The Daily Tar Heel

Opinions of The Daily Tar Heel are expressed in its editorials. All unsigned editorials are written by the editor. Letters and columns reflect only the personal views of their contributors.

Scott Goodfellow, Editor

Grand Damsel Of Exchanges

An informal basis for the exchange of ideas with other college students of different backgrounds has always been sought by students everywhere. Such "exchanges" have been promoted particularly in recent years as students decided that textbook familiarity is insufficient.

The grand damsel of UNC's exchange programs ended another season Tuesday on a note of exuberance.

It seems that every year's Toronto Exchange is always felt to be better than the previous one. And perhaps this is the mark of success, for certainly this year's exchange outclasses them all.

Well we remember last November during Dook Weekend when the Canadian troop came to Carolina. Occasionally one of the Toronto students would escape from the GM group gatherings and make it into our office for awhile. The ensuing discussions were always fascinating.

Conversations resulting from the return trip by UNC students last week are equally intriguing. Exchangees acclaimed the methods of informal exchange such as bull sessions and parties. The more informal, the more effectively ideas were exchanged. Even seminars proved somewhat restrained.

"It is almost a privilege to talk with someone who has a vantage point from where he can really see what's right and wrong with you and your system of living," said a returning student.

But the really different aspect of this year's Toronto Exchange was their method of selection of participants. Every applicant was asked to spend some of his time learning about Canada before being interviewed. And selections were made upon a basis of group cohesion.

In many recent years the program has given the impression of including many student leaders in a high - level exchange. Perhaps this is partly due to the natural desire of many student government people to do all possible to help the university.

But this year seemed different.

The group had been selected for each other — and they went naturally together. The new arrangement indisputably benefitted the program.

Yes, the grand damsel of exchanges ended another season Tuesday. And she looked lovely in a new dress.

Score One More For Reform

The educational reform movement has achieved a crowning *coup*.

It's gotten girls into boy's residence halls.

Classes began in residence halls for the first time Wednesday. And Dr. John Semonche, a proponent of informal discussion, led the way by bringing two girls into his class. . . . on the eighth floor of Morrison.

Between the pass - fail system, the experimental college, and the residence hall classes, it's hard to keep the reform movement straight, but the last item certainly has benefits distinct from the others.

The system is similar to a plan in operation at Amherst, and represents an attempt to humanize the learning process. Amherst students and officials had only praise for their own program, saying that students found the informal atmosphere of the residence hall more conducive to a real interest in the subject matter.

The program here, offered through residence college promotion, presently includes three courses which will expand in number if success is reached.

Change seems to be the process earmarked by educational reform for both revitaliizng and easing the learning process. In this case, a longstanding university regulation has been discarded in favor of the movement.

It is good to see that administration support of the reform movement is not restricted to approval of merely functionary additions to curricula, but rather extends to discarding rules which are barriers in name only.

The residence hall classes are welcome. But then, who knows, maybe now Morrison can petition for University status.

Noisy Vigil Is Most Newsworthy

We find to our surprise that Chapel Hill's peace vigil was carried by a national wire service yesterday.

And not because it was *peaceful*.

It seemed that the thing to do was paint yourself a placard, grab your patriotic records, and hurry on over to the post office for the Wednesday noon doings.

Sure enough, the peace vigil line was its usual 200 strong and stretched well up Franklin Street from the post office. But they were silent.

And the opposition was noisy.

Across the street a BVP dorm record player blared Barry Sadler and John Philip Sousa. And placards presented humorous slogans.

Certainly few types of demonstrations are more restrained than a silent vigil. Its strength lies in the dedication of its participants and the number they can amass.

But while the spirit of the participants may not be broken by ridiculing music and noisy opposition, the impressions of the onlooker are surely weakened. And, after all, what is a demonstration for?

It is a comment on the status of demonstrations in Chapel Hill that the pro-war group chose to berate the anti-war group rather than attempt a demonstration of their own. Perhaps demonstrations are simply frowned upon.

Or perhaps they didn't feel a need to demonstrate.

