

A Great Professor Is About To Leave The University

It's Spirit, Not Salary, That Hastens His Leaving

A great professor is about to leave the University. And he is not leaving because of money.

He is considering leaving for a multitude of other reasons. Of them, money is just one.

At the other college which has asked him to teach, he is being offered several financial improvements. But, really, it isn't money which will take him from the University if he decides to go. It is, more than that, a feeling of the lack of morale here among faculty members, students and administrators.

People talk about academic freedom here, and they exercise it, to some extent, but they stop at that extent. It is fashionable to talk about and exercise academic freedom here, but it is not fashionable to go too far.

Largely for this reason, the faculty here has lost its morale. It teaches, and it teaches well, and it also exercises as much academic freedom as it can. But at the same time it keeps an eye open for offers from freer colleges and universities.

But about this man. He is the last man you would suspect of leaving the University of North Carolina. His roots are here, his love is here, his students are here.

His students love him and respect him as they love and respect no other faculty member. He has to turn away, sadly, hundreds of students each semester from his classes.

And right now he is considering leaving the University for another one, one where the spirit and academic freedom and challenge and administrative respect are much more in abundance.

If this man leaves the University of North Carolina, it will hurt North Carolina. It will mean one more free mind has been lost in this state, in this state which does not have a surplus of free minds and which needs free minds even more than it needs tobacco.

What can make him stay?

It is not money. Even though the new offer is large financially, it is not money that will take this man away. It is the spirit of this place.

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A new faculty spirit will make him stay. A spirit not unlike that of the Frank Graham era will make him stay. Continued support from the thinking portion of the student body will make him stay.

Cooperation and support from the administration will make him stay. This is needed very much. For administrators are altogether too wont to run this place as a financial organism, constructed of art museums and educational television stations and seats in Kenan Stadium, rather than as the educational institution it should be.

Truthful understanding of the faculty's problems, and an attempt to help solve them, is needed on the part of President Friday, Chancellor House and all the other administrators in South Building.

Far more time should be spent fighting for appropriations in Raleigh. For, as one professor said yesterday:

"We don't need buildings here. We don't even need library books. A university could exist with just a professor, and a student."

We doubt, however, that such a feeling will come from South Building, which is presently carrying on a largescale political endeavor. Where, then, will the feeling come from?

The feeling, right now at least, must come from the faculty itself.

The faculty must convince itself that maybe sometime the University of North Carolina will regain its old spirit. That maybe academic freedom will come back again, in whole, to Chapel Hill.

Perhaps this would mean that the faculty would have to lie to itself. We hope not.

Somehow, that feeling must come back to the University. And if men like the great man continue to leave here, chances of such a return get slimmer and slimmer.

For that reason the great man must stay. He must stay and fight for that freedom!

If he leaves, and if others like him leave, this place will cease its search for truth. It will concentrate on licking the boots of politicians, on educational television that is not really educational, on research into the habits of fish, on being a place where sundials and pseudo-museums are erected.

Chapel Hill will forget about its duty to cause people to think independently, to cause them to disagree intellectually, to read, to ask, to question, to teach. All that will be gone, because the people who keep that alive will be gone.

We must not let it happen. The faculty, Carolina's wonderful faculty, must keep the duty alive.

We are now in the most extensive crisis of this University's history, and it is not a salary crisis. It is a crisis of minds, of actions, of authority, of offers from other colleges and universities.

And this great man, who today is wavering between staying and leaving, sits at the peak of the crisis. He is more a symbol of the crisis than he ever suspected.

He must not go. The faculty can keep him. And in the process, it can keep a much dearer, much more important thing, than this single very great man.

The faculty can keep freedom here. This week may make the difference.

CAROLEIDOSCOPE:

John Donne's Solemn Reminder

Frank Crowther

As I came from class last Friday, just before three o'clock, the South Building bell began its ominous toll in remembrance of Dr. Emory, who had passed away suddenly the previous Tuesday, and who was being buried that afternoon.

I stopped at the door of Old West before entering and watched the few scattered students ambling through Y-Court in the drizzling rain and crossing in front of the Old Well--some of them stopping to look up at the solemn, green-capped tower.

The feeling that the bells were ringing more for us than for Dr. Emory was very apparent and the soft, still tones were momentarily very significant.

Most of us are too busy and prepossessed to concern ourselves with the omnipresence of death; we seem to be aware that it is around and that people die, but its inevitability and catholic relevance are often brushed aside unattentatively.

Conversely, we must admit that others are constantly cognizant of its omnipotence and unavoidable reality; but, death is hardly a conversational topic or the subject of continued contemplation.

Why, I don't know, for it is the impassable boundary of our human existence, the guillotine which will eventually sever all of us from what we know as life. We may sometimes find ourselves thinking that, admittedly, our lives will come to an end. We may regard our bodies and think, "I know that this body will lose its spark of life and be buried, but... what's going to happen to ME? What then? Just what can we know about death and its supremacy?" We seemed to be faced with a reality which can be

circumvented only in the minds of fools.

As I stood on the steps, a student walked by, hesitated, and then asked apologetically "What's the bell ringing for?"

"Probably more for us than for Dr. Emory," I replied, rather

vaguely. I didn't really think about what I had said until settled in my room a few minutes later.

John Donne wrote of this feeling in "A Valediction Forbidding Mourning" around which "papa" Hemingway based his book, "For Whom The Bell Tolls":

Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

The bell was tolling for the loss of a man from our university community, but it was tolling even more for us.

Report From Behind The Golden Curtain



THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR:

Youth And The Thought-Twisters

Thought control. The mass mind. Psychological warfare. Brainwashing.

These words all express the deep concern of our day with the idea that a regime in absolute control of mass media and educational facilities: can mold men's minds to specification. A welcome answer to that concern has been emerging in many quiet footnotes to the clangor of world events.

Nearly every day there leaks from the Soviet Union some word of student skepticism about the infallibility of communism. From Poland comes news that youthful intellectuals have demanded the return of Polish territory seized by the U.S.S.R. In Hungary youths trained by the Communists have been in the vanguard of revolt against totalitarianism.

Authoritarians of the political far right are finding their efforts at indoctrinating the younger

generation equally futile. In Spain, students have taken part in many outbursts against Falangist authority. Barcelona University students are currently leading a transportation boycott in protest against government price decrees.

And in some nations of the Middle East, Asia, Africa, and South America where despotic authority is wielded youths who have in most cases known no other form of government have stepped forward to deny the po-

litical indoctrination drummed into them.

All these cases refute the argument that modern thought control methods have some how gotten dominion over man.

The need for alertness against their devious subtleties and bludgeoning certainties remains. But as such resistance to thought control continues to emerge, the fear that truth can ever be blanketed by any form of big lie recedes even further into absurdity.

L'il Abner



Pogo



By A' Capp

YOU Said It:

Bad Taste From The Cavalier Daily

Editor:

May I quote from the Cavalier Daily (University of Virginia) of February 28: "The promotion of William B. Aycock, visiting professor of law here, to the post of Chancellor of the University of North Carolina has just been announced--we are pleased about the appointment but are inclined to wonder whether a transfer from here to Chapel Hill can be considered a promotion."

The question is, do we let this piece of bad editorial taste go unnoticed because we are too mature to trifle with such an editor, or do we become righteously indignant and answer the ragamuffin with even sharper words?

Whit Whitfield