

Something For Everyone

The state of the union, as the President observed the other day, is basically good. But the unique Lyndon Johnson touch in the strategy to make it better was clearly calculated to leave his political opposition in a state of consternation. He occupied so many forward positions on so many fronts that he left little ground open for his enemies to fight him on. He was for frugality and a sound dollar, the magic words that always are an open sesame to a legislator's vote, if not his heart, except where the budget cuts affect his own district. But the President was also for the mightiest federal assist in the nation's history to building of homes, schools, libraries and hospitals.

On the moon if nobody else wanted to cooperate and go with us but he had already cut back some military spending, was going to level off our stockpile of enriched uranium and he invited the Russians to take similar steps to de-fuse the nuclear arms race. The President was for capital and he was for labor and sincerely against the sin of denying citizens their full constitutional rights. He was for prudence but he also was for progress. His comparatively short message to a joint session of the House and Senate in a dilatory and dubious 88th Congress was paced so perfectly that he did not throw away a single line. His soft, controlled drawl and meaningful pauses evoked 80 interruptions for applause though by no means all

sections of the chamber applauded the same things.

As at least one Republican remarked afterwards with slightly corrosive scorn, the President's address "had something in it for everybody." And indeed it did. But the artfulness of the Johnson recipe was to mix the ingredients in such a way that it was plausible to think everybody really could be cooking with gas if Congress would just be reasonable.

Despite their stock and inevitably deflating comments, this artfulness was not lost on the Republicans. An alert and seasoned Capitol Hill observer who happened to focus his eye on Congressman Charlie Halleck of Indiana during the speech said the expression of the House Minority

Leader seemed to say "Good Lord, he's done it to us again." And one eastern Republican senator, prominent for his moderate views, did say privately that even he could carry Arizona on such a platform as the Johnson state of the union message.

All of which indicates that Senator Goldwater's own somewhat captious reaction may have been slightly hasty. Pressed for comment in New Hampshire where he is campaigning for the GOP presidential nomination, the man from Arizona said the speech "out Roosevelt Roosevelt, out Kennedy Kennedy and even made Truman look like a piker." If he had added Teddy Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover and William McKinley to the comparisons Goldwater would have perhaps struck a better balance.

For the central significance rising like an obelisk out of the President's performance before Congress is that Lyndon Johnson means to occupy the political center, not just to sit there but as an activist engaging attackers from all sides. This was the territory, and the position upon it, which John F. Kennedy aimed for and if he had lived, he might have consolidated his power there. But this strategy is not new to President Johnson. He has worn it like a vest through most of his political career and he is a master at its execution.

An invaluable advantage to the center position is that it is so easy from there to trap reckless opponents and expose them in extreme positions. This is a danger that Senator Goldwater faces more precariously at the moment than all the other Republican prospects and his talk, just since last week, about abrogating the test ban treaty, encouraging another invasion of Cuba, leaving the discretion about firing nuclear weapons to somebody other than the commander-in-chief, et cetera—such "tough talk" exposes him even more.

President Johnson, of course, is now exposed, too. He has set his goals and pledged to reach them, as swiftly as possible. If he stumbles the political injury to him and his party could conceivably be fatal in a presidential election year. He may not be able to make more than token cuts in federal spending. He may alienate both the liberals and the Southerners in the battle over civil rights. He may not be able to do enough to combat unemployment to satisfy organized labor and he may do too much in flexing federal authority to hold the now surprisingly tolerant attention of business.

Whatever he does do, it will come, by nature of his political philosophy and the location of his strategic position, from some compromise. "Lyndon," a man who has known him long and well said today, "wants that spectacular 20-yard run down the field. He will settle for a five-yard gain. But some people forget that when he gets that, he demands five yards more, then another gain and another until he's where he wants to be." Well, the game is now on and we shall see what we shall see.

No Escape From Recollection

By HENRY McINNIS

There came across your mind the desire to flee from reality and its burdens.

You want to stop reading the morning papers, which remind you cruelly that the young president is dead, when it always seemed so right that he should live to lead his nation on to a new greatness, an inescapable destiny. But the headlines and stories will not allow any accommodation to this dream, because it was stopped forever in Dallas by a nightmare we have not overcome, nor shall.

Would it help the pain of your loss by going to the woods? You think so. You could get in a bit of hunting before the season closes. Raise that rifle and fire. But the gun seems strangely heavy this time, and the telescopic sight makes you suddenly sick somehow.

Maybe it would be a fine idea to drive over to the beach and have a sumptuous seafood platter fresh from the sea. You note the sign on the cafe door saying that you are welcome because of your

skin color, but the hospitality diminishes your dignity. You cannot forget how important it was for him to open those doors to your fellow men so that you could really enjoy the feast set before you.

And as you eat, you think of other people you don't even know and have never seen who are at this same moment cringing with stomach pains while you suffer a slight attack of overeating.

Back on the beach road you go and as you drive, "Impeach Earl Warren" signs loom into view, like so much litter.

