

Finals Merely The Beginning

Finals always seem to end things. But in this case they are just a prelude to a packed semester.

At home UNC will meet its greatest parking difficulty to date. Construction on the new wing to the hospital will obliterate much of the parking space which presently is marked by hopeless congestion. The Hinton James dorm overlooks a dreadful scarcity of parking space, and planning for the student union regrettably circumvented parking.

The report from the traffic survey company presently at work on campus should be ready in the early spring and is expected to provide a basis for planning that will alleviate these problems.

Peace vigils are still scheduled every Wednesday and have contagiously spread to Durham. Next scheduled stop, Raleigh.

Student Government is destined to a bigger part of the campus scene this semester with elections looming ahead in two months. It's

only a short time until dormitory room doors are wedged shut over stacks of political literature and residence college activities are suspended because there is no space on the bulletin boards to advertise them.

Already Student Government is commanding great attention through the Co-op book sales at the Naval Armory. Lines have stretched well outside the building as students compete for lower prices from this very tangible Student Government function.

The pass-fail system will mark increased efforts toward educational reform. The proposal is expected to reach the Chancellor's examination committee soon.

Two events, however, are probably the most exciting to look forward to this semester. UNC's second-ranked basketball team seems to have an excellent chance at reaching beyond the ACC when NCAA competition begins.

And finally, if all else goes awry, there is Jubilee.

Personally Speaking

Upcoming Election Represents Key To Vital Student Welfare

(Editor's Note: Fred Thomas joined the Armed Services during semester break with the intention of completing his education later. He asked that the following be printed.)

To those who have been so concerned as to whether or not I plan to run for president of the student body, to those who feel that my failure to repudiate to poster-propagated rumor has cast doubt on my integrity, to those who thought I was such a threat that they dedicated prime portions of their paper (or should I say Your Paper), to incisive remarks aimed in my direction and to the general run of the mill students who couldn't care less either way, I offer this word:

No, I will not run for student body president. In fact, nothing has been further from my serious consideration this year. Oh yes, I have an interest in Student Government. I think it has a real and important place in the University. I would very much like to see programs such as have been started this year carried on in the future. But I have never been so naive as to think it my job to run the show.

Those students who really understand Student Government, those who realize the areas in which it can and must be effective, those who know it can be more than a glorified student council, more than a way to get your picture in the Yack, more than a battle arena for so much petty student politics—these students realized when the first "I've Got A Secret Poster" went up that my goal is not to fill the president's chair.

The whole idea would be quite amusing. Would be, that is, if the matter at hand weren't so serious, if electing a student body president were just a game; if the offices on second floor Graham Memorial did not hold the key to success or failure in so many vital areas of student welfare.

But the matter is serious. It is no game. And your best interests are paid service or disservice by the person you elect. The day you vote for a student body president this spring will be one of the most important days of your academic year.

I wish I could be here right up to that day to comment on campaign proceedings and cast my ballot. Unfortunately, I will not. For a number of reasons which have no bearing on or place in this column, I have decided to disenroll from the University as of the end of the past semester.

I appreciate the confidence you expressed in me last spring by electing me your editor. It's been fun for me and, I hope, bearable for you. It has been a learning experience, in more ways than one. I wish I could tell every student—and have him believe me—the

things I have found out about the University, about people in general, and, of course, about student politicians.

I was amused by Tom Manley's letter in Your Paper entitled "Now Students Can Read Two Partisan Papers," in which he systematically attempted to show that I have been an SP editor. It's not hard to understand why he would say that. Last spring in my campaign I emphasized my determination to wholeheartedly cooperate with whichever candidate was elected student body president for the good of the students through Student Government.

This year I have done just that. And if giving support to judicial reform, educational reform, a student-run book exchange, the fight against the Speaker Ban, etc.—if that's being partisan, then I guess I'm guilty.

I further guess I might be guilty of rambling if I don't close this column soon. It's rather paradoxical. Having to fill the editorial column every day, I have often found myself beating my head against the wall trying to think of something to write about. Now, realizing that I no longer will have an editorial column to fill, I can think of enough things to write a book about them.

But I won't. Not yet, anyway.
—Fred Thomas

The Daily Tar Heel

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Mr. Christian, Order The Men To Stand By To Witness Punishment. Mr. Thomas Will Receive 50 Lashes.



Peter Schrag

On Student-Watching

Peter Schrag, author of "Voices in the Classroom," is associate editor of the Saturday Review's Education Section. The following piece originally appeared in the New York Times.

Speaker Ban At St. Mary's Gags Nazi

The question of whether or not to bring George Lincoln Rockwell, head of the American Nazi Party, to the St. Mary's University campus in San Antonio embodies a problem that plagues any college not heavily endowed, comments the St. Mary's Rattler. The problem, harsh as it may sound, boils down to "what price academic freedom?"

