

8 Weeks Of Channel 4

The Forum, the Chataqua, the Lyceum have passed, and their place has been taken by the coaxial cable.

It may not have been a good swap, particularly in the realm of education. For education is not only the transmission of facts but the contact of minds, and you cannot stand up and disagree with a television picture tube.

But, for better or worse, the University is keeping right up with the times; we have an educational television station.

It has been on the air for two months. How well is it succeeding in its sworn task?

The conclusion can only be: not very well. What we have been getting on Channel Four are good, educational agriculture shows from State College, reasonably competent programs from WC, an occasional gem from this campus, and the rest—the vast number of programs—assorted gibberish.

WUNC-TV had certain disadvantages to begin with—disadvantages faced by any television station attempting to educate, among them the question, how can you affect a meeting of the minds by mechanical means?

It is likely to be anything but easy. Our contention, however, is that WUNC-TV has not been making even a good college try. For if the University has any claim to being the proper place for educational television, it is that there are teachers here, men of world renown who can bring the result of years of scholarship to a large audience.

But the faculty, our single great asset, is being seen hardly at all on WUNC-TV. Why? Partly because they hold television suspect, undoubtedly. But largely because they are not wanted. Most of the teachers who have been approached feel that they are being asked to skate down WUNC-TV's thin line between high-powered "education" and extremely low-powered amusement. This they refuse to do.

The truth, after two months of University television, seems to be that the station could almost as well be operating in Saxapahaw or Andrews or Indian Trail for all the education we are getting.

There are exceptions. Certain of the station's programs, chiefly those limited in their appeal—for small fry, farmers, etc.—are highly interesting and educational. A program which began last night, "Seminar," is the first serious attempt to present lectures on widely different educational subjects by faculty members. This, and the laudable televising of music and drama, may constitute a solid first step toward accomplishment of WUNC-TV's mission.

That mission, as we understand and believe, is not to attempt competition with commercial television by boiling down education professionally, putting zip into it with the help of Hollywood-tainted operators and slipping it to the customers via video.

It is, or ought to be, to open up the University to the people of the state. The University as it is, without ruffles, without commercialization, available for all to attend.

Gracious Living—XXIII

Terrible tales are told of the campus mail system, that prototype of the snail's pace by which one may (sooner or later) communicate with someone else on the campus without going to the post office. The Pony Express was a bolt of lightning compared to the campus mail; it always takes a couple of days for a note to travel the length of a football field from Bingham, say, to Gardner.

The threat to Gracious (and efficient) Living in Chapel Hill involved here has been clear for some time. That's why we didn't blink an eye yesterday when we received, through the campus mail, a letter to the editor in an envelope inscribed, "The 1932 Yackety Yack."

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Sunday, Monday and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed, \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, \$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.



Editor — CHARLES KURALT
 Managing Editor — FRED POWLEDGE
 Associate Editors — LOUIS KRAAR, ED YODER
 Business Manager — TOM SHORES
 Sports Editor — BERNIE WEISS
 News Editor — Jackie Goodman
 Advertising Manager — Dick Kirkin
 Circulation Manager — Jim Kiley
 Subscription Manager — Jack Godley
 Assistant Business Manager — Bill Bob Peel
 Assistant Sports Editor — Ray Linker
 Night editor for this issue — Eddie Crutchfield

Carolina Front — Brigadoons, A New Era, More Chicks

Louis Kraar

TED KEMP, one of the Brigadoons backers, called yesterday to explain that the Interdormitory Council plan for big-name bands wouldn't be a drain on dorm finances.

Opponents of the plan contend that each dorm would get stuck for tickets equal to 25 per cent of its members. If the tickets weren't sold, the opponents said, the dorm would have to pay the difference from its social fund.

However, according to Kemp, \$500 is being set aside by the IDC to meet possible deficits of individual dorms. Thus, if Brigadoons passes, dorms will have the \$500 fund to fall back on.

★

STUDENTS WHO opened their laundry this week discovered the passing of an era in the University.

