

The Daily Tar Heel

In its sixty-eighth year of editorial freedom, unhampered by restrictions from either the administration or the student body.

THE DAILY TAR HEEL is the official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, Richard Overstreet, Chairman.

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A Great Setback For Education

The Board of Higher Education of the State of North Carolina is responsible for making recommendations to the Advisory Budget Commission on the budget submitted for the 1961-1963 biennium by the Consolidated University of North Carolina.

This austere body yesterday, after what must have been careful and deliberate consideration, ripped the suggested budget of the University to shreds, leaving it a pitiful, mangled reminder of its former self.

For the first year of the biennium the requests were slashed by 67.5 per cent and for the second year, 76.6 per cent. This, we are told, will leave us enough money not merely to maintain our present fine standing among American universities but to move forward toward the upper elite where we rightly belong.

This recommendation will, in fact, crush any hopes for advancement that the University has for the next two years. We are, temporarily, crushed. The hand of ignorance has struck a crippling blow into the back of North Carolina education.

Fortunately for the University, Governor-elect Terry Sanford has a far greater appreciation of the needs and value of the Consolidated University than does the so-called Board of Higher Education; he told *Daily Tar Heel* reporters Tuesday night that he would push for a bond issue for capital improvements.

There is still hope, then, that we might have a few of the buildings that are necessary for the perpetuation and growth of our University.

There is little hope, however, for the most important phase of the requests that was so thoughtlessly sliced to ribbons: faculty salaries, already low, will now have little chance for raises in the next two years.

In these next two years, how many capable, stimulating men and women will leave this University for pastures where the green is in greater abundance? Were we in the position of these underpaid professors and instructors, we would take the first good offer that came along.

We would take it not merely because the pay would be higher; we would take it because we could not be happy teaching in a University in which the powers who con-

trolled our salary were totally unconcerned about the quality of education in the state.

And we can only conclude that the Board of Higher Education is much more concerned with saving a few dollars than building a great many minds; that narrowminded provincialism has prevented this board from seeing any farther than the next caucus; that the forces of intolerance toward education that we had hoped long ago were dead still thrive in this most "progressive" of Southern states.

Sir Francis Bacon said once that "knowledge is power," but these recent actions by the Board of Higher Education lead us to believe that power emanates from sources not necessarily possessed of knowledge: for if knowledge had been operating when the Board sat in judgement, the verdict would have been quite different. And obviously the board possesses power.

We can find no excuse for the blatant indifference displayed by this body toward the state of education in North Carolina. If the fate of education in this state rests upon the decisions of this board then we see little hope for any rapid improvement within the next hundred years. And it is our unfortunate position that the board does, to a great degree, control the financial aspects of University life.

The effects of this recommendation will be felt in many more areas than the mere confines of Raleigh, Greensboro and Chapel Hill. The entire state will, sooner or later, know what it is to have inferior facilities at its own University.

We have no expectation that the University will be able to move forward with this crippling blow aimed at the financial legs it planned to stand on. Money, unfortunately, is the root of not only all evil but a great deal of good; the Board of Higher Education has made sure that we will not get the money needed to do a little profitable educational good.

1960 has been cited as a year for moving ahead both in the state and the nation; yet here at the University we are being forced to take a backward course. Movement has been stifled by the forces of reaction to progress.

For all the validity of a sound fiscal policy, there is as much if not considerably more validity in a sound educational system on the college and university level; for some unknown reason the University of North Carolina is not going to be allowed to make its forward move.

North Carolina and its University must move forward. We are being prevented from doing this by men with no great concern for the University, and this is grossly unfair. We can only recall the words of Grantland Rice, in his poem "Two Sides of War." They may be maudlin, but they are true:

All wars are planned by old men
In council rooms apart,
Who plan for greater armament
And map the battle chart.
.....
I've noticed nearly all the dead
Were hardly more than boys.

A Quantity Of Hot Wind

Advertisements read something like this: "Lollobrigida is the flame, Montand is the fuse that sets them on fire WHERE THE HOT WIND BLOWS. The story of the most dangerous game six sensualists ever played with life."

Paraphrased, they should read like the slogan of the 1930s: "Hello sucker!"

Now playing at the Varsity Theater, Where The Hot Wind Blows is a mighty cold production. Set in a small Italian village the movie's "plot" might be said to be centered around the battle of certain men in the village to gain control of the town after the "boss," the controlling figure in every aspect of livelihood, dies.

Gina Lollobrigida portrays one the boss's servants who is in search of a wealthy husband. Costumes have been designed so that she can exhibit much of her already greatly exposed body to the viewers. Yves Montand is one of those trying to gain control of the village. Those of you expecting to see a "hot" romance between him and Miss Lollobrigida will be very much disappointed.

