

The Daily Tar Heel

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Kennedy Puts His Hand On The Throttle

Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy of Massachusetts, who is riding hell-bent for the White House, has put his foot on the accelerator and grabbed the throttle in an attempt to squelch any and all anti-Catholic or anti-Kennedy sentiment that may be brewing in the mining state of West Virginia or the nation.

Because Senator Hubert Humphrey, who is making a strong bid to re-enact the Harold Stassen story in full Technicolor, has decided to bring personalities into the May to primary, Kennedy has made the decision to fight back. He has said he is sick of lying down and taking; he has announced to the world that he is now a grown man, capable of taking care of himself and never needing the strong hand of Poppa Joe to protect him from the dirty little urchin from the East Side who has threatened to take his wagon away.

Kennedy has also made it clear that he is not going to take orders from Rome, which is nice as far as the nation's Protestants are concerned. This matter, of course, should never have been brought into the campaign, but Kennedy has been derided about his affiliations with the Vatican and he now seems willing to admit that he is a political black sheep and protest his Catholicism with a rather sheepish face, yet courageous in the blast of the storm of protest whirling about him.

The point of the matter is that Kennedy has decided to take the martyr's role away from Humphrey. The latter has been proclaiming his affiliation with the soil and the pot man since king lion

come, but he now finds himself touted as the leader of a band of sneaky conspirators determined to wrest away from Kennedy what is rightly his. So John F. - Jack as his friends call him - can now offer himself as a sacrificial lamb before the altar of politics, playing Nixon to the tunes of Farley, Butler and their ilk.

Kennedy is making the voters believe that he has been forced into these face to face debates with Humphrey and these declarations of his religious sincerity; yet we must wonder whether this was not actually his plan from the first.

The Kennedy campaign was doomed to criticism from the very start. Handsome Jack is not an uncontroversial character; his money, his books and his religion make him an easy prey for the sharpies who crawl the political gutter waiting to look up some candidate's skirts. So, rather than walk next to the stores, he decided to walk right down the side of the street, hoping to fox the entire group with the slacks he's wearing underneath.

Handsome Jack also plays the martyr very well. He can readily assume a mien of chagrin, of dazed disappointment in the ways and means of practical politics.

It is obvious that Kennedy did not really think that he could go through the entire campaign without meeting some mud-head on. It is terribly disappointing and rather indicative that he chooses to face it with such a self-righteous attitude. The United States does not want such a quality in its next President.

The IRT—A Study In Confusion

It was suggested to us, upon our return from a rather exhausting but thoroughly delightful sojourn to New York City, that we should print an Interborough Transit map for those students travelling to the city for the first time, in order that they might better understand the subway system which runs underneath New York like a spider web.

We do not feel that this is necessary, since most students have the good sense to check a map in the station before embarking upon the trip through the world's most highly mobile sewer system. However, we have decided that it would be a good idea to suggest some of the pitfalls awaiting the novice traveller - and believe us, that we were when we first went underground last Thursday morn.

The first premise upon which the subways operate is that there is a difference between Uptown and Downtown. This little point contains the entire secret of subway travel, for the underground snails only travel into two directions - up and down on a horizontal level. Now that we have totally obscured the issue, the entire situation becomes apparent.

You are standing on Park Avenue, broke after eating a sandwich and glass of water at the Four Seasons and wondering how you are going to get to Grand Central in time for your train. A kind old lady has dropped a token into your shrivelled hand, and you inquire hesitantly of the nearest jovial passerby about the whereabouts of the subway station. He laughs in a friendly sort of manner and replies with that open, innocent New York grin that all you need to do is go down to 116 St. - you're at

116 St. - and over to Lexington Avenue. And so, after a brisk little walk to the station of four blocks, you descend into the station.

Once underground, you are faced with a frightening decision: Downtown train, or Uptown train? If you are stupid, and we are, you will probably ride the Uptown train to 242 St. You will be in sad shape, however, since Grand Central is at 42 St. (If any New Yorkers wonder how our mythical traveller got from the Four Seasons to 116 St., let it pass, let it pass.)

