

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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Winter Is On The Horizon, And Thoughts Turn To Spring

One must have a mind of winter
To regard the frost and the boughs
Of the pine-trees crusted with snow;

And have been cold a long time
To behold the junipers shagged with ice,
The spruces rough in the distant glitter

Of the January sun; and not to think
Of any misery in the sound of the wind,
In the sound of a few leaves,

Which is the sound of the land
Full of the same wind
That is blowing in the same bare place

For the listener, who listens in the snow,
And, nothing himself, beholds
Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is.
Wallace Stevens, "The Snow Man"

During the past few months it has been our pleasure to welcome three seasons to Chapel Hill, shouting their praises and letting the words of great poets lead our expressions of happiness down proper paths.

Spring, the first season we witnessed editorially, came in meekly, slowly and hesitantly; once in, however, its soft breezes gently blew this little town into a delightful lull.

Summer, wafted firmly toward North Carolina on the wings of heavy, stultifying heat, brought with it the pleasures of swimming, baseball and beer.

Autumn, striding into the horizon flanked by brilliant hues of yellow, red and gold, soon transformed our world into a blazing panorama of color; it kept summer's heat longer than usual and warmed our unchilled bones.

All good things, however, must come to an end.

As spring yields to summer and summer to autumn so, unfortu-

nately, must autumn give way to winter . . . winter, foulest of seasons, source of unmitigated misery, frost-bearing harbinger of snows, ice and penetrating cold.

Winter struck suddenly and with unexpected fury on Monday morning. Notice had been given on Sunday when the chill and misery of rain battered the senses of local residents; but none dreamed of the pain that would strike the next day when the winds chilled and froze into insensibility all those foolhardy enough to forsake the comforts of hearth and home.

It is with us now, and were it not for the joys of hockey and basketball we, like the bears and the other furry creatures, would crawl into a hole and hibernate. It is with us, though, and there is not a damn thing we can do about it.

Winter, however and most fortunately, in like fashion must yield to spring. "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

Where are those hounds of spring?

A College In Trouble

Benedictine Heights is a Catholic, co-educational college in Tulsa, Oklahoma, with a student body of three hundred.

It also is one and a half million dollars in debt, and will have to close its doors in May unless funds are raised to meet this large indebtedness. Apparently, Benedictine Heights will have to plan on abandoning its buildings and its plans this spring, unless . . .

Unless the students of Benedictine Heights are able to find other students and foundations and interested men and women to help them raise the money to keep Benedictine Heights on its feet. They want to raise this money.

They want to raise this money because they want to go to school and because they like the school they are going to right now. And they realize that, at a time when America is crying for space to accommodate the students who want to go to college and for men and women to teach them, nothing could be more senseless than to close the doors of a college that has an enthusiastic faculty and student body.

The dollar should not be the determinant for educational success; we know that only too well here. We also know, however, that money builds buildings, pays teachers and erases debts.

Students at Benedictine Heights have asked for our help. We would like to give it, and we hope others here will want to do likewise. They will be thankful for anything we send.

This is the address:

Benedictine Heights College
STUDENT FUND DRIVE
2120 East 21st
Tulsa 14, Okla.

Our dollars will not build a college, but they may go a long way toward keeping one going. Christmas is a time for giving, and a gift is desperately needed here.

Season's Greetings

Richie and Mark want us to wish them a Happy Chanukah. Happy Chanukah, Richie and Mark.

Kerouac's Traveler

Lonesome Traveler. Jack Kerouac. McGraw-Hill (New York: 1960), 183 pp. \$4.50.

After lumbering through Jack Kerouac's "Lonesome Traveler," the reviewer believes Hemingway's statement, "Easy writing makes hard reading," is true. It is obvious Kerouac writes with the ease of the way he feels without regard to stylized English grammar. The comma: no such thing in this book. Kerouac's chaotic constructions ruin his communication device of writing.

The book—actually a collection of incidents with only a few of any merit as good reading material—is bound with the battered bait of travel. Kerouac drags his reader from a meaningless pier to a Mexican den of opium eaters to a rollicking railroad to a sloppy ship trip to the Mississippi and then to New York.

Then he goes into hibernation on a mountain top where he stays long enough to get lonesome so as to have a beat title for the book. After he cries on his reader's shoulder about the lonesome mountain top, he gaily flops on a freighter for festivities in France.

Even in France he plays his worn bit of the bum. But he makes this believable by describing Paris as an average place full of bums as in America:

"I stopped at a cafe, ordered Cinzano, and realized the racket of going-to-work was the same here as in Houston or in Boston and no better."

He also notices the "ravishing brunettes with tight-fitting skirts," but that is all he does, just notice. But he does more than just notice the paintings in the Louvre; he comments rather coherently for Kerouac. And as almost every writer he finds the trite April in Paris routine.