Melina Mercouri perhaps turns in the best performance of the lot as a frustrated young wife seeking amorous satisfaction from a local law student.

Overall, nothing much can be said for the Joseph Levine production. It is virtually plotless and, therefore, very confusing.

Rip Slusser

WASHINGTON WINDOW:

Writer Cites Kennedy As Image Of Franklin Roosevelt

By LYLE C. WILSON
United Press International

WASHINGTON — The Democrats have come up with another break-away runner in the image of their all-time all-American, FDR.

Sen. John F. Kennedy ran for president in the Roosevelt tradition. Not only did he take the big cities in the big states with their great clusters of electoral votes.

Kennedy also blasted smaller communities off their Republican foundations. Batavia and Rome, N.Y., for example, small cities with Republican traditions like that of an old time Union League club.

An aging staff officer of the original New Deal forces summed it up a fortnight before polling day after Kennedy's imperial progress through the city of New York.

"That fella," said the old New Dealer, "can't be beat. We've got another Roosevelt. He smiles out of the back of his head. We're back in the White House for sure."

Republicans will blame their candidate for a massive party defeat. Some GOP strategists were complaining in September and early October that Vice President Richard M. Nixon's campaign was too soft. Some of them continued to complain of too little and too late after Nixon went all out in the stretch drive.

From the campaign side lines it appeared to this observer that Nixon lost this presidential election in deference to the solid sports maxim that the "best defense is not enough to win the ball game. The offensive team gets the scores.

Circumstances and fancy Democratic strategy put Nixon on the defensive in this campaign. There were other factors. In the tidal wave of election news there were bits and pieces suggesting that there was in fact a massive Roman Catholic support of candidate Kennedy in the North and East. Precise analysis of returns from many areas shortly will answer the question which plagued the campaign: Which candidate did the religious issue help or hurt and where?

The TV confrontations — debates, so-called — must be put down now by Nixon and his friends as a ghastly mistake. No. 1 apparently disposed of a big Republican issue: that Kennedy was a boy sent by the Democrats to do a man's job.

Nixon was acclaimed by his supporters as a skilled debater, a master of the hard-hitting campaign. Nixon's enemies called it differently. They said Nixon had an instinct for the jugular.

However that may be, the defensive fighter must back away so long as he is on the defensive.

And Nixon backed. Kennedy chose to attack the Eisenhower administration. Nixon chose to defend.

The blockbuster issue which proved to be indefensible was the issue of prestige. Nixon must have been aware of that when he insisted and sought to prove that United States prestige was never higher in the world. The vice president was the first and for some time the only top member of the Eisenhower administration to warn the nation of the international impact of the first Communist Sputnik.

The counter-issue Nixon might have developed, but did not, was that if United States prestige had

slipped, the slippage was not wholly nor, perhaps, even half the responsibility of the Eisenhower administration. There were many facets to the question of prestige.

A slippage in U.S. prestige, however, seemed to fit the pattern of world events. And while the vice president and Henry Cabot Lodge were making their all-out defense, Eisenhower administration underlings leaked to Kennedy headquarters reports of government polls which certified that U.S. prestige had, indeed, slipped.

These polls and the evidence of the day by day news seemed to support wholly Kennedy's charges

and to impeach Nixon's defense. Nixon might have met and mastered the prestige issue from a different tack.

On most other fronts Kennedy out-maneuvered his Republican opposition with promises to outperform the Eisenhower administration over the whole range of government. Nixon sturdily challenged that President Eisenhower had done well and that Kennedy could not do better but would do worse. Nixon did not, however, pin the Democrats on the fact that Kennedy was vague, minus detail, on how he would accomplish his wonders.

Nixon and Ike together couldn't make Kennedy answer: HOW!

HENRY MAYER

Marcel Marceau Is Described As 'Reviewer's Dream'

A performance by Marcel Marceau is a reviewer's dream come true, for it gives him the opportunity to release the superlatives pent up within him and to finally "like something."

For almost two hours Tuesday evening the celebrated Frenchman held his capacity Memorial Hall audience transfixed as he displayed his extraordinary talents.

Aided and abetted only by six spotlights and the most perfectly coordinated set of muscles on either side of the Atlantic, Marceau captured in his "language of the heart" the essence of man and his society.

Before the program was five minutes old, the white-faced, wordless wizard had his audience applauding wildly and otherwise vocally expressing its astonishment. "Walking" and "Walking Against the Wind" were the opening sketches, and the illusion of blustery gales buffeting the pedestrian about was incredibly vivid.

Marceau uses his entire body (and every ounce of his spirit, too) in creating his moods and characterizations. His walking exercises demonstrated faultless footwork as well as graceful and fluid movement virtually impossible to recreate, even in one's mind. He WAS walking against the wind; no other possibility exists.

