

The Magic Window Must Have Clear Panes

Saturday afternoon, WUNC-TV's test pattern will be replaced by a program, and North Carolina's first educational television station will be on the air.

The months and years of planning that see their fruition Saturday have not been free of discord for the planners. There is serious disagreement between those who would make of WUNC-TV a clear window into the University for the people of the state and those who would rose-stain the window—make the station merely a medium of amusement.

That disagreement has not been resolved as the University's television station prepares to begin operation. As a result, a large segment of WUNC-TV's most valuable asset—the faculty members—have been alienated from the whole idea. It will take a long period of serious work to bring them into the project.

WUNC-TV can do a number of useful things. It can bring more and better cultural programs to those who want them; it can bring high school and college courses into the homes for adults; it can telecast great speeches, great drama and music; it can teach farmers and housewives and craftsmen and businessmen, liberate thousands of people from ignorance by providing the state with programs of a higher level than commercial stations and networks are, by and large, willing or able to provide.

It cannot, as we see it, nor should it, compete with the Jackie Gleason show as a medium of pure amusement. It cannot—and we say this with due deference to one of the station's sincerest protagonists—it cannot be a Kollege of Musical Knowledge and justify its existence.

Long before educational television was dreamed of, men conceived the University of North Carolina as a great center which would affect the cultural course of the state and the whole South. The Extension Division, the Institute of Government, the great sweep of foundations and divisions, grew up around that conception.

WUNC-TV is properly the latest, and greatest, of those extension agencies.

If it forgets that, it will be a disgraceful and monumental flop.

Let it hold to the idea of a University dispensing truth and beauty and it can be the revolutionary device which will take all the intellectual resources that have been painstakingly formed and assembled in Chapel Hill and make them available to every North Carolinian.

Policeman, Spare That Collie!

This is one for George, who's in trouble with the cops. They've got him down on the Humane Society's death row with no bail, no lawyer and no trial in prospect. In ten days, unless somebody outside of town adopts him, George takes the last walk.

The charge against him—nipping at people's heels. Some of us aren't so sure he's guilty. The Humane Society's humane and diminutive treasurer, Mrs. A. M. Jordan, has been scurrying about trying to hang the count on some of the other collies in Chapel Hill, and with some success. It could have been the one with the white spot on his back or the one with the hooked nose. Students (and we might add, cops) have a hard time telling the dogs apart. They call 'em all "George."

But the real George, as always, catches collective hell for the misdeeds of the multitude. It was the real George who caught a face full of birdshot last year; it's the real George they've got penned up, with chloroform in his future.

Kill George? He who has marched in Every Beat Dook parade for four years? He who has appeared on the stage of the Forest Theatre and Memorial Hall, who has attended class, caught breakfast in the Y Court, become a patron of the arts (at Person Hall) and letters (the Intimate Bookshop)? Kill the unassuming, courteous collie who was recognized only two years ago by President Gray from the Kenan commencement platform along with the other notables of that occasion?

You may as well tear down the Old Well or root up the Davie Poplar. We have faith that Mrs. Jordan and the spirits that protect the cherished monuments and institutions of men will not let it happen.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday.

Chapel Hill
Site of the University
North Carolina
which first
opened its doors
in January
1793

Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.

Editor CHARLES KURALT
Night Editor for this Issue Eddie Crutchfield

The Land Of Dark Screens And Darkness

Louis Kraar

ONCE MORE I journeyed into the darkened living room with voluminous videos.

It was over the holidays that I sat and watched television. And I'll probably have to wait for another holiday to find time for figuring out what draws and holds people to the glowing screens.

Some of the programs shown on TV are notable, but they are exceptions to the tripe that parades across the 16-inch Kaleidoscope daily.

Programs like "See It Now," "Toast of the Towns" and "Omni bus" are of the notable variety. They are consistently interesting and clearly illustrate what TV can do.

But the gang of crime stories, panel shows, and second-rate stuff that imposes on listeners each day is disgusting.

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PERHAPS I don't understand television, I kept telling myself, remembering that etiquette in this day forbids conversation at any time other than during commercials.

So in quest of further knowledge about this medium of apparent mediocrity, I read an article by a TV man called "Television Faces Life."

