

North Carolina Wage Pattern

Wages paid Tar Heel workers engaged in non-farm employment during September, according to statistics compiled by State Commissioner of Labor Frank Crane, show the need for attracting to North Carolina new business and industries requiring skilled labor and offering pay scales to increase purchasing power, lift per capita income and improve living standards.

For the month at point the average hourly earnings were \$1.50 which, based on the average 41.1-hour work week, represented an average weekly pay check of \$61.65.

That is an improvement over earlier figures, but it still leaves North Carolina far below the national average and emphasizes, without disparagement of existing industries and their contribution to the state's economy, that the employment areas upon which we depend most heavily employ semi-skilled labor in most instances and pay accordingly.

New industries coming into the state — electronics, pulp, paper and allied products and plastics — have pay scales above those of industries upon which the state's economy was until recent years almost wholly dependent.

In line with the state minimum wage act passed by the 1959 General Assembly, it is noted that only one segment of non-farm employment falls below the state minimum. Hotel and motel employees received an average of 59 cents an hour or \$26.07 a week. Tips to be sure are not included, and allowances for food will probably make a difference too. But tips are unsure for many of these workers, and the Labor Department's figures on earnings are the official criteria.

The department's list should be revealing and indicative of North Carolina's economic weaknesses and hopeful omens for the future:

Industry	Average Hourly Earnings	Average Weekly Earnings
All manufacturing	\$1.50	\$61.65
Lumber and timber	1.26	52.04
Furniture	1.43	61.20
Stone, clay and glass	1.39	62.13
Primary metals	2.26	96.28
Fabricated metals	1.69	69.97
Machinery (except elec.)	1.62	72.09
Electrical machinery	1.86	77.19
Food and kindred prod.	1.29	51.66
Dairy products	1.43	67.21
Bakery products	1.47	61.30
Beverage industries	1.13	54.13
Tobacco industry	1.51	65.84
Cigarette factories	1.98	82.37
Stenographers and redrying	1.20	54.60
All textiles	1.49	59.30
Knitting mills	1.44	54.43
Full fashioned hosiery	1.51	55.12
Seamless hosiery	1.43	53.48
Yarn mills	1.38	56.30
Apparel manufacturing	1.20	46.44
Paper and allied products	2.26	101.47
Pulp and paperboard mills	2.53	115.12
Paperboard containers	1.61	71.00
Printing	2.06	83.43
Newspapers	2.36	87.56
Chemicals	1.92	80.06
Plastics and synthetics	2.14	90.44
Mining	1.45	66.12
Community and Pub. Util.	2.11	88.83
Wholesale trade	1.72	73.79
Retail trade	1.30	51.74
Hotels and motels	.59	26.67
Laundries and dry cleaning	.77	31.19

There is a lifting tendency throughout the wage picture, and the new and diversified industry being attracted to the state must be given substantial credit for an accretive influence.

Mind you, schoolteaching isn't on the above list but we doubt if its inclusion would add appreciably to the prevailing average. And that's something to think about not only as a corollary but in its own and deeper right. — Greensboro Daily News

Happy New Year

1. The nation is at war.
2. The nation is losing the war badly.
3. The nation must exert a vastly greater effort

The Daily Tar Heel

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This South Under God

Rev. H. Shelton Smith

You will find the text of the sermon of this morning in Paul's letter to the Galatians, sixth chapter and seventh verse: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatever a man sows, that shall he also reap."

About ten days ago, the famed John Brown's raid of eighteen-fifty-nine was accorded a centennial celebration. That celebration constitutes the prologue to the coming national celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the American Civil War. Hardly a week now passes that does not see the appearance of some new book reviewing some particular figure involved in that great dis-

seminatingly, we can hardly wait for Act One — the shelling of Sumter — to come. Now why, I ask you, are we so restlessly nervous to embark upon what was for America its most tragic conflict? Well, of course the conventional answers immediately arise. For one thing, that was such a fatal war that it will always make an appeal to the American heart. For Lincoln, it was the fate of the Union; for Jefferson Davis, it was the fate of a region bent upon establishing a separate nation.

