

The Daily Tar Heel

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Many Happy Returns—With Admonitions

The University of North Carolina today celebrates, with all due pomp and circumstance, its one hundred and sixty-seventh birthday. The Louis Round Wilson Library gets its millionth book, amidst appropriate festivities, and from Harvard comes President Nathan Pusey to celebrate with us in academic felicity.

The University has survived a great deal during these last one hundred and sixty-seven years. Starting with the smallest of land grants and financial aid, the University had grown to some size and reputation when the Civil War forced it into obsolescence.

Chapel Hill came back, however, and grew to be one of the great universities in the nation. Known throughout the world for its liberalism and tolerance, it burned an admirable path for the entire state and South to follow.

Today the University stands as the leader of Southern intellectuality. Books issued from its press are read throughout the nation; its students rise to positions of eminence both within and without the state; its name rings clear and true to all who are concerned with the arts, knowledge and the human mind.

The University of North Carolina has, indeed, come a long, long way. And it has a long, long way to go.

Many of the most admirable traits to which Chapel Hillians point with

pride are balanced by defects which many would rather ignore. What has been accomplished tangibly has not been equalled in attitude.

In many ways this University still clings to ancient concepts of living and education which will not work in the unfortunately high-powered society of the mid-twentieth century. We are often a hopelessly provincial group.

We are often, too, hopelessly twentieth century in our materialism, a materialism at times so crass as to be alarming. Buildings are still the most discussed aspects of the University; teachers and students seem often to be forgotten in the rush toward new edifices of monolithic proportions.

Intellectuality, as has been suggested by many teachers and students lately, is a fast-dying aspect of the Chapel Hill legend. It is being replaced by specialization and by entirely too much concentration upon the mere obtaining of degrees. The student who loves to read and think is often placed below the student who merely loves to study.

We take time today to concentrate upon our library and the books within its somber walls. Let us, in the future, take time to meditate not merely upon books but upon what is within them, and their importance to this community of minds.

A Friend From A House Of Intellect

We welcome to this campus Nathan Pusey, a man whose reputation indicates that he is truly deserving of a wholehearted welcome.

He is a man who comes from a center of learning perhaps unparalleled anywhere in the world; Harvard University's greatness has long been the measuring rod for all other universities.

From Harvard have come books and ideas that have changed the minds of men; from Harvard have come men who have changed the face of the world.

To duplicate a list of illustrious Harvard graduates would require an entire newspaper, and a special edition at that. Their names need not be mentioned, however, because their reputation is so great. Many of them have led America.

Harvard is by no means perfect. It concentrates so heavily on the exceptionally gifted student that little balance is achieved. It tends to be an isolated island of genius, an ivory tower sheltered from the stormy blasts of commercialism and the common world.

To Harvard, however, come the men and women whose desire it is to think and study, people whose minds can never be overburdened, people who are seeking a community where their interests will be respected.

They find this community in Harvard. Well paid—Harvard is an incredibly rich university—and satisfied with the students whom they meet in the morning hours of madness known as classes, these teachers and scholars enhance, each in his own way, the reputation of Harvard University.

We do not intend to give the impression that we consider Harvard a

sort of Valhalla; under no circumstances does it approach this lofty ideal. There is too much "book-learnin'" going on at Harvard, and not enough "wholesome relaxation." There is too much reputation, and many students suffer from reputation reliance.

We do, however, think that Chapel Hill would do well to look at the examples set by Harvard, and profit thereof.

It is true that Harvard has a great deal of money, and that the University of North Carolina does not; it is also true that Harvard pays its teachers much more highly than does U.N.C., and that their pay constitutes a higher percent of the total amount spent annually than here.

The most famous part of Harvard University is its library; the most famous part of the University of North Carolina is its basketball team. Not that there is anything wrong with the University's basketball team (we support it with great enthusiasm); it's just that things seem a little out of proportion.

Harvard has advantages that Chapel Hill could never hope to attain: good bookstores, a large city with countless cultural opportunities, a tremendous amount of money. Harvard takes these advantages seriously; do we do the same for ours?

We hope that students will attend this morning's speech and listen carefully to this vital young educator who has done so much to bring Harvard up to date.

We also hope that all present will wonder what we might do, that he has done, to bring Chapel Hill up to date.

To be considered "The Harvard Of The South" would be quite an honor, come to think of it.

M.S.B. New Books

We received six good-looking new paperback books at the DTH office last week. Labeled "Modern Library Paperbacks," they are actually "Vintage" books, published before by Knopf publishers, but now by a division of Random House, who recently took over Knopf.

A name immediately commanding our attention was Vladimir Nabokov—author of controversial *Lolita*. Vintage had published his translation of *The Song of Igor Campaign*, a Russian epic of the 12th Century. With this book, readers will have the opportunity of knowing Nabokov as a master of language and translation. The book was translated from the old Russian and is accompanied by Nabokov's notes to illuminate the history of the work and its structure.