A note in each bundle from the University Laundry declared with appropriate solemnity:

"For many years the long, 16-inch fold used for men's shirts has been a trade mark of the University Laundry service. The time has come, however, when this traditional trade mark must be abandoned. Popular demand has forced us to change to the more popular and convenient short, 12-inch fold, which you will find in this bundle . . ."

I found that the new fold fits nicely in a vertical manner in the dresser drawer. And, knowing that since "the time has come" for such a change, I felt better about the whole thing after putting away my laundry.

★

DON KURTZ, a Carolina student, and Dookster Frank Freeman are embarking upon a promotional venture in the reedy and brassy field of jazz music.

Starting this Saturday, the two students will sponsor a jazz concert at the Saddle Club near Durham. Admission for the jam session is \$1.25 a couple, and, according to Kurtz, food and refreshments are available.

★

STUDENT PARTY politicians tell me that my dope on their Monday night presidential nominations is off, but I still think Manning Muntzing will walk out of the meeting with the nomination.

Don Fowler, the other candidate, will get the SP bid for vice-presidency. In reporting this, I'm not taking sides in the fray. However, when predicting is being done (and it is), I'm going to call them as I see them.

As a freshman, I roomed with Fowler. I've known Muntzing for a long while. Both would make capable presidents, but Muntzing — being the better politician — will probably get the SP nod.

★

THE VARSITY Theater has lowered its candy bar prices to a nickel.

★

LILA PONDER, assistant director of student activities, and Betty Ray, assistant director of the YWCA, are the latest recipients of chickens.

Who sent them? Neither Lila or Betty knows.

Howard Scotland, Chi Phi who also received a shipment of chicks didn't claim them, and they were sold by the Post office to the highest bidder, whose name the postmaster won't reveal.

That Isn't A Book In The Man Of Distinction's Hand

Herbert P. Woodward

(The following article is excerpted from the American Association of University Professors Bulletin. It was originally given in speech form to a meeting at Rutgers University, where Mr. Woodward is dean.—Editor.)

In the American world at the birth of this century and for seventy-five years before that, no one doubted that the proper products of higher education were men and women of learning. The educated person of that period was unmistakable. He had broad knowledge and acquaintance with learning that indelibly distinguished him from the illiterate. He was well grounded in history and at home in the great literature of the ages; he owned books and read them; he could read or converse in languages other than his own—even the languages of the past.

His conversation automatically included quotations from the great; he would make allusions to poetry, to literature, to philosophy, and sometimes he even contributed to these. When he spoke or wrote, there was a flavor that was lacking in the speech or the letters of the uneducated; indeed, the very word "uneducated" meant the absence of these things—as the purpose of education, particularly higher education, was plainly to provide learning and the elements of wisdom.

You have to be at least my age and with a long memory to recall very many of these learned, educated people. A few of them today are still teaching or giving counsel, as elder statesmen, to younger men and women of our time; but if you have had acquaintance with some of these, cherish the recollection, for their like is difficult to locate in the busy technical world of today where the emphasis in education has shifted from learning and wisdom to proficiency and competence, and where we still admire learning but rarely seek it for ourselves.

From Learning To Competence

As the term "uneducated" has little currency today, its disappearance must signify, in one way or another, that most of us regard ourselves as "educated" after a fashion. If there is now a decline in learning and in letters, then it must follow that to be "educated" today means something very different from what it once meant.

I can emphasize it still differently by saying that, if there are fewer uneducated people today, there seem also to be fewer men of learning as well. For better or for worse, our sights are now set on men of competence and skill.

This shift in our educative attention from learning to competence and from wisdom to proficiency has come about in the last fifty years—indeed, in my own lifetime.

When I was in high school I studied both Latin and Greek, and in the generation before me a mastery of each of these languages was required in order to enter college. Today the college of which I am dean offers no course in either subject.

To replace them, however, we have established many other valuable courses — electronics, labor relations, criminology — that were not dreamt of as college subjects when I was a boy.

