



The Daily Tar Heel
72 Years of Editorial Freedom

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A Crisp December Day In Hawaii

Yesterday the nation paused a moment and remembered a far-off battle which ignited the most horrible conflict the world has ever seen.

It was 23 years since Japanese airplanes had swooped low through the narrow confines of Kolekole Pass and started the Pacific end of World War II, and America had not forgotten.

On that fateful December day in 1941, 2,000 Americans died and another 1,700 were injured. But those terrible totals were small compared to those in the four years that followed.

The war finally ended, but only when America unveiled the most horrible weapon ever devised by man. And it all started that crisp December day in Hawaii.

The first Japanese airplane was spotted by a soldier at Schofield Barracks, 15 miles north of Pearl. It was followed by more, and more, and more, and they raked the army base as they turned south.

A small airfield was bombed, and then the airplanes flew down the highway, over the little towns of Wahiawa and

Aiea, and into the huge Navy base. Within two hours, Pearl Harbor was in flames. Two battleships, the Arizona and the Utah, were at the bottom, and World War II had begun.

It was a dark day for America, and it was followed by many more.

And while the nation was pausing yesterday, it would have done well to consider the possibility of other such days, of other such years.

Today the nation is at war as surely as they were that day in Hawaii. The Congo is flaming with the blazing torches of revolution, and we are deeply involved. The jungles of Southeast Asia are blazing as well, but with rockets and machine gun bullets and mortar shells instead of torches and spears.

The world is in chaos, and it is getting more so each day. Americans are being killed today as surely they were being killed on December 7, 1941. It would not take much to ignite another massive war.

Yesterday was indeed a day for remembering. We hope it also was a day for thinking.

Terry Sanford Has His Day

Today is "Terry Sanford Day."

Tonight, in a fitting climax to a term that has had many of its highlights inextricably interwoven with the life of this University, the Governor will sum up his four years in the Statehouse for the Young Democrat Club.

It was just over four years ago (March 16, 1960) that Terry Sanford addressed the same YDC group and outlined some of the major proposals of his platform, thus throwing the gubernatorial campaign into high gear. Now he will scrutinize the events that have transpired during those four years by looking at them through the hindsight end of the telescope.

In a sense, of course, he could be looking much further into the past than that cold March day when he came to the campus already caught up in the swing of a tough campaign.

He may look back to the first "Terry Sanford Day," though it was held in Fayetteville, not Chapel Hill. That was the day he tossed his hat into the ring and officially launched his campaign with a plea for—you guessed it—education.

Or, like many alumni who return to the campus periodically, he may turn

his thoughts momentarily to the days in the late 30's when he sauntered off to class on bitter cold winter mornings (or perhaps found the warmth of his dorm room too pleasant to give up, even to go to class). Were there big visions in those days, too?

Perhaps we'll find out tonight, but the odds are frankly against it. For Terry Sanford has a way of letting the past lie where it will, preferring to turn his thoughts to the future. He uses the past only as a foundation on which to rest even bigger visions of North Carolina's future, and even his reminiscences invariably turn into mirrors for the reflecting of future hopes.

But that is the way it should be, for Terry Sanford is a man with one eye fixed unwaveringly on the future. If he was not such a man, it is doubtful that we would have reason or desire to honor him today.

Today is his day, and the University community could show its gratitude in no more fitting fashion than by providing him with a warm and enthusiastic audience.

Who knows—perhaps he will even condescend to let the past intrude for a moment on the future.

Responsibility Where It Belongs

(The Duke Chronicle)

The Undergraduate Faculty Council removed the last restriction for class attendance yesterday and consequently placed total responsibility for attendance upon students—where it belongs. The vacation regulations were dropped at yesterday's meeting.

The UFC's vote represents the faculty's confidence in students to assume total responsibility for class attendance.

Under the new system which takes effect immediately, students must report only the day before classes begin each semester. No longer are students required to attend classes the day before and after a vacation.

For some students the new rule may be license to leave days, even weeks before the vacation officially begins, but for the vast majority of students the new rule will primarily mean the convenience of easier travel arrangements, and perhaps one more day of vacation either way.