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74 Years of Editorial Freedom

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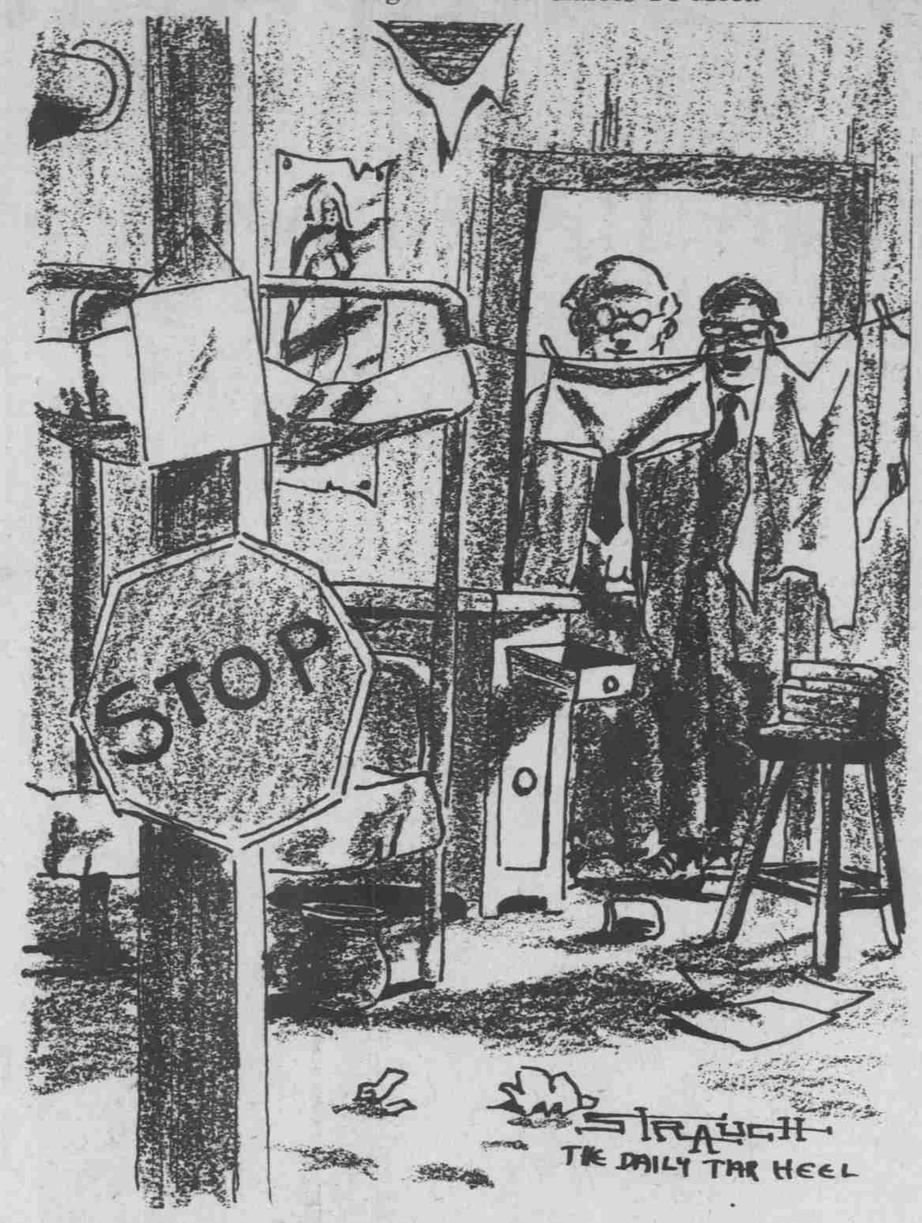
'And We Feel That The Dorms Will Provide A Much More Stimulating Place For Classes To Meet.'



Proposal Is Made To End Junky Texts

(Editor's note: This proposal came in an editorial in the Daily Iowan. It is a bind we all find ourselves caught in.)

College textbooks are getting more expensive and their quality is getting worse.

It once was that texts were written by people who were seriously concerned with improving the way that their field was being taught. Now the emphasis has shifted away from seeking real academic achievement; professors, it seems, are concerned by and large only with what will prove to be the best source of income.

It has always been the practice in academia for experts in their field to write texts. But it is becoming apparent that this practice is becoming too much of a business for professors, and this is leading to a lot of mediocrity in both the texts and the teaching.

Publishing is, indeed, good business for professors. Much of the risk in publishing that other writers face won't affect the professor, who is assured of enough sales at a high price if he insists that his classes use the book, and can persuade friends at other universities to do the same. The quality of the book will have nothing to do with how well it sells. The result is that professors are chucking together all sorts of junk and calling it The Required Text.

This in turn results in too many mediocre texts on the same subject, instead of a few good texts. This also means higher costs, since it is far more expensive to print small quantities of many different texts. It is the students who pay the price of all this needless duplication, and it is the students who suffer from the resulting lower quality.

If the rewards of being in the publishing business are necessary to keep professors from seeking more remunerative fields, then we would sooner bear the expense in increased tuition so that we could at least get to use some decent texts.

