

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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The Most Important Issue

The turmoil created in the past few days by the State Affairs Committee and other organizations over the possibility of obtaining a new student union has obscured the most important issue at stake in the budget controversy: the need for an immediate increase in faculty salaries.

While we are sure that these organizations will conduct campaigns soon for these salary increases, the time is now. No time can or should be wasted in pursuing what is undeniably the most important issue to confront the University in many years.

We are at a crossroads in the development of the University, a position from which we will either advance to new heights of greatness or from which we will decline until we reach the status of a second- or third-rate university.

Even though the money requested for faculty salaries is ridiculously small in comparison with the amount asked for in connection with the erection of more architectural monstrosities, it is a step in the right direction. If the General Assembly refuses to allow us to take this step, small as it may be, we will be shoved irrevocably back into the darkness from whence we came. This must not happen.

A strong faculty is the heart of a strong university, for the faculty makes the student body strong by virtue of its ability to stimulate, excite and educate. No one in Chapel

Hill believes that our faculty is as good as it could be; everyone knows that it must be better if we are not only to advance but merely to hold our ground with the other universities across the nation who are being given the money needed for improvement.

Our position in the South is being challenged from every direction; our position in the nation declines as the large universities of the West and Mid-west make tremendous gains.

This is not the position that is important, however; prestige and reputation are not necessarily indications of quality. What we must improve is our atmosphere here in Chapel Hill, the atmosphere that is indicated in large part by the quality of our faculty.

We are here to be educated, and we are educated by the faculty of the University. If the faculty is inadequate, we will be inadequate and our education will be inadequate. This, too, must not happen.

The fight must be carried to Raleigh and across the state until it is made clear to every citizen and assemblyman that our faculty must be more adequately paid, lest we lose what we have—much less strive to make improvements.

The future of the University is at stake. We are deeply indebted to the University for what we have, and can pay a small part of that debt by working to improve it. The opportunity is before us.

A Standard Of Excellence

Twenty U.N.C. students were initiated yesterday afternoon, with appropriate pomp and circumstance, into Phi Beta Kappa, the oldest and most reputable academic honorary.

These are our best students; or at least they are those who have achieved the highest grades and fulfilled what can only be described as extremely stringent entrance requirements. They have been chosen strictly on the basis of their academic proficiency; no spurious mention of extra-curricular or athletic ability is made in this organization.

The value of the Phi Beta Kappa key is almost immeasurable; it signifies to the entire world the meeting of a standard of excellence that exceeds all others. It opens, figuratively at least, many of the nation's most tightly sealed doors,

because it signifies in a simple and dignified manner that the wearer is worthy of having doors opened to him.

Perhaps the manner of choosing Phi Beta Kappa initiates is not entirely valid; there is much to be said for the point that it places too much emphasis on the letter grade and too little on sheer intellectual achievement. There are many students here who will never approach Phi Beta Kappa standards yet whose life here has been rich and complete and valuable.

These are the students who refuse to restrict themselves to the classroom, often to the detriment and neglect of their studies. They are the students who read far beyond the bounds of any courses, whose interests extend to concerts and lectures and any and all intellectual, cultural events occurring on the campus.

There is no place for these students in Phi Beta Kappa or, for that matter, in any other honorary organization. They spread their time without thought or reason, and in this—they are at fault; yet they too are meeting a certain standard of excellence. They are refusing to let themselves be stifled by the dryness of university life, they are not letting their curiosity be stifled by the dull classroom or the tiring schedule. There is a place for these in the rolls of the honored.

But the Phi Beta Kappa is the unquestioned kind of the academic world. He is deserving of the honors conferred upon him because of his diligence and his faithfulness to the tasks conferred on him. We congratulate heartily those initiated yesterday into Phi Beta Kappa, and wish them well.

How To Be A Library Pest

Are you a failure at library life? Can't seem to find the right formula to get the attention you deserve?

Learn how in one easy lesson.

(1) First you must have shoes with hard heels. Then everyone will be sure to notice you when you walk in.

(2) Be sure to wave and hollow to everyone you know. Also, it helps sweeten your friendship if you walk over to see what they are studying.

(3) After you sit down, be sure to get out your newspaper and rapidly turn the pages. This lets everyone know you keep up with current events and are an intelligent person.

(4) After discarding the newspaper, get out the books and trim the pencil. This makes all those around you think you are a hard worker.

