

Something Different In Chapel Hill

"Students have been taking stands on controversial issues for 800 years, and when controversial issues are ruled off the academic scene it will mean not only that our campuses have become very dull places, but also that we shall no longer have colleges and universities. We shall have something different."

With these measured words, Woman's College Chancellor E. K. Graham came to the defense of his students this week for being controversial.

The WC student Legislature had passed a resolution favoring desegregation, which—as Chancellor Graham said—merely meant that the students were not disagreeing with the U. S. Supreme Court. This is not the point in question, although we agree with the WC legislators.

What is important is that students maintain "the fundamental right... to consider a question which affects them, and their right to take a stand on it."

The issue of racial segregation, like other social conflicts, will subside; but students with inquiring minds will always want to search for an answer to any problem—and express it.

When students think about controversial issues, they are searching for that element of truth that scholars have always sought. The older generations, frequently mistaking longevity for wisdom, view the younger generation cynically, perhaps because their own hopes in youth were unfulfilled. They are the old men who envy, instead of admire, youth, and from them comes the stolid stability that we term conservatism. For them the search has ended, because their world is one of material things.

Chapel Hill & A Tradition

Here at Chapel Hill, site of an almost legendary tradition of liberalism, the student community has all but turned that tradition into nothing but a myth.

In student circles, encouraging signs of debate, controversy, and free exchange of even non-popular ideas exist—but mainly in debating societies, not in the more pragmatic management of student affairs.

The inquiring student who challenges a policy—a principle—finds his dissent mistaken for disloyalty to his school, state, and friends. Criticism is acceptable, but it must not be negative, student style, thinking in clichés of a Norman Vincent Peal-stuck society.

The Young Old Men

What students don't realize is that they are already old men who mistake stability for unqualified endorsement of the status quo, already the disenchanted waiting for age and money to certify them bona fide conservatives.

Students themselves, we maintain, have already ruled the controversial off campus: The student Legislature here refused to even go on record one way or another on the segregation question; the upholders of a system of honor speak more often of the safe issues of court mechanics and system than the basic problem of student dishonesty; and dissent is often labeled disloyalty.

Unfortunately, Chapel Hill is already becoming dull: students have already adopted the gray flannel suit-cocktail circuit-financial success symbols of these times. We already have, as Chancellor Graham put it, something different than a real university.

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Teaching & Its Plight

Ralph McGill

Atlanta Constitution

More than one half of our ablest young people do not enter college.

Of the top one fourth in ability in the 18-year-old group, only 40 per cent graduate from high school and DO NOT go to college.

Twenty per cent of the ablest students in each high school class DO NOT graduate. They drop out for various reasons, usually economic, before the senior year.

Forty per cent of the ablest graduate and go to college. The percentage of the whole class which enters college is about 20 per cent.

Now, we come to the "Why?" First of course, is the economic explanation. Many do not have the money. Still others who might manage it on their own go to work to help their parents.

GRADUATES

Industry's advantage over teaching in the competition for college graduates was illustrated recently by Dr. John A. Perkins, president of the University of Delaware, in describing the case of a Delaware senior who had planned to become a high school science teacher but was hired away by a large Delaware corporation at a starting salary of almost \$6,000 a year.

"While we are pleased with his student's good fortune," said Dr. Perkins, "there is no mystery about the shortage of teachers when incidents such as this point to what is generally prevalent.

"Here is a student with no unusual scholastic achievement, no previous experience or exceptional talent, being offered a starting position in industry at a salary higher than he could ever earn in the public schools of Delaware. Not only does this wage represent more than any of our high school teachers are earning, but it is \$1,000 greater than that paid to assistant professors at the University of Delaware.

"The long run effect of this inequity in the salary situation means that these very industries which are now hiring inexperienced people and must pay such good wages to secure them will soon have no one to hire because there will be no adequately trained teachers in the schools and colleges to instruct them."

These paragraphs put the problem in a stark perspective. As long as the state and local units regard teachers and their profession as merely a political pressure group, teaching loses its prestige.

The astonishing thing is that there are jobs for every graduate of ability.

SCIENCE

This is especially true in science. No less an authority than Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, has said the United States faces possible disaster because "Russia is winning the cold war in the classrooms."