Then, of course, there is the appeal of the spectacular, the dramatic, the heroic. And in this sphere I could go on almost indefinitely discussing those aspects of that great carnage. Those Robin Hoods of the cavalry, Phil Sheridan and Jeb Stuart, always fire the imagination of the red-blooded youth.

Then, of course, one will be greatly fired who takes the last phase of the great struggle, watching Grant relentlessly crushing the forces of the Army of Virginia. Those terrible seven days of wilderness fight, when Northerners and Southerners burned to death not knowing where they were. And Chancellorsville, where Jackson was shot by his own men. And then Appomattox, when this tall and gallant, dignified Lee moves before the stumpy general, and there is the end.

Now, this celebration is of course going to relive many of those experiences; but there's another reason, I think, that must be added to those I've given for our nervous and restless desire to get the centennial on the road, as it were. It lies in the fact, my friends, that the American people, both north and south, today are feeling the tug at the bottom of their conscience of the same human issue which tore this Union apart. Undoubtedly we of the South are in the midst of one of the great decisive next steps in the breakdown and remodeling of what we call the Southern way of life.

In the midst of this situation, we are troubled; and people are troubled irrespective of the side they take. Thus there is common agony, common concern. Now, I want to talk about this taproot concern today.

But more important is the fact that more Southerners are troubled in conscience, agonizing in conscience today over this one question than any other. One reason why we do not like to discuss it in public, is that we are so tortured in the privacy of our hearts. When I grew up, the Negro question was not discussable; that is in the pulpit; but the homes were agog with it. Now I believe, my friends, that this psychic difficulty of ours can be overcome in some measure if we acknowledge this as a great issue, as a great burden and set our faces to deal with it.

Now in speaking of the progress, as there certainly is, of the Negro, I want to say that his progress and advancement are wrapped up with a rapidly changing, advancing South. I am certain myself that the South is in one of the great fluid periods in which decisions are extremely decisive on many fronts; and willy-nilly the South is changing. And I think of many forces involved, but there are three that seem to me to highlight this transformation.

One, of course, is the great movement of country people into urban centers, losing, albeit slowly, the folkways of the countryside, taking on the folkways of the city. Here we are in the midst of one of the most dramatic urbanizing processes known in American history. The South has never had, up to now, a city of a million souls. Yet, by nineteen seventy-five, at least half a dozen such centers will be in existence, in all probability, here in the South. This urbanization has enormous implications for our changing life.

"Your Slip's Showing"



Herblock is away due to illness

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Perspectives By Yardley

Jonathan Yardley

With the coming of a new calendar year newspaper columnists invariably turn a sentimental eye back upon the past and nostalgically review the events that transpired in the preceding year. Their perspective becomes a little dimmed by nostalgia, understandably so, and the year always seems to have been a little better than it was.

For some of us 1959 was a very good year; for some of us it was a very bad year; others managed to live through it. Babies were born, people died, airplanes crashed, speeches were given, pacts were signed, agreements broken, marriages made, bombs exploded — the world just went right on living in 1959. In the perspective of history it was a very little speck with only a glimmer of meaning or of hope. Man came no closer to achieving happiness, peace, or the "ultimate perfectability of his soul," neither did he come much closer to his destruction.

1959 was a year of hope for much of the world. The cold war became a little less distinct in many parts of the globe, though in others it became either chillier or warmer. Messers. Eisenhower and Khrushchev smiled at each other; no one threw stones at Nixon; de Gaulle stood, solid and imperturbable as ever, as the foundation of an invigorated France; Germany remained divided but half of it was free; India held on tight and kept Red China away from her door, though the knocking was fierce and potent; we all sat in our easy chairs and waited out the long, long wait for war. It didn't come.

That war did not come was perhaps 1959's only real achievement. War, to all practical purposes, should have come; the stage was, as they say, set. Never in history had two such powerful forces been so completely opposed to each other. But somehow, despite the fact that the antagonism of these forces had been coalescing toward an explosion in 1959, the inevitable was stilled. They talked, and talked, and talked. They had very little to say, but they fought their war with words instead of weapons. The difference was heartwarming.