"Americans spend more time looking at television than they spend doing anything else, except eating and sleeping," the Esquire magazine article declared.

The Esquire piece added that this is not the "whole answer" because "if it were, Lili St. Cyr could replace Katharine Cornell." What this had to do with TV, I wasn't sure. But obviously the article was pointing out that simply because something has a wide audience, this doesn't mean it's good.

Then the article talked about the great strain of mass production of television and the fact that some shows were very "intellectual."

But the paragraph that held me, perhaps like a TV fan on Saturday night, was the one:

"The TV target is the man who doesn't read widely or, if he does, never reads the editorial page; the man who doesn't discuss or, if he does, confines his contention to the Dodgers or Notre Dame..."

This seems to be the crux of the whole problem. The television shows are aimed at the lowest common denominator. Certainly no television network could exist on mere "intellectual" programs, but a raising of the level might help—even the "TV target."

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BEFORE LONG the University will be in the television business, but it will also still be in the education business. I'm talking about WUNC-TV, the Consolidated University's educational television station.

Perhaps this venture into high frequency teaching will bring to the air shows on a higher level than the typical tripe of commercial stations. If it can present educational shows that are interesting—and interesting shows that are still educational—the University's station will supply the upper level needed by TV.

Other University stations have set a high mark in the medium. Dr. Frank Baxter of the University of Southern California has brought Shakespeare to a television audience, and he has made the bard live.

I have watched Dr. Baxter's show, and it's like inviting a urbane visitor into your home for a pleasant chat. There's nothing pedantic or obscure about the way this man brings books alive. And he even tells an occasional joke.

The University has lecturers as skilled as Dr. Baxter, so I'll be waiting for educational television—and hoping.

A New Hydra Or A Great Ambassador?

Ed Yoder

Those who think that the art of vituperation has been lost would have been heartened at the scathing speech I heard the other day on the dangers of television.

The speaker was watching the rhythmic flashing of the red lights from WUNC-TV's new tower. In one hand he held a dog-eared copy of *The Golden Bough*. With the other he swept a damning fist upwards and shook it toward the dark framework that rose above his head.

"Television!" he sneered. "It's like a new American Hydra with a nose that spurts the flame in which all the literacy of the world will be burnt to ashes. And at every stroke of the sword on its body, a fiercer and bigger offspring appears beside it."

There is a measure of truth in all bad things that can be said of television. The great lot of it, reaching a peak in the boring vocal marathons of Arthur Godfrey, is not worth watching. There is a measure of truth, too, in the belief that it will destroy literacy and the art of conversation. The heartening counterbalance to that belief, however, is that mass communication media, from Marconi's wireless to the silent movies of the "Perils of

Pauline" stripe, were condemned in their time as the same messengers of destruction.

Aldous Huxley probably has many of the same dim potentialities in mind when he describes the society of *Brave New World*. There, where truth and beauty have been junked as "dangerous beasts, the closest thing to literature entertainment is—not television, not the movies—but "feelies," an extension of moving pictures enabling the viewer to participate in all the sensations pictured on the screen. No one in *Brave New World*, except "Our Ford," the director, and "The Savage," a Rip Van Winkle from Twentieth Century morals and mores, has ever read Shakespeare.

It is, of course, well to be aware of the dangers of television—an element on the way to replacing Lenin's religion and Hemingway's bread as "the opiate of the people." But that fear is always tempered by the idea that the tension between television and a dying art of conversation or literacy will, in time be resolved. The spring will snap and moral equilibrium will return.

The effect feared by extreme critics of television is the production of a stereotyped, illiterate, stupid crew of H. L. Mencken "boobs." Boobs, interestingly enough, were not thought by Mencken to be the potential offspring of mass entertainment. Not silent movies, not the neglect of books but the democratic form of government, to Mencken's strangely twisted mind, was the culprit that helped to breed the boob—a fantastic dunce of whom Mencken wrote:

"What he knows of history, or protozoology or philosophy or paleontology is precisely nothing

... Even those applied sciences which enter intimately into his everyday existence remain outside his comprehension and interest. . . . He knows no more about chemistry than a cow and no more about biology than its calf. . . . He is more ignorant of elementary anatomy and physiology than the Egyptian quacks of 4000 B. C. . . . Greek, to him, is only a jargon spoken by boot-blacks, and Wagner is a retired baseball player. He has never heard of Euripides, of Hippocrates, of Aristotle or Plato. . . . He doesn't know what a Doric column is, or an etching, or a fugue."