"If there is another war," Strauss said, "it will almost certainly be lost by the country with the fewest resources in trained manpower." He said the United States requires from 45,000 to 50,000 new trained engineers every year and is getting half that number.

Even banks are short of, of all things, agricultural graduates. Almost no man or woman who leaves school with a "farm" diploma can expect to do a "dirt" job. The banks want some 9,000 such graduates in the years ahead as vice president of their agricultural departments. The need for teachers, extension service workers, county agents, and so on, cannot be supplied by present enrollments.

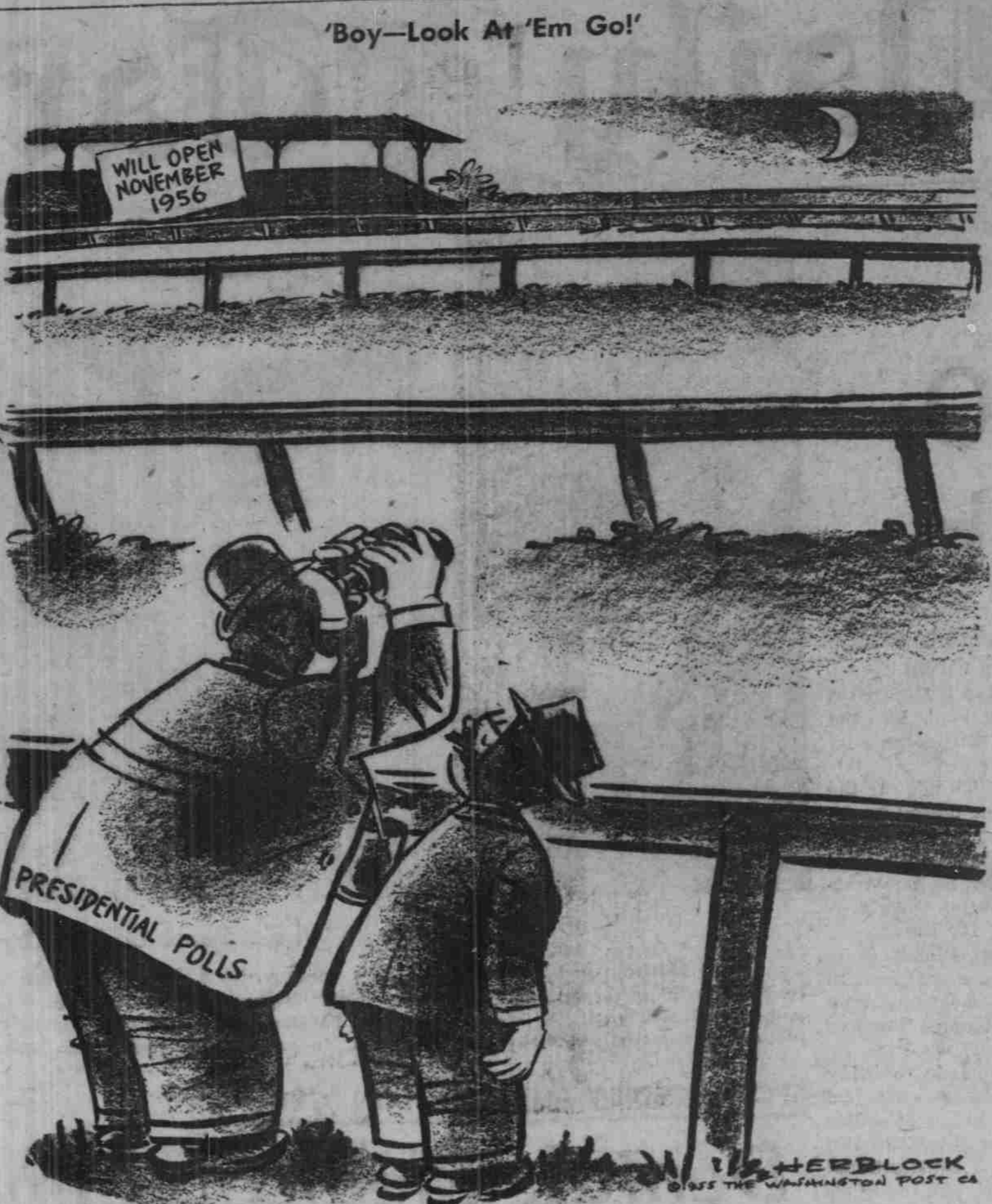
This is true in many other fields. Questions arise.