The mime's genius lies in this rare ability to make his viewers believe that he is actually performing with props and assistants. Throughout his performance Marceau exhibited subtleties and asides, which reflected the care and sensitivity with which each exercise was prepared. These touches of naturalism added the intangible aura of greatness to the already flawless performance.

The highlight of the first half of the performance was unquestionably Marceau's depiction of the denizens of a carnival side show. As the weight lifter who was nearly bowled over by his task, the Master achieved an effect which flabbergasted his audience. One could not help seeing the large block slowly force the lifter backwards until his arched back was only inches from the sawdust, nor could one fail to see the fellow sweat and strain and see his body grow tense and rigid as he finally managed to push the weight up again.

His characterization of the pathetic tightrope walker, who panicked as the time came for his performance high above the floor, was a joy to behold. Marceau's facial expressions sent the audience into uninhibited hilarity as he expressed the fears of the performer—while his body quiv-

ered and tottered on the wire.

"Bip," the Marceau alter-ego, appeared during the second half of the evening, and his adventures at a society party and as a lion tamer also ranked as high spots in a performance which actually had no pauses, no lulls, no moments of boredom.

Marceau's stylistic vignette on "Youth, Maturity, Old Age and Death" was a departure from the mime's comic sketches and served to demonstrate the full range and wonder of his art. In the span of two minutes, the figure crouched in center stage rose from the womb, achieved the stature of adulthood, only to shrivel up once again and pass in to the next world.

The dying flick of the mime's

hand in final, symbolic salute to the living world was indeed an electrifying moment. Silence reigned in Memorial Hall; an artist of the first magnitude had cast his spell.

Graham Memorial sponsored the performance here, and it was undoubtedly the finest attraction ever offered by the GM Series.

In two hours, Marceau created life—its humor and its pathos, its delights and sorrows. The performance was fresh and original; it sparkled with creative vigor and bore the unmistakable mark of genius.

The thunderous ovation proffered by the grateful audience was from the heart—and Marceau's artistry had originated there too.

Could A Fast Vote Count Sway A National Election?

A problem that might be of some significance in elections to come showed up during the ballot counting Tuesday night.

Some states on the West coast still had their polls open while returns had already begun to trickle in from states in the East.

While these early returns were so scanty as to be of little influence on those still voting, future elections might have a real problem.

With mass communication techniques in operation, it is feasible that vote counts could come in completely enough in states that close their polls early to show trends to late voting states.

While this phenomenon of the modern mass communication era had little or no effect in the

recent election, future elections which will have the advantage of even faster counting and posting could actually cause a sway in the undecided blocs in the West.

This situation could be even more dangerous if some Eastern states were considered key states which could turn the tide of the election.

For instance, if pre-election predictions showed a state such as New York to be the deciding factor in an election, it is conceivable that enough returns could be in from there before the polls closed on the West coast to carry the state.

This could cause voters to decide that there was a strong trend for a given candidate and prompt them to jump on the band wagon. Wayne King

Dramatique A Real Hit

Graham Memorial's *La Petite Dramatique* really came through this weekend.

The hilarious *Solid Gold Cadillac* was well done fun—a refreshing change from the depressing profundities of last year's interpretations of playwrights Camus and Sartre. It was certainly not perfect, but highly entertaining, fast moving and enthusiastically received by large audiences on both Saturday and Sunday nights.

The response on this campus was so large that the play will be given next Sunday evening at State College in the Student Union.

We think the reason why *Cadillac* was so well received was due to the smooth, fun-loving attitude of the cast. Everyone on stage seemed to be having a good time and the audience did too. The action on stage, the method of moving scenery et al put the cast and the audience at ease throughout the evening. Even an occasional miff-up on lines and a whispered cue from the side added to the hilarity.

Perhaps most deserving of praise for acting was Annabelle Garrido, who in her youth, portrayed a perfect tottering and naive old lady—Mrs. Laura Partridge; Miss Garrido with only ten shares of stock convincingly took over the General Products Corporation in a lovable and charming manner.

Conspiring with Miss Garrido was graduate student John Meadows, who played McKeever—president (past, present and future) of the corporation. Not only will he be remembered for occasional lapses in the memory of his lines, but even more for the dynamic soliloquy "Spartacus and the Gladiators (YEE CALL ME CHIEF!)", complete with gestures; this proved to be one of the funniest parts of the play.

We were also impressed with supporting actors Bob Bloodworth, Graham Pollack, Cole Waddell and George O. Hanion. These four boys portrayed the four directors of the corporation—all antagonists to the Partridge-McKeever combination. They worked together extremely well, and at the same time represented distinct character types.

An amazing change of character was accomplished by Debbie Ives, a secretary who makes a sort of "My Fair Lady" transformation in order to catch the office mail-boy.

A small part to be remembered was the twittering humor of Blake Green as fashion newscaster. M. S. B.

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