

Between Exams It's Time To Build An Ivory Tower

Most students have a day-or-so break somewhere between examinations next week. It'll be too cold to spend very much time outside, and the effect of the movies will wear off after five or six shows. So we have a suggestion for those who have time to waste before the spring semester.

Contemplation is one of the most beautiful forms of living. When exercised with moderation, it can turn in tremendous rewards for people—even students.

As history Prof. J. C. Sitterson emphasized Friday to his students, the Ivory Tower isn't bad at all. It may be the hope for the future.

Sitting in an Ivory Tower does not necessarily mean you have to wear tweeds and subsist on wine and garlic bread and read no books published after 1700. Some people do that, and enjoy it very much, but their product is often tiny and hard for the normal person to understand.

The Ivory Tower, as we see it, is a place where students can withdraw themselves for self-contemplation. There, removed from the ordinary stream of things, they can ponder what makes this universe tick, what makes people fight and cheat and steal, why do people do these things. And, with constant searching after the word "Why?" something great may come about.

For once we understand why people do what they do, we will be coming close to an answer for war, an answer for cheating and stealing.

But this is something that can be got only through self-contemplation. It cannot be learned from books or from professors or from keeping your own checking account. It must come from an Ivory Tower.

Perhaps it is too much to ask of a student body hopped up on No-Doz pills, Milltowns and gallons of coffee. But somewhere, sometime, during the examination period, the time and materials exist with which the students can build Ivory Towers.

Without them, we cannot get very far.

Those Who Stay Here: Thank You

While we are justifiably worrying about the exodus of faculty members from the University to places where money is more plentiful, let us not forget another group of people which deserves just as much thought.

We refer to the faculty members of the University who, even though offered tempting bait by other schools, refuse to leave Chapel Hill.

These people do what they do for a variety of reasons. Usually, however, the reasons boil down to the fact that here they have a challenge. Here is the center of thinking for the whole state, and for much of the South. Here these faculty members have decided to stay, to help educate the embryo minds of this state and the rest of the South.

Mere congratulations are pitiful when compared with the tremendous jobs of faith and sweat these people have done. Higher salaries would help a great deal, but even those would be material rewards.

North Carolina is the most progressive in the Southern tier of states. And these faculty members are staying here to see that this state someday pulls itself completely out of the rut that fate, politics and the Civil War have left us in.

To them, the University should give a great deal of thanks.

YOU Said It:

In Defense Of Campus Athletics

Editor:

First of all, may I ask, why do you not transfer to a school where athletics are frowned upon, say Washington and Lee, and then your purely educational mind would be at ease.

Why not drop by the Placement service and see which graduate a business prefers; one with a straight "A" average and nothing else, or one with a "C" average and a lot of extracurricular activities. You may be surprised! I presume that you have enough intelligence to know that athletics are one of the best ways in which to learn to work with people that mankind has devised of as yet.

Since you are against giving needy students aid, why do you

not start a petition discriminating against the non-athletic students on the campus who work to pay their way through school? Have you ever thought that an athlete could be as much in need of assistance as these non-athletes?

If you will check the enrollment record of the schools that have de-emphasized one good for another, namely sports for education. You will find that the enrollment has dropped. A well rounded student, not a book-worm, wants to go to a school where he will be able to get a well rounded education, not one in just one field.

Speaking of gate receipts, where does the money that is spent on the intramural department come from and for that matter, a lot of the other depart-

ments in school are able to provide better facilities because of this so called "Rotten Mess."

Have you ever added up the expenses of the minor sports at Carolina and wondered where this money came from to support them? Obviously not, if you had, you would know that this so called "Rotten Mess" actually provides opportunities for hundreds of students to participate in sports that would not be able to if the Board of Trustees or the state allotted the money.

So Sir! Please come down from your tower of learning and join us normal people. We can not all be geniuses like yourself.

Carl Andrew Spicer

Some Striking Similarities In Reviews

Editor:

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

He really gets going in the swing, where the camera closes in on her face while his hands are plainly busy elsewhere ("Oooo," she gasps, "Ah feel so weak").