The radio announcer interrupts a program twice. A Texas youth who boasted he would kill Kennedy had just been acquitted of charges because he said he was joking. A New York man had been ordered examined by a psychiatrist after he was charged with threatening President Johnson.

You go over to a barnacled fishing pier and cast your rod. The look of the cascading waves with the feel of swaying poles underneath makes you feel small and

insignificant, even helpless.

You watch children on shore go dashing into the surf with abandon and you think back over that time when you were surprised and pleased to see newphotos of the President, bathing in the Pacific on his California visit. Everyone was happier then. You could remember how available he was with his presence and his flashing smile. Friendly people shook his hands and followed him out of the oceans. You thought of the Lincoln Continental convertible, this time with his foot hanging grotesquely over the side and his smile now gone.

He is now as unreachable as

the line where the sea and sky meet. If we still wish to follow him, the way will have to be different. His tracks on the sands of immortality are etched in ideas. They were fashioned from all that made men wise and good, loyal and brave.

You look very hard and very long at that far-away horizon and try to understand that far out across the vast waters before you lies the world. It was the same world that felt the same loss and the common grief, not just an unknowable land out of sight, unfeeling or undisturbed.

It was the same world out beyond that he brought a little nearer to the dream of peace.

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Chapel Hill Vs. CORE: Where From Here?

Chapel Hill, to put it mildly, is in a cruel situation. The town is standing at a crossroads of some sort, and whether or not we're able to read the signs and take the right route will be decided within the next few days.

An immovable object—a majority of the Board of Aldermen—has met an irresistible force—a demand for complete desegregation by a coalition of civil rights groups, headed by the national office of the Congress of Racial Equality.

Suddenly, in short, the much-heralded Negro Revolt has really hit home, and all of us, whether we like it or not, are in it up to our ears.

How we come out of it depends upon how well we all face up to that fact. The only sure thing is that if there were an easy answer to our problem, somebody would have come up with it by now.

In the face of the extreme tension that is developing, many doubts are being expressed about the integrity of both the Aldermen opposed to a public accommodations ordinance and the leaders of the civil rights movement.

This is a poor way to begin trying to resolve our dilemma. The Aldermen can't simply be written off as a bunch of puppets dancing at the end of strings

held by a goodly segment of our more reactionary residents.

By the same token, local integrationist leaders are not here simply to foment civil disturbances at the direction of national leaders out for a tactical victory.

Both of these views are excessively cynical and take no account whatsoever of anything approaching humanitarian motives. And yet humanitarian motives are greatly involved.

A truer view of the situation is that the Aldermen still think voluntary efforts will work, and civil rights leaders think this is wishful thinking.

If it were simply a matter of deciding who has the best case, then our problem could be solved easily. But it is not that simple.

The fact of the matter is that a good many of the town's white and Negro residents want to see some visible sign of an end to the left-overs of our segregationist past. They want the law to be with them, not against them. They want to have their wishes heeded for a change, instead of their opponents!

The Aldermen and the Mayor know all this, but a majority of them remain unconvinced that a public accommodations ordinance is the best way to bring all this about. They fear a subtler form of discrimination will occur if the town's businessmen are forced to serve the public without regard to color.

Who can say the Aldermen are wrong in thinking this? Certainly we can't, but neither can the Aldermen prove they are right. We, at least have the recommendations of the specially-appointed Mayor's Committee on Integration and the standing Committee on Human Relations to go on. Both have unequivocally recommended passage of a public accommodations ordinance as the best way of solving the town's lingering racial problem.

The question now is: Where do we go from here?

A meeting between the Board of Aldermen and local civil rights leaders would seem to be a good place to start. Evidence of the board's good faith in appointing a third negotiating committee Monday night would seem to be the best way of temporarily avoiding further racial demonstrations.

Function Of A University: To Learn Or Be Known?

From the Journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science

Today the dominant trend in our universities is toward trying to do too many things. What is the appropriate function of a university? Should it emphasize community service; should it provide a base of operations for its faculty, or should it exist primarily for educating the young. This is the one function which it can uniquely perform and, in the long view, the most important. Other organizations can provide community service or furnish housing for those whose only interest is research.

It is difficult to know when a university is doing a good job of teaching, and those who judge university administrations seldom evaluate them on the basis of the quality of their human output. Rather, institutions are judged by some on the basis of their football teams; by others, on their budgets, rate of increase of endowment, or new buildings. Among professionals, standards are employed which in their way are as false as the criterion of athletic prowess; for example, institutions are rated on the number and brilliance of their academic stars.

By "stars" I mean men who in various ways have made a name for themselves. But does the presence of such men necessarily contribute much to the teaching function of the university? Sometimes it does, but many of these men are only occasionally on campus or have little or no time for students.

Another fashionable standard for judging a university is the amount of research activity. Thus, university administrators tend to follow the "publish or perish" approach. As a result, many

scientists find it expedient to neglect teaching duties. Those engaged in research have always enjoyed advantages over the teachers, few of whom gain recognition even in their own institutions. Under the present rules of the game, any scientist who teaches when he can do research must be unusually public-spirited or blind to his own interest. The result is to demean teaching. How can a professor approach a class with enthusiasm and adequate preparation if he is convinced that education of undergraduates is a secondary function of the university?

