

Have We Priced Away Leadership?

In sweeping in a \$140 tuition raise for out-of-state students yesterday, the General Assembly struck what probably will be a staggering blow to student leadership.

Aside from the discriminatory nature of this raise for non-residents of North Carolina, it is particularly painful because of the number of valuable out-of-state students the raise will discourage from attending the University.

Just how valuable are Carolina's "immigrants" from other states?

A close look at some 40 top campus student organizations shows that about a third of the group leaders hail from other states. The past student body president comes from Virginia, the past Interdormitory Council president is from West Virginia, and Phi Beta Kappa president comes from Indiana.

The University and the state needs leadership, but the General Assembly unfortunately feels we need \$140 extra from the source of some of the top student leaders. In the end, it may be the state that pays the toll of this raise—in lost leadership.

Our Name Is Not Duke

We have paint brushes. Duke has paint brushes. We both have paint brushes. Sometimes they are used for good things. Sometimes they are used for bad things.

Duke, you have been using your paint brushes for bad things.

We have a name for our school. You have a name for your school. Our name is "Carolina." Your name is "Duke." Our name is not Duke. Some of you at Duke must think our name is also Duke. You are wrong. We do not like for you to bring your paint brushes over here and make believe with big black letters that our name is Duke.

Some here may think Duke's name is "Carolina." They may make believe so in Durham. They are wrong too.

It is hard to say this so that you artists will understand. If you do not understand us maybe you understand the word "law." Law is something that when you break it you get put in jail or fined. The law will not put up with people who use paint brushes in the wrong way. It will not put up with people who think our name is Duke. It will not put up with people who think Duke's name is Carolina.

Do you get the connection?

Your Line May Be Very Busy

The scene is a cluttered room in the Senate Office Building, and the actors, members of the House Judiciary subcommittee, have deserted the stage to make room for a wiretap expert, who is demonstrating his equipment.

The senators are holding hearings on proposals to permit use of evidence gained from wiretapping in Federal Court cases, and the wiretap expert shows how easy it is to eavesdrop.

A telephone "bug" allows police to record telephone conversations when the receiver is lifted and general room conversation when the receiver is down. Another microphone can be hidden in wallpaper. And a third type receiver is the size of a pack of cigars.

"It costs less than \$10 to convert a home telephone, radio, television set, or phonograph into a wiretap device," says the expert. "In some respects, it's all rather frightening," the expert adds almost proudly.

And the senators sitting on the sidelines of this demonstration in electronic eavesdropping nod their heads in agreement—because it is "all rather frightening," to know that the government may probe into one's private life and conversation, without warrant or warning.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Carolina Front

The Decline & Fall Of The Printed Word

J. A. C. Dunn

WE DISCOVERED at the end of last week that the Unicorn Bookshop had gone out of business. We talked to Mr. Helguera, the erstwhile proprietor of the Unicorn, who smiled sadly with a pair of rather engaging gold teeth, wrung his hands in an uncertain sort of way, and said "We thought a university town would support a bookshop Some people used to come up and look around . . . some people even ordered books, but they never came back to get them You know, just never came back"

The Unicorn, as most people know, was situated above Sutton's Drugstore. At the bottom of the iron stairs leading up the outside of the building to the second floor there still hung, when we looked on Friday, a wooden sign modestly announcing "The Unicorn Bookshop, Rare and Old Books Bought and Sold," with a picture of a rampant unicorn. We went up and looked, and the lettering was still on the door. . . . Helgrua of Chapel Hill. Hours: 9—6:00." But the shade was down behind the glass in the door. We peeked through a crack in the shade, and the Unicorn looked very much as we remembered it — an old table in the middle of the floor, a sort of office on the far side of the room with a typewriter and filing boxes, a desk and loose papers, a couple of chairs; the window still looked grimly out over the roofs of the buildings facing Franklin Street, the walls were the old staid yellow, the shelves were still their rather juvenile shade of green. But the shelves were empty and the dust was gathering.

The Unicorn no longer had its accustomed atmosphere of gaunt learnedness tempered by the feeling of solidarity which books give to a room. There only remained an aura of decline, of an attempt that failed, of a "go of it" that didn't go. We do not know who will take over those rooms next, but we hope they save the wooden sign at the bottom of the iron stairs.

★ ALL THE sentiment we seem to have churned out about the decline and fall of a bookshop calls to mind a conversation we had some months ago with a professor.