—Time Magazine reviewing "Baby Doll," December 24, 1956

He really gets going in the swing, where the camera closes in on her face while his hands are plainly busy elsewhere ("Oooo," she gasps, "Ah feel so weak").

—Cortland Edwards reviewing "Baby Doll" in The Daily Tar Heel, January 11, 1957

Time Magazine, of course, contains thought, all predigested for you. Even pictures....

—From an editorial in The Daily Tar Heel, same issue

Tammy Morrison University of Michigan

Reader Offers Advice How To Interview

Editor:

Tuesday, my sore throat and I were sitting in the student infirmary waiting to see the doctor, and I was deeply engrossed in a review of "Baby Doll" in Time Magazine.

Suddenly, the corridor was shaken by a noise which sounded like a Canada-wind coming south on high heels. A girl descended on me, and asked me a question which I did not understand (mind you, my thoughts were still dwelling on what Time said about what Baby Doll said when she was lying in her baby-crib). When I shook my head blankly, the girl and her two companions stormed three other students, and started hailing forth questions. It seemed they were involved in an interview project. One question I overheard sounded like, "What is your opinion of psychoanalysis?" From another direction, I heard an "interviewee" answer, "Well, I guess I'd go to the AA."

Now I don't know what class these girls were representing, but I'd like to give them a tip on interviewing techniques.

Gals—next time you wish to conduct a survey, don't sweep down on your victims like a hoard of locusts lighting on a wheat field. Take a quieter approach. Buzz around a while—like a mosquito—and give your host a chance to get slightly prepared for your bite.

Cherry Parker

Let's Wait For Next Fire!

Housing Officer J. E. Wadsworth hoped this would bring on plans for construction of permanent houses in the development area. From a news story about Thursday's Victory Village fire.

Wadsworth's hope is a fine one. Maybe it will be realized. But meanwhile the University of North Carolina, along with the state General Assembly, should be mortally ashamed of the fire Thursday in Victory Village.

Through some sort of luck, no children, students or students' wives were injured or killed in the fire.

But it was the same story last year. Through some more luck, plus fast work on the part of a few people, no one was killed or injured when fire ate into the Victory Village Day Care Center last spring. The University had its warning then, and yet it did nothing to change the pitiful living conditions in Victory Village.

The reason, as usual, was money.

"The Legislature won't allow us any money for married students' housing," said University officials.

Of course, University officials didn't add that they had done practically nothing to talk the state Legislature into appropriating money for married students' housing.

So, meanwhile, Victory Village ran along, with its dilapidated buildings constructed many years ago as temporary housing units, with its wooden walls you could see through, with its outmoded heating systems.

It was pure luck that Victory Village didn't burn down, with loss of lives, before this. It was pure luck, aided by Chapel Hill's efficient fire department, that this week's fire didn't burn down homes and people.

So, going along with Housing Director Wadsworth's reasoning, maybe the fire will help prove the point that we need new and better housing facilities for the University's married population (it is 20 percent of the whole enrollment).

Why not wait until we have another fire? Maybe somebody will get killed, and then we'd have an an-tight case. The General Assembly could hardly refuse.



CLINTON, TENN.—PART 3: John Kasper And His Followers

...to be sure, Kasper was an outsider, and so were the other speakers, and the mob, well, there were license plates from Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Virginia, and North Carolina, and other parts of Tennessee. But you can't get around the fact that there were people from Clinton behind Kasper, and there still are.

It is a class split between Kasper's followers and the rest of the white people in Clinton, in particular the city officials and

the more prosperous businessmen of Clinton.

While the Negro issue touched off the demonstrations and the Negro remains a symbol to Kasper's group, the hatred of Negroes is only a superficial symptom of the deeper resentment.

"We're segregated, the white community is segregated," one of the city officials told me. "We're broken off into different groups that eye each other with distrust and suspicion and are fighting each other."

Numerically the Kasper group ranges from about 250 to 350, but it is determined and vocal, turning out for every occasion, such as Kasper's trial for sedition in November.

This concludes the article by newspaperman Halberstam on Clinton, Tenn., and segregationist John Kasper. The article appeared in The Reporter Magazine.

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