

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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The UNC Faculty Speaks Out While The Students Are Silent

Today the faculty of the University of North Carolina takes its stand. In an advertisement printed on the fourth page of today's Daily Tar Heel, 350 professors, associate professors and instructors voiced their support of integration of the two local theatres.

Rarely do men who are not associated by any band save a common employer join together with such force and accord. When they do, drama and effect is given to the issue that has driven them to this kind of action.

These are men who have risen above the fear of job security to express their deeply held convictions. They are men who have, in a firm, unequivocal manner, let their consciences hold sway. These are men who will not tolerate custom's standing in the way of justice, and who are willing to say so.

The fact that, in mid-twentieth century America, men are often given or deprived of jobs because of what they think did not deter these men from speaking their minds, and this in itself is admirable, aside from the worth of their sentiments.

The question might be asked, however, about the other side of the coin. Where are our brave, intrepid students, fighters for right and leaders in the battle for equality? It seems that they are hiding behind the rock of self-indulgence and fear, refusing to commit themselves lest they suffer reprisals.

But what do students have to lose by speaking their minds? Are they afraid that the House Committee on Un-American Activities will nab them and prevent their receiving comfortable, secure jobs

after they graduate? Are they afraid of being too outspoken, of being too bold in a nation that, of late, seems to pride itself in being as silent and uncourageous as possible?

What has happened to youth? Has it become so concerned with its own well-being that it leaves social action to minority groups and its elders? Has it lost the courage and daring that marked the 1920's and 1930's and the post-war period? Has the American university become a refuge for narrow-mindedness and complacency?

We do not merely ask our fellow students to support the integration movement; we ask them more essentially to support anything at all. We ask them to find the courage to have an opinion, whether it be segregationist or integrationist.

We want students to care; we want them to care about the world they live in, because in another few years it will be their world and they are going to be responsible for it. We want to see not only social action but also mental action; we want those minds to get out of the complacent rut they're in now and start clicking again.

We want to see University students start assuming some of the burdens they are going to have to bear; the world has too much trouble and pain and conflict for Americans not to care about anything except the old "number one."

The time has come for action of every sort. Do we have so little spine that we will let our elders carry the whole load?



Henry Mayer

Injustice In Virginia Angers Students

Man has often devised ironic and unusual means for commemorating anniversaries of one sort or another. But no celebration can match the symbolic way in which Lincoln's Birthday was marked in a small Virginia town. South Hill, Va., looks like any other small town unfortunate enough to be situated on a major highway. Diesel trucks rumble down its main street, contributing a permanent legacy of soot and noise to the community.

Aging, non-descript storefronts characterize the business district, so the modern facade of a popular chain restaurant immediately attracts the traveler's eye. The local bus station is connected to the restaurant and is operated by the same people; tired and hungry travelers may disembark directly into the dining room—hungry white travelers, that is.

Negro passengers aren't allowed to enter the waiting room or the ticket office either, but are herded instead into a grimy cubicle, sparsely furnished and poorly ventilated. A narrow slit in one corner provides the only link with the information desk and ticket office.

On Sunday evening, February 12, a group of UNC students returning from a Washington, D. C. seminar, stopped for dinner at this establishment. Shortly after their arrival, the proprietress asked a Negro sailor to leave the waiting room and "get back over there where you belong." The military man complied, but one of the students, a native North Carolinian, reminded the woman that she was "violating a federal law by segregating passengers engaged in inter-state travel."

"Mind your own business, child," was the high-pitched, venomous reply, delivered through pursed lips. "We never served niggers in here and we never will!"

After this brief exchange the group was eyed rather carefully throughout their meal, although no comments were made. While in the process of paying the bill, several of the students casually remarked to the woman that the segregation policies of the restaurant-bus station were illegal.

"Not here, they're not. This is a private business and we can do what we please."

"Where are we ma'am?" "South Hill, Virginia," was the proud reply. "Oh, I thought this was the United States of America. There are federal laws against these practices."

"We ask 'em to get out nicely; if they don't, then we call the police. They git 'em out," the manager spit back.

More Negroes crowded into the tiny room, eager to find out more about the incident. Several well-dressed high school youths seemed to be deeply encouraged by the action.

"Something I can do for you boys?" The manager's husband had poked his head through the

narrow connecting aperture. "No thank you, sir, we're just socializing."

The Negroes grinned hesitantly, still unsure of the situation. Then general laughter broke out, and after some conversation the students departed, leaving puzzled looks and an excited babble of voices in both the paint-flecked Negro room and the more spacious (and cleaner) quarters next door.

From the magazine rack in the waiting room, the bearded face of the 16th president, featured on the cover of a Sunday supplement, stared out over the scene.