... a producer of boons or boobs?

The point is easy enough to see. The Hydra of television whose nostril flames threaten to burn the literacy of the world to ashes is, as well, an animal that can produce the boob with ease. Right now, in fact, it is converting thousands of unfortunate victims of the pre-equilibrium era of television into boobs.

All of the foregoing more or less describes the Chapel Hill academic climate, the bed of nails, in which WUNC-TV must now try to rest. Even the adjective, "educational," does not soften the language with which

the new television station is denounced. The outstanding characteristic, in fact, of an educational television station is that it will not, in the truest sense, educate. A more elevated form of television it can produce—introducing good music, Euripides, Wagner, Plato, and even histology into the family circle. But a substitute for books, classes, and stimulating people it can never be.

Given all that, however, there is a very definite and valuable function which the new educational television may fill—especially for the Chapel Hill branch of the University. The University of Chapel Hill has been, and must continue to be, a big brother to the other two branches of the Consolidated University. Here, a much older tradition, a freer, more unconventional and healthier academic climate has existed and must continue to exist.

The University of Chapel Hill, lacking the cities of Raleigh and Greensboro to form a medium and a buffer zone between it and the people of the state, as a result has been more or less set apart from the general thought and action of the state.

A television station which will begin to introduce the faces, the thought, and the characteristics of the true University to the cross-section of citizens in North Carolina can play an important role. It can become an ambassador, an intermediary, between the large University and the people of the state who support it and without whose good will it can't get along.

That great advantage will perhaps transcend and eclipse the drawbacks of television as a general threat to literacy, as an educational instrument that can never be truly educational. By that virtue, it may become a producer of boons and not boobs.

The Year Of The Global 'Great Debate'

Stewart Alsop

WASHINGTON—The American and Soviet governments appear to have one thing, at least, in common. Both governments are internally divided about the direction their foreign policy should take, now that the basic decision to rearm Western Germany has at long last been made.

The evident suggestion that the Soviet government is divided on this question is, as always, fragmentary and inconclusive. But it is a good deal less so than usual.

When Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen returned to Moscow recently, he reported back that the sense of tension had measurably increased there in the few days since he had left. The British Ambassador, Sir William Hayter, who also returned to Moscow at about the same time, reported back to London precisely the same thing.

One obvious reason for this tension in Moscow was, of course, the French voting on the German rearmament issue. But another reason also appeared, when long editorials about the future of the Soviet policy were published just before Christmas in Pravda and Izvestia.

Izvestia is the organ of the Soviet government and is thus accounted the mouthpiece of Premier Georgi Malenkov. Pravda is the organ of the Soviet Communist party, and is thus accounted the mouthpiece of N. S. Krushchev, Secretary of the Party. The two papers took almost diametrically opposite lines.

Izvestia called for a continuation of essentially the present policy—increased emphasis on production of consumer goods, and a "co-existence" policy abroad, and a return to all-out priority for heavy industrial production, which means arms production.

The next day, Pravda published another long editorial, and this time Pravda fell in line with Izvestia. By knowledgeable Russians as well as foreign observers, this episode was universally taken to mean that there had been a basic disagreement on policy as between Malenkov and Krushchev, and that this disagreement had been settled in Malenkov's favor.

The episode was further taken to mean that the Russian rulers wished to make known the existence of the disagreement. The purpose was, presumably, partly to remind the West that the Soviets could adopt a tougher line if they wanted to. But another purpose certainly was to

give Krushchev, as it were, his day in court, and to remind the Russian people that no one had inherited all the powers of the dead Stalin.

It is quite genuinely true, in the view of Bohlen and all other foreign observers, that there is still no single absolute dictator in post-Stalin Russia. Moreover, the extent to which the Soviet rulers—though notably not the ruled—feel free to disagree with each other is remarkable.

There is a good deal to suggest, in short, that a "great debate" of sorts is in progress within the Soviet government. No one, of course, believes that the essential objectives of the Soviet regime have changed. But it is natural that the Soviet rulers should debate whether the "soft" policy which achieved a triumph in Asia and almost achieved a greater triumph in

Europe, has not about played itself out, now that the French have at last agreed to the rearmament of West Germany.

