A Milestone: Aycock Paves The Accomplishment Road

A significant and signal accomplishment has already come out of the University's new Progressive Era.

The accomplishment is the betterment of relations between student government and the University administration.

It is in the form of a *mere* letter from the principal in the University's new wave of progressivism — Chancellor William Brantley Aycock. The effect of the *mere* letter is momentous.

Chancellor Aycock has invited student government officials to sit in on meetings of the Chancellor's Cabinet along with the University's top administrative officialdom —the heads of the administrative divisions.

The Chancellor's Cabinet is the pinnacle atop the administrative pinnacle—the top echelon in the University's chain-of-command.

A recent student body president had as a campaign platform plank the establishment of a junior partnership between the administration and student government. It sounded good on paper, but like so many campaign promises, it dwindled into the mucky mire of oblivion after ballots were favorably tabulated.

It is sincerely felt by those who know student government that Chancellor Aycock has paved the way — with his administrative change—for the development of a junior partnership during the current academic year.

Thus the way is paved for student government. It is now the responsibility of officials in student government to tread along the paved way with a series of proposals—responsible proposa's—in the best interests of the student body.

We look for responsible and significant accomplishments from student government — accomplishments to parallel those already proposed by Progressive Chancellor Aycock . . .

De Feds On Orval's Trail!

Oligarchic Orval's now got the feds on his tail.

And his own guard's part of the feds.

Moonshining was never like this.

Back to the Ozarks, Orval!

Open Admonition To Profs: Scream Dissention

The Daily Tar Heel proposes an open advocation that University faculty members never be hesitant in speaking their minds upon any issue not only affecting the University, but also affecting any situation existing upon this massive globe.

Faculty members in the past have arisen from oblivion by asserting their learned theories upon issues affecting the University and nation.

This year should be no exception.

We have faith enough in the University administration to believe it will listen to constructive criticism from faculty members without censoring them.

Along this line, we reprint an editorial from the Oct. 6, 1955, Daily Tar Heel—an editorial justly complimenting 50 courageous University profesors who spoke their minds in the face of administrative disagreement:

The overriding allegiance of the scholar is to his classroom and to learning, not to the world of affairs. But there come times when he may well leave the citadel of academe and speak his mind.

Such a time came last summer in North Carolina, when it developed that the Governor and the state's attorney general chose to draw no distinction between segregation problems in higher education and parallel problems in the public schools at large. After the Governor's plea for "voluntary segregation," 50 faculty members in the Consolidated University collaborated in a series of letters supporting integration.

They were joined in their protest against the Governor's plan by Paul Green, the Chapel Hill dramatist who has devoted his career as a writer to heralding American freedoms.

The duty of both the scholar and the writer, since they are kinsmen in the effort to increase and maintain the cultural heritage, becomes crucial when that cultural heritage is threatened. Make no mistake: it has been under threat in the segregation crisis. The most vocal racists would not only deny the findings of biology and anthropology, the dictates of ethics and religion; they would stomp learning altogether before they would compromise their own wounded emotions.

In a 1940 essay, "The Irresponsibles," the poet Archibald MacLeish indicted the scholars and writers of the pre-World War II period for their indifference to the cultural crisis posed by the rise of Fascism. The practical man alone, "the man whose only care is for his belly and his roof," MacLiesh asserted, could "safely be indifferent to these troubles."

The things he lives for are not menaced. And it is precisely the scholar, the poet—the man whose care is for the structure of the intellect, the houses of the mind — whose heart is caught. For it is the scholar's gods which are in danger.

Our own time of troubles, with its very real threat to the "houses of the mind," has caught the hearts of at least 50 faculty members. We wish there were more.

The Daily Tar Heel

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THE HILLTOP:

A Ubiquitous Cog In GM's Machine . . . .

Nancy Hill

The way to find out facts—useful facts—about Carolina isn't in handbooks or guidebooks or even in orientation, really. It's from the people that run things, and often the people that don't get much recognition. They're the ones that really love their jobs.

Graham Memorial is one of the places lots of students take for granted. But if you get curious about what goes on their ask Rand Bailey about it.

★ ★ ★

Rand is starting his fourth year as a cog in the GM wheel. He started out working in the pool room and is now building supervisor. You'll find him doing everything from making over desks into coffee tables to washing windows to making electrical repairs in The Daily Tar Heel office.

He knows the building inside out and gets as excited about building partitions in the Ram-Ewe office as he does about the new color television set on the TV lounge.