The scope of a liberal curriculum has greatly expanded in the last fifty years, matching the more intricate and scientific world of today. But the emphasis has turned from reflective meditation to intensive specialization, and the book-worm—if such there still be—no longer nibbles thoughtfully in the classics, but chews voraciously at some manual of technology.

Fifty years ago we taught liberal subjects and strict disciplines in courses that were expected to provide information, knowledge, training, culture, and the elements of wisdom. Out of these basic ingredients it was presumed that valuable end products would naturally come, and through them the student was expected to move on toward becoming an educated man or woman. We assumed that such an educated person would naturally have the attributes, understanding, and wisdom that would enable him to occupy a superior place in the world.

Today we completely reverse the process. We decide what are the attributes that education

should provide — good citizenship, acquaintance with the scientific method, and adjusted personality, group consciousness, occupational adjustment, control of accidents, success in marriage, social dynamics, etc.—and then we set up special courses, for credit-hour study, to teach each of these specific features. We leave nothing to chance, save the possibility that the college or university graduate should acquire a little learning and wisdom while he is being groomed as a competent citizen or as a proficient technician.

Handsome, Utilitarian & Tasteless

To me the process somehow resembles what is taking place elsewhere in our civilization—in the manufacture of bread, for example, where we take flour and so refine it that all of the bran, vitamins, and vigor have been extracted; but then, very carefully and with chemical precision, we reinsert Vitamins A, B, C, and D, riboflavin, and other synthesized ingredients, until we have what the chemist assures us is a standardized nutritious product, suitable for everyone—handsome, utilitarian, practical, and tasteless.

I think we are in grave danger that our educational mill may undergo the same streamlining until we are grinding out an education that is also utilitarian, highly practical, and likewise lacking in cultural flavor.

I hasten to assure you, in speaking to the modern emphasis on the man of competence, that competence and proficiency are highly desirable attributes, and that education is doing sterling service to mankind in producing competent people. This is an age when proficiency or mastery of a subject commands high respect and brings great personal satisfaction and confidence, and if the best jobs go to those who are most highly trained, then it is because we all recognize the immediate and dominant values of the most important task to those whose training has been the most specialized and intensive, and to such people we entrust our health, our scientific future, and our very lives.

But the notion that intensive and very accurate knowledge of a narrow field and nothing more can constitute a liberally educated man is a grotesque absurdity. Nearly thirty years ago Nicholas Murray Butler declared:

"Specialization is the parent of information and of a certain type of skill, but it is the foe of learning and the mortal enemy of wisdom. Not narrow men, however keen, but broad men sharpened to a point, are the ideal product of a sound system of school and college education."

For the term "doctor," Webster's Collegiate Dictionary gives as the first synonym the phrase "a teacher; a learned man" and then adds the significant captain Archaic. I suggest to you that we have somehow reversed the order of our higher degrees, for the summit capstone of modern education—the Doctorate of Philosophy — is a degree now awarded not to a candidate of broad and universal learning, but rather to one who has narrowly demonstrated that he has mastered a segment of some science or art.

Dean Harold Stoke of the Graduate School of the University of Washington has recently remarked that for our generation, at least, the man of distinction will rarely be pictured with a book in his hand.

'Who Is This Character'

It may be that I am only indulging in a sort of academic nostalgia. Surely we would not exchange the modern service for the former livery stable or the modern delivery room for yesterday's midwife. Doubtless a knowledge of electronics is more pertinent today than acquaintance with Greek verbs, and perhaps the man of competence is superior to the man of learning.

It was once held that it took a wise man to say "I don't know," but today's quiz program prefers a competent man who knows some of the answers—for the answers pay dividends, and acknowledgement of ignorance, even if it be relative, cuts you off the program. We expect the man of competence to possess knowledge, but we are indifferent to the man of learning.

Today we completely reverse the process. We decide what are the attributes that education

once wrote:
 Let her know her place,
 She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild

If all be not in vain, and guide Her footsteps, moving side by side

With Wisdom, like the younger child.