Some would dodge the issue by saying that the man is a nut and does not deserve to use our podium to spread his ideas, but this is irrelevant. It is not the questionable sanity of Rockwell that irks those who oppose his coming, but, rather, the unpopular cause he espouses. We disagree with Rockwell on nearly every topic, but we feel it is the right, if not the duty, of students to become informed and objectively critical of his ideas.

If the cultural activities committee does ask to bring Rockwell here, it will probably be turned down by university officials for two reasons. First, Rockwell's appearance would hurt the "image" of the school, probably losing donations from valuable benefactors. Second, the growing closeness of the Jewish and Catholic communities, due to a great extent to the work of the university's Department of Sacred Doctrine, would be severely impaired if the University sponsored a speech by a vehemently anti-Semitic Nazi.

We sympathize with those who have to make the decisions on this sort of difficult question. Yet, if students do not actively argue for academic freedom, decisions like these will not be given enough consideration. It is too easy to automatically turn away controversy for fear of reprisals from the outside when there is no fear of criticism from within.

We strongly commend the Student Council, therefore, for its decision to go on record in support of efforts to bring Rockwell to campus. We hope those who make the final decision consider the educational as well as the financial goals of the university.

Among the many thriving sidelines in American academic life, none has been growing faster than amateur student-watching.

Teachers and deans, psychologists and clergymen, journalists and physicians—all are enthusiastically immersed in examining and assaying what Undergraduates Are Really Like and What's Bugging the Students. Never has one sector of academic speculation mushroomed so dramatically. Ever since Mario Savio directed the Berkeley demonstrations from the roof of that police car—thereby making it America's best-known vehicle of protest—academic punditry hasn't been the same.

Only three years ago we were all speculating on such trivia as the admissions panic, the shortage of academic space, and the Ph.D. gap. But Mr. Savio changed all that, launching campus pulse-feelers on an orgy of diagnosis and dissection that may continue indefinitely. Not an issue of a major national magazine goes by without new revelations from the men and women who peep through the keyhole of the undergraduate spirit.

Although student-watching is open to all comers, it is endowed with certain basic rules.

The ranks of a bona-fide practitioners are open only to those who take all student organizations and protests absolutely seriously, and who treat each of them as a major manifestation of something more important. Whether his response to the students is one of shock and moral outrage, or whether it is characterized by beard-stroking, pipe-puffing detachment, no legitimate commentator can afford to regard any student outburst as trivial; indeed it is incumbent upon him to point out that whatever this is it is not mere patty raid. Anyone demeaning the significance of even the most peripheral student protest is in danger of forfeiting his membership in the union.

There are other requirements.

A good student-watcher should have a cosmic view. If his analysis does not include some basic comments about the state of our society, the technological dilemmas of our time, the bomb, slums and the multi-university, he is hardly qualified to comment at all. If he can add to these dimensions some references to the identity crisis, the lack of role models, alienation and anomie, then he can count himself among the more distinguished members of the guild.

In general, moreover, he would be well served to remember the general rule: the more extreme the behavior,

the more socially significant it becomes.

Although the fundamental requirements for student-watching are observed by all practitioners, there are these definite divisions within the craft:

The Analysts — These are people who categorize student groups according to ideological persuasion, social background and tactical proclivities. They are careful to distinguish between Du Bois Club Marxists, Progressive Labor Maoists, Students for a Democratic Society Activists and the older, relatively square groups interested in primarily in passe issues like civil rights and peace.

The Moralists — These are people fascinated by sex, LSD and beards. Many of them are locked in a symbiotic relationship with the people they most despise. If the moralists didn't react violently to a shaggy beard, there would hardly be any point in wearing one. Similarly, the moralists depend on beards for moralizing.

The Private Eyes — These are people already persuaded that behind every student protest lurks a Red agent, and they are now rather relieved, after the post-McCarthy hiatus, to learn that the Communists are still in our midst and that they are right on the campus, where they were always supposed to be.

The Social Flagellators — Most of these people are romantics trusting in moral man and immoral society. Any student activist is virtuous simply because he protests; the more idiotic the protest, the more it demonstrates how brutally the society has deformed and damaged the protester. The kookier the complaint, in other words, the more legitimate it becomes.

Clearly there are other categories; university presidents, for example, are all of a kind. To them protests always illustrate the level of maturity on their own campuses. If the students riot, it demonstrates their political sophistication. If they are apathetic, it demonstrates their decorum and judgment. To suggest that there are absurd forms of behavior and that academic institutions exist partly for the purpose of protecting absurdity is unthinkable.

Occasionally someone even suggests that student demonstrations really don't reflect anything very important. Such errors will undoubtedly be rooted out. At the same time student protests will become more prevalent and flamboyant. We can't allow them to disappear. Too many adults depend on them.

In The Mail

A Plea For Action From California U

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

On behalf of the University of California, Santa Barbara, we ask your help in informing the American public about the present problems facing higher education in the state of California.