1960 is, now, the year of decision. Summit conferences, international visits and tete-a-tetes, speeches, resolutions, damnations and congratulations are all forthcoming. Another 1959 is in the making. Perhaps we will live through it. And perhaps we will not. Because, perhaps, that explosion, long in the wings, will come on stage. And the certain knowledge that the ultimate result of such an international conflagration will be death and destruction is not very encouraging. It should make all of us approach 1960 with a reverence and hesitation, a knowledge of man's smallness in time and space.

During 1960, if they are to avoid war, the leaders of the earth must do more than talk. They must act, and act with decision and speed. They must disarm, open their borders, and learn to live with each other. But they will not. There is an element of infinite stubbornness in mankind that makes him cling to the antiquated notion that he or his nation can rule the world. We can hope for no great advent of peace in 1960 — or in 1970. The world is going to keep on the wide and easy path of hate and destruction. And we, sadly to say, are caught right in the tide. It's enough just to keep swimming, much less attempt to reverse the direction of the stream.

What can we hope for in 1960? First of all, we can hope that no one pushes that mythical panic button and sets the world afire. We can hope that our President, who has done so well these past months, will remain healthy and vigorous; that he will continue to pursue the cause of peace so diligently — "Peace, in our time," as Chamberlain said. We can hope that the small and weak nations of the world that are free will remain free. We can hope that the Soviet Union will listen to the voice of the world and of its own people and will cooperate in the search for this "peace." We can hope that man has the courage to stand up for what he believes to be right, and to defend that right. Perhaps man will at the same time realize that "peace" is what is right.

1960? "The future," Mort Sahl says, "lies ahead."

To Him

"A group of Duke students went to the dormitory room of the student who wrote the parody. They broke down his door. They thrashed him soundly. The student, a Jewish boy, suffered another attack on Duke campus the next day." — GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS.

(The following poem refers not just to the above-mentioned incidents, but to all the acts of intolerance and anger which were directed at Cohen and The Duke Chronicle by "righteously" indignant Christians.)

TO STEVE COHEN
 By
 Dennis King
 Steve Cohen! You're in Christendom
 where your door fell in with
 God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen
 You're in Christendom
 where the believers raving
 swing at you
 You're in Christendom
 where tobacco belt newspaper
 editors indignantly roar
 You're in Christendom
 where they believe in a Supreme
 Hero who lived loving
 mild selfless compassionate
 kind gentle forgiving tolerant
 loving
 You're in Christendom
 where His followers have forgotten
 His message of love and
 compassion — and thrash and
 revile despise damn you during
 the season of His birth — O
 Blessed Time of Peace
 You're in Christendom
 where, after the storm is over,
 you will be more able than
 the Christians to tell the meaning
 of crucifixion
 You're in Christendom
 where the believers are offended
 by the rape of their Myth
 — but themselves make a
 mockery of the Truth by persecuting
 you in His name
 You're in Christendom
 where "Peace on Earth, good
 will toward men" is babbled in
 Duke Chapel — just babbled
 You're in Christendom
 where the believers never stop
 to think Christ would probably
 have praised your article if he
 thought it would make your
 mind-on-fire feel any better
 You're in Christendom
 where the believers don't even
 have the charity to Turn the
 Other Cheek to petty attacks
 on their religion
 You're in Christendom
 where the believers are no
 more than believers
 You're in Christendom, Steve
 Cohen.
 Have a Merry Crucifixion.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

Courtesy costs nothing, yet it buys things that are priceless.
 Life's but a brief lesson—and school's out before we know it.
 Luck is the crossroad where planning and opportunity meet.
 Many a good argument is knocked down and run over by progress.
 Children sometimes tear it up, but they never break up a home.
 Too many people waste half their time finding ways to waste the other half.
 It takes a lot more than a magnetic personality to get things coming your way.
 Too many people use friendship as a drawing account, but forget to make a deposit.
 Don't expect to stay ahead of your bills if you allow them to do all the running.
 A great many people never worry about the future until it becomes a part of the past.
 Taking advantage of a raft of friends is the only thing that keeps some people afloat.

