

UNC was appalled to read that "there are many grins on faces around State College, as the North Carolina Tar Heels found that crime does not pay." We learned our lesson the hard way, it would have been so much easier to ask the "Preaching Playboys from the pasture."

These "Corn Pulling Prognosticators" could have told us.
Irving Long

To The Editor:

"An unprecedented exodus has emptied the rural areas of at least one-fourth of the population of Algeria (in certain regions the proportion is as high as two-thirds). An exodus decided upon for the most part by the Army for its war needs."

This information comes from a French newspaper (FRANCE SOIR, April 14, 1960). Whether such an action is legitimate or not to solve a political problem, it is not up to a student in Comparative Literature to decide.

Why have the French and the Algerians been killing each other for more than six years? (In fact the bloodshed started 130 years ago, when France occupied Algeria.)

O'Hara's Latest

'Sermons And Soda Water'

John O'Hara's finest works have been novellas of especial note for their vivid, unsurpassed dialogue. True of *Appointment In Samarra*, his finest, this is equally true of *Sermons and Soda Water*.

A trilogy dealing with the Twenties and Thirties and "the losing, not the lost, generation," *Sermons* often satisfies far more than early O'Hara in that characterizations are drawn more fully and situations are clearer and less involved.

Luckily, in a lesser, ponderous *Sermons and Soda Water*, O'Hara's facility to evoke the atmosphere, the mood, the tempo of the Twenties remains the most inherent quality of his work.

The first novella, *The Girl on the Baggage Truck*, is the story of Charlotte Sears, a "not-quite-top" film actress, who ranks among O'Hara's best characterizations.

Her strongest protection . . . was her belief in her own toughness. I saw her clearly as something gay and fragile that could be hurt and even destroyed, but she was as proud of her independent spirit as she was of her beauty."

A Prohibition cocktail party, held in a Long Island mansion, provides the highlight of *Girl*, not to mention of the trilogy

itself. Sketched almost entirely in dialogue, it provides a wonderful insight to the people of the Twenties.

Imagine *Kissing Pete* is set in Gibbsville, Pa.—the setting for *Samarra*—and follows the adulterous married life of Bobbie Hammersmith and Pete McCrea, two disillusioned victims of the Twenties. The best of the trilogy and reminiscent of *Appointment In Samarra*, *Pete* delves into that period which spawned, molded and, finally, deserted them.

"We had come to our maturity and our knowledgeability during the long decade of cynicism that was usually dismissed as 'a cynical disregard of the law of the land,' but that was something else, something deeper."

"Prohibition, the zealot's attempt to force total abstinence on a temperate nation, made liars of a hundred million men and cheats of their children."

"We were the losing, not the lost, generation."

We're Friends Again reunites several figures from *The Girl on the Baggage Truck* and discusses their bitter-sweet lives after the decade-long party of the Twenties:

"Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter, Sermons and soda-water the day after."

"The United States in this century is what I know," says John O'Hara, "and it is my business to write about it to the best of my ability, with the sometimes special knowledge I have. The Twenties, the Thirties, and the Forties are already history, but I cannot be content to leave their story in the hands of the historians and the editors of picture books."

After the *Appointment In Samarra*, the *Butterfield 8*, the *Sermons and Soda Water*, the author should realize that he records that era best in short excerpts set in novella form, constructed from crisp dialogue.

Yet, paradoxically, he admittedly continues to distrust the novella form and consequently hands his public long, sexy dissertations like *10 North Frederick*, which make cruel demands of his delicate technique.

On its way is yet another of these which he is calling, "my longer, longest novel. That one will pass the hefting test. . . ."

Sermons and Soda Water, then, is merely a reprieve from a decade of less than excellent O'Hara. It is a brilliant one though as it quite fulfills O'Hara's desire "to record the way people talked and thought and felt, and to do it with complete honesty and variety."

Sermons and Soda Water, by John O'Hara. Three Volumes (boxed). Random House, New York, 1960. \$5.95.

Bill Morrison

REFLECTIONS

We would like to extend our thanks to the *Technician* henchmen who graced our campus last night with their pearls of wisdom. Not only will their opus stand as an example of ethical journalistic endeavor for *The Daily Tar Heel*, it will no doubt win a Pulitzer prize.

In light of this obvious fact, we wonder why it was necessary for the State-men to distribute this gem under the cloak of darkness? Such a great boon to the campus could hardly be construed as anything but a worthy deed. When we read the flowing prose of their highly worthy paper, we can hardly contain our joy. Hooray! Joy! Wow!

Yeah.

The Daily Tar Heel solicits and is happy to print any letter to the editor written by a member of the University community, as long as it is within the accepted bounds of good taste. NO LETTERS WILL BE PRINTED IF THEY ARE OVER 300 WORDS LONG OR IF THEY ARE NOT TYPEWRITTEN OR DOUBLE SPACED. We make this requirement purely for the sake of space and time.

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