The lips which once had formed the words "a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal" were closed. But in a car speeding toward Chapel Hill, the lips of a new generation repeated the refrain:

"Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country."

Bill Hobbs

Voiceless Students Impede Integration

A thick, stifling fog of apathy is obscuring the light of any truth which may exist at this university. Our students, almost to the man, refuse to articulate any beliefs they may have about anything other than the athletic prowess of Duke University.

A bare handful of aware, interested people have made any response to the picketing going on at the Carolina and Varsity theatres, although every member of this supposedly scholastic community is aware of the problem in our midst.

It is discussed in philosophy classes, in psychology classes, in political science classes, in any number of classes of every variety. The question is explained, pictured, and commented on in the DTH almost every morning.

There is no individual on this campus who is not aware of the presence of this challenging national problem in our community. And what do we do about it? We do nothing. We follow our bland daily pattern without change. We sit. We drink our beer. We go to our classes; we do some homework; we have a bull session. There is nothing wrong with any of these, but they are inadequate and irrelevant to the great problem on our campus.

This is supposedly an academic community, dedicated to the education of the future members of American society. Its members are the leaders of the coming nation and the coming world. They are here to discover themselves, their fellows, and the

world they inhabit.

We future leaders, we students, are starkly and bluntly confronted with a decision on the equality of man. We are asked whether or not we believe that the members of the Negro race are human beings with all the rights of other human beings in our society. This is not an insignificant question with no future ramifications. Its answer is difficult; its answer is vastly important.

The way in which our generation of Americans answers this question will in large part determine the character of the United States when it is in our hands. Our very existence will depend on the character of our nation; we absolutely cannot afford to disregard this question.

And yet we have disregarded it. We do nothing. A few picketers express themselves. A few members of the DTH and a few other students express themselves in the columns of this paper. The others sit. We see the pickets; we read the paper; we grasp the problem; and WE DO NOT ACT. This may be our only opportunity to affect the resolution of this problem. We must take it.

Editor Yardley has said that intolerance in Chapel Hill will be expressed if people continue to patronize the theatres. He is overly optimistic. Nothing will be expressed in Chapel Hill if people continue to patronize these theatres. We go to the theatres not because we believe in inequality but because we believe

in nothing.

We cannot continue in our present apathetic stupor. We must make an intelligent decision and express it in mature action. If we do not, we are to be pitied for our supine stupidity.

Past Tar Heel Writer Casts Several Pearls'

On February 7, 1961, Susan Lewis unfolded a rather amusing bit of prose called "Missing Smile" for the edification of the campus. Her idea was so novel that I take this opportunity to cast a few pearls of my own.

Miss Lewis, as you will recall, generalized that the world may smile "because it is disillusioned." It seems to me that the people of the world smile not so much because they're disillusioned as because they're hypocrites. (Deceptive, insincere hypocrites.) And the "moral" people help to conceal this hypocrisy by smiling themselves, thus concealing their nefarious contemporaries. In the South, particularly, we (I include myself) smile broadly at all comers, vigorously assuring them of our good faith and piously inviting them to dinner without one particle of sincerity or genuine honesty in our weevily little hearts. This is confusing to the midwesterner and deadening to the individual perpetrating the affront. I utilize the word affront advisedly, for it is an abomination for Man to continually bow and scrape to those about whom he cares little or less than nothing. It would, I think, be better to strive for politeness without fawning, justice without grins, honesty without leers, truth sans display.

The smile has degenerated to pointlessness in most cases. It means nothing and serves no more communicative function than the conventional doffing of the hat. Certainly we should not call this senseless leer a "badge of trust." This would involve prostitution of those great moral attributes, Truth and Trust. Remember Shakespeare's immortal lines: (Hamlet) "Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain! My table, my tables-meet it is I set it down that one may smile, and smile and be a villain! At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark." And it's just as sure it may be so in America. So let's not become stary-eyed about the virtues of innocent-seeming smiles.

I do not mean to intimate that Miss Lewis is incompetent in her views. She is obviously an idealist, as are most of us at Carolina. This is a good state of existence, for without idealism, progress dies. Apparently she is protesting against Man's inhumanity to Man. This is inevitable—all who think must realize that Man is not reaching his moral potential. (It's laughable even so to imply.) So, too, is it inevitable that youth protest against this condition. However, the bare implication that something so superficial as a contortion of the lips will institute some form of improvement in humanity is rather asinine.