Few administrators would admit publicly that they give low priority to education, and indeed most would prefer to provide excellence in teaching. The difficulty is that academic stars and research output can be easily identified and can bring acclaim to an institution. How many universities have gained renown for their instruction?

The problem of establishing criteria for performance in teaching is difficult. Many components must be considered in judging whether a man has been educated. Surely the accumulation of knowledge is important, and achievement tests are one objective means of measuring performance. In scientific fields it should be possible to establish additional criteria. On completion of his doctorate in science, a man begins to publish papers, or if he is in industrial research he begins to rise in the company. After 3 or 4 years one can judge his scientific competence and potential.

Among the needs in education today are well-established, nationally recognized performance standards for educational achievement could assist in redressing the present imbalance between research and teaching in our universities.

LETTERS POLICY

The Daily Tar Heel invites comment from its readers in the form of letters to the editors, regardless of point of view.

Letters should be typed, double-spaced, and preferably short. Unsigned letters will not be printed, although a name may be withheld for good reasons.

Letters must be free of libelous material, and must meet the standards of good-taste set by the editors.

Columns and cartoons are also welcomed, subject to the same restrictions.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Reward

Editors, The Tar Heel:

After an extensive three-year study of the Woman's Dormitory Rules System and extensive study of the psychological motivation for these Medieval documents, I have come to certain conclusions. It has been the policy of Mother Carmichael and her cohorts for these many, many years that their minions deserved only the stick and never the carrot. They have instituted a system of rather comprehensive commandments (example, Thou shalt not stay out past 11 p.m. on Monday thru Thursday; Thou shalt not be alone with a nasty man, at least in his apartment, etc.) If these commandments are broken, you will suffer, besides severe pangs of conscience, the wrath of the Carmichael clan. This usually includes being campused (an unusual name for imprisonment) or being brought before the Honor Council (a small scale inquisition into your personal lack of honor).

But the point is that most psychologists agree that reward-training is better than punishment-training. This has been quite well established with tests on mice and other forms of lower mammals (why not on coeds?). If you're going to consider co-eds as lower forms of mammals anyway . . . Why not provide a system of rewards? As a possible system let me suggest: one gold star for each night on time, an extra gold star for a whole week without a late, competition between dorms to see which can collect the most books of gold stars, an honorary tea for the victor, an embazoned King James Bible with the dorm's name in Carolina blue, and a leather-bound copy of the New Testament for each girl in the winning dorm.

Footnote: It is absolutely necessary that only the New Testament be handed out. The Old Testament is obviously much too salacious and worldly for tender young minds.

Warren Ogden,
213 Hillcrest Dr.

Waste?

Editors, The Tar Heel:

Perry Young's words in last Sunday's Tar Heel were a waste of space. They were not inspiring, enlightening nor curing, but were only time-consuming and detrimental. When he finally said what he wanted to, that fizzled also.

In his attempt to say something profound, he himself demonstrates the kind of thinking which helps to generate the same color barrier he apparently would like to see broken down. Coloring the face is such a small, insignificant act; and to think twice about it, as Mr. Perry does, is much worse than not thinking of it at all.

He calls the mummer's old-fashioned, black-face comedy immoral. That's a pretty strong statement for an argument against using black coloring on the face; and when you think about it, it seems sadly ridiculous.

Mr. Perry is making the color difference into a big thing. He, like thousands of integrationists, must lose his color consciousness and realize that people are people, black, white, green, or blue.

"Uncle" Cleve Wright
111 Grimes

Huxley Resolves Literary Dichotomy

Literature and Science, by Aldous Huxley, Harper, 1963. 118 p., \$3.50.

By STEVE DENNIS

Much has been heard recently on this side of the Atlantic about C. P. Snow's statements of the dichotomy between technology and the humanities in the Twentieth Century.

Literature and Science is a rational, analytic investigation of, this alleged split by Aldous Huxley. Huxley can be said to know both sides. His brother is biologist Sir Julian Huxley, his grandfather, Thomas Henry Huxley.

Huxley explains the difference between scientific and literary writing as being the distinction between a style approaching mathematical certainty and one seeking to encompass all experience in a single work.

His opinion is basically optimistic.

"To the twentieth-century man of letters science offers a treasure of newly discovered facts and tentative hypotheses. If he accepts this gift and if . . . he is sufficiently talented and resourceful to be able to transform the new raw materials into works of literary art . . . (he) . . . will be able to treat the age-old and perennially relevant theme of human destiny with a depth of understanding, a width of reference, of which, before the rise of science, his predecessors (through no fault of their own, no defect of genius) were incapable."

"This book is likely to be of interest and importance to readers in many fields. Huxley has slight tendencies to over-write or to repeat himself, but the book is a serious treatment of a pressing debate today."

"Wow—Look At 'Em Go!"



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