Kerouac returns to America to write an observation of the American hero, tradition and dying sight: the hobo. Kerouac does more coherent writing when he describes patrolmen picking up hoboes, the general unwelcome attitude toward hoboes and the places—the Bowery, San Francisco, Chicago—hoboes find semi-hope and semi-livelihood:

"The hobo has two watches you can't buy in Tiffany's, on one wrist the sun, on the other wrist the moon, both hands are made of the sky."

"Jesus was a strange hobo who walked on water."

"Buddha was also a hobo who paid no attention to the other hobo."

However, of all his observations, New York is the most familiar. Kerouac as an insider spots the rubbernecking outsiders, the easy and the uneasy, the fake and the false. He captures the turmoil of Times Square as testified by every tourist.

Only in New York does Kerouac feel at home and write convincingly. Elsewhere in the book he seems to be trying too hard to be dramatic and drab with a touch of the debonair quality of see-what-I-have-done.

It is his stream of consciousness which is the binding thread holding the California railroad bit together. This is the one place in the book where the reader can see Kerouac as a working fellow. The more forceful passage is his running to catch the 4:30 train to work: he awakes, he walks, he runs, he trips, he falls, he muses.

And while each chapter of Kerouac's book has the ever-present quality of motion, it lacks emotion. The reader has no feeling for Kerouac as the author digs into garbage heaps trying to find a glove, flops into a San Francisco flat and craves peanut butter and milkshakes. All the way through the book the reader is burdened with the constant figure of Jack Kerouac—I did this, I did that, hooray for me, pity me.

For anyone who has not read any previous Kerouac works (other than his "first formal novel" "The Town and the City"), the book has enough appeal to pull one through the 183 pages. It's interesting as a form and mood of writing as well as concrete observations, but Kerouac's kaleidoscopic course of travel keeps the book out of the travel-adventure category.

It's Kerouac's Kerouac.
Edward Neal Riner

JIM CLOTFELTER

Faculty Salary Veto: A Crippling Blow To Carolina

There is a faculty salary controversy. The State Board of Higher Education has recommended that the Consolidated University be given less for salaries than it requested. Consolidated University officers will present their case to the 1961 State Legislature, where the controversy will actually be decided.

These three sentences sum up what has happened and what will happen, but they don't tell why there is this controversy.

The University prepared three budgets for the 1961-63 biennium for the schools at Chapel Hill, Raleigh, and Greensboro.

The "A" budget—whose purpose is to continue present programs at the same level of quality—was negotiated with the Department of Education and approved.

The "B" budget—which is the "enrichment" budget designed to improve and expand current activities and institute new programs—and the capital improvements budget had to be presented before the State Board of Higher Education for approval.

Early last month the Board released its recommendations on the University's budget requests. Included in the overall 67.5 and 76.8 per cent cuts in the "B" budget recommended for the next two years were the Board's recommendations on salary increase funds: \$1,980,000 should be appropriated to the University.

This represented between a 40 and 50 per cent cut from the \$3,630,000 asked for the biennium.

The Board's recommendation is not final. Consolidated University President William Friday, who presented the University case to the Board of Trustees last Monday, will personally carry the budget battle to the Joint Appropriations Committee of the 1961 General Assembly.

This committee can either approve the Board's recommendations or reinstate the University's requests. The General Assembly itself will have the final, deciding vote.

Before the University made its requests the officers "made a

man-by-man survey to determine the minimum amount of salary increase funds necessary to hold our strong faculties. It is a modest amount but the Board of Higher Education now recommends . . . that this amount be cut . . . by 40 to 50 per cent . . . These several reductions . . . will seriously jeopardize our faculties . . . and do severe damage to the University," said President Friday.

Much of the hullabaloo raised over the budget recommendations has centered about this one issue: the appropriation of more funds to keep "our faculty of distinction and quality."

But does the need for higher salaries justify the fight which President Friday and others are putting up to obtain them?

UNC Chancellor Ayecock thinks so. "What we have asked for is sound and worthy. Anything less . . . will not allow us to serve the best interests of this state."

Most North Carolina newspaper editors think so. "The state can and must spend more for higher education than the Board is willing to recommend,"

said the Raleigh News and Observer.

Governor-Elect Terry Sanford has stated that when he campaigned for education, he was speaking of higher education as well as elementary and high schools.

This lends promise to the hope of some that he will support the University's proponents in the General Assembly and help force that body to give the University what it wants. In 1957 and again in 1959 the General Assembly appropriated moderately generous funds for higher faculty salaries.

But this has little relevance on whether or not the faculty salary hikes are actually needed. Tomorrow in the DTH, faculty salaries at UNC will be compared with those at other colleges and universities in an effort to see the need or lack of need of salary increases.