Students interested in the political sphere will like *The United States in World Affairs* by Richard P. Stebbins. This book is a colorful recorded account of American happenings during 1959. The "American Historical Review" characterized this volume as "indispensable to students of recent American policy."

Like modern literature? Then—of these six—you'll be most interested in *Man In Modern Fiction* by Edmund Fuller. Vintage has aptly labeled it "Some Minority Opinions on Contemporary American Writing" for Mr. Fuller believes that the image of man which dominates the literature of today is drastically out of harmony with the true nature of man. He includes dissections of Norman Mailer, Tennessee Williams, Jack Kerouac, Herman Wouk and John Steinbeck—to name a few.

The Complete Plays of John M. Synge has also been published as a Modern Library Paperback. The six plays are "The Playboy of the Western World," "Riders to the Sea," "In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Well of the Saints," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Deirdre of the Sorrows"—most of which are considered to be major dramatic achievements of the twentieth century. All of these plays were produced at the Abbey Theatre, which Synge founded with Lady Gregory and W. B. Yeats.

Want some Utopian plans for building your own city? Everything but blueprints can be found in the unique *Communitas*, a book about the "ways of livelihood and means of life," by Paul and Percival Goodman. Percival Goodman is an Associate Professor of Architecture at Columbia University; Paul Goodman is a novelist, poet, critic and poet. Students interested in architecture, sociology and related fields will enjoy this book. Written in a refreshingly wise and humorous style, it concerns itself with the mistakes of earlier community plans and deals with plans for new ones.

Robert Lowell is a poet who brought much praise with the appearance of his early volumes *Land of Unlikelihood* and *Lord Weary's Castle*. Stephen Spencer has written that "Robert Lowell is an outstanding pioneer extending the frontiers of language, making notable conquests of material which often seems too eccentric for poetry and consolidating it in very strong and compact form." This the reader will find in his latest book, published now by Vintage; it is called *Life Studies* and will be appreciated by the adventurous reader.

"Let's Pick A Date—After Which Neither One Of Us Will Discuss Religion"



Bob Silliman

'Brother Bobby'

There was a story circulating around Washington before the Democratic convention that a friend of Bob Kennedy called him one day on the phone and said, "Bobby, we are going to sue a labor racketeer for slander. He referred to you as 'that mean, ruthless, little S.O.B.'" When Kennedy asked on what ground the libel suit was to be based, the friend answered, "Why, Bobby, everybody knows that you aren't so little!" Needless to say, the story was not spread by Kennedy's friends.

Time magazine's cover boy this week is a truly remarkable politician. No one is lukewarm on Bobby: either they are intensely for him, or just as dead set against him. To know the reason for this extreme emotion surrounding the younger brother of the Kennedy Clan, it is necessary to know something of Bob himself. Bobby lacks the personal warmth of Brother Jack, and it is said that this hardness, or lack of tact, is responsible for gaining the many enemies that choke at the mention of his name. But this same character trait is the basis for Bobby's dedication to the cause: his brother's election. *Time* notes, in its article on the younger Kennedy, that during a pep talk to a group of Democratic organizers, he said: "Gentlemen, I don't give a damn if the state and county organizations survive after November, and I don't give a damn whether you survive. I want to elect John E. Kennedy."

At the same time that staunch enemies curse his doggedness, they cannot question his impeccable honesty. As chief counsel for the now famous Labor Rackets Committee, Kennedy worked for two years to uncover graft and corruption in many of the labor unions, most notably the Teamsters Union. In doing so, he drove both himself and his staff mercilessly, and shocked the American public with the exposure of big-time labor chieftains and their exploitation of union members. During the course of the investigation, Bobby crossed paths many times with Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa. Bobby himself admits that investigating the Teamsters was like "playing Notre Dame every day."

Nor was Kennedy's crusade against the gangland influence on labor unions merely an example of personal bravery, for he exposed

his family to threatening phone calls and anonymous letters. Guilty labor leaders tried first to "buy him off" as had been done, unfortunately, with previous Government investigators. Not with money, of course, because Millionaire Kennedy was untouchable from that angle. But Jimmy Hoffa warned that he could throw his huge Teamsters' Union either for or against Jack in the presidential sweepstakes. Bobby continued to dog Hoffa, and in return, the Teamster boss spoke in labor-conscious Wisconsin during the primaries. As it turned out, Hoffa's support of a Kennedy opponent proved to be the kiss of death.

And why did Bob Kennedy undergo all of the personal torture for the dollar a year that he was paid by the government? Was it for that touch of glory, for the headlines? Again, to understand the answer, we must delve into the philosophy of the Kennedy family. Multi-millionaire father Joe Kennedy gave each of his sons a million dollar trust fund when they had grown to maturity. But in return, he expected his sons to do something constructive with their lives, since they were removed from the necessity of earning a living. And Bobby Kennedy has certainly fulfilled his part of the bargain.