For she is earthly, of the mind,
 But Wisdom, heavenly, of the soul.

In somewhat the same fashion, we have come to direct our education away from one of its original purposes of developing character: for among the virtues of the older schooling was the hope that strict study of various disciplines and close association with liberal arts would produce intellectual stamina and moral courage. Less delicately than in Tennyson's poetry, this change in the texture of education is detected in our current speech, where, when we speculate about a person, we are less apt to meditate about his character than to ask someone, "Who is this character?" The change in our modern use of this honored word may be at a sign of the times, but it is at least revealing.

The Deep, Deep Freeze

Of course, it is not necessary for the humanities and the meditative disciplines to carry the entire burden of providing character and supporting wisdom and culture, for which the exacter fields of the sciences and technology also encompass the same virtues — integrity, stability of purpose, personal responsibility — that we cherish as the choice requisites of character. Someone has remarked that the love of beauty can as well be engendered by a suspension bridge as by a Gothic cathedral, or integrity be as truly found in organic chemistry as in ancient history.

What he have to fear is that man today, in this country of scientific magic and technologic advance, will take the products of training and skill as a satisfactory substitute for the aesthetic values that have been sacrificed or sublimated in producing them; and not only will never enter the Gothic cathedral to observe its beauty or to worship, but also will drive across the suspension bridge, fretful only of its interference with his car radio which is probably playing "Doggie in the Window."

These are no idle academic alarms or pedantic tears from the ivory tower. There is genuine reason for concern if a large segment of our modern civilization looks to education only for mechanical marvels of metal or plastic.

I am afraid that already there are too many who cherish as the true ends of education only such material wonders as the television, the deep freeze, streptomycin, high-test gasoline, and jet propulsion, and if they have no concern for the great scientific truths upon which these blessings are based, or the history of the struggle that created a free society and an economic system wherein they are available to everyone, then it is truly later than we think, and our concern about the end of true education becomes the "trumpet of a prophecy."

Reaction Piece

Reaction Piece Beginning A Slow Bow Out

David Mundy

Excepting one column in preparation, this will be the last "Reaction Piece" until a new editor requests otherwise.

The pains of writing some one hundred and forty 33-space lines of coherent "reactions" are not inconsiderable. That may indeed sound like an alibi for some journalistic failings, which are admitted. I can also admit to receiving some pleasure from the task (otherwise known as "shooting off one's mouth"), but the work and enjoyment are rather closely counterbalanced.

And while "Reaction Piece" bows out, I would like to offer a few apologies.

While reacting, and "reacting" very strongly to the DTH editorship race of last year, I managed to get across an insinuation that the—I may have used the term "Kuralt forces"—used some rather unfair campaign charges, and that the "other side" was entirely above-board.

I have since learned of quite scurrilous remarks about Kuralt which were circulated about campus then. My apology is for stigmatizing the present editor as being somehow guilty of a smear, while such an assumption cannot be made about either of the gentlemen who were candidates.

I also "went overboard" in my criticism of the history and English departments as centers of criticism of the School of Business Administration. To have impugned their motives in such criticisms, alleging that they were doing it out of jealousy of the new buildings, in retrospect causes my conscience some pangs. The remainder of my criticisms, if I say so myself, still stand as valid. But my apologies.

And in the heat of column-writing I have also gotten around to making intimations about the motivations of SP leader and campus wheel Joel Fleishman. It isn't that I am now any fonder of the gentleman: such insinuations just have no place in what I would like to consider a fairly objective column. To say what another person's motivations are is impossible, and I shouldn't have ventured conjectures which may or may not have been valid ones.

It would probably even be in order to refer to Fleishman as one campus politician who "knows the score." (This is no pun on his present "Showboat" activities.) Many of the would-be campus politicians are little creatures of no great intellectual or moral stature. They are just "there," and little more. They may know their way around through the campus organizations they get elected to, office, and pursue their undistinguished little paths.

Fleishman has been a politician of another breed. True, he has been a member of practically every organization on campus. But unlike the mediocre victims of "extra-curricular fever" he has served the organizations as more than just another name on their rolls.