We admit to having had somewhat of an ulterior motive in going to see him, since the discussion took place just before our final exam in his course. But in between our daubs of soft soap and melted butter the professor looked moodily out the window of his office and said, with just a touch of "come da ravolushon" in his tone of voice, that people weren't buying books anymore. He didn't know why; they just didn't seem to buy books anymore. "Publishers can't make any money except from the textbooks they publish," he said, "and this is why the prices in the Book-X are so high. Publishing is a hard business these days."

We agree with him. We have watched the people in the Intimate Bookshop. They come in, they look at the dollar table, they go and ruffle through the cartoon books, they go back and glance along the fifty cent shelves, check rapidly over the paper back shelves, briefly investigate the shelves of new novels, perhaps while away a few minutes with the greeting cards, and then they leave — most of them, that is. Some people know what they want, and just go in and get it and go out. But most people don't want anything to keep, anything to save and savour; they only want a book that makes no demands, that they can enjoy quickly and incompletely with no lasting effects. The wonders of Science.

"If you throw a stick at a bunch of dogs, a hound will always yelp, whether he's hit or not; that's a type, but it's the individual that comes out clear." Phillips Russell—at 70, facing mandatory retirement—leans back in his chair and speaks in a half-serious, half-amused manner to his creative writing class.

Since 1931, this professor with the bright blue eyes and youthful manner has been bringing out the individual in students at UNC. But this is his last year. His writing class in the School of Journalism is filled to capacity this semester with students trying to become a part of his "literary circle" before it's too late.

Charles Phillips Russell was "Charlie" Russell in 1900 when he entered UNC for a four-year stay as a student. He lived in what is now South Building. "When I see South, I don't see offices of the administration," he says, "I see boys screaming out the window and remember how I used to have to hide the rope to the victory bell to ever get any sleep."

While at the University, he was one of the first editors of The Daily Tar Heel and a charter member of the Golden Fleece.

'BE SPECIFIC'

He was born in Rockingham, down in Richmond County on August 5, 1884. His mother, "Miss Lucy," now 94, still writes a regular column for the Rockingham Post-Dispatch. It's a folksy column about homey, everyday things. A recent one was "Sitting on the Front Porch and Watching People Go By." Like his mother, Mr. Russell's rule for writers is "Be simple; be specific. If you've got a story to tell about a bear, bring on the bear. Don't describe the mountain first."

Leaving UNC in 1904, he worked his way to Europe on a ship. When he reached the continent, he had \$10. "It was easy," he says, "once we got to Europe."

'AN EDUCATED MAN'

On returning to the United States, his career as a newspaperman, biographer, novelist, poet, playwright and teacher really began. He worked for The Charlotte Observer, the now defunct New York Press, The Philadelphia Ledger and others. The Ledger sent him to London, where he later became associated with the London Daily Express, Lord Beaverbrook's paper.

He stayed in Europe four and one-half years, meanwhile doing research for his best-selling biography, Benjamin Franklin, The First Civilized American. It was published in 1926, the year after his return to New York.

While in England, he toured with Jack Dempsey. The World Champion called him "professor" and is quoted as often telling friends, "Ask my friend Russell here; he's an educated man."

'BEFORE UNC'

In New York, he began to call himself Phillips Russell because people were always confusing him with a writer with a similar name, Charles Edward Russell.

His career is chock full and is far from the end even yet. Seven non-fiction works, one novel, two volumes of poetry, one play, and articles and short stories published on both sides of the Atlantic go on his record. He travelled across Mexico on mule to get material for one book. He's interviewed New York society dowagers, big-time racketeers, axe-murderers, philanthropists, religious cult leaders and prize fighters.

He is a master of reporting and has been reporter, copy-reader, rewrite man, assistant literary editor and you-name-it on paper staffs. He spent 15 years in New York journalism, wrote for the McClure syndicate and did free-lance work. All this he did before coming to UNC, as a member of the faculty.

'NEED HELP, NOT PRIZES'

Dr. Frank Graham invited his fellow-alumnus to join the University faculty when Mr. Russell was vacationing in Chapel Hill in the late 1920's. He started teaching in the English Department in 1931, switching to journalism in 1936, where he has remained. "Nobody ever said 'you're through' so I've been here ever since," he says.

He came to teach the Carolina student the "difference between climax and index." It was not long before the class became so popular that its number had to be restricted. Out of his classes have come writers such as Robert Ruark, Noel Houston and Foster Fitz-Simons. The Atlantic in a recent year named the class among the top four of its kind.