However, the greatest benefit from this new change is the contribution it will make to the academic atmosphere—faculty members and deans no longer even remotely resemble the "bookkeepers and disciplinarians" of old—this atmosphere will go a long way in creating a greater sense of harmony and openness.

We are confident that both students and faculty members (who might be tempted to schedule an announced exam the day before and after a vacation) will respond to this new responsibility in the same manner with which the voluntary class attendance change was received.

It is a good sign that there was no massive "educational," "indoctrination" process on the student body when the change was announced—we appreciate this confidence and feel sure it will be fulfilled.

And The Three Wise Merchants

Christmas is coming.
How can you tell?
Well, it's that time of year that signs saying "XMAS GIFTS" start appearing.
And the aluminum trees shine from every store window.
And you hear songs like "The Jingle Bells Rock" every time you turn around.
And people begin to wonder what gifts they will reap come Christmas day.
And the football fans begin to get excited about the post-season games.
Yeah, Christmas is coming.



Letters To The Editors

Germans, Pickets Defended

Concert Guests Out Of Place

Editors, The Tar Heel:

In the past few years, there has been some criticism of the conduct at the fall Germans concert. This criticism has come from two sources: a graduate student and the Panhellenic Council. This criticism is typical of the type usually given fraternities whenever they are responsible for any social event. In case some students are not familiar with the Germans Club, the following should clear up a few misconceptions. This is a private organization not composed of the entire fraternity system and unlike the sponsors of Jubilee Weekend, which is financed by the entire student body.

Its composition consists of 13 fraternities, their undergraduate members and bull pledges. This is the entire composition; there are no sororities or graduate students in the Germans Club. The concert is financed by these 13 fraternities at a cost of approximately \$600 a member. The entertainment groups do not perform because they like the Germans Club, or the audience before which they perform. They perform because they have special talents that the Germans Club members wish to hear and are willing to pay to see these talents displayed.

You may be wondering how members of the Panhellenic Council is the sorority's answers

to the Interfraternity Council. The members of the Panhellenic Council were guests of the individual members of the Germans Club. Their escorts invited them to see the Germans Concert; they were not forced to attend.

As for graduate students, it is a courtesy extended by the Germans Club to all past members to attend if they wish.

Now, these two sources of criticism were guests of Germans Club members; these two sources claim that the Campus Code was violated at the concert. The Campus Code states that we should conduct ourselves as ladies and gentlemen at all times. The Germans Club was criticized by their own guests—a very rude and ill-mannered criticism unbecoming to a lady or a gentleman. When the guest of someone for a meal, you shouldn't complain about the food.

As for the Panhellenic Council, you will not have any "power to avoid a repitition (sic) of the incident in the future," so I suggest you stay in your rooms during the next concert and read up on your Emily Post.

As for the graduate student, you were probably just tired of the Brothers Four; this is their second performance in the past four years—they like it here.

Joe Exum

Sigma Nu

Editor's Note: Were it not for the "guess," the Germans Club would have folded long ago.

Gag Law Critics Should Be Active

Editors, The Tar Heel:

It seems somewhat ironical that *The Daily Tar Heel*, whose masthead proclaims that it has enjoyed "72 Years of Editorial Freedom," would stoop to appeasement when the basic concepts and freedoms which it purports to defend are being assailed on its very doorstep.

There has been no indication from any legislator in the North Carolina General Assembly that the Gag Law will be repealed or even modified in the upcoming legislative session. There is even a very good chance that it will be strengthened.

Why then, is it wrong for persons who oppose the bill in both practice and principle to organize against it? To gag the voice of student opposition or to advocate the silencing of a voice that should have something to say about the laws passed directly concerning it, is to agree in theory with the Gag Law itself. One of the principles of democratic government is that the people's legislators should be subservient to and not masters of the public will.

The Tar Heel should take care lest the next step of the General Assembly is to see that the Tar Heel's 72nd year of editorial freedom is its last.

Arthur L. Latham, III
305 Pittsboro St.

Review: Hemingway's Parting Shot

By KINNON McLAMB

A MOVEABLE FEAST. By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1964. 211 pp.

