

See Here, Mr. Ross

A certain Carolina student has gone to higher-ups asking why professors get paid for a full day's work while working only half a day.

Mr. Ross, we hope you were being facetious, though we will admit that there do exist a few people in this world who do not realize the value of education.

The facts are that professors put in about twenty-five hours a day on their chosen professions. In addition, many of them must accept outside jobs in order to support their families.

A professor's day is only begun when he finishes his daily class load. He must then prepare the next day's lectures; grade papers for a few hours; make out exams for lackadaisical students; do research for the articles and books he must publish in order to rise in his department; and answer dumb telephone calls from students asking if they missed anything by cutting class. Does this sound like a half-day's work to you, Mr. Ross?

Many of the professors take on additional work loads with no compensation (in their "spare" time), such as coaching debate, sponsoring student publications, acting on public relations committees, and sponsoring

various clubs. They do this because they are interested in their work.

By the way, Mr. Ross, have you looked recently at a comparison study of educational salaries in this and other states? Why don't you try it, you may come in for a rude awakening.

Though salaries are bad all over the educational field, South Carolina is near the bottom. Again, we thank God for Mississippi!

We contend that professors receive only a half-day's pay for their day's work. "The Gamecock" would like to propose the doubling of every professor's salary . . . wishful thinking. This would make their salaries commensurate with those of well-educated and well-qualified people in other fields.

We just wonder why these men, who could earn at least twice their present salaries in other fields, stick with educating a bunch of unappreciative, indifferent, fun-loving students. Maybe it's just the occasional dawning of that rare light of comprehension as some student suddenly understands an arithmetic progression or a nominative absolute.

Bein' a professor, Mr. Ross, ain't no bed of roses!

—J. A. K.

Crucified 'Crucible'

My, my, they're at it again. It seems that those irate ladies are gunning for the "Crucible."

"Bad, bad!" they said, their feathered hats nodding affirmatively.

So they decided to do away with the University. Their method was to be the drafting of a letter to the State Legislature asking that the University allocation be taken away.

A level-headed minister dissuaded the ladies from their venture into censorship, which is a good thing, since their little feelings might have been hurt otherwise.

Uncensored college writing is one of the few completely free phases of modern-day journalism. But now, there are those who, completely uninvolved with this University, wish to suppress the freedom of expression of Carolina students.

What they don't seem to realize is that such magazines as the "Crucible" are published by and for college students. Why not let the students themselves decide what they

want to read?

These are not evil-minded lechers seducing the snowy minds of naive young people, but open-minded, expressive young people putting their thoughts and feelings on paper for the benefit of other open-minded young people.

So some of the ideas in the "Crucible" are unorthodox, so what? Christianity, at its inception, was most unorthodox. It differed from all ideas then in existence. It was only after many years that it developed its own pattern, its own orthodoxy.

New ideas evolve, new concepts are born, and new literary styles emerged from the pages of collegiate literary magazines and newspapers. Some of the greats of tomorrow's literary scene are now pecking typewriters on college campuses.

Are they going to be stopped by outside interference? No!

Ladies, we have only this to say, you are off campus, why not stay off?

—J. A. K.

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Negro Bands Are Cheaper

The student newspaper of the University of South Carolina, "The Gamecock" discusses the prohibition against employing Negro bands for the campus-wide dances. The University has traditionally prohibited Negro bands playing at the University and when the freshmen scheduled a colored band for a dance on December 3rd, the University officials revoked permission for the dance. The college authorities explained their revocation by saying they feared a racial incident occurring at a dance at which Negroes performed.

But the Gamecock has a different version. The students want Negro bands at their parties for two reasons: their music is more enjoyable; their price is more reasonable. The students claim you can hire an excellent Negro band for \$60 up to \$150 while a comparable "white" band costs \$350.

A fine way to go about winning equality for our citizens. But then again, every little thing helps.

Tom Marchant . . .

That These Dead . . .