"The class is not designed to help students break into The Saturday Evening Post on their first attempt. It is designed to give them insight, an eye for details, that they lacked before," he says. "A college undergraduate needs help and advice instead of prizes."

'SCARES STUDENTS'

He is an erect and jaunty, but quiet and mild-mannered man who comes just under six feet. The heavy grey eyebrows and grey moustache often scare new-comers half to death. They give him the appearance of a formidable professor with no time for his students—not so.

"The salient thing about college writers of today is that young people are sad," he says. "Youth is just essentially a sad time of life." He is always willing to help in whatever way he can, and always with blunt but just criticism of manuscripts submitted for his comment.

He explodes the cliché that "those who cannot do tell others how."

Mr. Russell has a son, Leon, by a former marriage, and two daughters, Claire, a UNC senior, and Avery, who attends a prep school in Vermont. Leon has four children, one named Charles Phillips Russell, II.

NO IVORY TOWER WRITING

Mr. Russell often tells his classes, "You don't learn to play the piano by reading books on the theory of music. You don't learn to write from a professor. You learn from a janitor or the man raking leaves."

— Retires This Spring —

Phillips Russell—The Professor Who Teaches Them To See, Feel & Express

By Barbara Willard

To emphasize the point he stresses advice once given by a managing editor who said, "Russell, when you write, don't write for the professor; write for the damned fool and then you'll include him too."

His daughter Claire recollects times when she was playing the radio, her sister Avery playing the piano and her mother busy at some other work, "and daddy would be sitting right in the middle of all the turmoil writing away on a pack of Blue Horse notebook paper on his knee," Claire says, "and he writes everything out in long hand."

He warns his classes to beware of Ivory Tower writing, and he has none of it himself. "You don't have to put yourself in a hollow stump or an Ivory Tower to write; you have to listen to people and watch what they do. That's when character comes to life."

'AN OUTDOOR MAN'

O. J. "Skipper" Coffin, journalism professor says,

ings some time and get in a little work on my books." Although he lives in town he tries to get out to the farm two or three times a week.

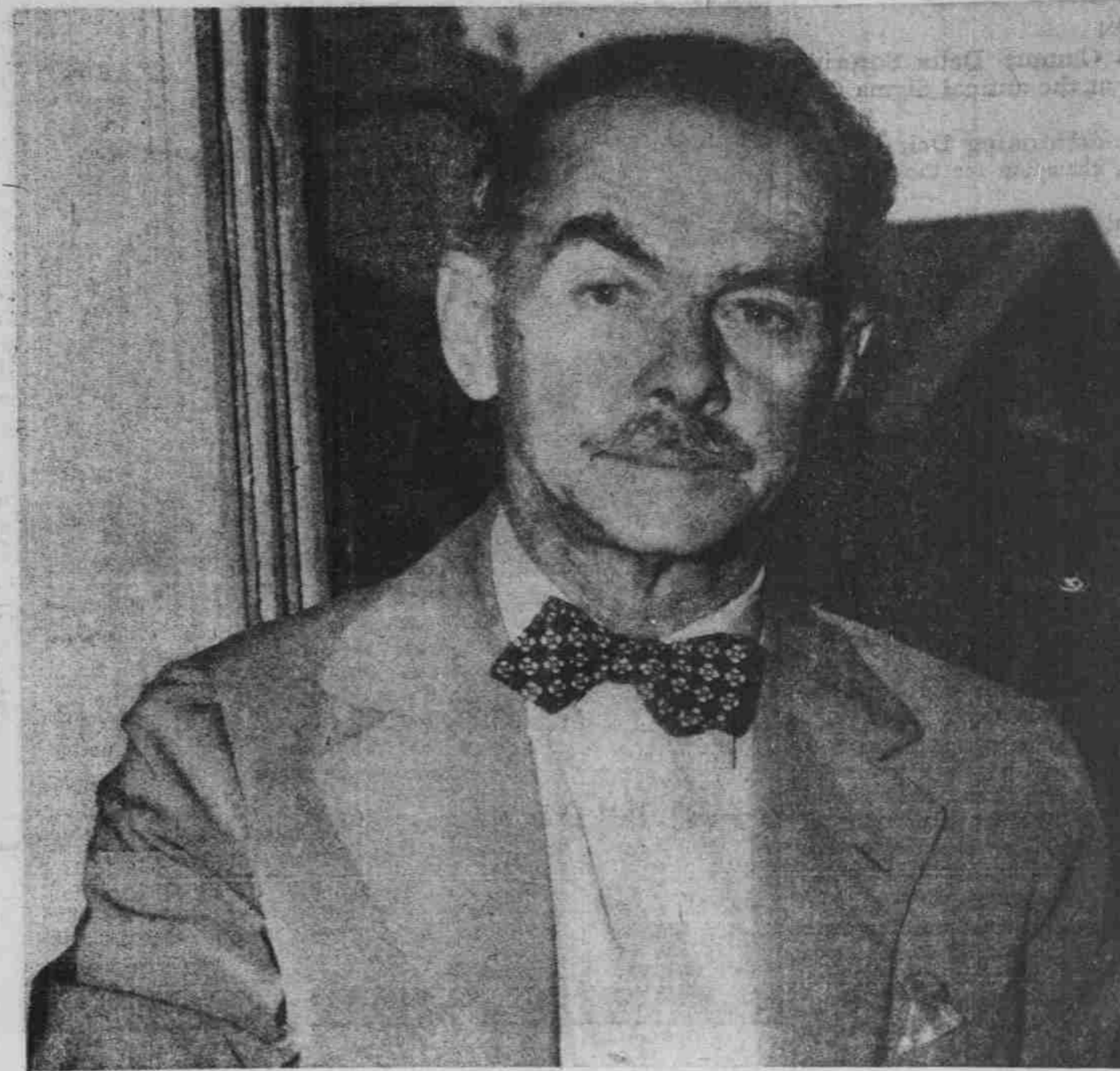
"I'm seeing what it takes to become a rocking chair farmer," he says. "I've reduced my crops to cattle and geese; they take care of themselves."

