

UNC's Graham Memorial: Beautiful Source Of Ideas

Graham Memorial, the venerable old woman who is surrounded by a Confederate, the town, a sundial and 7,000 students, is celebrating her birthday. She's 25 years old.

For 25 years the majority of student expression has come, one way or another, from Graham Memorial. The old woman has seen hundreds of receptions, thousands of meetings, a million arguments.

Student government is conducted from Graham Memorial. Music flows from her loudspeakers, coffee runs from her machine. From her top floor a newspaper issues, and a professional auditor keeps track of student government expenditures. Honor councils meet and roll out justice.

On her mezzanines a literary magazine is produced, along with posters, designs and ideas about having a better student union. In her bowels dance music comes forth, and billiard cues-hit pseudo-ivory, and ping pong balls bounce, and barbers clip hair, a yearbook is produced by students who drift there, somehow.

In her main lounge you can find students of all nations, conversations of all types, portraits of men of all divisions of thought. Among her Italian ashtrays are magazines and newspapers that become dog-eared a day after they are placed on the racks. From concealed speakers comes music of all kinds, and every so often the rug is rolled back for a visiting Israeli dancer or accordion-player, or a Petite Musicale, or punch and cookies with Dr. Frank Graham or Eleanor

Roosevelt or the president of the Consolidated University.

Yet these things are not what makes Graham Memorial the beautiful old woman she is.

Rather, it is the thought that has issued from her chambers, from her lounges, from her halls and stairways.

For 25 years students have thought in Graham Memorial. Some of their thoughts have come out on paper, some of them have been tossed around, debated, killed in her meeting rooms, some of them have grown and developed and become policies of the student body, even policies of the University.

For this, we owe Graham Memorial a lot. She has been very good to us students, for she has done part of the University's most basic job—made us think.

Long live the old woman. As old as she is, she still fairly bubbles with youthful thought.

Crusades, Towers Needed

Two of the candidates for the editorship of this newspaper have, in the course of their campaigns so far, touched on two items which need comment. One of them is the idea of a newspaper "crusade," which one candidate says is a bad word now. The other is the idea of an "ivory tower," from which these editorials are supposedly written.

Now, we don't care which candidate made those statements. The statements are the things with which we disagree.

A crusade, as the candidate said, is a bad word nowadays. It implies all sorts of silly and even evil things. But, we would ask, isn't there a need for a crusade?

Who in the nation will crusade for things like freedom of speech, freedom from hypocrisy, freedom to worship as one pleases? Surely the United States government does not do that sort of crusading. Nor do the organized religions, which seem to be heading us in the other

directions. Even educational institutions are slipping.

Only the newspapers, and other forms of writing and opinion and comment, seem left to crusade for those freedoms. And even their ranks are getting thinner. Elmer Davis, one of the most crusading of writers, thinkers and speakers, is now an invalid. A top radio commentator has had one of his scripts jerked off the air by his company.

But still, newspapers continue to crusade. Sometimes their crusades are ill-timed, and maybe they are overplayed, but usually they serve good purposes — purposes like truth, honor, integrity and all those other abstract and obsolescent terms.

On the campus, the newspaper must crusade. For who else will? The religious organizations, again, refuse to move out of the center of the road. The student government is largely made up of timid and uninformed souls. The central administration is scared, totally scared, to give out much more information than the time of day. Even the faculty has lost a good deal of its morale, and it doesn't say much.

The same thing goes for an "ivory tower" editorial policy.

Who, we ask, on the campus lives in an ivory tower nowadays? Practically no one. Everyone lives in a subway tube, or in a cafeteria line, or hurrying down a sidewalk. Very few people attempt to analyze their own thoughts anymore—that's why they turn to Time Magazine, which analyzes thoughts, grinds them up and turns out preformed opinions for people who are too busy or too cowardly to think for themselves. That's why they sit in class like rows of dead fish, their eyes occasionally blinking if they are not completely closed.

Who on the campus is willing and has the materials to maybe jerk those people out of the stream of conformity, out of the long waiting line for security? The conductor of the editorial column is the one.

No, there's no harm whatsoever in crusading from an ivory tower. Those two "objections" are also essential duties of the editor of this newspaper, just as they are the duties of all elected and chosen people on the campus who are designated "student leaders." The candidates should not forget this.