But again, we are faced with the question of what is this Bobby Kennedy really like? Can a person be unquestionably honest, and yet ruthless? The answer is yes.

For Bobby is the heart and the brain of Operation Kennedy. He probably knows more important state politicians than any campaign manager in the presidential primaries. He knows the situation in every state; he knows where Jack must pick up votes to win in November; and he knows the game of politics is a rough game. His solution: be tougher. He drives himself without stopping—and he won't stop until his brother is in the White House.

Yes, Bobby plays the game hard, and he keeps the pressure on Democratic bigwigs in the November vote. Sometimes he has to coerce, sometimes he has to promise, and sometimes he has to encourage. And in doing all of these things, he makes people mad. But he wins.

Letters To The Editor

More Coeds

To the Editor: I feel compelled to clarify the controversy that started two weeks ago with the column on "Coed Hypocrisy." Since that column appeared two answers have been printed in the DTH concerning the original opinions put forth. Both answers have failed to see the crux of the controversy—are the majority of coeds on this campus hypocrites?

The first answer, written by a male student, was thoroughly amusing, though its taste at some points was questionable. He supported the idea that most coeds are hypocrites, but gave a different reason for it: campus males are so scarce that a girl must be "smooth" to get anywhere. (The question of where she is going has yet to be determined.) The idea of male scarcity is the opposite of the original reason given for coed hypocrisy: four males to every coed. The reason for its existence is secondary, but it does exist.

The second answer, "Snow White," is remarkable. Remarkable for its lack of logic. The fallaciousness of the article, written by a coed, can be proved by asking a few cogent questions: What is Snow White (she is equated with Carolina coeds) doing at the little thatched cottage of the seven dwarfs in the first place. Is it to obtain an A.B. or M.R.S.? It must be qualified that not all coeds are hypocrites, just most of them. In saying this we can't overlook the males who spout forth the endless "sweet little nothings."

The alternative way of behaving—with sincerity—has been by-passed by males "on the make" and coeds looking for an M.R.S. Do the ends justify the means?

Many people can't be outspoken, because they haven't the spine to speak and act in a truthful manner. The truth is often brutal, but nevertheless it is truth and should be respected as such. These spineless people like to justify hypocrisy by saying that we must be polite, and it wouldn't do to be uncouth and crass. But there is a middle road that can be followed where hypocrisy is not prevalent nor is impoliteness. This is the road mature people try to follow. Maybe it is too much to ask of this campus.

The second answer completely overlooked what was being said in the original article, and uses an invalid metaphor: UNC coeds are Snow White. Any similarity between Snow White and a Carolina coed is purely a delusion.

To the coed who wrote the article I suggest that she enroll immediately in the reading comprehension course in Peabody Hall. The original article absolutely did not condemn all coeds on campus. Statements were qualified to the utmost degree. And most certainly all women in general were not condemned, nor was any mention or innuendo made about their virtue. This brings to light another question: why can't some coeds read?

The first two articles were in the main correct. Hypocrisy is prevalent, that is just a plain fact. The truth hurts. If it is possible to rise above personal bias, then accept it.

Vladimir Nosinbor

To the Editor:

Having observed the chaotic business of this Fall's fraternity induction period, taking note of the difficulty these noble organizations have with installing in their prospective pledges sound and logical reasons for accepting the various invitations to the splendid functions of this affair, I should like to propose what I humbly believe to be an adequate solution, wholly congruous with the irreproachable traditions and practices of this most exalted university.

Since the initial roots of the aforementioned difficulty are grounded in the fact that said inductees are ill furnished with a concrete basis for their action, such an alleviation as I would hope to submit must involve a tenable and irrevocable reason, as it were, of some absolute and legislative nature for the action. It being the case and common knowledge to all that such conceptual deficiencies and general indiscretions in regard to the irresolution and incompetence of younger students are of rare occurrence in the administrative and academic structure of this university, as may be witnessed in the maxims for class attendance, which are so efficaciously and sagaciously fixed, or in the cleverly inflexible program of the General College, I would have my simple proposal reflect the same wisdom and course of action that engenders such functional equilibrium and bliss in our intellectual community.

Let us, then, render it compulsory that every incoming male student be initiated automatically into one of our number of fraternities, the criteria for the placement of each remaining the same as under the present system, and this duty being left to a committee composed of the Dean of the General College, the Dean of Students, and the Director of Admissions, the latter being most capable and worthy of the task knowing in advance all that there is to know about these students. My suggestion, which I see as the most direct solution to this distressing enigma, would also eliminate the disorder and confusion symptomatic of the present method of fraternal enrollment, and in addition remove from each student the ineffable responsibility of making so important a decision.

Phil Smegnur

POGO



by Walt Kelly

PEANUTS



by Schulz