Once in the station, you are faced with another problem of disconcerting proportions - how will you get out of the subway and into the main concourse? Easy... just follow the red lights, pick up the green lights, look at the white signs, pray three times, bless the New York Police Department, and there you are - at the shuttle for Times Square.

These difficulties are simple, however, compared to those involved in getting out to Brooklyn. Let's say you want to go to a place on Flatbush Avenue - fine, except that you discover to your confusion that Flatbush Avenue is at the end of the line on the map. Well, that's okay, you'll get there.

Sooner or later, at any rate, since you discover that the line actually runs under Flatbush Avenue all the way out and that your stop could be anywhere along the line. After a two dollars taxi ride back to where you were supposed to go, everything is fine.

Subways are wonderful, rapid, and efficient - but are they ever confusing.

John Justice

A Forward Look

If World War III should break out in the near future, the Allied countries of the last war will be in foul shape.

Britain is an expiring country, warmed only by memories of her vanished empire. France, also possessed, with yearnings for past glories, is interested only in a patrie.

The last of the big three, the United States, is more difficult to analyze because of faulty perspective; but apparently the U. S. does not have very definite aims and policies. The United States presents an interesting problem - that is, whether its star is rising or falling. All of these nations seem to be suffering from a lack of vigor and sense of direction.

It seems that, aside from military might, the deciding factor in the coming struggle will be the degree of unity of the nations, both internally and in relations with each other. Another important counter in the game will be leadership of the various countries.

In both of the above categories the western nations seem to be lacking. Due to innumerable factors, the United States and the other Western nations are each trying to go in too many different directions at once. Consequently, they are standing still, instead of advancing. They cannot seem to unite and fight the common enemy. Instead, they hold hopes of comprising their way to individual peace with the Soviet Union, Archaic nationalistic rivalries and internal problems that should have been solved long ago keep the western nations from banding together for the good of all.

Contrast this with the Soviet Union (or China, which will maybe one day be greater, threat in the future). These countries are driving straight ahead to economic, political and military supremacy. The strides taken by these mammoth nations are enormous. Russia is not hampered by political dissension or by moral considerations. To them the important thing is to beat the rest of the world at any cost.

The most important single man in the world today is Khrushchev. It is he who holds the key to world affairs, not Eisenhower, Macmillan, or de Gaulle.

In World War II it was in large part the tremendous personalities and capabilities of Churchill and Roosevelt that gave the Allies the courage and guidance to pull out what looked like a lost cause. Who will provide the leadership in the next one? This is, of course, an unanswerable question at present.

Churchill is 85 and will soon be gone; De Gaulle, a great patriot, lacks the scope and vision to provide international leadership; Eisenhower is probably on the last hole of his golf course.

Can the combined efforts of the western powers overcome the concentrated drive, vigor, and purpose of Russia and her satellites? Only time will tell. Meanwhile there is a paucity of leadership for the western world. Let us hope that as is her custom nature will fill the vacuum.

Gems of Thought

Many gals who are easy on the eyes are hard on the nerves.

Even wonder how Grandma raised a dozen kids without any books on child care?

Kansas has no natural lakes. The first navy flyer to be killed was Ensign W. D. Billingsley, June 20, '13.

Students from 132 foreign nations are studying in U. S. colleges and universities.

It takes a foxy gal to get a mink from a wolf.

The Tower of Pisa is 14 feet out of perpendicular.

About 1,700 species of plants are native to the Arctic.

Ten Years In Korea



Mary Stewart Baker

'Meyer Berger's New York'

Meyer Berger's New York, with a foreword by Brooks Atkinson. 322 pp., Random House, New York, \$4.95.

If a city could write her memoirs... she might pour out her fondest moments and most tragic moods. For a city lives in many ways, and only the keen and human sensitivity of journalist Meyer "Mike" Berger could obtain the high degree of expression needed to paint New York in all her moods, anxieties and fascinations with people, places and fact.

For years the late Mr. Berger captured New York of today and yesterday in his column "About New York," appearing regularly in the New York Times from 1953 until 1959 when the columnist met a tragic end.

