

The Daily Tar Heel

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

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NOVEMBER 15, 1960

VOLUME LXIX, NUMBER 53

Lion-Hearted Luther On Capitol Hill

Unofficial press releases inform us that Governor Luther Hodges will be named Secretary of Commerce in the Kennedy Cabinet.

This is news that brings a measure of pride to us here, as well as a strong sense of confidence in the economic future of the nation, and the South in particular.

Lion-Hearted Luther is not a stranger to the field of federal government work and economy.

He has worked diligently in the state in bringing new industries to the South, industries which are a vital part of the economic growth of the area. His foresight in planning and negotiating these changes in the Dixie industrial scene should be put to good use on a national plane.

His contact with industry has not been merely on a state level.

He has served on several federal

commissions, among them the heading of the federal government's Industry Division of the Economic Cooperation Administration.

We here think that president-elect Kennedy has made a wise choice in choosing the 62-year-veteran of the economic world as his chief economic advisor.

However, the note of joy that is sounded at the news of the state's mentor, is tempered somewhat by one of sadness that the state will lose one of its most capable administrators.

We hope that the home that Governor Hodges has purchased in Chapel Hill will still be considered just that—his home.

We don't mind sharing one of our favorite sons, but we don't want to give him up completely.

Wayne King

'You Are My Sunshine' Ol' Jimmie

Despite the twanging lyrics of "You Are My Sunshine," guitar playing hillbilly Governor Jimmie Davis of Louisiana found little sunshine over his parish kingdom yesterday.

The threat was dark, and bothered the unperceptive chief executive whose 20-20 straight and narrow vision was unaccustomed to anything other than the clear rays of the sun god.

The American Negro was on the move again and ol' Jimmie Davis and a band of Bayou bigots were out working hard "to keep dem people in their place."

In perhaps the most important and potentially explosive racial situation since the renowned antics of Ozark Orval in 1957, ol' Jimmie is defying a series of federal court orders, the law of the land and the power of the national government.

The end result is clear. A few more delays, and then all hell will break loose in New Orleans. The fed's will dispatch enough force to enable five Negro children to get to and from school safely.

But the damage will be the end of whatever semblance of decent relations remain between Negro and white in Louisiana. Rock throwing, bomb scares and riots will be the natural aftermath.

It's a cotton pickin' shame that in America 1960 men like ol' Jimmie get into positions of power. And what's worse, it's downright criminal that a modern and supposedly civilized nation pretending to be the spokesman for an important segment of the world denies basic educational equality to a portion of its citizenry.

Someday, ol' Jimmie, men like you are going to awaken to the fact that the sunshine you sing about isn't the exclusive property of the white people. And someday enough of us are going to awaken to our responsibility and put people like you, ol' Jimmie, in your place.

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, ol' Jimmie; and a hound dog ain't got no place bein' govinoor suh, not even in Louisiana.

Davis Young

Hell On Heels

This past weekend's activities have proved that the high-heeled coed is in serious danger.

One of the spike clad creatures met the slick marble steps in Memorial Hall face to face at the German's Club Concert Friday night, and we are certain she wasn't suffering from the same malady as singer Joni James.

The Greeks and Romans found a good thing when they stumbled

upon the usefulness of marble for their buildings, but we also remember that the same slab of stone was used for sacrificial altars; if something isn't done about the dangerous Memorial Hall steps, marble will serve the same pagan purpose in the twentieth century.

It doesn't seem too ridiculous to ask that the two flights of stairs be covered with some form of rubber matting of metal stripping, it might unenhance their beauty, but will certainly save a few female necks.

Another high-heeled adventure is that of climbing and descending the miniature mountain on the east side of Kenan Stadium. Ascending isn't too bad if the coed is accompanied by a strong elbow-clutching date, but the descent down the pine needle-covered slope might be safer in Lenoir Hall trays. Repaving with a less dangerous covering might not be a bad idea, but we urge that steps be chiseled out of the incline and railings be added.

The coed's plight is a sad one. Because the fashion world is making foot-ware more dangerous every year, we feel that a few improvements in the climbing facilities on campus would prove more advantageous than asking her to go barefoot.

Mary Stewart Baker

No Knees, Please!

Big fashion news broke last summer, just before all potential coeds were ready to set out in search of that all-important college wardrobe. Skirts, said the fashion dictators, will be shorter this year.

And so they are, even at the University of North Carolina, where demure Southern belles abound. Sometimes the hemline even flirts an inch or two above the knee, much to the delight of professional legmen, not to mention beachcombers who shed copious tears with the onset of cool weather and no prospects of female flesh in sight.

How in heaven's name the poor coed will stand the cruel blows of winter in these short skirts, nobody knows.

She has two alternatives. She can scream "Fashion be damned!" and slip into something warmer, or she can wear long socks.