How many young people are willing to enter jobs which are, in a sense, "missionary?"

How many states are willing to face the facts of life—namely, that teaching must be more rewarding in pay and community status?

How soon will the teaching profession revise its rigid formula so as to make ability a promotional step? In other words, when will the profession cease evaluating all pupils as the same, and all teachers as of equal ability?

Teaching has many rewards that medicine, law, business, journalism do not have — and cannot have. But teaching must be able to sell itself to the able high school students.



THE ROUNDABOUT PAPERS:

Throbs From 1892, And The St. A Slate Is Clear

By J. A. C. DUNN

SOMEHOW IT never seems possible that anyone could have fallen in love in the 1890's. I have always pictured that period of history as being a rather dry stretch in the tale of humanity during which women wore muslin-covered sheet armor and bustles, and men wore ill-cut suits with shirt collars up to their ears. In those days, according to my mental picture, men and women did not fall in love: they merely got married and (with their noses delicately turned the other way) had children simply so that (a) somebody would Carry On The Family, and (b) they could have their pictures taken, the women looking as if they had just got out of bed and hadn't had time to tend to either their faces or their coffee, and the men looking like haughty old fuddy-duddies sitting still out of sheer condescension to the coming generations and shielding themselves from chance unpleasantness with an impressive barrier of six weeks' growth on the upper lip.

These pictures are, of course, rescued from old trunk years later and proudly pointed out to children. ("That's your grandfather Mulch, photographed while on a bird-watching trip in the Hebrides.") "That's your great-aunt Chlorine. She founded the Society for the Preservation of Indigent Milkmen.")

Anyway, people knew not the meaning of love before about 1920—except in Shakespeare and the Arabian Nights—according to my envisionment of my forbears.

THIS MENTAL PICTURE was altered somewhat, however, as a result of a small blue volume that turned up the other day on the 48 cent shelf in the Intimate Bookshop (one finds the most intriguing things on that shelf; I once, in a moment of unbridled abandon, came within an ace of buying a prehistoric book on knitting for 48 cents just to see what it would be like; at the eleventh second I regained my sanity, though, and went and sank my money in a beer.)

The book was entitled *Keightly's Mythology* ("For The Use Of Schools") by one Thomas Keightly. The mythology wasn't very interesting—all about Ulysses clattering around with those sheep, and that fool what'shisname who let his wings melt or something. What was interesting was the inscription on the flyleaf of the book.

"Daisie Gidney," it said in old, old pencil, "G. F. College, Greensboro, N. C. Dec. 7, 1892." That was fifty seven years ago Wednesday, or you might as well call it fifty eight, since New Year's is upon us with a roar and a toot. On the other side of the leaf came the meaty part. "Dear Sweet Daisie—always remember Mag and 'Vernia.' What fun we had at 'G.F.C.' in room no 52." And then the writer finally girded his trembling nerves about him and said it: "Some love one, Some love two, I love one and that is you." And did he have the nerve to sign it with his name? Silly! What makes you think anyone in the 1890's would even dream of letting his real name be connected with such a blushing confession? No! The writer of this

purple missive signs himself modestly, "Your Best Fellow!"

YOU THINK that's all? Certainly not. We've only come to the second reel, so to speak. On the back page of this memorable tome, our "Best Fellow" evidently had a change of heart. "Dear Old Daisie Gidney," he sighs (still in pencil) in a reminiscent sort of way, as if Daisie's flame had flickered low and she was no longer "Dear Sweet," but callously relegated to the category "Dear Old." And then comes the final blow: a bitter, tight-lipped, disillusioned, To Hell With Women, You Can't Trust 'em Any Father Than You Can Throw A Carriage Block condemnation of the heartless Daisie: "a flirt!" barks the "Best Fellow," and rubs it in with a sarcastic "only three more lessons!"