Students, Too, Are Cause Of This Educational Apathy

Editor:

I am writing with reference to the editorial in Tuesday's Daily Tar Heel concerning the imminent departure of one of our great teachers.

Agreed that a lack of educational morale exists here at Chapel Hill, it seems hardly the place

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TOXIC?

Generation Born Into Television

Anthony Wolff

On first glance it seems that the Fates have reserved little space in the history books for the current, college generation: A few of us participated in the Korean "police action," but that will probably rate only a couple of pages in the histories of this century; we are all a little too late to have invented the automobile or the airplane, or to have run over Europe chasing Hitler's armies; we are probably a little too early to fly to the moon.

But in the eyes of the social scientist, this generation is important in many respects. The one which particularly concerns this column is that we are the last hatch born B. T. — Before Television.

Most of us were probably fairly well into childhood before television achieved its recent popularity. Some of us were already teen-agers. And no small number of us remain today only slightly involved with the infant medium.

But consider the present youngsters—those who were born after 1945. They have never known a world without television. This may seem a shallow, even absurd, point to make, but its ramifications are vitally important to the culture of our country.

In a recent study, sound evidence indicated that youngsters between the ages of six to 13 in a middle-class neighborhood in New York City averaged about four hours of television viewing every day. One lad of about nine years swore to eight hours per day, including one before school and one during his lunch period.

These children also spend five hours a day in school (plus that lunch period). When do they play, or discover the beauty of literature? What time is left for music lessons or club meetings?

How often do they hear an intelligent conversation? Indeed, are they ever prompted to test their minds, and to discover the dynamics of society through experience?

These are rhetorical questions, and the implications are obvious and worthy of serious consideration.

So it is none too early — in fact it is nearly too late — to begin a concerted effort to make television a positive influence in American life.

of a student publication to lay the blame on the faculty. We as students have first to look to ourselves as the cause of this educational apathy.

In the course of my education here I have frequently found myself comforted by an attitude which I believe is all too prevalent among the student body. This attitude consists of the reflection, "I don't have to dig this out. The professor will explain it in class tomorrow."

We passively glance over our assignments, close the books, and wait until "tomorrow" when the all-provident professor will make it clear to us. Now it seems to me there are

two ways to approach the business of education. One is "education as learning," the other, "Education as thinking." The second approach seems to include the first, since, obviously, one must learn in order to have something to think about.

If college training has any long-lasting value, I believe it is precisely in this latter sense: Education as thinking.

How can a professor be expected to feel "free" when his students approach him solely as a source of learning? How wonderful it would be from the professor's standpoint if he could assume that the students in his class had learned their assignments. The

classroom would then become a place for thinking.

Learning is the kind of thing you do by yourself, in the cool of the evening, alone with a book. Thinking is stimulated by discussion, controversy — in short, classroom talk.

If we want our professors to stay with us, we need to keep them interested. All too often the cry has been that the professor does not interest us.

If we as students can cultivate the professor's interest in us and our thinking, then we will have gone a long way towards creating the kind of atmosphere which attracts and holds teaching talent.

John C. Parker

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'Weil, We Certainly Botched This Job. What'll We Stamp It — 'Secret' Or 'Top Secret'?



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YOU Said It:

Form A Union At Lenoir Hall

Editor:

In the last week we've all heard a lot about working conditions in Lenoir Hall. I think that most of the workers will agree with me when I say the work at Lenoir isn't too hard, and it is well known that the majority of the workers couldn't stay in school long without the work.

As I heard a student captain say: "If you can afford not to work, why don't you quit? Otherwise, be thankful!" This philosophy is the general attitude taken by the management of Lenoir Hall. They know that they have

the employees over a barrel, so to speak.

They know most of the employees can't afford to quit, and they're taking advantage of their knowledge.

When I say "they" in reference to the management, that is exactly what I mean. "To many chiefs and not enough braves!" is the expression I heard used to describe the abundance of bosses at Lenoir Hall. "Truer words have never been spoken."

Today I heard a fellow employee express his belief in the need of a union — Yes! a union for workers at Lenoir. He also

said, "If we walked off just as the place filled up, we might accomplish something."

Perhaps this is radical; however, we have signed petitions, and we have talked to our employers. We have expressed our views to the student body. What have we received? Nothing but sympathies and philosophies!