We especially ask every student sympathetic with our dilemma to communicate his feelings to the Governor of California at Sacramento. This will make him cognizant of the fact that citizens, not only of California but of the United States, perceive the possible grave ramifications of political encroachment of the autonomy of the University. Such autonomy is a necessity for an academic community.

If you desire information on the situation here, please write me. Higher education in California is in a threatened position. Help spread the word.

John Maybury
Editor, EL GAUCHO
Official A.S.U.C.S.B.
newspaper

even some boys, than I have ever seen before.

Two very nice boys sat at my table the other day. The one from the midwest put his knife and fork on the table, resting on his plate. I laid them on his plate and told him not to use them as gang planks. He said "My grandfather always put his like that, so it must be all right. I told him I meant no reflection on his grandfather—he had the privilege of age, but it was not all right for him."

The other student from an adjoining state, had one arm on the table as he ate. I pushed it off the table and told him I didn't allow him to eat with his elbow on the table. It is a wonder any of them sit with me.

I was in Raleigh at a family luncheon several days ago. When I entered the living room, one nephew extended his hand, while keeping his seat. I pulled him to his feet and said, "You stand up and speak to me!" His wife laughed and said "She is the manners minder at the University."

Also, at this luncheon they got to talking politics. Some of them were old Goldwaterites. I told them "We don't talk politics at the table. Talk about something pleasant when you dine, and not about anything you disagree so violently about."

This manners business — there never is any end to it. However, I notice many students pull their shoes off, or put a paper under their shoes before resting their feet on the table at Graham Memorial. A few resent it when I speak to them, but you shouldn't expect 100 percent. As one student remarked—"Some people you can't help." All in all, most of our students are sweet about opening doors, saying yes-ma'am, and in general, O.K.

Otelia's P's & Q's

Editor, The Daily Tar Heel:

Recently I had finished eating and was standing up, getting my things together to leave Lenoir Hall, when a group of women, or girls, came to the table next to mine. They took a chair, and put their empty trays on my table. I said, "It is a good thing I am leaving, or you would get your heads whacked." One of them said, "We looked before we acted!"

People who have been around for any length of time and still pull chairs without asking, deposit trays on another's table, sit on one foot, put the feet on the seats of other chairs, who say huh and un-huh, ought to have their heads whacked. This year I have seen more girls sitting on one foot in Lenoir, and

Pin-Stripe Facade, Baggy Tweed Mind

By ARTHUR HOPPE

The search for a new President for the University of California appeared a mere formality today with the post almost certain to go to Dr. Homer T. Pettibone.

While other distinguished Americans, such as J. Edgar Hoover, General Curtis LeMay and Senator Eastland, have been mentioned, Dr. Pettibone, except for one small handicap, is ideally suited for the position.

Tall, broad-shouldered, silver-haired, Dr. Pettibone looks every inch a university president. His extensive wardrobe includes baggy tweed jackets for strolls about the campus, conservative pin-striped suits for meetings of the Board of Regents, and friends say his elegance in dinner jackets will prove a tremendous asset at fund-raising banquets.

But it is his forward-looking program that has won him overwhelming support. "A great university, he says, deserves an unbroken record of excellence. And our first requirements to achieve that record are a quarterback who can throw long and a heavier defensive line."

But Dr. Pettibone feels strongly that a well-rounded university life should also include academic pursuits. To this end, he has proposed a new multi-million-dollar building program—primarily to construct a 12-foot-high wall around each campus topped with barbed wire, searchlights and guard towers.

"Order and discipline are essential to a quiet scholastic atmosphere," he says. "And I believe a widely-expanded campus security force, armed with cattle prods, will insure it."

No prude, Dr. Pettibone holds that sex has its place on each of the university's nine campuses. "The female sex has its place on four of the campuses and the male sex on the other five," he says, firmly. "Co-education is sex education."

To consume the time and energy now wasted on the latter, Dr. Pettibone proposes a unique work-study program. After classes each day the students would be marched to a new Student Activity & Jute Mill Center, where they would learn good habits, make potato sacks and help put the university on a paying basis.

As for studies, Dr. Pettibone feels the present confusing plethora of degrees should be replaced by a single one in Americanism. Each lecture hour, he believes, should open with the Pledge of Allegiance, a loyalty oath, the Star-Spangled Banner and a selection from The Thoughts of H. L. Hunt. The remaining 15 minutes, in the traditions of academic freedom, would be devoted to whatever approved subject the student wished to minor in.

But, above all, Dr. Pettibone hopes to project a new image of the student so that the public will easily recognize a Cal man—primarily by his shaved head and blue denim uniform.

"This will be of great help in rounding them up," he explains grimly, "in case some hardened trouble-makers stage a breakout."

Needless to say, the majority of Regents have been won by Dr. Pettibone's personality, his program and his wide experience in penology. And he would have already been named the new university president if it weren't for his one small handicap.

"I think we should overlook it," says one Regent enthusiastically. "After all, he'll have plenty of assistants who know how to read and write."