C. U. Vice-President William Carmichael thought the need was there when he told the Board of Trustees that "the University is behind its competition and is losing further ground . . ."

"On To The Old OLD Frontier"



BILL HOBBS

Still Rotting: Sitting On Their Apathy

Last week DTH Assoc. Editor Wayne King branded the students who motivated the Student Union rally as "dead and beginning to rot." This implication was definitely not intended. The rally and the students who motivated it are to be commended.

However, many of the students who attended the rally are indeed dead and beginning to rot.

The rally was a sincere, if ineffective, attempt to improve this university and the spirit of its student body. The lousy, unspirited student response to this and other similar attempts is our bone of contention.

Every single individual student at UNC is affected by the inadequacies of our faculty. What do we do? One-eighth of us engage in a picayune demonstration for 15 minutes.

Furthermore, it is not enough that UNC students take interest in their own school. We should take interest in and action on the happenings in the world, especially those which concern us as students. The university communities of a country are traditionally its chief critics. This is a fine tradition, but one which seems to be disappearing in America. Look at the following example:

Operation Abolition is a film concocted by the House Un-

American Activities Committee in an attempt to show that the demonstrations by students of the University of California at Berkeley against the Committee were "Communist-led."

This film, by the admission of one of the committee staff members, is a distortion of the facts. It is a McCarthy-like attempt to restrict student freedom of expression.

University of California students have answered this film. Other students, including those at UNC, are apparently unaware of this atrocity.

As King wrote: "Rome wasn't built in a day: neither is outspoken student opinion." This is true, but it does not mean that we should give up all attempts to build outspoken student opinion. We must work all the harder.

It is time the students of this campus took a little more interest in what is going on in the world outside UNC. Some may, for instance, be familiar with the above-mentioned atrocity of the House Un-American Activities Committee, but what have they done? And what about those who have never heard of this? Are they to be patted on the back and told to cheer for a new Student Union?

No. They are to be given a good healthy kick. It is entirely illogical that a group of 8,000 supposedly mature young Americans can sit blandly by while their freedom is being threatened. It is even more illogical that such a concrete threat to their future as the lack of funds for UNC's faculty and campus can pass by without receiving any more response than would a football pep rally.

I repeat: these students are already dead and beginning to rot. The rotting can be stopped, the corpse revitalized; but this cannot be done with words of gentle praise. We cannot hold up a match such as the rally for a few minutes and then blow it out. We must use this match to build a fire.

The Daily Tar Heel solicits and is happy to print any letter to the editor written by a member of the University community, as long as it is within the accepted bounds of good taste. NO LETTERS WILL BE PRINTED IF THEY ARE OVER 300 WORDS LONG OR IF THEY ARE NOT TYPEWRITTEN OR DOUBLE SPACED. We make this requirement purely for the sake of space and time.

Nixon, Get A Reputation

What Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller seems to be trying to tell Vice-President Richard M. Nixon is that Nixon should go get himself a reputation. Perhaps Rockefeller thinks Nixon now should run for governor of California to prove his vote-appeal. Nixon is not going to do that.

Go get yourself a reputation! That is what a champ says to a preliminary fighter who is so impertinent as to ask for a title shot.

Rockefeller's announcement this week that he would be a 1962 candidate for re-election in New York was notable chiefly for what the governor said about Nixon. Rockefeller did not mention the vice-president's name. It was not necessary.

What Rockefeller conveyed was that he did not recognize Nixon as the national leader of the Republican party.

The governor, of course, is under no compulsion to recognize Nixon as his political leader nor as the national Republican leader. But the vice-president's claim is substantial. Nixon has just emerged from an election in which he split the presidential vote right down the middle with his Democratic opponent.

To say that Nixon's associates were shocked if not surprised by Rockefeller's repudiation of their man's leadership probably would be to put it too mildly. The ploy of the Nixon camp, however, will be to play it cozy unless Rockefeller roughly forces the issue.

The showdown must come in time, of course, and it should be spectacular. Rockefeller is properly judged to be a statesman eager to be elected president. Nixon likewise. The Republican party may prove to be too small to contain two such lively ambitions.

Rockefeller bowed out of this year's contest for the presidential nomination with a statement which by implication tagged Nixon as the choice of the party bosses whereas Rockefeller, still by implication, was the choice of the convention delegates milled around in Chicago. Rockefeller yanked Nixon into line on Republican platform principles.

Next day, Rockefeller flew into Chicago, emerged from his airplane brandishing a copy of the platform proposals to which Nixon had agreed. Rockefeller said to the welcoming throng:

"If you think these do not represent my ideas, you're crazy."

Nixon pushed the panic button when he brought about the huddle with Rockefeller which produced the Rockefeller Republican platform. If Nixon pushes that button again between now and the 1964 Republican national convention, the vice-president probably will cease to be the party leader. The new leader could be Rockefeller or New York.

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