The Paris of the 1920's, as in the years to follow, was a haven for literati in self-imposed exile. Offspring of a great war, many of them groping for identity in its wake, the giants of a generation found a rich soil for the seedlings of full literary flower.

The long and prolific career of Ernest Hemingway had its inception in this milieu, which is the setting of his last work, "A Moveable Feast" is a reminiscence, often loving, sometimes bitter, of the years when the youthful Hemingways were "very poor and very happy."

To the author, Paris in the years 1921-28 was a feast, and a moveable one because "wherever you go for the rest of your life, it stays with you." He recalls fondly the rich literature, the sympathetic concern and the encouragement always available at Sylvia Beach's bookshop; the arduous mornings spent perfecting his craft in the welcome loneliness of cafes; the warm

and devoted companionship of his first wife, Hadley, and their excited anticipation of the Parisian spring when "there were no problems except where to be happiest."

Artists of the period, significant and minor alike, parade through Hemingway's legacy to the world of letters. There are perceptive sketches of Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound, Scott Fitzgerald, among others.

Hemingway was a frequent visitor at Miss Stein's apartment, where she regally pronounced judgment on the major literary figures of the day and told Hemingway he was not good enough to write stories for the Saturday Evening Post. He dispassionately narrates their sporadic friendship and his over-hearing of the distasteful episode which ended it.

Ezra Pound gets easily the kindest treatment from Hemingway, who found in him a warm, open-hearted person and a jovial companion. The recounting of Hemingway's teaching Pound to box is a memorable incident of recent literature.

The most provoking and entertaining of the sketches, occupy

ing more than a quarter of the book is that of Fitzgerald. Hemingway depicts him as a man emotionally fragile, who wore his heart on his sleeve and was more than a little hen-pecked.

The idea of a close association between the earthy Hemingway and the sensitive Fitzgerald is intriguing enough, but the author heightens the effect by recounting a pair of incidents, one merely comic and the other bordering cruelly on the pathetic.

Hemingway graphically details his frustration with the frailties of his colleague on a long motor trip and overnight stay at a hotel, when he was virtually consigned to the role of a wet-nurse. The other episode, which Hemingway aptly titled "A Matter of Measurements," is an unconvincing account of his effort to persuade Fitzgerald that the latter's anxieties of sexual inadequacy were the product of his wife Zelda's malicious imagination.

In a cold dissection of Zelda, Hemingway blames her for the eventual deterioration of Fitzgerald's talent. He hypothesizes curiously that she was jealous

The Wild West Of N. Carolina

By DAVID ROTHMAN

"The inhabitants of the western section of the state are a world apart from Chapel Hill. In fact, I wonder if some of them know UNC exists."

So says Frank Baker (a pseudonym), a student here. Baker will not let his real name be used since he again seeks summer employment in one of Western Carolina's textile mills. But he has strong (perhaps too strong) opinions about certain segments of Western Carolina's population.

"Many Northern companies have moved South to avoid dealing with unions. They find unorganized hillbillies make cheap labor. They also find they get what they pay for."

"The workers in the more isolated countries simply cannot adapt to factory conditions. They master only the basic skills of the textile business. When placed in positions requiring proficiency or responsibility, they fail miserably."

"Tell them to maintain machinery, and they'll forget about replacing burned-out light bulbs. Train them as packers, and they'll send products to the wrong places. Promote them, and they'll pay you back by being just as irresponsible as before."

"Of course, the workers are not all like that. Some of them are quite reliable, quite easy to work with. In localities open to the outside world, the problems are less troublesome."

"But you also think about the real hick towns, the places where hillbillies drive the latest automobiles, but continue to gun down still-draining sheriffs."

"I don't want to give the impression that this goes on all over western Carolina, or that the killing of law-enforcement personnel is common anywhere."

"But there have been cases which scare me. Like the sheriff who was pushed off the cliff or the agent who got sprayed with buckshot. These things did not die out in the last century."

"Yes—I won't want to argue with the hill folk; they're too violent. Take what happened in one factory when a lady worker was fired for refusal to respect authority."

"The personnel manager, when he placed her on the pay roll, knew from the beginning he was courting chance. Her personali-

ty test showed everything. "But she was put to work in the factory, and soon was in trouble with her supervisor. He had her dismissed."