Too often it is the people who write texts who decide whether or not a given class or department should use it, and it shouldn't be that way. We would like to see the administration take the initiative to establish some sort of system whereby texts would be judged on their actual merits by a disinterested committee or board, rather than on who the author is.

Perhaps a national committee could be established, with unbiased experts in every field making recommendations to all college departments on which texts are best. The published results of an unbiased study would undoubtedly raise the quality of work being done, and the resulting smaller number of texts on the market would lower costs considerable.

A disinterested and fair judgment would insure that the best texts will be used, and would discourage professors from wasting their time and ours on the junk they are now pumping out and making us buy.

David Pollen

Berkeley Beats Ronald's Rap

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article, reprinted from the Christian Science Monitor, is taken from a talk by Garff Wilson, a professor at the University of California, Berkeley.)

The student on the Berkeley campus has been defamed and caricatured. The representative student is not a beatnik or a weirdie or a rebel. He is a clean-cut, serious, intelligent, idealistic student deeply involved in his studies, proud of his university, and keenly aware of his responsibilities as a citizen. News media seldom give the representative student any notice. Newspapers, TV and radio record what is bizaare and sensational. For example:

You are aware that in December, 1964, 773 people were arrested in the Sproul hall sit-in. Do you know that in that same semester, 3,540 undergraduates made the honor roll with a B average or better? A year later the percentage was raised one point—to 22 per cent.

You read that hundreds of dollars were raised in December, 1964, to bail out sit-in students. Do you know that in the same semester $9,602 were raised by students for Cal Camp for underprivileged children, staffed by 50 volunteer students?

You read that last year four students were suspended for participation in also-called "dirty word" demonstration. Do you know that in the same year, 262 students spent 20,000 hours in Resource Volunteer Program tutoring students in Berkeley public schools?

You read that this year three or four students were disciplined for defying campus rules. Do you know that 10 times that number cleaned off 200 cubic feet of refuse from a Berkeley hillside, removed 200 old tires from Albany mud flat and cleaned up the east side of Aquatic Park? This was volunteer work.

You read that this year mobs, including some students, have marched in parades protesting the Vietnam war. Do you know that there are now serving (or have recently served) overseas in the Peace Corps 560 Cal students, far more than from any other campus in the nation—and do you know that this spring more than 1,000 additional Cal students applied to serve?

You read that the Vietnam Day Committee held a "rowdy" dance in the campus gym. Do you know that last year 205 students joined Volunteers in Service to America and many more are in the process of joining?

You read that last March about 800 students walked out of the Greek Theater to protest the appearance of Ambassador Arthur Goldberg, but are you aware that 12,000 remained to give him more standing ovations than any Charter Day speaker has had?

You have read that frats hold beer busts, break windows and swipe street signs. Do you know that for more than 30 years the frats at Cal have financed a Big Brother program in Berkeley to help rehabilitate delinquent boys? Do you know that last term, the all-frat scholastic average was 2.61 compared to an all-living group average of 2.55?

How To Stop That Mag Mail

Editor's note: This article first appeared in the Virginia Cavalier Daily).

By DAN K. SHIPP

During his tender undergraduate years, the University student receives not only an education in such matters as the history of the French revolution, how to integrate a function, the social structure of the peasants of North Kalimantan and how to write a successful English theme the night before it is due, but he is also prepared in great measure to face the world into which he will merge in a few years. Aside from the obvious social awakening of his college years, the student is given a chance to solve many of the practical problems with which he will be confronted all his life.

For an example we cite the problem of junk mail. We have long suspected that the University finances itself in part by selling computer-made lists of students and addresses to publishing concerns across the country. Even before matriculation, the student finds himself deluged with mail offering fantastic deals on every magazine in Christendom, and this mail continues throughout his college career. "So you're going to college," read the earliest mailings. "Read our magazine, Newsy, and you will be the best-informed student in any group." Social success is insured, one is led to believe, to the student who reads Newsy. He will be the center of attraction in any gathering, sought out for his awareness of what is going on in the analysis of mankind's traumas, all gleaned from the pages of good old Newsy.

The mailings generally offer a deal whereby the student ("because you are a student, and we LIKE you") can get a certain number of issues of a magazine for a fantastically low rate. The form is often a "personal" letter from "your friend" Melvin Jones, director of the School, College and University Direct Mailing and Fantastic Deal Division of Newsy Magazine Industries. That we suspect Melvin of being some sort of machine is irrelevant, but we do wonder why, after an initial order is filled, the student never hears from him again. After all, we thought he was interested in us students, and he wrote such a nice letter.