"That these dead shall not have died in vain."

"It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Almost a hundred years have passed since that sad old gentleman stood on the bloodsoaked battlefield of Gettysburg and wept. . . . Time heals all . . . but changes little. You have my sympathies, Mr. Lincoln . . . it is a sad thing to watch your fellow man grunt and growl and howl and scream and curse and . . . it is rather sad. Perturbing . . . and confusing. . . . Praise God, all ye sinners . . . love your neighbors and have compassion for them . . . please pass me the brickbats, brother. Believe me, Mr. Lincoln, John did you a favor . . . it's just too much for a soul to bear . . . can you imagine? . . . she sat

right down beside me. No. Yes. The nerve of that. . . . I keep walking, walking and wondering. Rufus, ah hear tell you done got yo'self elected vice-president of de Sunday-School class. . . . I beg your pardon, sir . . . what makes you think I would stoop so low as to . . . but, Rufus, we bin sech

good. . . . Go around to the back door, nigger . . . but, mama, where's my daddy . . . hush, child, . . . go to bed.

"That these dead shall not have died in vain" . . . almost a hundred years . . . Gettysburg . . . please, don't cry, Mr. Lincoln . . . time heals all.

Bill Savage . . .

'The Great Game . . .'

And then there are these campus elections. Of course, everyone realizes that they are purely manifestations of student popularity and no one cares. There is one coming up soon and it will be as before; no one will care.

The elections are so superficial. Often, the most capable candidate is overlooked, even disregarded, and the vote goes to the person whose name has been scribbled on every wall in sight. This is not indicative of good government, school or otherwise.

This situation is not, however, the fault of the candidates. Some are running because they feel that they can do a good job if they are elected; others are trying to prove something "to the

folks back home," and there are one or two who have nothing better to do. The candidates are not at fault. They are simply there; the voter makes the choice.

People ask, "What can be done?" This is a good question. It is hardly fair to ask an individual to give his support to someone whom he does not even know. Let the candidates speak directly to the students. No, not at a crowded party where the smoke is so dense that one cannot see to whom he is talking, but in an auditorium, a lecture room, or, if it must be, a vacant lot. Let these people stand up and state their case. For the good of the school, the student body as a whole, and the individual himself, this is only fair.



Blake Fishburne . . . Everyday Is Sunday

"Your daily life is your temple and your religion."

—Kahlil Gibran

College students are often discouraged by the hypocrisy and false values of the society in which they live. The college years are a period of questioning; evaluation, anxiety, and finally identification with some emulated persons and sub-cultures.

These anxious years are often thought of as a period of rebellion, but a more proper term would equate the college years with a transvaluation of identity. The intelligent college student does not want to accept folklore and established values without first seeing the reasons which indicate the positive and negative aspects of these customs.

The college student makes a demand. He demands the facts from both sides before making a decision. How is this demand met? He is constantly told, "don't even bother to listen to the other side, because our side is right." He hears a hundred different religions shouting at each other, "our side is right, and your side will go to hell."

How can the college student make an intelligent decision when he is forced to conform to antiquated conceptions of "class" and "heritage." Change is inevitable. How does the college student combat blind prejudice? He demands that an idea's value be demonstrated by its effects. He is not content to accept the spider-spun webs of theory. He demands a behavioral proof. He refuses to let the "blind lead the blind." (He will even have the courage to mix metaphors upon occasion.)

"Your daily life is your temple and your religion." This is the secret of winning the college student to your side. If you say that you are a Christian, or Jew, or Existentialist—prove it. It is not enough to profess a doctrine and attempt to annihilate all opposition. It is not enough to be a diplomatic, suave politician. It is not enough to smile and shake hands. The intelligent college student wants sincerity.

Whether the college student believes in the Bible or not, he is impressed by the words of Jesus: ". . . by their fruits ye shall know them."

Mike Shehen . . . We Need Elbow-Room

Carolina continues to grow every semester. As the number of students increases, it is impossible to expand the physical facilities proportionately.

