

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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NOVEMBER 18, 1960

VOLUME LXIX, NUMBER 56

Martyrdom Is Not The Answer

The three Carolina students who were charged this week with malicious injury to property in painting "50-0" on the door and three windows of the Duke student union building will face trial Tuesday in Durham.

It has been the policy of this paper to condemn actions on the part of Carolina students which might reflect unfavorably on the University, in concurrence with the wishes of the administration.

No one at Carolina has advocated destruction of property as a legitimate outlet for school spirit, and it do so would not be wise, as it could be construed as giving a pat on the back to anyone who feels moved to paint the Gothic rockpile

at Durham a pleasing shade of Carolina blue.

However, the three students who placed the score of last year's encounter on the building, should not "be made examples of" as could well be the case when they are tried Tuesday at Durham, or later by the Student or Honor Council here.

The way to discourage such activity is not to glorify violators as martyrs, and that is exactly what a stiff penalty by the courts or the school will do.

Incidentally, has anyone ever figured out who took the Victory Bell down and put it in the woods? We haven't been able to solve the problem.

Wayne King

Academic Chaos—No Thank You

Dr. J. Harris Purks, Jr., staff director of the State Board of Higher Education, is wrong in saying "certainly" the recommendations of his group are adequate to maintain a progressive higher educational system for the next two years.

And the State Board of Higher Education is also wrong, dead wrong, in its basic recommendations. The programs they endorse will never lead to a progressive higher educational system, but a regressive one.

When they slash faculty salary requests by 45% they invite wholesale raiding by other comparable institutions. Is a professor wrong to accept another job at another school at another salary, say \$4,000 more than he makes here? You have to love Chapel Hill an awful lot to stare down economic advancement.

This is an era of competition between colleges and universities. There is a great shortage of professors on a national level, and the

school that pays the most gets the most. It would seem the Higher Board of Education would want the name without paying the price of the game.

You simply can't get something for nothing. You can't attract top-flight academicians without compensation. You can't maintain a great University, or create a greater one, without meeting the economic competition.

The State Board of Higher Education has looked to yesterday, not tomorrow. It has put its stamp of disapproval on a large portion of the University's budget. In so doing, it has rendered a disservice to the State.

It is indeed fortunate that their recommendations are not final, that the Advisory Budget Commission and the General Assembly have the power to hike the proposals. Academic chaos would result if the Higher Board's ideas become law for the next two years.

Davis B. Young

Oil And Water Just Won't Mix

A question on the lips of many recently was, "Where will Nixon go from here?"

Following closely on the heels of the question is the desire endorsed by many, Democrats and Republicans alike, that Nixon would be asked by President-elect Kennedy to serve in a high governmental capacity in his administration.

Kennedy has denied any desire to make such an unprecedented move, and we feel that he has decided wisely.

It seems to us that such a move

would be in gross error, unless Mr. Nixon's obvious talents could be utilized in a capacity that would not be influenced by party lines. He, as the defeated Republican candidate, has become the titular head of the party. Kennedy, of course, occupies the same position in the Democratic party. General consensus on the part of the public at large is that the platforms of the two opposing parties have lately become so convergent that little conflict would arise, should Nixon assume a position of relative power in the government. This is a viewpoint based on over-optimism.

The party lines have definitely not converged, and although all seems sweetness and brotherhood between the two men who waged such a fierce battle only a few weeks ago, this situation could easily be blown into a thousand pieces at the drop of a hat.

Mr. Nixon is a capable, aggressive and experienced official, and his vote count testifies that he came out of the campaign much stronger than he went into it.

It is a sad circumstance that his position as head of his party should deprive the nation of his abilities, but we feel that placing the man in a position where intense conflict could easily arise would surely be detrimental to the interests of the nation.

Wayne King

Liberalism Endangered

Does North Carolina resent her position as the South's most liberal state?

Does she wish to join the rest of the Old Confederacy in the Southern Cess Pool of Ignorance and Intolerance?

The Consolidated University's requests for 1961-63 funds to raise faculty salaries and generally increase educational standards were ripped apart by the State Board of Higher Education on November 10.

Thus, in one step the highest educational board of the South's most "progressive" state obliterated almost all hope for a raise in the teaching quality for two years and probably opened a period of unparalleled faculty exodus from the University.

This is a period in which the eternal cry is, "The U.S. is falling behind in education. . . ." Yet the Board, on its own initiative, and as a result of its mystic omnipotent intellect, has decided that North Carolinians get as good an education as they need.

Possibly the Board has a collective guilty conscience about North Carolina's state schools having such a fine standing in the South.

(But, as President William Friday points out, that position is precarious and even disputed.)

Whatever the motive, these reputable North Carolina officials appear eager to league this state with others in the South in the glorious battle against Evil Education.

Let us all fall in for the Muster of Anti-Educationites.

"Arkansas?" "Here."
"Mississippi?" "Here."
"North Carolina?" "Here?"

PRO AND CON

Do Carolina Students Want Coach Hickey To Stay?