Malenkov's recent equivocal remarks about the desirability of a four-power "meeting at the summit" further suggests that the issue has not yet been fully decided. The Soviet rulers, apparently, simply have not made up their minds whether such a meeting would serve Soviet purposes, since it is now seemingly impossible further to delay German rearmament.

A great debate is also, of course, in progress within the American government. This debate also concerns whether it is worth trying to negotiate with the Soviets, now that the German rearmament issue is presumably settled; and if so whether this is the time to try it. On one side are those who believe

that the Soviets at least share the West's interests in avoiding mutual incineration; and that it is worth trying to agree on a set of ground rules to this end. At least to some extent, President Eisenhower inclines to this view—as does British Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill.

On the other side are those who have strong doubts about the value of any negotiation with the Russians except on the most limited and specific issues. Secretary of State Dulles entertains these doubts—and British Foreign Secretary Eden shares them. Thus a kind of global great debate is going on, in Washington, in Moscow, in London. No doubt it will be settled one way or another before this year ends.

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All Quiet Along The Potomac



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LAST YEAR'S MESSAGE TO CONGRESS
... what will be the political 'state of the union' on Nov. 6, 1956?

Eisenhower Failures To Get Full Treatment

Doris Fleenor

WASHINGTON—The Democrats opened an intensive campaign to regain the White House at precisely twelve noon yesterday when Vice-President Nixon banged his new ivory gavel, the gift of India, to call the 84th Congress to order.

Until the polls close on November 6, 1956, Democratic strategy will be directed toward separating in the public mind President Eisenhower, the popular military leader, from President Eisenhower, the civil and political leader.

The former they will let alone. They hope through remorseless analysis as issues and occasions arise to show that the limitations of the latter disqualify him for a second term.

Their strategy implies that they expect him to run again. That is just what they expect; from what they have seen they think he cannot say no to a draft.

For very sincerely Democrats believe that the President is the major and almost indeed the only political asset of the Republican party. If they were Republicans they would arrange a forced draft themselves.

For the same reason they believe their strategy is purely a matter of survival.

They see no way to avoid a certain build-up of the President by enacting most of his legislation, since they would offer it if he didn't. They feel compelled to shift their ground to the proposition that no program is any better than the people who administer it.

There are very few important dissents in the party from the new strategy, only arguments about how it should be executed. Southern conservatives are among those who feel most deeply that the President has been put to work for which he is not suited. The Rayburn opinions which were accidentally made public at New Orleans are a fair statement of the general view.

Only time will show whether such strategy can be executed according to plan and whether the public will oblige by making the requested distinction. Nothing like it has been tried lately.

For 20 years most Republicans attacked both the two Democratic Presidents and their works with fine impartiality, reserving their greatest scorn for the "me-tooers" in their party. Their system worked badly until the erosion of time and the errors of the Democrats invoked the Eisenhower landslide.

Democrats will do what they can in this Congress to capitalize on farm discontent, Republican factional differences, the "giveaways" of natural resources and apprehension about cuts in defense. Any failures in the Administration, as the Ladd-Jinsky case, will get the full treatment.

They still think their problem boils down to Eisenhower, the Chief Executive. They have no illusions about their task. They think he has had a very long honeymoon with his good qualities magnified and advertised, his shortcomings widely excused.

Their argument is that the presidency is not a popularity contest. If it were they think Eisenhower well might win it no matter what the opposition proved. They insist that the people can and will accept what they call a calm, honest and realistic presentation of the Eisenhower philosophy and character.

"And if the people won't," said one veteran politician, "we've already lost in 1956."

Progress

Harry Golden

In The Carolina Israelite

When I think of Norman Thomas, the Socialist leader of the United States, I have to smile. If you had told some of the early Socialists that one day a Socialist leader would receive birthday telegrams from *The Reader's Digest* and from Herbert Hoover, they would have locked you up in a padded cell. But that's the way of the world. . . . Mr. Thomas always jokes about it, but it is one hundred percent truth—that Franklin D. Roosevelt smashed the Socialist Party in America by taking over its program. . . . The heresy of today is the rock-ribbed conservatism of tomorrow.