

The Administration Is A Big Bad . . .

Two student government leaders raised their oratorical voices above the conversational exchange at the weekend's All-Campus Conference to verbally slap the University administration.

"The administration plans to take over student government," accused Manning Muntzing.

"The administration, in its desire to avoid trouble, has a tendency to maintain the status quo," opined David Reid.

The Daily Tar Heel does not believe that the administration plans to take over student government, despite Muntzing's ominous declaration. Nor do we feel that the administration strives for the status quo, merely to avoid trouble, as Reid would have us believe.

However, it is clear that the current lack of understanding between student leaders and the Dean of Student Affairs office resembles diplomatic relations between this country and Russia—not relations between two elements of the same University.

Student leaders and University administrators are equally at fault for letting the gap widen, for falling out of contact with each other. The administration has shown a tendency to become preoccupied with high-level affairs to the point of neglecting the student. And student government leaders have demonstrated a propensity to become so full of themselves and their own pet plans that they resent consultation with the administration.

Any autonomy that student government enjoys has been granted by the administration. And any administrative plan that is to be successful requires the cooperation of students. Thus, both students and administrators are nowhere without each other; neither group can succeed without cooperation from the other.

The Daily Tar Heel urges student leaders to splice the lines of student-administrative communication back together. We suggest a regular board of student leaders, Dean of Student Affairs Fred Weaver, and Dean of Student Activities Roy Holsten.

With such a group as this talking over problems, the present University civil war between students and administrators would begin to look like what it really is—a healthy scrimmage between two elements of the same squad.

Carolina Front A Squabble, A Quibble, & A Deathnote

J. A. C. Dunn

ANOTHER OF THOSE mountains of exchange newspapers has come down upon us in an avalanche of battered newsprint. This is something that happens every so often, something we just have to face. However, the avalanche is not always unfruitful, to wit:

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY, in its newspaper, The Daily Athenaeum, printed on April 21 a baffling comment on UNC which we reprint here in its entirety for the benefit of those who may be in the know.

"The University of North Carolina campus now boasts a beach of imported sand. It's on the lawn, on the sidewalk, in the street and in various nooks and crannies of the terrain surrounding Joyner Dormitory.

"The founding fathers formulated a constitution to control use of the beach. Some provisions: no profanity uttered except at law enforcement officers or any other males who mumble, think or orate any cutting remarks; no spreading by University employees of horse, cow or elephant fertilizer on the grounds of the beach; invitations will verbally expressed to females regardless of size shape or other qualifications."

We cannot honestly say we know what this means, but perhaps someone could enlighten us. What beach? Whose founding fathers, UNC's or Virginia's? Does that stuff under the bushes really come from elephants? And invitations will be expressed to females to do what, pray?

IF YOU THINK the normal routine of this University has been upset by the recent fee raise business, take a look at Texas, whose eyes, for once, seem to be turned inward on themselves.

Texas was trying to pass a bill in its Senate empowering college governing boards to levy a compulsory student activity fee not to exceed \$15 per student. When the bill went to the Texas House for further action, "Filibustering Senator Jimmy Phillips stood on the Senate floor and rasped in an already hoarse voice Monday afternoon and at the night session as he tried to block the bill."

The rasping Mr. Phillips evidently managed to bollux up a considerable amount of the Texas Legislature's organization before the protest of the bill was finally squelched. The bill was reduced from \$20 to \$15. Phillips rasped through an amendment cutting it still further to \$5. This amendment was tabled.

Phillips rasped again, took another amendment written on yellow ruled paper up to the rostrum; this amendment proposed the bill be for \$8. Then Phillips discovered that he had proposed the wrong amendment, repropoed another one setting the limit of the bill at \$4. In the end, despite poor Mr. Phillips' wisecracking, nail-filing and hoarse rasping, the bill was passed at \$15 again. A pox upon thy trivial quibbling Texas! And all those oil wells out there, too!