Meyer Berger's New York, then, is a collection of choice columns as they have appeared during these six years; they were selected by the columnist himself. This Random House book also includes an excellent foreword by Brooks Atkinson and a short biographical sketch at the end of the volume.

The actual content of the book depicts the life of a city - pertinent to both the one-time visitor of New York and the life long inhabitant.

Mike Berger recalls with fascination the charm and mystery of New York's past - of the Bowery days of long ago, Ziegfeld Follies girls and gray haired dowagers. He also searches old blotters in police stations and translates an epitaph in the old Trinity Church graveyard.

He sees the city trembling with a life invisible to the unobservant eye; he sees "nocturnal armies" of skyscraper cleaners, breathing sidewalks, semi-wild cats and black widows near Times Square, and "the eternal underground society populated by termites."

He talks with people who supply Long Island farmers with praying mantis eggs, and fossil hunters who scour limestone edging the city's skyscrapers.

Be sides the everyday overlooked intricacies of the city, Mr. Berger dared step into the misty ancient cults and customs which still hide in the city. He describes the still thriving "leechcraft" by conversation with a New York leech importer. He gives weird impressions of an apothecary store reminiscent of "Bell, Book and Candle," - and talks with a Buddhist priest.

He pays tribute to the "modest, self effacing and slightly wistful people with a romantic enjoyment of what they know or do," people like himself, human.

Mr. Berger won a Silver Star in World War I for saving wounded men in battle. He took over the literary role during World War II as a war correspondent.

He was a Pulitzer Prize winner in 1950 for a story of an insane veteran. Another story that Americans will long remember is that of the first soldier dead to be brought back from Europe after World War II.

He has won great praise for several books; among them are *The Story of the New York Times*, *The Eight Million*, and *City on Many Waters*.

For the visitor - Mr. Berger has written a letter at the beginning of the volume entitled "Our Town," New York, so much a part of Mr. Berger, and he so much a part of it, is portrayed in terms of such hours, peaceful escape, skylines and sounds.

"New York's voice speaks mystery, too. It has a soft weird music, a symphony of wind at high altitudes, of muted traffic in endless serpentine twisting over city hills and grades; of jet hiss and propeller thrum, of the hearse call of tugs on many waters, of great liners standing in from the broad sea, or moving out."

Each column is fresh and complete in itself. Snappy leads capture the reader immediately. For instance May 31, 1954 - "Teddy May has walked and crawled through Manhattan's 560 miles of sewers for fifty-one years, but tomorrow he must be done with it forever."

Mr. Berger, originally a reporter, hoped to stay with the objective style that accompanies news writing, but his subject matter completely overwhelmed any such dull intentions. His writing is as much alive as his city.

Even through the short period of six years - one can notice Mr. Berger's leaning toward a more creative style as he progressively invested more of himself in his work until his death February 8, 1959.

This reviewer's position is not such that she may attempt to judge this journalist, his city or his work. Meyer Berger's New York is a literary monument both to the city and to a man who loved it.

P. W. Carlton

Teacher's Pay

During the last few years, North Carolina has attained the nationwide reputation of being an outstandingly progressive, active state, and rightly so. However, as in any situation, there is a fly in the ointment, reference being to the salary schedule currently in effect for N. C. school teachers.

In 1900, teachers in N. C. schools were paid less than \$100 per year for their services. This was not outstandingly good pay but, in a society where the standard of living was extremely low, it was livable. However, in the present culture, the state salaries, though considerably more than \$100, are still very poor. N. C. is one of the lowest paying states in the union.

Entering teachers, equipped with an A.B., an A certification, and shining faith, receive the phenomenal sum of \$2946 for 9 months. (It is rumored that state salaries may be increased by 5% next year. Let us hope so.) Some towns pay a whopping big supplement, like \$75 per, or all the vegetables you can cart away in a week's time. If the young aspirant spends another \$1200 of his Dad's money and stays on until he earns a Master's degree, he can step up to a starting remuneration of \$3339. (Well, hoo, ha.) N. C. ranks among the top states in teacher preparation requirements, and among the lowest in salary.