Men are noted as rationalizers, or as "double thinkers," as Orwell chooses to label his "1984" characters. They choose to place the blame for all troubles upon the shoulders of organizations, racial aggregations, ethnic groups, etc. Never is Man basically at fault. For Americans it is the Japs, the KKK, the NAACP who cause trouble. Never once do we read in our papers that an American is personally at fault in a major problem. He can't bear to face the fact that he is rotten, that he is capable of perpetrating the foul deeds which are his stock and trade. He must, perforce, be dragged or bewitched by some evil outside force—he is incapable of such pernicious conduct.

The key words here are "outside force." As long as man insists on blaming the weather, N. Khrushchev, A. Lincoln or Mrs. Roosevelt for his troubles, he'll never improve, morally or otherwise. Man's problem lies in personal responsibility (among other things). He just won't accept it. Frank Lester, in his Broadway play of last year, "Green Willow," says: "What a pleasure to know there's a Devil—that Man-kind's not really to blame. What a pleasure to know there's a Devil, or we'd simply all die of shame." This is a fairly good commentary I think.

Before Man can improve, each person must (tired old philosophy) go within and take responsibility for his faults. For every Man is an individual and when progress is made, individuals will make it. Declaring a world day of prayer, or donating money to Care, or encouraging everyone to smile is not going to change the basic character of Man. It is a personal problem and only personal effort will suffice.

Now, I do not for a moment believe that this generation of vipers is going to change tomorrow (or within the next 1000 years for that matter), to that state of perfection we'd all like to see. The best we can hope for

is some increase in the number of those people taking responsibility for their actions. Thus, in the final analysis, Miss Lewis and I are of the same camp, both looking for signs of improvement where there is little improvement. Man is, and always has been, part devil, part saint. Those who seek good in Man shall find it—those who look for evil will find this too—and the measure thereof shall be full and running over," to misquote a Bible verse. I offer no miracle remedy for Man's problems—neither do I accept a smile as the great and glowing panacea.

P. W. Carlton

Strange Animals On Campus

Whoopee. It's election time again.

The dormitories, which usually are quiet and peaceful, disturbed only by an occasional water fight or assault and battery case, will suddenly be filled with a new kind of animal, one that is both frightening and entertaining.

This is the candidate. Having tucked his fraternity pin into his pocket, put on a dirty old Carolina windbreaker and mussed up his flannel trousers a little, he sets forth to be folksy and down-to-

earth in the dormitories.

He walks into the first room on the first floor, hand stretched out in amiable greeting. "Hey there buddy-ro! Doin' a little bookwork, huh? Well, how's about a minute of your time? You see, I'm running for . . ." After five minutes of carefully planned baloney, he slips gaily out and heads for the next victim.

Or there is another kind of candidate who may even be worse. It's dinnertime in the sorority house, and all the girls are munching away at their daily rations, when he slinks. Carefully, modestly, he bows his head, shuffles around while he is introduced, and then speaks:

"Heh. Sorry to bust up your . . . uhhhh . . . meal, girls. Heh. Now I know you've been bored to . . . uhhhh . . . tears by all these candidates getting in between you and your ham but . . . well, I'm a candidate for the office of . . ."

And there is the organized. "Okay boys, you got things all set up over in second Cobb? Great. Now Jerry, you hustle on over to the sororities and see if you can't line 'em up for the old boy. Hey Sam—you manage to buy any votes over the Lower Quad? Great. Well, that's looking up boys. Big victory party soon."

These are only a few of the animals recently escaped from the zoo. If you see one, catch it and stomp on it.

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.

Chapel Hill After Dark

With Davis B. Young

Thursday night's session of the State Senate in Raleigh was marked by more than a few laughs. At one point, a lawmaker arose to seek the floor.

After being recognized, he said, "Mr. President, there are two distinguished former members of this body sitting over there. I would like to request that the privileges of the West Wing be extended to them."

The presiding officer, Lt. Gov. H. Cloyd Philpott, announced he would be happy to extend the courtesies of the West Wing, East Wing, Men's Room and everything else.

One of the orders of business brought before the upper house was a resolution introduced in the House by "Rep. Hardy and 71 others" noting the passing of the late W. D. "Billy" Carmichael. With the possible exception of new legislators, all had

known the former C. U. vice-president well in past sessions as he pleaded the University's cause with such effectiveness.

One of the most colorful aspects of any Senate session is the booming voice of Reading Clerk Eugene Simmons of Tarboro. As Simmons remarked Monday, "they were kind enough to let me come back up for another session."

A popular, former Carolina student, Sam Douglas is now on the payroll of the Senate as an assistant Sgt.-at-Arms. An effective member of the State Affairs Committee when here, he promises to continue pushing Carolina budgetary needs from his new vantage point.

And tomorrow, an irate reader and his nasty letter.

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