LAST SATURDAY WAS a black day. We received in the morning mail a sinister postcard to the effect that, "Brother Dunn, get a new picture! I predict your taunting, smartly expression in this is poisonous for your future;" and our mugshot had been clipped and pasted on the upper left hand corner of the card.

Of course it is rather disconcerting to be called "Brother Dunn," as if we were monastic bait. However, let that pass. We do not quite understand the quotes around "I predict," either. But let that pass. What interests us most is this business about our future. Should we rejoice that someone is concerned for our welfare in the years ahead?

The informers, says Mr. Hay in conclusion, "frighten me much, much more than Junius Scales and his chums." They frighten us too.

—MAJOR PORTENT IN JAPAN—

University Head Gives Warning

Joseph Alsop

TOKYO, Japan—President Yanaihara of Tokyo University is a major portent for the United States, of the kind our increasingly reckless policy makers never seem to notice.

Tokyo is the great, national, state supported university to which bright young men flock from all over Japan. Since the ancient tradition of the pupils reverence for the master is still strong in this country, Tokyo's annual graduating class of several thousand all tend to reflect the opinions of Tokyo's president. By virtue of his office, therefore, and as an admirable scholar and a man of the highest character, President Yanaihara occupies a position in Japanese life that has had no real American equivalent since the days when Eljot of Harvard was the grand panjandrum of education in the United States.

A call on President Yanaihara is a singular experience. Under the young spring green of the trees on Tokyo University's crowded campus, black uniformed students are enjoying the sun and talking animatedly. The windows that survey the campus also pour bright spring sunshine into the comfortable president's office, full of pleasant, scholarly litter.

President Yanaihara, whose handsome, fine boned face proclaims his strong religious idealism, welcomes his visitor with charming Japanese courtesy. The wandering reporter, sadly tired of looking at political faces in public places, savors this non-political atmosphere with delight and refreshment. But the first reaction changes to something

rather different when Japan's current problems begin to be discussed.

"BARKING DOG" "Japan," says President Yanaihara firmly, "is now America's barking dog. We now bark or bark not as the signal may be given."

As illustration of this thesis, President Yanaihara, with perceptible bitterness, describes the problem of his colleague, the President of Fukuoka University. The university is close to the big American airfield at Fukuoka. The planes landing and taking off are very noisy. Many professors, in protest against the nuisance, actually cease lecturing when a plane noise is heard. The others who do not fall silent are inaudible anyway.

But the President of Fukuoka has received no satisfaction from pointing out these grave inconveniences to the American Air Force and the Japanese government. Nothing has been done to improve the situation. "I ask you," says President Yanaihara, "is that real independence? Is this our country or is it yours?"

From this beginning, President Yanaihara develops his main theme: The world is convulsed by the struggle between America and the Soviet Union. Who is to blame for this struggle may be disputed, but all Asians fear "American imperialism" and American belligerency. From this struggle, the Japanese people wish to stand apart, in perfect neutralism, having friendly relations with both sides.

MOVE FORCES Therefore the first and most essential thing is to get all Amer-

ican armed forces out of Japan immediately. It is true, of course, that the Soviet Union has deployed vast forces in Siberia, and that Communist China is arming to the teeth. But the Russians and Chinese have probably been driven to do these things by America with her hydrogen bombs. In any case, President Yanaihara has no fear that his country will fall victim to these good neighbors.

The problem of Japan's self defense can be settled after the withdrawal of American forces from Japanese soil. Until then, no wise discussion of the problem is possible. And for himself, being an idealist, President Yanaihara thinks that Japan should set a high example to the world by having no defense of any kind.

Such are the views of the most influential single educator in this country. They are not isolated or eccentric views either. Gakushuin University is the former peers school, where Japan's Crown Prince is now being educated with the sons of Japan's other great and ancient families. And at Gakushuin, the high minded and benevolent President Abe holds the same opinions as President Yanaihara although a visit to Communist China as head of a good will mission has left President Abe a little less positive about the desirability of having no defense whatever.