Perhaps you would like to know the first sentence of the text of *Keightly's Mythology*? I'm sure you wouldn't, but I'm going to tell you anyway: "There are things," announces Mr. Keightly primly, "which though they may not come under the head of useful knowledge, require to be known." This, of course, is enough to make any strait-laced, still-born scholar rush, pale and wobbling, to the rail, and be ill over the side. Perhaps, however, perhaps, in the 1890's, love was considered one of those things which did not "come under the head of useful knowledge," but which, all the same, "required to be known." It may well be that for the "Best Fellow" Daisie Gidney, with all her sweetness and her flirting, was one of those things.

OH GOD LIBERACE (at the Carolina Theatre)

THE ST. A.'s wish to clear themselves of having been connected with the float-burning escapade which I mentioned in last Thursday's column. St. A., it seems, didn't even have a float in the Duke Parade, and consequently couldn't have gotten out in the early hours of the morning and burnt one. Representatives of St. A. have come round to the office and firmly denied having any part in the matter.

My information came from a policeman. Unfortunately, since there seemed to be countless thousands of policemen bounding around at that moment, I cannot remember which one told me St. A. was involved. But since the police blotter has a record only of the fact that a float was set on fire on Friday, and no record of individuals involved, it seems probable that the police simply assumed St. A. was involved due to the incident's having taken place on the St. A. corner of Cameron Avenue.

So St. A. didn't have a float-burning war with another fraternity, while the police thought it was St. A. but never found out definitely because they didn't book anyone—they just stood quietly on the sidelines and let their presence suggest to whoever was involved that it might be a good idea to go home and stop setting fire to things.

Stevenson & A Decision

The Alsops

WASHINGTON—In a matter of days, if present plans hold, Adlai Stevenson means to make a bold and aggressive move. The move will be a public announcement of definite plans for entering "four or five" primary contests, thus challenging all comers—notably Senator Estes Kefauver—to mortal combat.

There has been much pulling and hauling in the Stevenson camp about this decision. Some Stevensons advisers, notably campaign manager James Finnegan, have been extremely reluctant to accept the risks involved.

Right now, so the more cautious Stevenson advisers have argued, Stevenson can count on more than 80 per cent of the delegate votes needed for a first ballot win. Why should Stevenson risk this almost unchallengeable lead if he does not have to?

The answer is that he does have to, according to a second group of Stevenson advisers, who have consistently counselled boldness. This group includes Mayor Richard Daley, of Chicago, Barry Bingham, chief of the Citizens-for-Stevenson organization, and, on most issues, assistant campaign manager Hyman Raskin.

PRESSURE

Public pressure and the force of circumstance, this second group has argued, will force Stevenson to enter a number of primaries—otherwise he will be accused of ducking a fight. Moreover, if public polls and private soundings mean anything at all, Stevenson has nothing to fear from any other Democrat, including Kefauver.

So Stevenson should seize the initiative and announce his primaries against his will.

Bar a reversal, the counsellors of boldness have apparently won the day with Stevenson. He has not, apparently, finally decided which primaries he will choose in his expected announcement. But it is not difficult to pick out four or five probable choices.

Stevenson is already publicly committed to enter Minnesota, of course. And he is already privately committed to enter California—or so the California Democratic leaders certainly believe. Oregon is not much of a problem either. Oregon National Committeeman Monroe Sweetland and other Oregon leaders want Stevenson to enter their primary—and Stevenson could be entered anyway, without his consent.

Pennsylvania is another probable choice. Mayor David Lawrence, of Pittsburgh and Mayor Richardson Dillworth, of Philadelphia (who was for Kefauver in 1952) are both accounted Stevenson men, and both reportedly favor Stevenson entering their primary. New Jersey, where the leadership also favors Stevenson, is a further possibility.

Florida is a tougher problem. Holding the South, both in the convention and the election, is an essential element in the whole Stevenson strategy. Stevenson spent a couple of days recently doing some effective politicking in Florida, and although he made no commitments, this led Florida Democratic leaders to assume that he meant to enter the primary.