He was telling us the other night about improvements in GM this year The color television set is one. Another is the additional television room that has been set up on the landing on the right-hand side of the building. The portable television set is moved other places when it isn't in use there. The TV lounge, according to Rand, was packed Sunday night and people are even coming in to watch afternoon programs.

★ ★ ★

The barber shop in the basement that gives the buck haircuts has added another man to the staff. There are now three barbers, all licensed by the North Carolina Barber Assoc.

★ ★ ★

A lot of painting was done over the summer. The TV lounge is rose beige now, and the information office is pale green. The ping-pong room—nobody knows why—is painted bright red.

There is everything in GM from pool room to Sunday school classes —Presbyterian, Episcopal and Friends.

Rand is a senior religion major from Fuquay Springs who plans to attend seminary after graduation next spring. He started preaching here and has conducted services at several rural churches in the area. He rather typifies the cooperation that you'll find in Graham Memorial.

A teacher in a Brooklyn school asked Joey to give her a sentence using the word "bewitches."

After deep thought, Joey replied: "Youse go ahead. I'll bewitches in a minute."

N. C. Education

"Careful, Men — Don't Break The Furniture"

FROM THE DAILY KANSAN:

London's Switchblading, And A Censored Cadaver

The Russian's increased stubbornness at the London disarmament talks following their announcement of the creation of an inter-continental guided missile shows that negotiations between nations are not grounded upon reason. "Progress" has taken the reins, and man is now guided by his missile.

Man's present plight over to atomize or not to atomize, as embodied by the London disarmament talks, is another in a continuing series of events illustrating how easy it is to miss the point.

The babble of disarmament has grown so large that disarmament itself appears to have become the end, rather than a means to end war. The diplomatic battle at London regressed to a high-level bullfest comparing national switchblades.

The contemporary reasoning seems to be that the cause of war is the weapon. This discounts the age-old method of choking an antagonist to death. This reasoning followed to a conclusion, would dictate that each man would have his hands severed at the wrist and his toes blunted.

The desire to wage war is not based upon possession of weapons, but upon a state of mind Some of the basic causes of war, such as greed, fear, envy, and misunderstanding have been forgotten as man runs a footrace with his beloved machine.

The idea that the discontinuance of the armaments race will contribute to the halting of world conflict is sound, but it is the beginning of the toughest job the world will ever face—the creation of a lasting peace.

Man is not preparing for a future, but rather is postponing an end. Diplomats appear to be men not in control of their technical forces, but guided by them. Each innovation in weapon-making upsets the delicate balance of diplomacy. This says little for man and points to the victory of machine over reason, and consequently, man. The policies between governments are not based upon reason, or even attempted understanding, but on the present level of technical intelligence.

If and when disarmament is accomplished, man is liable to sit back and say, "We've destroyed man's ability to wage war." This is nothing but international cheerleaderism.

The desire to wage war is a hardy weed and not easily uprooted by diplomtaic exhortations, objurgations, and snorts. The fact that John Doe in Zarah, Kan., doesn't have a gun means little to Abdul who stands barefooted in the sand and contemplates a haywire jingoistic slogan. It is of such tinder that wars are made, and no amount of diplomatic nincompoopery will stave off basic hatreds.

* * *

The Kansas City Star has censored poor, pitiful Claude, one of the latest additions to the chain of characters which pass through the life of Dick Tracy.

A picture of Claude, ensconced in his icehouse penthouse, was deleted from a 4-panel series of Dick Tracy in a recent edition of the Star.

The deletion was probably made in an effort to prevent publication of material which the Star considers to be in bad taste.

Claude doesn't present a pretty sight. The mere fact that he is dead, let alone the fact that icicles drip from his sallow chin, eliminates him from any consideration as Mr. America.

His absence from the comic strip didn't hurt the story much, either. All the censored panel contained was an off-stage quote from his wife, the gal responsible for Claude's present low temperature.

Nevertheless, we had grown fond of Claude. In a comic strip which has seen prune faces, B-B eyes and dwarfs, Claude was a genuinely new twist.

At least he doesn't prance through the strip sticking his nose into young lovers' affairs. Not once did he strut across the Sunday comic section with a chest full of Air Force service ribbons. He may never wake up, but it's a cinch he won't wake up in a newspaper office, clad in a negligee.

Claude may have made off with $200,000, but he'll have a long time to repent while sitting in that cold-storage room. He really may be a nice fellow. His personality just needs to be a little warmer.