The same views are to be found, again, in three of the four magazines which speak for and to the Japanese intelligent-

Over The Hill

Charles Dunn

CAMPUS publications have long been one of the outstanding features at Carolina. The Daily Tar Heel, the Carolina Quarterly, and Tarnation have all been recognized as some of the outstanding publications in their class in the South. The University is lucky to have these publications, and the students are lucky to have such outlets for their talents, whether these talents be for writing, or for art work, or for anything else.

Yet the number of students taking advantage of these opportunities for experience is very small. There are usually a few that take an interest in each of the publications and work very hard and do the job well. But there are others on campus, who have the talent and who have had some experience on high school publications, that could aid the few who have to work so hard to keep the quality of the publications as high as they are.

The big problem is to get more students out to work on the publications. Some don't have time, some think that there is no place for them on the staffs, some don't get the proper encouragement. Maybe if every dormitory, fraternity, and sorority had a reporter elected with their officers it would help, and if the editors of the publications would take a little more time to consider and encourage the work and the offers to work of interested students the Carolina publications would be even better than they are.

Diapered Dan, Pea-Brain Threat

Ed Yoder

It's hard to hear what someone says through a lipful of snuff, but this time I tried very hard.

The speaker, an old-timer in Chapel Hill, jimmied the new load of snuff around in front of his teeth.

"Lord," he groaned, "these students now ain't got to do a damn thing." His features, the chipped-from-granite variety, jerked authoritatively.

"I can remember when nobody had no cars and students even had to tote firewood. Now all you do is push a button. The next thing you know, you fellers won't even go to the classroom or think. You'll just push a button for that, too."

MACHINES VS. CLASSES That thought, coupled with an intention to write a piece on the rising terrors of automation, set me to thinking. The idea that machines could ever take the place of going to class or thing hadn't crossed my horizon of thought. Could it be? Of course I'd read how, at Harvard, Joe McCarthy's ace gumshoe, G. David Schine, had surrounded himself with tape-recording machines and stenographers to record Cambridge learning and pour it down into his skull; but even there the human factor hung on.

A sinister between the think-machines and impending automation began to work itself round and round in the hinges of my brain. Suppose the maze of calculus baffles the physicist ironing out a technical hitch in the Nautilus; suppose a certain historian wants to know whether, if Longstreet hadn't done thus and so at a certain moment in Gettysburg, the Confederacy would have taken another course or another, what effect it would have had on Athenian history if Themistocles had put the pots-herds in the urns instead of in an abandoned well. Suppose Dr. Einstein had been able to ask an electronic machine to prove his Unified Field Theory.

FREUD AND THE MACHINE This led me to last year's anniversary issue of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and to an article, "Electronic Brain On War and Peace," by Norman Cousins, editor of the Saturday Review.

In the early history of the electronic brain, Mr. Cousins tells us, the gadgets fell flat on propositions involving emotional and/or psychological factors. Probably didn't have education in the ways of Adlerian Earth-Mother complexes and Freudian Narcissism. In other words, if decision were involved in any problem, the winking profile of tubes and wires and light registered only bewilderment.

Mr. Cousins dwelt at length on that shortcoming. Then came a letter—from a Dr. P. Storjherne, former head of the Norwegian Academy of Science, the world's foremost authority on the inpotencies and potencies of the electroic brain.

Dr. Storjherne, in that letter, proclaimed the successful testing of an electronic brain which could work with the intangibles of human choice—emotion, feeling, psychology. Called "Deciding Dan", this undraped child could deliver answers other than to baffling calculus problems. History, economics, political science surrendered to its lightning omniscience. The old brain had possessed a working vocabulary of about 1200 words and a functioning memory of about 24 hours.