Since it is extremely doubtful that many coeds are going to scream "Fashion be damned!", it's a pretty safe bet that skirts will remain short. But stop and think, male student, before you shout for joy, and just remember what will be in view between the top of those socks and the bottom of that short, short skirt.

Knees. Your leg has to bend, and for this purpose there is the knee, probably the ugliest part of the human anatomy. Summer is kind to knees, especially the female variety; after all, who's going to look at knees when a girl has on a bathing suit? But the outlook for winter knees is dismal indeed.

Laurie Holder

WAYNE KING

A Blast At Budget Cuts And Comments On Mattresses

The hopes of Carolina students for the next two years were rudely shaken Thursday by the State Board of Higher Education's desire to slash UNC's budget request.

The Board's recommendation to cut back the proposed budget by approximately three-quarters is an error worthy only of the strongest censure that this paper, as an organ of campus expression, can muster.

The decision, in light of the position that higher education holds in the development of our state, could only be based in utter disregard for the principles that have come to be dear to the sanctity of our nation as a world leader and the sanctity of our state as an intellectual stronghold in the South.

It is a decision that grates on the beliefs of all who oppose the defilement of the dollar to the detriment of our need for a strong force of well-educated young men and women.

This lack of regard for the necessity of expansion in our University is appalling.

No University, if it is to fulfill the dreams and expectations of the people who depend on it, can operate without the needed physical facilities that, unfortunately only money can buy.

Certainly if the trust and respect that this University enjoys could pay instructors and expand the University, no problem would be encountered.

This, unfortunately, is not the case.

Only money can do the job, and the purse strings are influenced by men who show a vast disregard for the aspirations of the many here who will suffer if the tightened strings are allowed to choke the intellectual life of this state.

Carolina is not a state-supported project that can, like a highway project, be terminated halfway from its destination until sufficient funds can be gleaned from taxes to continue its construction.

Carolina is an institution that MUST keep pace: keep pace or perish.

The salary increases that were largely sliced from the proposed budget are one of the things that this campus direly needs as impetus to keep the quality of the faculty at a high level.

Competent college level teachers are already among the most overworked, underpaid, and financially mistreated members of our flourishing but often misguided society.

Must the Board of Higher Education continue to heap the burden of financial worry onto the heads of our faculty?

Has North Carolina come to the point that its Board of Higher Education can recommend that

the state university be allowed to become sucked into the muck and mire of overcrowding, understaffing and insufficient attempts to educate?

The People of North Carolina do not want a University that is a jungle of classrooms staffed with incompetent instructors; they want what they have been investing in for years, a first-rate university that can hold its head high in the company of the intellectual giants of the nation.

Educators in recent years have cited UNC as a university on the move, as a progressive and liberal leader in the South.

However, it will not continue to move, to progress to ultimate greatness, if its mentors allow, even recommend, that her budget be blasted to pieces.

We can only pray that the state legislature is more aware of the place of this university in the development of the state, and will override the suggestion of the Board.

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United Press International has informed us that a midwestern mattress manufacturer has come up with a mattress that can be contorted electronically into 100 different positions.

This miracle of science will aid the insomnia-ridden craver of sleep to drop into the arms of Morpheus without the time-honored system of counting sheep.

It seems to us here that this is a helluva waste of good electricity.

Even the youngest schoolboy knows that the ideal place for dozing is a hard oak desk.

No matter how many wires and electric motors you connect, it can't compete, for sheer comfort, with the soothing combination of a droning lecture and a nice, comfortable desk, preferably somewhere near the back of the classroom.

It beats nembutol, even.

What is perhaps the most intriguing thing about classroom snoozing is the wonderful confidence that you experience just before dropping off—confidence that someone will wake you up at the end of the class by belting you in the mouth and telling you to get out of his desk.

No unnecessary expense for alarm clocks.

Maybe the company should give up feathers, foam rubber and electronics in favor of a desk with a built-in transcription of a history lecture.

At any rate, UPI and the manufacturer of the new bed outlined some interesting laws concerning the art and practice of catching forty.

—In Massachusetts, the law forbids going to bed without taking a bath.

—A Buffalo, N. Y. law provides

for the revoking of a barber's license should anyone fall asleep in his chair.

—It's illegal in Alhambra, California to sleep in the kitchen.

—Sleeping in a cheese factory is a misdemeanor in South Dakota.

—To assist sleepers in Memphis, Tennessee, the law forbids the croaking of frogs after midnight.

—In Corpus Christi, Texas, serenading after the witching hour of midnight is forbidden, lest it disturb the insomniac.

—Cats can't yowl after nine p.m. in Columbus, Ga.

Maybe UNC could pass a few rules:

—Beer cans should be dropped in towels before being hurled down the hall in Cobb.

—Gags should be worn when taking showers after midnight to discourage singing.