Our teachers are the best educated welfare cases in the state. To say that the situation is de-vitalizing, discouraging, even killing to the ambitions of a teacher is the understatement of the year. There are no adjectives too strong to describe the injustice that has been consistently perpetrated upon teachers since the opening of the public schools in N. C. Teachers are people, wonderful dedicated, or lazy and immature, as the case may be. There are doctors and ministers in both categories also. Teachers have as much right to a living wage as do these in the humanitarian professions.

It is possible that people are willing to pay doctors and dentists to take care of their bodies because they fear the consequences which otherwise would accrue. They are not so concerned about their mind, just so their bellies are full and their feet don't hurt. Therefore, Many leave their entire lives with sick minds, sick in ideas, hampered by lack of facts and reasoning ability, all because of the poor teaching given them in the public schools.

This poor teaching stems from a low grade teaching corps, made up in many instances of sub-standard individuals, misfits, etc. Some of these people hate teaching and are ill-equipped to educate American youth. They are allowed to remain, leechlike, because there are no good replacements available.

Why no replacements? Friends, there are many people who value service for service's sake only. This is admirable. Then there are the rest, who like to eat and who are a bit too egotistical to work for peanuts while some business major, with half his ability, earns three or four times as much per annum. Industry screams for young talent and pays for it. Youth answers by flocking to the higher paying jobs and scrapping all teaching aspirations.

It seems highly improbable that any intellectually capable individual is going to turn down a \$4500 (circa) a year starting salary (U.S. Government GS-6) for a \$2946 (oh joy) teaching position in N.C. There is a case on record in which an individual gave up teaching in favor of driving a beer truck as a result of salary difference. Oh yes, I am aware that each new blood enters the profession to slave for mere subsistence in N.C., but a hell of a lot more leave the state than remain. This routine about being esthetic and altruistic about salary for the good of youth becomes a little odd after bills begin to mount and the wife becomes incapacitated.

It has been said that teachers are truly noble people, and many are quite unselfish. Unfortunately, male teachers often have the responsibility of raising a family, and they are unable to do so on \$3000 per year. It's unfair to ask them to attempt it. Faced with such problems, many male teachers leave N.C. of necessity—not of choice. A friend remarked the other day that he will be leaving the state next year to assume a position paying \$1000 more than N.C. schools. "I don't want to leave N.C.," he said, "but I'll be damned if I'm going to waste a \$6000 education working for nothing." How appropriate can a statement be?

Recruiting superintendents from other states each year gather the cream of UNC's graduating teachers and spirit them off to parts unknown, robbing N.C. of their talent. This is criminal. It would not be legal to bar all out-of-state recruiters from the area. Therefore, N.C. legislators must wipe the sleep from the baby blues and do something about the "teacher leak" which plagues the state. (This means find some money, for those of you who are playing innocent.)

Where can the state get the money? How about a 3% across-the-board sales tax on all articles sold in the state, with no exemptions. This alone would net twenty-seven million dollars for education. (These figures supplied by Mr. James Batten, School of Education, UNC.) Legislators throw up their hands in horror at the idea of possibly endangering their offices by incurring the popular wrath. It is probably accurate to say that politicians will soon have a lot more explaining to do if they don't make amends regarding education than if they do. It is easy to become quite aroused when writing on this subject. The phrasing involved here may approach the vitriolic. If these words cut North Carolina politicians to the quick—excellent! Maybe they'll get off their well-padded hip pockets and do something.

It is the political faction of the state which is able to boost salaries. These are the people who are responsible for the purse strings of N.C. They have to keep their fingers on the population's collective pulse. (One mustn't jeopardize one's position must one?) The silence of the population on the question of teacher's salaries could be taken as tacit approval of the educational atrocities being committed in the name of economics. It is the responsibility of the public to bombard these politicians with notices favoring higher wages for starving teachers.

Fortunately, Carolinians are becoming aware of the situation and are agitating for improvement. As the popular disapproval mounts, political ears will intercept the roar and certain wheels will begin to move faster. Progress is being made. It is necessary, however, that a vastly greater effort, (to quote the Daily Tar Heel) be exerted.

POGO



by WALT KELLY

PEANUTS



by ZHUCHS