—Larry Boston

L'IL ABNER by Al Capp

POGO by Walt Kelly

RANDOM RAMBLINGS:

The Button-Down Look & Neophyte

Grayson Mills

The title of this column correctly imposes that it exists by and for music, but unlike its odious bedfellows, it will not endeavor to pursue the prosaic style that has branded recent musical journalese as publicity slosh and hackneyed presentation.

But though there will be no patented presentation, "Odes On Music" shall always have two underlying purposes: to entertain, and to show that even where music is concerned, "The world," as Oxenstierna so ably put it," is ruled only by a fraction of wisdom."

Fifteen years ago, or thereabouts, a small weed appeared on a swinging horizon. The country was still entralled with the melodious drive of the Goodman's and Dorsey's, and the subtle swing of Glenn Miller.

But there were men in music tired of a good thing. They wanted something new, something of their own. They called it their seedling bebop and it consisted of weird solo patterns interspersed with fractions of melody lines from such old Mother Goose rockers as "Mary Had A Little Lamb" and "Jack Horner Sat in A Corner."

For five years this ilegitimate youth of jazz couldn't get to first base with the public. For that matter, nothing could, because the public donned ear muffs for the entire duration of the war, causing bands to drop off like flies in the face of flit.

So devotees of bebop labored for peanuts and self-enjoyment in booze dumps, Harlem cellars and fellow advocates' garages. Its pillars of granite were Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Stan Kenton, Roy Haynes, and a handful of others who fell on their heads as babies, creating ambryos for exciting, surrealistic forms of expression.

From these shaky beginnings, modern jazz, with its gendarme of progressive, cool tut and tuther, has miraculously grown to undreamed of popularity.

But why? The Ivy League kiddies (these come in all forms) go for it because it's like them, STRANGE. Brainy individuals say the music isn't trite and offers food for thought. Belt-buckled cats needed an excuse so they pounced on this one like a fat wallet.

Though the vogue threatens to become consummating in our colleges, the dissenter has the hope of final triumph, for man needs a musical release of his repressions and this modern jazz does not provide.

ODES ON MUSIC:

The Genesis Of Progressivism

Al Walker

So you've been through registration. So your troubles have just begun. You are now attending the University of North Carolina. Oh, you poor fish.

One of the most firmly entrenched institutions at this school is The Daily Tar Heel. It is delivered to your door, whether you're going to read it or not. It will try to start controversies, and then solve them, to increase your interest in it. But it won't do any good, because you will have already fallen into the trap that ensnares most of the people who live here and "study" here.

Ah, but this year The Daily Tar Heel has a new and wonderful attraction being added to its pages thrice weekly. And this wonderful thing which will cause you to pick up the paper with trembling fingers and tear open to the page on which your eyes now rest is my column.

Oh, if only some senior had written a column as good as mine is, when I was but a mere wandering freshman. How it would have saved me from many self-evaluating looks at my development in this large, crawling place—The Hill. But this year, things are different.

When I was a freshman I came a week early for orientation week. What a wonderful way to start off your college career. Meeting under the beautiful old trees with a real college man in a white button down shirt and a dull tie and about seven or eight other wide-eyed members of your indoctrination group. As he fingers his blue book with all the wonderful facts about our school and its traditions and sayings and things to do and things not to do, you can't help but wonder how you yourself, will turn out after four years here.

And you wander drearily around the campus, seeing the lovely sundial which, incidentally points at the North Star, in case you ever wonder which way is north, and the planetarium, which will probably be your last visit there unless you invite somebody down or up from your hometown and you want to impress them with the academic side of our campus, and the art gallery, which also incidentally, we are getting a new one of, over near Barclay's Station, and the library. I can remember when my orientation counselor showed our group around the library. The thing he stressed the most was where the head was. Apparently when he was a Freshman, he nearly split a gut looking for the damn thing. Well, he showed it to us, and I have never forgotten where it is. It is a very good head.

As I think back about my orientation counselor, the thing that I remember most clearly about him is the fact that he "tried" to be a typical Carolina Gentleman, not only in his clothes, but his thinking. At the time, as I recall, I was truly impressed by those intangible qualities which go to make up this prototype, but that was only because of my "immaturity" and the fact that this was a strange animal to me.

Now that I have found that Chapel Hill has some mystical faculty for turning out reproductions of my orientation counselor, I have hardened myself to the fact, and at times even have enough guts to sit amongst aw hole passel of them at "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter," or at the Skimpo.

So much for that.