KEFAUVER

On the other hand, Kefauver ran very strongly in Florida in 1952 against the South's favorite son, Senator Richard Russell, of Georgia. And there is a danger which, although it is a remote, causes visible jitters in the Stevenson camp. This is that another Southern favorite son, Senator Lyndon Johnson, of Texas, might be entered in Florida (where consent of the candidate is not required).

Equally tough is the problem of Wisconsin. The primary there comes less than two weeks after the Minnesota primary, which would crowd the Stevenson schedule. And there is the nightmarish memory of the fate of Wendell Willkie, who also made a second try, and who was stopped cold in the 1944 Wisconsin primary.

The chances are that Stevenson will skip Wisconsin, and, for a variety of reasons, such other primaries as Nebraska, Montana, Ohio, South Dakota and West Virginia. There are still those in the Stevenson entourage who would like to see Stevenson challenge Kefauver in his own particular stamping ground, New Hampshire, which has the first primary.

The Eye The Horse

Roger Will

THE HORSE was in Night Whistling unintelligible things and have been unintelligible had been "I have Heroic Couplets on using for a mind." The Horse paper affair. I recall reading poets do not know what they are doing it, and it occurred in condition, affected by me, night terrific."

I was sure The Horse meant rather than terrific. Could I midnightly peregrination? "Always room for one more Horse shrugged. "But, pray do assume The Muse whilst he is travel one step behind me. If it was all the same to The it was not, let's make that a story."

The Horse ambled into the a noggin of their Coffee Substitute none of the language in fee Substitute in his Heroic Couplet. From there, he aimed himself toward the innocent and friendly Chapel Hill, but encountered a Horse. A reverse maneuver was too much difficulty, and, now we made it back past The Scullbut Mount Vernonish porch of The Horse. The Horse discoursed illiterate which came to his mind (that not busy with Heroic Couplets) understandably silent since The interruptions of nothing save of was making, and he was handling expertly himself.

A distinguished Classical teacher of appearing on the scene at the lovely lady, and they were included Discourse without The Horse drop stitch of his loosely knit dress, the First Lady's Mercurian-footed minded spouse appeared on the his wake appeared the affable nogram Club—and we now number.

It was beginning to look as if Kenan Stadium when The Horse wicked-looking pipe; and swift said by the gathered multitude, and again — The Horse and I — wondered how the Heroic Couplet "Tut-tut," The Horse tut-tut tut-tut! The oven of Creation is by looking in to see how the turkey" — was splendid! I miss whistling hooves. And The in a resuming of our peregrination back to The Scullbut we went.

Borrowing the telephone, The terious call to someone he addressed, and from what I could gather get landing instructions for a "Tower, Tower, Tower!" The out, "I'll go around again and call wind leg, Horse, over and out!"

And out it was; out of The the innocently sleeping town again. The Horse made the night quiet a muted chant which had in it *Sweetheart of Sigma Chi*. And plunged until we were in the cell. Several studious lads were do with Chemistry. I fancy, a quid Chemicals were the subject at elbow.

American Airlines, Al Bone I am sure, confused with one dan, C. R. Smith, L. I. Jones, other un-Classical names appeared; but not once did I hear Dryden, Horace or even Longinus one did mention a Dead Soldier of Dead Soldiers. . . and, presumably for this unknown warrior, everybodies stairs and in a trice or so The more peregrinating back toward the The Deke House was used as a Cameron, with The Horse cheerfully Dekes, all ex-Dekes and long since emerged on West Cameron.

I wondered about the Heroic Couplet "Tut-tut-tut-tut! Let sleeping Well, Turkey or Dog, The Horse that Heroic Couplet deal completed we had made a slight turn and went on a new heading of some 235 degrees. The Magnet proved to be a light Phi Epsilon.

Two young Sigma Phi-ers—or Epsilon-ers? — were cooking some ham in a skillet. The Ham remained those Heroic Couplets doing, Horse "Tut-tut!"

Out the door, through a bush of driveway, up a sidewalk, sideways were going Chi Psi-ing. An inoffensive was struggling with something to I hoped it was Heroic Couplets. Composition.

The Horse consented to explain tion, although nobody had asked him. "You state a Generality; then you tions; then you end up with your D."

This was Composition, not Math. the matter of Ham, Turkey. Dogs of how about those Heroic Couplets? "Tut-tut!"