(5) Always be willing to share your news with friends. Whether it be across the hall or in the lobby, talk in the tone of voice that reaches everyone. This way you get a lot of other people interested in you and your ideas.

(6) And finally, get up often for water, a smoke, coffee break, or just plain talk. After all, all work and no play makes you a dull student. Also, it makes people think you are a good student if you can take time off from study. Thus others will seek your advice on their problems.

If you can't gain popularity with these six steps, you aren't even trying. You're hopeless.

LAURIE HOLDER

A Student Suddenly Realizes His Status Is Sinking

I want to tell you that it is nerve-shattering to discover during your senior year in college that you are a dismal failure, as far as social status is concerned. For three years I went blindly along, thinking I was about as good as the next guy, and then—WHAM! Here am I, a social flop.

Some time ago there appeared in the *Daily Tar Heel* an article about social status. It was inspired by Vance Packard, whose book, "The Status Seekers," has everyone talking about how individuals rate in the general scheme of things social and material. In this article the author discussed status at UNC, going so far as to list six characteristics which mark you as top-drawer or bottom-shelf. They were:

- Activities on Campus
- Fraternity
- Clothing, Dress, Social Graces
- Associations with Members of the Male Sex
- Associations with Members of the Opposite Sex
- Automobile

I think it's a good idea to look at yourself in each category and see just where you stand. That is what I propose to do. For purposes of clarification, I shall rate myself on a one-to-ten scale in each category, and see what I come up with.

A. Activities on Campus: Well, let's see . . . I've never run in

campus elections. Never played on a team. Never been on a committee. Never joined clubs. My score has to be a flat 0.

B. Fraternity: Oh gosh . . . Never was in one. Couldn't afford it. Didn't even go through rush. Again, it looks like I get a 0.

C. Clothing, Dress, Social Graces: Hmmm . . . I think I can squeeze out an average in this one. I own a suit, a pair of pants, a sweater, and several pairs of socks—all of which came from Milton's. The suit is four years old, but I still think I deserve an average because in the social-graces section I dance acceptably and can usually come up with a conversational gem like "That's GREAT!" or "God, I'm TIGHT!" or "Boy, she's really SHARP!" In addition, all my shirts have button-down collars. Score: 5.

D. Associations with Members of the Male Sex: Let me think, now . . . The crowd I more or less run with is composed of guys who date regular, dress pretty neatly, and drink good stuff like gin and bourbon. But there isn't a car in the crowd, they don't date sorority girls, and they even work part-time. In short, peasants. I guess that's about a 3.

E. Associations with Members of the Opposite Sex: AHA! . . . Now I can do myself a little prouder. By no stretch of the imagination could I be considered a Romeo, but I've gone out with something like 30 different

girls in my four years here—not a spectacular record for four years, but I still insist on a good grade here because I've dated several sorority girls who were Class with a capital C—camel-hair coats, skirts from Milton's, Bass loafers. A happy score this time: 8.

F. Automobile: Oh, horrors . . . I don't have a car. I don't even so much as have access to one. Another 0.

There are 60 possible points in the six categories. Let's say that the final scores indicate the following:

- 50-60 . . . You have arrived.
- 40-50 . . . Don't worry; another committee will solve everything.
- 30-40 . . . We all have our little faults.
- 20-30 . . . There's still a chance.
- 10-20 . . . Take a cold, hard look at yourself and get busy.
- 0-10 . . . Go out and shoot yourself.

Saved by those sorority girls! I'm in the "take a cold, hard look at yourself and get busy" group, with my final score of 16. So, I suspect, are a lot of other people on this campus. Well, I've taken a cold, hard look, and here is my conclusion.

I refuse to trot to committee meetings night and day, and the thought of having to shake hands for hours on end through all the dorms on campus in order to win an election is absolutely repulsive to me. I'd frankly rather read a book, write, join in a bull ses-

sion with my peasant pals, or go to a movie.

I refuse to separate the top-drawer from the bottom-shelf according to their spending money, frat pins, shetland sweaters, or sports cars.

I refuse to date some empty-headed coed just because she's "SHARP!" or because society demands that you be seen with a good-looking girl every other night.

I simply cannot afford a car or a complete wardrobe hot off the Milton hangers.

In short, to hell with status at UNC. I'll remain a pathetic, insignificant, shunned 16 until the day I graduate.

REFLECTIONS

American taste in literature has taken a turn for the worse, it would appear from the books that are enjoying a remarkable popularity lately.