Another favorite type of comeon is the "something for nothing" approach, sure to win the heart of the penniless undergraduate. The magazine offering seventeen trips to Europe for some lucky subscribers, as well as a good deal on 37 issues of Newsy. Just put the token with your lucky number ("no one else has this number") in the YES slot on your lucky order card. And of course, the purveyors of public information are not really just trying to sell the magazine. Of course not. If you don't want a subscription, just slip the token into the NO slot (to be found in a very inconspicuous corner of the order card, not quite large enough for the token to fit) and Newsy will still let you know if you have won the prize. Sure. How many people do you know that have won something without taking out a nine-year subscription to good ol' Newsy?

So what can the student do about all this junk mail? One way to stop it is to order the magazine; but ordering every periodical that offers a subscription would run into the hundreds of dollars, and we don't recommend it. There are several approaches that one can take which, although they may not stop the flow of mail, will at least upset the entreprenurial system a bit. And so what if one person out of a total mailing of seventy-three million may not have a terribly great effect? The personal satisfaction of revolting against Newsy is reward enough.

Most offers include an envelope, addressed, stamped and ready to return, right? Now the magazine has to pay postage on any of these that are returned, so one should simply take all the literature furnished by the publisher, place it in the envelope and mail it back, having made sure NOT to fill out any of the forms. Or perhaps one could fill in the card, ordering 87 issues, but remove all reference to his name and address. Not only will this provide the company with a dose of its own medicine, but it will have to pay for the mailing of all of it.

As the junk mail gets heavier and the trash can begins to overflow, an even more extreme tactic is recommended. Take the forms provided by World, a competitor of Newsy, and send them to Newsy in Newsy's postpaid envelope, and vice versa.

And as a final touch, if the mail continues, one might very well indicate to some magazine that Mr. Melvin Jones, c-o the Newsy Building, New York, would be interested in a subscription. See what he thinks about junk mail after that.

YM-YWCA Needs Tutors

Too often the steady, constructive, behind - the - scene jobs in which students are engaged, are forgotten in light of the more spectacular happenings on campus.

This sad fact is brought out most candidly in today's article by a California professor on the true nature of the Berkeley student body.

At UNC, many student projects linger in obscurity, usually due to the lack of publicity given them.

Perhaps, it would be just as well if they were allowed to wander their own way; however, it has come to the attention of this reporter that the students who lend a helping hand to so many needy people in the Chapel Hill area are themselves in need of help.

They need volunteers.

The YM-YWCA, the campus organization which is responsible for most of the tutoring projects in Chapel Hill, has received new demands from four elementary schools and both Chapel Hill High and Phillips Junior High.

Tutoring at these schools involves working closely with two students for the spring semester. Especially needed are math whizzes and quick readers.

Like so many of the programs to which Americans dedicate themselves each year the "Y's" tutoring projects provide one of the greatest opportunities for gaining valuable experience in understanding people.

This writer knows many people who have found a real meaning in helping people younger or less fortunate than themselves.

Tutoring is one of the most constructive ways to become involved in the finer aspects of Carolina life. It is well worth your while to drop by the "Y" and investigate the possibility of helping a young kid through the tutoring programs.

Dull Yanks?

The Charlotte Observer

We've always felt that political contests are a lot more interesting in the South than on the other side of the Mason-Dixon line. And now we have a concrete example of one of the reasons.

It's all there in the Code of Criminal Procedures for New York, Section 809, Subdivision 3, Section 901, to be exact, and the penalty for violation is a fine of not more than $250 and-or six months in jail.

They've made it illegal to "pretend to forecast the future."

No wonder their politics is dull. Why, we wouldn't give two hoots for an election if one candidate didn't darkly predict the utter destruction of all that we hold dear if we should be so addlepated as to elect his opponent.

Cockle Shells

Durham Herald

The Air Force consultant who finds a note of authenticity in Michigan photos of unidentified flying objects no doubt cheers UFO fans. After all, who really knows what is flying around? A few years ago, several people told how a flying saucer landed in Bladen County one night and how they went aboard for cocktails. And they had hangovers next morning to prove it.

Reagan In The Midst Of Psych

Blankness,
Worse than an arid desert,
no sand,
and
less than land.
Little children playing
in playgrounds:
Thud, my head falls off
and they play with it,
Kick, toss
it's okay,
it's hollow.
Scenes of a swallow . . .
California brain
and California glow,
feel the salty wind blow.
There's a new Spring,
outside . . .
where
Indians,
Hillbillies,
and
Turplids
play the game
of
Sunshine.
Christmas
so
pretty,
it's a pity,
to be missed.

—Peter Harris