"Soon afterward, she shot him—fatally. It was right out of Zane Grey cinema."

"Believe me, these people like guns. You sometimes see road signs pockmarked with bullet holes. There's one sign like that a mile from my home."

"You're only thankful they don't mean all they say. A friend of mine once asked a fellow what he'd do if his life had been saved by a Negro doctor."

"Hell," the character said, "I'd tell that s.o.b. to get outta my sight."

"I myself once heard a hillbilly suggest he was 'just waiting for a nigger to shoot.' He said he was going to vote for Goldwater because Goldwater would let him do that."

"The GOP, certainly, doesn't tolerate such nonsense. But if the politicians won't reflect local prejudices, the hillbillies do it for them. Their minds simply won't yield to logic."

"I repeat: never would I let myself openly disagree with them. It's too damn risky."

"In fact, at my summer job, I spoke in mono-syllables. The hill folk don't respect 'intellectuals.'"

"Above all, I kept silent on the subject of integration. I didn't ever discuss it—even in mono-syllables."

"Naturally, the hillbillies have their side too. Many of them needlessly suffer from disease. They live in prefabs, garage-like structures they call homes. They haven't heard about family planning. I know a hillbilly about my age; he has five poorly-supported children already."

"I sometimes wonder what I'd be like without an adequate education, without fluency in my native tongue, without the ability to do long division, without modern skills."

"Then what would I be doing? Probably working in some mill for 70 bucks a week."

"Perhaps I'd spend my money more wisely than some of the hillbillies—the ones who put their status on four wheels and drive it around the countryside; the ones who live like animals in their dilapidated shacks. I don't know—it haunts me."

It should haunt a lot of people.

The Candle: Folk Epic For Campus

By TIMOTHY RAY

(Accent the last syllable of each line.)

Gonna sing you a song 'bout morality.
Student conduct at the University.
Listen now all you young men,
Parkin' your car is now a sin.

Refrain

(Repeat after each stanza):
I stole a Pepsi-Cola and a choco-Mars.
Got ninety-nine years behind the bars.

In the feder'l gumment of this cuntry,
You can own a motel and go scott free.

But here at home in Chapel Hill,
Watch out you don't cross Big Bill.

Bill's got a list of names real long;
He'll get you if you done wrong.
If your Chev ain't listed there,
You will find your transcript bare.

If you are here on scholarship,
There ain't no way you can be hip.

For driving your Ford round this here town,
They'll put you six feet underground.

I know somebody whose name is Kate.
She watches you when you're on a date.
If you go to your apartment,
Your problem won't be just the rent.

T'was a fellow they said did in his wife.
The judge he said "young man, it's life."
If you think that judge was mean,
Just you watch out for the dean.

There was a man who stole some grain,
From Ag Department he sought to gain.
He spent one night up in the jail,
But kiss your girl and you'll get bail.

The FBI is infiltrating;
Though on your nerves this can be grating,
You'll think subversives get off light
If you the Honor Council fight.

"No. Never."

Hemingway's remembrance of his relationship with his first wife is warm and generous, with only a brief allusion to their subsequent parting. It is tempting to speculate that such uncharacteristic sentimentality is an effort to exorcise guilt over the circumstance of that separation.

There is a large ground of kinship between Hemingway fact and fiction. The author details carefully and deliciously the foods and wines consumed at innumerable dinners, a trademark of Hemingway as novelist. There is the same exhilaration at physical involvement and contest, whether skiing in the Alps or grimly watching the races at Englien, at the bull ring or in the boxing ring.

Hemingway's final work affords valuable introspective insights into himself both as a writer and as a man, as well as the environment that nurtured him; it is, as such, a most precious legacy. Perhaps the mature Hemingway, stung by the gradual diminishing of critical acclaim, wished to remind us posthumously of his earlier claim to greatness.

"We can walk anywhere and we can stop at some new cafe where we don't know anyone and nobody knows us and have a drink."
"We can have two drinks."
"Then we can eat somewhere."
"We'll come home and eat here and we'll have a lovely meal. And afterwards we'll read and then go to bed and make love."
"And we'll never love anyone else but each other."