NO

First of all, permit me to admit that I am not an expert on football. Yet, on the other hand, I have done some sports writing and the game is not totally strange to me.

Since the fall of 1958 I have observed Carolina football and I find it to be at an all-time peak—the peak being somewhere below the surface of the ground. That is, for the most part the performance of our team has, in my opinion, has been very, very poor. And when I stop to consider that this school makes use of major recruiting practices and football scholarships and has such players on its roster as Rip Hawkins, John Schroeder, Frank Riggs, and the like, I stop and say "what's wrong?" "What seems to be the trouble?"

Somehow, somewhere, something is failing in this system—in this organization. So, the next step I took was to talk to some of the ball players and see what they have to say. And, the consensus here seems to be that Jim Hickey is a well-respected man, a nice guy and a good friend. But, is Jim Hickey a good coach? Frankly, I think not. This is NOT Jim Hickey's first year. This is NOT a team in its embryonic stages, expected to be good next year. We have NOT lost two or three or four games. We have NOT gotten all of the bad breaks or even more than our share.

Except for last Saturday against Maryland I have not seen a major college team whose offense was so unimaginative, so dry, and so unconvincing as ours. And, even more important than this, I have been watching a team who, when fired-up could beat just about anybody in or outside of our league. But, how often are they fired-up, how often do they display the spirit that Schroeder was speaking of? To my recollection three, possibly four times—against Duke last year, Notre Dame and Maryland this year.

It is my contention and always will be that the coach is primarily responsible for getting his team in the right psychological mood (and this is, as is evident, vitally important). It is here, I think, that Hickey is mainly lacking. Even one of his most respected players told me that for some reason he was not getting them psychologically prepared—that he is too straight-laced, too unimaginative, and too kind. In short, although I know he is trying hard, I honestly don't think he is getting the job done.

In regard to Chancellor Aycock's so-called endorsement of Hickey I see one very possible reason. That is, perhaps Aycock, being very much of an academic leader and certainly justly so,

does not want Coach Hickey's firing to reflect on himself as the leader of an academic and not an athletic institution, for it might appear as if our goals and ideals are not what they should be if our Chancellor endorsed the firing of a losing athletic coach. In short, Aycock may be thinking "let the Trustees do it but not me." If this is true, I think Aycock is at least partially justified. But why did he have to make such an issue of it? (This, of course, may be the DTH's fault, not his, however.)

Finally, if we want to de-emphasize athletics at this school like some of the Eastern schools have done, let's start at the bottom first. Let's cut down on our athletic scholarships and our recruiting and let's play W&L and the male chorus of Fred Waring's organization (as the *Charlotte News* recommended) rather than keep a coach who has proved, in the main, that he can't get the job done.

JIM NOYES
KEN COOPER
R. L. SPACH
JOHN CRAMMOND
PHIL NASH
KEN PONS
CHRIS GUTHRIE
JOHN OUDERKIRK
GIL LORENZ
SAM RICHARDSON

"Help!"



HERBLOCK
FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Art Exhibit Censored

Ackland's current exhibition, "Contemporary Italian Drawing and Collage," presents a rather insignificant group of Italian paste-paintings so recent that they're still warm.

The sign explaining this month-long show has a different feeling about its significance, however: "Strong artistic personalities . . . have produced original works completely Italian in form and content. This selection . . . surveys the most lively currents developed in drawing and collage in the last three years."

Although these painters are Abstract Expressionists, and quite abstract at that, their expressiveness is the debatable point. Rather than presenting genuine feelings of sorrow or rage, hilarity or pleasure, the artists seem frequently to be shaming—pretending to feel—and the result is dilettantism, cuteness. Of course many of these works are really just studies from which the painters seek directions for more important work. Still, they are presented to us as works of art, no apologies made, which tends to exaggerate their importance.

For superficiality Scialoja, Nuvolo, and Baj take the prize. The "under-glass" constructions of Scialoja bear a vulgar predilection for dark, dull colors and powdery sprinklings. His triteness in repeating vertical spots arranged on a horizontal field is to this reviewer quite boring. A particularly unpleasant work, composed of four spots entangled in brown-smear tissue paper, seems to cover under glass from fear of mutilation.

Nuvolo, a young man with old-fashioned ideas, combines Cubist squares in a watered-down Mondrian effect. And Baj, in "Testa-Montagne," is another youngster discovering anew the old Cubist collage technique; but he adds no new wrinkles, just an old bedspread. The flower motif of this cloth sky recalls the scrolly decorations of Art Nouveau and Matisse.

The more successful works possess real activity. They convey a believable experience in which their creators were emotionally inspired, and this evokes a similar inspiration in the viewer.