But these are only words, and words without action are no good. So I say, "Let's put away these philosophies! Let's put away these sympathies! It's time for action — now!"

Name withheld by request

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 and examination and vacation periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in 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.

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Initiative On Council Needed

Luther Hodges Jr.

Chairman, Student Council

The new, revised student council has just completed its first year of upholding the campus code. To say the very least the council has not been plagued with cases dealing with violators of our standards of gentlemanly conduct, but it has dealt quite earnestly with its suspensions, probation, reprimands and warnings.

I shall not here begin to defend our honor system, for I believe the system—to all conscientious students—can stand on its own merits.

I only wish to emphasize a principle, specifically that all judgments rendered by the student council, indeed by all courts under our honor system, are corrective measures—as any student familiar with the workings of the Carolina honor system will vouch.

I write in sincere appreciation to the members of the student council for their service over the past year, but also with a serious concern over the lack of responsibility that individual students have for upholding the standard of gentlemanly conduct on this campus.

Not to detract from honor, but your life as a true Carolina gentleman is equally as important. And as you are concerned over the honor of your fellow students, so should you be over his conduct.

It is a tragedy that our cases come from the police blotter and not from the interest of students who are desirous that their academic community have the same high standards of gentlemanly conduct as their homes.

In less than one month a new student council will be formed. I only wish to plead that students take the necessary initiative and interest to express themselves in the coming election and throughout the next year on the campus code.

There is an opportunity for three rising seniors to serve with the student council. There is the responsibility for the rest of the student body to choose and support them.

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THROUGH MAZE OF SMOKE:

Student's Evening At Wilson Library

Bill King

The time is 7:45 p.m. on any given week night. Our character, whom we shall refer to as Joe, is hustling down to the Library to begin studying for an English 32 quiz which he is to face on the morrow. He has just got back from his fraternity house where he has spent the last two hours engaged in a game of bridge.

He is determined that his path will lead straight to the quietude of the business library because to-night he's got a lot of studying to do.

But just for the heck of it he takes a quick look-see through the maze of smoke into the Reserve Reading Room. By golly, there's Joan sitting by herself at the second table. Oh well it won't take but a minute to go back and say hello. After all, he hasn't seen her since sociology class this morning.

At 8:10 our boy's conscience begins to hurt because he is depriving both Joan and himself of the right to study, so he bids her farewell until 9 o'clock "break time." He starts for the Business Library.

Funny thing, but the book just doesn't interest Joe any more. After five pages he gets up and wanders back to the steps. The foursome is still there and Jean and George have joined the group.

Joe sits down again and goes through a cigaret. At 10:15 he gets up and tells the group that this is all very nice but he's just gotta utilize these final 20 minutes.

It doesn't take much, however, to convince him that he can't get anything done in 20 minutes, but still he figures he oughta give it a try for the sake of clearing his conscience.

But mind over matter is not one of Joe's virtues. He goes for another cigaret and finds that he's out. What the heck, he'll finish it when he get back to the room; anybody got a cigaret?

Our conscientious student finally gets comfortably seated in the current affairs room.

But what's this glaring him in the face? The new issue of Sports Illustrated and he hasn't even seen it. Now what red-blooded American boy could dig into something as deep as Conrad's Heart of Darkness before just "glancing" through it? It won't take but a minute, he figures.

For some reason, though, it takes Joe a little more than a minute. 30 minutes to be exact; now he's really gotta dig in! And he does, for a full 30 minutes. He's gone through 28 pages and, by golly, if that doesn't call for a drink of water, what does?

He decides to sneak out, grab a quick sip, and then back to Conrad. He waves at a couple of friends as he strolls toward the door but prides himself in not stopping to chat—a real compliment to his will power.

Joe peers around the door to the steps to make sure there's nobody around because he's just not going to get mixed up in another bull session; too much studying to be done.

Darn the luck! the water fountain doesn't work and he's gotta go down stairs for a drink. Well, anyway, there's nobody on the steps. He hustles down, gets his water and starts back up. Sitting at the top of the steps now are Patsy and Mary Jane, and Howard and Bill are just getting ready to join them. Oh well, might as well take a quick smoke just to be sociable. It's only 9:40, still got 50 minutes.

This session last 15 minutes and it's now five 'til 10. Back to the books now and no more wandering.