Russell House is one of the most luxuriant student union buildings in the Southeast. There is no gripe about this. It does present one pressing need—that of space available for student activities. It is far less than it should be.

To solve the situation immediately, the University can't undertake an expansion program. It only needs to expand student use to rooms already available in Russell House.

The present book store occupies space that was originally intended to be used as a recreational room for students.

The book store is of great importance to students, no doubt. However, it occupies precious

space for only the beginning of each semester.

This space seems to be the only available space which could possibly fill in the pressing need to expand facilities to the students.

If Carolina offers a recreational area to the students to participate in competition, it will offer fine student relationship so important to school spirit.

It is necessary for services and activities offered to students to be centrally located. Any position occupied by an establishment as the book store would command the usual line of students waiting to purchase books.

Persons inquiring about the University while anticipating enrollment often ask why there is no student recreational area. Most of the other colleges and universities are providing such an area, and Carolina should start.

The University must compete with other schools in every phase of community life.



The GAMECOCK
CROWING FOR A GREATER
UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA
Member of Associated Collegiate Press

Founded January 30, 1908, with Robert Elliott Gonzales as the first editor, "The Gamecock" is published by and for the students of the University of South Carolina weekly, on Fridays, during the college year except on holidays and during examinations. The opinions expressed by columnists and letter writers are not necessarily those of "The Gamecock." "The Gamecock" encourages letters to the Editor, but all letters must be signed. Publishing does not constitute an endorsement. The right to edit or withhold from publication any letter is reserved.

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We Get Letters

Dear Editor:

For the last 40 years and more, one of the stock weapons in the arsenal of the archconservative has been the ranting (and usually indiscriminate) charge of "socialist." When used against his liberal opponent before a gullible and misinformed audience, it has had telling effect. Most liberals have learned to expect this sort of thing from the ignorant and uninformed. But when a columnist (such as Bill Able) in a college newspaper (such as "The Gamecock") uses this weapon, the charge at least deserves consideration.

In last week's "Gamecock," Mr. Able directed a lengthy diatribe against the "socialism" of today's Democratic party and further declared that the death of democracy is imminent because of the trend of today's general welfare legislation.

In the first place, I might point out that Mr. Able is attempting to distort the proper meaning of the word socialism to include everyone who disagrees with him. "The theory or system of the ownership and operation of the means of production and distribution by society or the community rather than by private individuals. . ." This is socialism. Can any rational person see where Jack Kennedy's "New Frontier" program plans to begin taking over the means of production or distribution? Of course not. There is quite a great deal of difference between regulation and socialism and let us not be so absurd as to confuse the two.

Quotes Able

Delving into history, Mr. Able further declared: "It seemed not to matter to (Franklin D.) Roosevelt whether the majority wanted or needed the benefits of such legislation (The New Deal)." In 1933 fifteen million men were without employment. Banks were failing by the score and businesses by the hundreds. Perhaps even worse than this economic stagnation, sheer deprivation gripped a large segment of the American population. For these and many other reasons, I think I can state emphatically that you can be damn sure the American People needed the benefits of such legislation.

If I may digress for a moment from the charge of socialism, I note that Mr. Able speaks quite disparagingly of rule by the minority; referring to the various minority groups which are strongly represented in our government today. I might ask what he thinks of the stranglehold on past congresses by the coalition of conservative Republicans and Southern Democrats. Was this not rule by the minority?

Continuing, he deplores the supposed erosion of the rights of individuals. I'm as interested in these rights as anyone, but I fail to see how the rights of individuals can be safeguarded by allowing children to grow and mature in wretched slums; by allowing old people to suffer needlessly because they are unable to afford minimum medical care and by permitting our educational system to become second-rate to that of the Soviet Union.

Please, No Speech

And please, no speech on "state's rights." In most of these vital areas, the majority of states have made it quite clear they are unwilling to shoulder responsibility. If our present system is unwilling to solve these problems I have mentioned then I believe it needs a severe and thorough examination.