He is trying to produce a hybrid form of cattle that will withstand southern summer heat, by crossing the Black Angus with the Indian Brahmin. "I have been working at it for three years, and I have my first calf." This animal will eat weeds as well as grass.

As for the geese, he says, "All I have to do is just turn them loose." This retreat of his is designed to "take the curse off farming, although it also gives me a chance to use my muscles, if I have any, as well as my brains."

WILL FINISH BOOKS

"I have no definite plans for the future. I've got two or three books to finish, and my experiments



PHILLIPS RUSSELL

He always brings on the bear

"Phillips Russell fancies himself an outdoor man." For years, Mr. Russell wrote a regular column in the Raleigh News and Observer, "Carolina Calendar," commenting on the changing events of the year and seasons.

Now, as in years past, his writing class is holding its final sessions on the lawn in front of Byrum Hall.

'A ROCKING-CHAIR FARMER'

Last year Mr. Russell became editor of the Chapel Hill News Leader. With his retirement approaching, he plans to continue with this paper. It's a good thing he's trained himself to write anywhere under any conditions because he says, "The News Leader is in a garage where all the noises in the world come in. I'm afraid if I had to have quiet to work, I'd never do any."

He does have one retreat from his busy life—his farm. Mr. Russell has owned several farms over the years. The one he has now is a 155-acre farm, six and one-half miles northwest of Chapel Hill in Orange County. "I slip out there on Sunday morn-

on the farm to look after, as well as The News Leader.

For some time, Mr. Russell has been collecting material for a biography of Lord Cornwallis. "No one has ever done a book on him, and he was largely responsible for the turning point of the Revolutionary War in a battle over in Guilford County."

Also getting itself written is a new type of biography of Thomas Jefferson, showing more of his character than his democratic views. "I don't think a picture of an alabaster saint gives much insight to a man's character."

'ALL GAUL' PHILOSOPHY

He says there are three things to remember in writing a story—substance, form and polish. There is no formula that will get you anywhere in the arts. Form is much more valuable than a formula.

This formula is a short story of his life, and becomes a part of the life of his students. They leave his class with an eye for details, an insight on character and a desire to bring their lives to a specific goal—"to bring on the bear."

What Is A Newspaper's Real Job?

Dr. Robert M. Hutchins to the American Society of Newspaper Editors

The purpose of a newspaper, and the justification for the privilege of the press, is the enlightenment of the people about their current affairs. No other medium of communication can compete with the newspaper in the performance of this task. A newspaper that is doing this job well is a good newspaper, no matter how deficient it may be in astrology, menus, comics, cheesecake, crime and Republican propaganda. A newspaper that is doing this job deserves protection against government, and it will certainly need it.