—Roommates should not be flung against the wall when someone is sleeping next door.

—Telephone booths should not be burned down in the middle of the night, the crackle of flames may be too loud.

—Fireworks, exceeding ten inches in size should not be exploded, the falling walls might strike some sleeper.

—Crackers should not be eaten while sitting on someone's bed, the crumbs scratch and the chomping is too loud.

—Murders should be limited to poisoning, suffocation and stabbing, unless guns with silencers are used. Poison darts should be used with discretion, since the sudden prick of a sharp instrument might wrench a cry from the throat of the victim.

—Bludgeoning with clubs is

THAL ELLIOTT

Students Urged To Apply To Goettingen

The lovely city of Munich, the American inhabited city of Heidelberg, and the port city of Hamburg are well known German cities; however, none of them possess the antiquity, beauty, and charm of Goettingen.

A university city of approximately 80,000, she lies in a valley surrounded by green gently sloping hills. Although a city with many modern structures, 1000-year-old Goettingen was not destroyed during World War II.

With a mixture of ancient and modern architecture; with a cosmopolitan atmosphere and thousands of wonderful people; with her numerous concerts, art displays and one of Germany's best theaters; and with the combined traditions of a 1000-year-old city and a 225-year-old uni-

versity, Goettingen waits to be explored and enjoyed by the casual visitor or by students.

For the past six years, a number of Carolina students, including myself, have had an opportunity to spend a year in enchanting Goettingen.

Goettingen University is one of the best in Germany and is endowed with many excellent and renowned professors. We immensely enjoyed her academic atmosphere, her academic freedom for students and professors, and her student life.

At the beginning of the spring semester, two Carolina undergraduates will be selected as exchange students to Goettingen University for the year 1961-1962. This is a one-year scholarship which includes travel to

and from Europe, tuition, fees, room and board, and a monthly allowance extending from November 1961-July 1962, which is the extent of the academic year.

All applicants must be undergraduate students who (1) will return to this university for at least one year as an active participant in student life, (2) will have completed as of June 1, 1961, at least one semester of German and 60 semester hours, and (3) will be able to attend a language school in Germany during the summer for two months at his or her own expense (approximately \$250).

Applications will be available after the Christmas vacation and this will be announced in the Daily Tar Heel.

Earlier in the film, in response to reforming measures by his aunt (like going to school) little Marietto announces that he is "going to get the hell out of here." The viewer should respond with similar action.

The film comes to a belated climax when the hungover Marietto, tears welling in his blood-shot eyes, is whisked back to sunny Capri by a repentant, but determined Gable. Gable even drinks some Italian water to prove his good faith.

Bring us back Our Leader!

Henry Mayer

It Started In Naples

"It Started in Naples" should have ended at the scene of the crime, for it obviously lost a great deal in transit. Despite the double-barreled box office attraction of Clark Gable and Sophia Loren, who turn in creditable tongue-in-cheek performances, the film does not even deserve the epitaph "so bad it was funny."

The film is an attempt at comedy, but its situations are unfunny, and the dialogue has only a few sparkling moments. The offscreen narration, which attempts to poke fun at tourists and promotes the general levity, is delivered in a monotone by Gable and is singularly amusing.

Most of the blame can be attributed to the writers, who should remain anonymous. The sugary concoction of improbability was designed to take advantage of the lovely Neapolitan countryside, including the Isle of Capri. (Incidentally, the seascapes of Capri should receive the acting accolades; no water can be that blue without trying.)

Gable is a Philadelphia lawyer returning to Italy to settle the estate of his no-good brother. Much to his surprise he finds that a child is included among the goodies. The child, a big-eyed, mature talking, eight-year-old moppet (Marietto) is under the care of his aunt (Miss Loren) since his mother has also passed on to her reward.

Auntie is seen in a variety of roles—all of which Miss Loren plays with a smirk—from her tasse-twisting in a local nightery to her self-conscious Italian-style bickering with neighbors, lawyers, etc.

The litigation ensues when Auntie refuses to allow Marietto to go with Uncle Clark to America, "the land of opportunity." The native lawyer (played to the hilt by Vittorio Di Sica) has an eye for women and attempts to arrange a match between the principals, both of whom are agreeable.

Thrown in between scenes of merry courtship are fatherly chats between Gable and his nephew, the most obnoxious of which takes place on a picturesque balcony as Gable draws an analogy between eating a hamburger and facing life. "If you don't approach it right, you'll get mustard on your face," says the pithy thought, and the youngster was suitably impressed.

The chats were deemed necessary because Marietto showed an affinity for cigarettes, Chianti and other more adult pastimes, such as derriere-ogling. Gable's missionary work goes for naught when he decides not to marry Miss Loren—a heart-breaking and difficult decision. Auntie Sophia places her nephew above herself and tricks him into going to America with Gable.

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