The enlargement of the House Rules Committee is cited by our columnist as an example of the current trend toward destruction of our democracy. Let me remind Mr. Able that the Rules Committee was not formed as a super-legislature to decide which bills should become law. It was organized simply as a clearing house through which legislation worthy of consideration should be brought before the House.

Worthy Bills

Certainly bills of such importance as housing, medical and educational aid are at least worthy of debate and consideration. Furthermore, I personally find nothing "undemocratic" about allowing our properly elected representatives to vote on legislation of major importance.

Finally, let me say that I believe in the exchange of differing opinions in our free society and so I firmly defend Mr. Able's right to state his convictions. But I just as firmly deplore his use of the emotion-packed charge of "socialism." It is a convenient handle with which to tag your opponents, but I personally find it quite incompatible with the facts.

Sincerely,
Dan Carter

Dear Editor:

I am the author of the poem (mentioned in last week's letters column) in defense of the mascot. I really didn't mean for it to sound so cruel, but I think the mascot really deserves credit for his fine spirit throughout the season.

Charlie Gibson

Dear Editor:

I am a northern college student writing a research paper on the topic "The Feelings of the Southern College Students About Forced Integration."

There is very little documentation on this subject. The only way of obtaining this information is from the students themselves.

Since there is no way for me to obtain this information I am writing to you for assistance. I would appreciate it very much if you would publish in your school paper the following request.

I would like to have the students write me, at 429 East Grandview Blvd., Erie, Penn., telling me their feelings about forced integration and why they feel the way they do. I would like to know if they dislike the Negroes and the reasons why or why not. I would also like to know the age and state of residence of each student.

The success of my paper depends on my obtaining an answer from as many students as possible. It also depends on my receiving the answers as soon as possible.

Thanks to you and all the students who help me in writing my paper.

Yours truly,
Rodney Campbell

Dear Editor:

It has come to the attention of the Amalgamated Non-mated Petunia Growers Club that one of the professors at your university is teaching premarital interdigitation to the sacred youth of America. This shocking exposure has upset our club considerably.

Although our primary purpose is the raising of purple petunias in a healthy atmosphere, we do, on occasion, sacrifice valuable club time in the hope of correcting some of the ills of our society.

Resolution

We have, therefore, passed the following resolution:

Whereas, the University of South Carolina is said to have been teaching, advocating, and abetting the unclean practice of premarital interdigitation, and

Whereas, this practice is corrupting the minds and morals of our sacred youth, and

Whereas, doctors recommend that hands be washed at least twice a day, and indicate that germs may be transferred to clean hands from such unclean objects as other hands, doorknobs, and United States currency,

Be it therefore resolved, that the Amalgamated Non-mated Petunia Growers Club of America hereby highly urges the University of South Carolina to ban the teaching, advocating, or thinking about the subject of premarital interdigitation, and

Virgin Currency?

Be it further resolved that the students of the University be urged to use handkerchiefs when opening doors, and use virgin U. S. currency which has not been exposed to general circulation, and that the University advocate the more healthy and moral practices for human hands, such as petunia gardening.

Sincerely,
Alberta Flotilla Kinningsworthy

Relativity

They say that every drop of rain
Contains a universe
With stars and circling planets
Around a nucleus,
Where circling people circling
In dizzy revelation
That somewhere, outside, there's
A world
Of heavenly creation
Where flowers bloom in April's
Death
And beauty everywhere
Springs up from raindrops'
Bodies lost
In angel-vapored air.

Yet we who breathe this
atmosphere
Of heaven's all around us,
Look to another circling mass
For golden streets and flowers.
And that to which we look must
be
Another seeking land
Where our dogmatic pit-a-pat
Is met by shielding coats;
And booted feet step over us
To find a warmer place,
While double-booted feet to them
In turn their insults lay.

—Fishburne