Betty Connell's recent opus entitled *All About Boys* is a case in point, as are several other books along the same lines: Pat Boone has a real gem as does Dick Clark.

Some of the junk that is ghost-written by Gerold Frank about Hollywood stars is popular.

Since when has it been necessary to write about the trials and tribulations of giggling teens or the sex life of Zsa Zsa Gabor in order to sell books?

Darrow Fan Strikes Back

To the Editor:

For a person who is supposed to enlighten his readers with logical thought, well calculated and skillfully devised, you reached rock-bottom with your editorial entitled "Darrow: New Hero For the 60's?"

You made the point that Darrow is now widely appreciated by the younger set of Americans, in deep contrast to the feelings of the older generation. You cite that he was a heretic, infer that he was overly agnostic, and condemn as bad his own autobiography.

Perhaps all these points are well made, and this is not where we differ. When you accuse the American public of idolatry merely because they wish to read the works of a great criminal lawyer, or to see his actions in court on the screen, or to know how he came to defend some of the most noted criminals or accused, you are way out of line of reasoning.

Do you consider that a person is leaning towards Nazism just because he or she reads *Mein Kampf*? Must a person be a Socialist to read the works of Debs? And if you admit his intelligence are you idolizing him? I think not.

In your editorial you refer to Scopes as the real hero at the Monkey Trial, inferring that he is made so because he fought to defend his beliefs. Then you condemn Darrow for his views on religion, for which he fought to defend, not so much the views but the right to maintain them. Are you in essence not guilty of the same crime as the people of Dayton, those who would not recognize any belief divorced from Genesis? Do you mean to infer that the nation would lose so much if the narrowminded and pious views of Bryan are discarded for a little logic and a whole lot of faith in something that seems a great deal more real to the individual?

If the nation is on the down-pat in its yearning to learn about some of the great names in history, what are we to do? Close all doors to the libraries that contain biographies of men who did not uphold the beliefs of the average American mind today. And who are we to include and exclude? Aristotle? Plato? Lenin? Martin Luther?

No, Mr. Yardley, the American public is not in a state of transformation to pagan ideals because of the rising fame of Clarence Darrow. No, a general understanding of the Leopold-Loeb murder trial, or of the Scopes-Monkey trial, or of the beliefs of a professed agnostic will not kill the Gods of old. If such Gods are so easily killed, they were of little use anyway.

The American mind does not see Clarence Darrow as the Saviour of Mankind, but as the witty, strategic genius who served as Counsel for the Defense. And if you take the time to search behind the court transcripts, you will find that he defended man's right to think, just as Scopes did, and he defended the right of worship more liberally than Bryan did, and that he had great faith in the people of this nation, even more so than you do.

You, Mr. Yardley, are trying to knock him from a pedestal he doesn't sit on, never did, and never will.

Tommy Camp

A Good Union—University Of Toledo



Extra-Marital Relations Are Now A Big Business

Remember how we used to go to the movies and vicariously experience the romantic antics of an Adonis hero chasing the sweet young thing—or vice versa?

Those innocent times have fled from the screen now. Today the public is subjected to witness the once tabooed, but now glamorous orgies of infidelity. Except for an occasional Oscar-grabbing extravaganza—except for a few teen mysteries or poor comedies, we are forced to swallow the naked truth of adultery and accept it as being perhaps "a pretty good idea."

Of course there is no way in which we can hope to learn the effects of this latest cinema fad on the American public; certainly infidelity doesn't soar after one of these films is produced, but the influence after more and more of the same can't be too healthy for American youth.

How many movies have we seen recently in which pre-marital or extra-marital relations haven't been the main feature.

If you're thinking about Butterfield 8, *Strangers When We Meet*, *The Apartment*, *Sons and Lovers*, you'd better search a little bit farther into the distant past.

One of the worst offenders in the line of promiscuity is the teen-age world shattering "Summerplace," which seemed to glamorize and okay just about everything. The "looseness" of the teen-age couple might have been accepted; but when placed in relation to the adultery on the part of two of their parents . . . there seems to be no excuse. The happy ending, complete with pregnancy and all adds the final blow of disgust for movie moralists (and there are still a few around).

We aren't expected to go around wearing blinders for the rest of our life, but the realistic aspects of life can be overdone to a point of disgust.

Will anyone join me for the late, late show? Roy Rogers and Trigger seem to be a good bit safer.

M.S.B.

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