His is a marvelous organizing ability, and a mind of just as great a depth and perception. My apologies.

Fog Area



YOU Said It!

Don't Smother The Sparks

Editor:

I have only pity for people who think as illogically as Mr. Milton Henry McGowan. He put his finger on a fundamental statement of truth, he said, "no university can be truly great unless there is the most liberal interchange of ideas available to the students," and yet he ideologically eliminates one of the essential features of this exchange: the association which students have with others who come from different backgrounds and have varied ideals. He wants the Yankees and the foreigners to leave and stop voicing their opinions about our so-called "peaceful relations between the races."

Why are you shrinking from an opportunity to exchange ideologies, Mr. McGowan? Are you afraid that our ideals, founded on prejudice and inequality, will crumble under the questioning gaze of outsiders? You have admitted that our precepts regarding race relations cannot endure the attacks of dissenters, because, like a spoiled child, you have stretched out your hands to the Legislature and cried, "Mama, make the bad bullies go 'way and let me play in peace."

Come, come, Mr. McGowan! Don't force the "Yankee fire-bugs" and foreigners to leave, lest you smother some of the sparks "that generate greatness" in this University!

A North Carolinian
 Lynne Zimmerman

For The Godless: Africa

Editor:

Enough, enough! Of course, when you first read about the Clark's and the Grimes' frothing at the mouth, you want right away to put them in their places—usually verbally (being firm believers in all this "Pen is mightier than the sword" business—cleverly, precisely, and conclusively. But come now, you must admit we are wasting our time. We are dealing with intellects (let me be kind) which will not be affected in the slightest by anything we might have to say—regardless of how clever or cutting we might be.

These have no opinion or respect for our judgment; remember they are pitying us as much as we are pitying them. Thus, this is just so much beating our heads against a stone wall. It is like the poor man boiling away in the cannibal's cauldron, yelling, "Stop, you can't do this; it isn't Christian!"

However, I do have one suggestion. It's pretty radical, I'll admit—but nevertheless, a good one. There seems to be enough unexplored territory left in Africa for backward civilizations. Thus, what do you think our chances are of sending these Godless souls over there for a few centuries while we calmly solve our problems; and then when they've managed to pass the head-shrinking stage, we can send a few brave missionaries over who would try to reveal to them a new idea—Christianity?

Robin Fuller

Dating Column, Anyone?

Editor:

I have two purposes in writing this letter. The first is that I would like to tell you how much I enjoy reading The Daily Tar Heel. I think it's tops as a college newspaper. Too often, only the few who are dissatisfied bother to express an opinion, but in complimenting you I feel that I'm expressing the sentiment of the overwhelming majority of those on campus.

The second purpose of this letter is to offer a suggestion for a feature to be included in future editions. When combined with the pressure of studies, the problems of social keep the student under a great deal of pressure. I think a column to answer his problems on dating would be very helpful.

Possibly some professor in the sociology or psychology department would be willing to handle this. If not, unbiased advice from a staff member would be helpful. I wish that you would print this letter so that other students might express their feelings on this subject.

J. Robert Dayenport

Disclaimer

Editor:

Regarding the matter of divergence of aesthetics in the selection of the poetry in the last issue of the Carolina Quarterly, I should like to state that "The Little Conservative," which in no way, in my opinion, merited publication, was not selected by me.

William Rivera

Thanks For Leaving The Car

Editor:

To the naughty boy who stole my rear view mirror:

Congratulations on a neat job! Thank you so much, for leaving my poor little old car for my continued use and pleasure.

Yours in the continued success of the Carolina Honor System,
 F. John Devansy

Turning The Tables On The New Yorker

Putting On Weight, Sir? The chances are you'll live longer if you watch your waist line. Why not join the Health Roof Club and get some exercise? Gym, game courts, steam, sunlamps, snack bar.

—New Yorker advertisement
 Putting on weight, sir? Try our trampoline, handball, steambath, sun-tan, ham on rye treatment.