AMAZING MEMORY "Deciding Dan," furnished with germanium diode tubes, mustered a memory-span of 42 days—far beyond the human average, as Mr. Cousins points out. This "electronic brain can register every fact fed into it for almost a month and a half." Nine historians, enlisted from universities in Europe and Asia, including Oxford, Berlin, Cairo, and Delhi, fed "Deciding Dan" a choking problem—entailing some 780,000 sets of facts—on the possibilities of war and peace. Dan wheezed and blinked and whirred and hummed away at the cards of facts as they were fed him at the rate of 240 a minute. After four hours and 20 minutes of feeding and some 19 minutes of electro-cogitation, Dan began to return his answers. (This brain-work, the scientists estimate, would have taken 60 men a total of 15 years; yet Dan did it in 19 minutes.) Dan's conclusion, by the way, was unmistakable: "When translated it read as follows: 'War is not inevitable. Give the United Nations the power and the means it needs, to enforce world peace through law.'"

"Deciding Dan" could, then, work amazing wonders for the Dr. Einsteins and the Toynebes and the John Maynard Keyneses; it could hand down to man undatable historical, scientific, and economic mandates.

(Continued tomorrow)

'Really, Don't You Notice Anything?'



READER'S RETORT

Orchids To Dunn, Not Leonard

Editors A sheaf of orchids to Associate Editor J.A.C. Dunn for his Sunday bouquet of onions to Columnist Rueben Leonard!

In regard to the surprisingly (for the usually acceptable DTH of Messrs. Yoder and Kraar) safe-for Saturday selection ("Y Court Corner"), may we add a few bulbs of garlic to J.A.C. Dunn's presentation?

It seems to us remarkably singular that anyone should be called "lewd" (for use of "by God") by, of all people, a former editor of Tarnation. Not that we are casting aspersions at the campus humor magazine; far from it! The wit in Tarnation, even when not particularly subtle, is funny. Mr. Leonard's humor escapes us. And Phi on him for attacking this assembly—"ex-speaker, with a great big whooping week-out-of-water Yadkin River fish thrown in."

We won't attempt to parry the thrust at the Carolina Forum. We are sure that the versatile head of this most worthwhile organization could much more effectively purge away the mud smear, if he thought it worth the trouble. Which it prob-

ably isn't. And speaking of trouble, did it occur to you, Mr. Leonard, that a few minutes' conversation a few months ago with a member either of the Budget Committee or of the Legislature's Finance Committee would have been a much more effective place to air your gripes than a supposedly entertaining and informative newspaper column appearing after the budget's presentation? We believe that it would. Furthermore, we are sure that any legislator would be most willing to hear your views. That's what we elected them for, isn't it—to represent us?

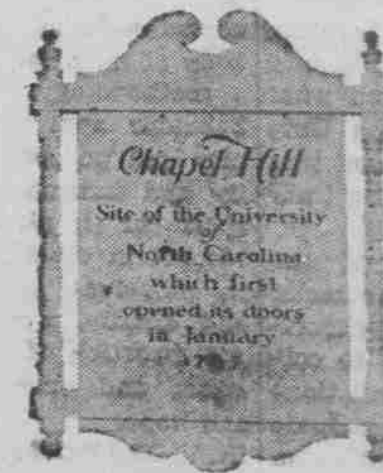
Or perhaps, being an ex-legislator yourself, you may feel that the new session has been purged (there's that word again—are we subversive?) of all the so-called "political nymphomaniacs." Looking back over election results, we find that a few seasoned veterans still remain. Praise Allah! (Are we, too, Lewd-Mouthed?)

Political nymphomaniacs." Perhaps. We wonder if their value isn't superior to that of "soapbox sadists." Our money (student fees, that is) goes to the former.

A political je ne sais quoi

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 at the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscribed \$4 per year, \$2.50 a semester; delivered, subscription rates: mail—\$6 a year, \$3.50 a semester.



Editors ED YODER, LOUIS KRAAR
Managing Editor FRED POWLEDGE
Business Manager TOM SHORES
Sports Editor BUZZ MERRITT
Associate Editor J. A. C. DUNN
News Editor Jackie Goodman
Advertising Manager Dick Sirkin
Circulation Manager Jim Kiley
Subscription Manager Jack Godley
Assistant Business Manager Bill Bob Peel
Night editor for this issue Eddie Crutchfield