Not Black Nor White

Norman B. Smith

There is no wilderness left to conquer in the Southern Appalachians, and there hasn't been for a good many years. On our side of the ridge the Zacharys and the Penlands lived. On the other side there were the Setters, the Welch's and the McIntyres. Each family to its own cove, for God knows how many generations. Little peaks jutted up on the ridgeline as bumps are wont to line up along a crumpled coverlet. Mostly the traffic went around through Lacy Gap, but it would be foolish to think that the ridge hadn't been crossed from time to time by squirrel hunters or mica prospectors and such.

Yet, there was a chance—and it is more than a chance when you aren't sure of facts to the contrary; it can be a certainty if you would let it, as much a certainty as anything you pin your actions on, any presupposition I mean—that this one knob had never been climbed. A strange peak it was, distinctive, sitting there crookedly, sharp. As I sat under the walnut in back of the house I would look at it . . . a hungry mule, an afterthought plumped down by an unpracticed hand disarranging the symmetry of the ridge, the snaggle-tooth of an aged woman the stump left by a dull ax.

Through my mind; then I would be the first to do something different to climb this different-looking thing a goal a new goal a runner of Marathon oh besiegers of Jericho now I join you.

Up the forgotten rutted paths leading from the far end of our pasture. Past where once was a homestead father back into the cove than where is settled now, built when the land had to support everyone (before there was mill work and store work), grown over now, chimney fallen and roof rotten. Steeper it got and past the benched end of a tributary ridge located in a thermal belt which had once been orchard where someone they called Uncle Alex had tried to chute apples down in a canvas trough until he found that they got to rolling so fast that those which could be stopped at all by the time they reached the bottom were too badly bruised to be sent to market. Reaching the fallen-down rail fence which had kept the stock from foraging any further up the mountain. Next the spring head, just a trickle here but by the time it got down to our place would be a branch that would have to be crossed on a foot log.

Here I began slipping on leaves and acorns, an undisturbed carpet for countless centuries. Rest stops were more frequent. One of them I could make out the fog-shrouded peak through the trees and could see clouds scudding by driven by a whipping wind not far above it. But here it was calm and warm. Ancient oaks and hickories were an invulnerable shield against the most fearful gales. More climbing.

The peak seemed to be within a few minutes for I could see sky cutting low on the trunks of the farthest trees, but arriving there found it to be only the joint of another tributary ridge and much steeper climbing yet ahead. Necessary it was to hoist myself up sapling by sapling after that to keep from sliding back more than I could climb up. Damn! There was a mica prospecting hole. I thought I had passed all the activities of other men behind, but I was confident that this would be the last of them. I would be alone, not only of the present, but of the past as well, and no one would ever be alone in doing this thing again—my shadow would be before them! They would have to concede that they were only duplicating.

The trees were as old, older because there hadn't been any cutting way up there, but they were smaller, limbs flung out every-whichway, battered, knotty. They had to be tough for the soil wore thin and the wind drove hard. And there—the skeletal remains of an ancient chestnut, ghostly sentinel, unlevelled by lightning or rot.

I detected a subtle gentling of the incline. This time the peak was truly near. I sweated from the exertion of that needless unresting drive that the sight of goal filled me with, and at the same time I began to get chilly all over from the full affects of the wind uncut here after passing over miles of valleys and tens of lesser ridgetops. Only steps away.

I was there. That was all. None of the wild, exulting emotions I had anticipated. They had all been writhing within me during the climb and must have spent themselves, for I felt nothing.

This was no goal reached. Nor is anything. It is only in continually thinking that the goal now sought is a real one that keeps people doing things. Maybe it is only death that is a real goal, and no one living knows. Maybe that's it, the finality then, not being able to masticate it over and over and then regurgitate it and try to swallow it again (in the mind); maybe the instantaneous sensation, inseparable from and unidentifiable apart from the backwash that follows in life—except at death when nothing follows—is the goal reached.