Three painters fall into this category: Rotella, Vedova, and Corpora. Corpora conveys the *fin de siècle* mood of an encrusted jelly-like hyper-romanticism. "Studio Per Immagine Del Tempo," a small-scale collage by Vedova, manages to catch the explosiveness typical of this painter—and even conveys the modern Italian temperament. Here is Italy's love of fad, of anarchism, and Fascism, its present dilemma of reconstruction, all under one little frame. Rotella's improvisation on a weather-beaten public signboard, with a fragment of an ancient Roman temple peeking through the rubble, is like the ghost of a vanished society.

One last work must be considered for its obnoxious cuteness: "Concetto Spaziale," the brain-child of Fontana. A sophisticated green velvet strip rests demurely on stiffened white burlap which bears three neat incisions, like those of a prim lobotomist. Nothing is wrong with cuts in a painting if they achieve importance—in which case they would probably be, not cuts, but rather rips or tears. J. Gordon O'Neill

REFLECTIONS

The slaving young father became so exasperated while trying to change his infant's diapers that he finally yelled at the child: "You're the only thing in this house that's paid for and you leak!"

'Mattress': A Swingin' Show, Slightly Suggestive

"Once Upon a Mattress" there lived an outspoken little princess called Fred.

She tossed and turned on a pile of twenty elegant mattresses all night and didn't get a wink of sleep because the wicked queen had placed one tiny pea under the bottom mattress to test whether or not Fred was a genuine princess. (Real princesses are quite sensitive and could never sleep with such discomfort.)

The wicked queen was certain that no one could pass such a ridiculous test; with this scheme she hoped to keep her mother-pecked son, Prince Dauntless the Drab from getting married.

The catch was, however, that no one else in the kingdom could get married until Dauntless "had shared his bed." The plot thickened; Fred (Princess Winnifred), receiving aid from the ladies and gentlemen of the court, tossed restlessly upon her mattresses, passed the queen's test for sensitivity, married Dauntless and the whole kingdom lived happily ever after (except for the wicked queen of course).

Imogene Coca, the rather homey, but bouncy Princess "Fred," was as energetic and silly as ever. She successfully kept the

audience astir with laughter through the first act, but the sameness of her humor and perhaps the ineffectiveness of her lines in the second act brought less and less laughter.

She vigorously exaggerated her lines in a manner necessary to the musical comedy, and squawked out her songs with the typical Coca voice. (Plenty of volume and humor.) Singing straight from the heart of the princess she portrayed, she entertained with the song "Swamps of Home" in which she explained her swampy background; "I come from a land of the foggy dew," she belted.

More than Imogene, this reviewer liked the huggable King Sextamus as played by Edward Everett Horton. Keeping with the implication of his name, he was forever chasing ladies of the court, but never catching them. Due to a curse placed on him by the wizard, he was unable to speak at all; this was no problem for Horton, however, for he communicated his humor throughout the play with a constant game of charades; the gestures were suggestive, all right, but they were a different and extremely effective type of hilarity.

In contrast to the silent and subtle king was the garrulous queen, portrayed by Anne Mitchell. Equipped with a sixty-mile-per-hour rate of speech and her cold, dark beauty, Miss Mitchell carried out the part of the scheming, dominating queen up to the last moment when she was finally told to "shut up" by her son, the once shy "Dauntless the Drab." This act of the "mouse eating the hawk" at last released King Sextamus from his silent doom, and sealed the lips of the queen who finally gave up her son in marriage to the "sensitive" Imogene.

An entertaining sub-plot was the courtly romance of Lady Larken (Pat Foley) and Sir Harry (Paul Cambeil). A true "lady-in-waiting," Lady Larken was in dire need of a wedding band from Sir Harry, who was unable to marry her until Prince Dauntless took a bride. At the beginning of the play Sir Harry set out in search for a true princess, bringing back Imogene from the swamps. After a lovers' quarrel, Lady Larken and Harry traditionally ended up living "happily ever after."

True to her name, Lady Larken had an excellent voice, displayed beautifully in the most memorable song of the musical—"In a

Little While."

We mustn't forget to praise the naive humor of awkward Prince Dauntless portrayed by King Donovan, who had us rooting for his betrothal to Princess Winnifred all the way. His subjectivity to the queen and innocence of the facts of life (which were finally explained to him through the hilarious gestures by King Sextamus) kept us chuckling with affection.

The elegant satin and velvet costumes combined with the sophisticated, but simple set design also added to the successfulness of the play; both were done by William and Jean Eckart.

The songs in "Once Upon a Mattress" were not particularly memorable, but the accompanying orchestration was refreshingly unique; we won't forget the heavy use of percussion and birds, especially the bells from South Building which chimed in perfectly at 11 o'clock.

The Chapel Hill audience was not overly warm in its Wednesday night reception, but most of us were aware of the fine Broadway entertainment before us.

In the words of the "wicked" queen—"Yea Verily!"

M. S. B.

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THE DAILY TAR HEEL is published daily except Monday, examination periods and vacations. It is entered as second-class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., pursuant with the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4 per semester, \$7 per year.

THE DAILY TAR HEEL is a subscriber to the United Press International and utilizes the services of the News Bureau of the University of North Carolina.

Published by the Colonial Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.