Compares Papers and Radio

A newspaper that is doing this job will have to bring before its readers points of view with which it disagrees and facts that it disagrees and facts that it deplores. Otherwise in monopoly towns the people cannot expect to be enlightened; for television and radio are unlikely to be in the same class with a well-run newspaper in telling what it means.

Television and radio are, moreover, controlled by a governmental agency, and one that does

not inspire much confidence today. A good many newspapers take seriously their responsibility to enlighten the people about current affairs. It is generally agreed that the best American papers are as good as any in the world and that the average is high. Our question is how to maintain the good newspapers in the faith and how to convert the others.

I think you should reconsider your opposition to the principal recommendation of the commission on the Freedom of the Press. That was that a new agency be established to appraise and report annually upon the performance of the press. The commission said, "It seems to us clear that some agency which reflects the ambitions of the American people for its press should exist for the purpose of comparing the accomplishments of the press with the aspirations which the people have for it."

Such an agency would also educate the people as to the aspirations which they ought to have for the press. The commission

suggested that this agency be independent of government and of the press; that it be created by gifts, and that it be given a ten-year trial, at the end of which an audit of its achievement could determine anew the institutional form best adapted to its purposes. The fact that the British commission independently reached an identical recommendation seems to me highly significant.

Contain Laymen

Such an agency should contain representatives of the press; it should also contain laymen. My guess is that the weakness of the Press Council in Sweden results from the fact that it composed entirely of representatives of the newspapers. I believe that the British Council will go the same way because the press rejected the recommendation of the Royal Commission that the Council should have lay members and a lay chairman. If its first report is suggestive of its future, this group is likely to manifest its fearless and high-principled character by speaking sternly to newspapers on trivial subjects.

Ike Cool To Gov. Harriman

Doris Fleson

WASHINGTON — President Eisenhower greeted the third annual White House Conference of Governors and then took the Prime Minister of Thailand off to the Burning Tree Club for lunch and golf. The governors rather wistfully turned their backs on the lovely May day and listened obediently to secret briefings on world problems.

Most of the Democrats among them were plainly festive. It wasn't just spring leave; the political climate has changed since 1953 when the President launched his innovation of a White House school for the chief executives of the 48 states.

In 1953, thirty governors were Republicans, only 18 were Democrats. The GOP group included that bloc which so effectively took control of the national convention away from the pro-Taft Senators and secured the nomination for Eisenhower. The first governors' session here was almost by way of a celebration; any dissenting Democrats chose discretion as the better part of valor. Also three of the Democratic governors were pro-Eisenhower: Burns, Shivers and Kennon.

Today the balance has shifted to 27 Democratic governors and 21 Republicans, a net gain of nine for the party out of power. The nine include the governors of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, states pivotal in Presidential elections, and Minnesota, Connecticut, Maine, New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado.

In this group are vocal spokesmen for a tougher attitude toward the President. They are trying to be good guests the early part of the week. When the Democrats hold their own governors' meeting later this week, they will speak out.

Despite the veneer of etiquette and the closed door sessions no 48 politicians can meet without politics. There have been several revelations so far.

The lone wolf Ohio Democrat, Governor Lausche, announced before leaving Columbus that he would not attend the Democratic meeting because he did not want to join in efforts to "figure out ways and means of beating the man who has just been my host."

To this, the national committee retorts: "Who over called Lausche a Democrat?" They interpret his remarks as notice that he has no ambitions to make the national slate but will run as an Eisenhower Democrat against Senator George Bender next year. Furthermore they think he might win.

It was noted also that the President when he greeted each governor was noticeably cool and curt to perhaps his closest associate among them, Governor Harriman of New York. Their friendship was warm and close during the war and postwar period when Presidents Roosevelt and Truman were giving Harriman top diplomatic posts and Eisenhower top military commands.

But as governor, Harriman has been an ardent defender of his party and its Presidents, a critic of Eisenhower and leader in the cry that Democrats must hold the President responsible. The President has been accused of not reading the newspapers but apparently this information got through to him and he resents it.

Gov. Harriman is described as rather relieved that he was not put under the wraps of old friendship. In any case he proved a sharp questioner of the briefing officials, especially Secretary of State Dulles.

Dulles has contended that the Administration was already carrying out Adlai Stevenson's program for Southeast Asia. Prodded by Harriman to describe it, the secretary ducked. We couldn't do anything there, he said, because of the British elections coming up.

Governors generally praised the presentations of U. N. Ambassador Lodge and Harold Stassen. Foreign Operations Administrator, Vice-President Nixon was credited with "a travelogue" only.