

# Lab Photographers Should Learn How To Photograph

Sombody should teach the photographers at the UNC photo lab how to take pictures—not pictures for the wall but pictures for newspapers.

We have been discouraged over and over again by the apparent complete lack of appreciation for newspaper art which is evident in virtually all of the photo lab's pictures.

One dollar and a half—the price paid for photo lab pictures—is high enough when the work is good. It is exorbitant when that work displays no appreciation for what makes a good newspaper picture.

You can look at just about any of the lab's work and denote, usually, the same distinguishing characteristics: in receiving an award, a line of persons without expression; a committee shot, a collection of dead-mutes without life.

Furthermore, the lab photographers should familiarize themselves with newspaper column measurement in order to print their pictures to whatever column size a newspaper might require.

We particularly were discouraged during Symposium Week when the photo lab photographers, assigned to take pictures at Memorial

Hall addresses, stood back 25-30 feet from the subject and fired with their expensive equipment.

Of course, the reproduction shows the lit-up face of the speaker—maybe his hand if it's high enough—who looks like a startled Ku Klux Klansman photographed in an open field in the blackness of midnight.

This kind of photography has no life. It is not good for newspapers. And it leaves the impression that photo lab photographers have no more originality than to photograph their subjects in a statue-like erectness from behind a speaker's stand.

A photographer who subscribed always to this practice on a daily newspaper could not long hold his job. He must realize that there is more to a picture than a contrast between black and white, that a good picture has character and life.

Photo lab photographers also should realize this. Some day one of them may be taking pictures for a good newspaper. Or another may appear at the University of North Carolina as a speaker on the Symposium Week slate.

We feel that, in the latter case, our visitor deserves a somewhat better display in our daily newspapers than that which the current photographers now afford their subjects.

# CAROLINA CARROUSEL Manners And Role In Self-Preservation

By GAIL GODWIN

It is a sure thing that not many boys read GLAMOUR magazine, but if they can sneak a glance at one when their friends aren't looking, they might profit from a little article in this month's issue.

Douglas Fairbanks, the suave, sophisticated mannerly man of two continents has some helpful hints for those who want to succeed with the ladies as Fairbanks undoubtedly has succeeded with people in general.

"Manners," says Mr. Continental, "stem from the instinct of self-preservation. That is, if I consider you, maybe you'll consider me. It's the best way of getting on—and may we all get on until we blow each other up."

What a let-down when we meet a young man who has that Fairbank-ish look about him and then turns not to be the type that bounces along beside you on the sidewalk—on the wrong side; or, when you go out to eat, says to you: "Well, tell the waitress what you want, honey," or, when it comes time to get out of a car, says "Slide out on my side so I won't have to go around." (And so you squish under the steering wheel with your eleven crinolines.)

Fairbanks has even circumscribed the familiar "Bring us another beer, Joe." He glances at his companion and says "Let's have the other half of this."

"That way, tender young co-eds won't feel like alcoholics, boys."

It has been said by arrogant males that women have lost the right to demand chivalry by their desire to intrude into the man's world. It has been said by arrogant college males that there is no place for all this chivalry in the informal life of the campus.

No, maybe it is sort of difficult to treat a lady like a powderpuff in long skirts when she is wearing bermuda shorts made just like yours.

But I have heard lots of complaints about some of our brothers who lack manners, and I have never heard a girl despair because Johnny treated her like a princess. The day has still not come when the fair sex will pass up Fairbanks the Flatterer for Ulysses the Uncouth.

It happened in a crowded streetcar one evening recently. A gallant passenger shifted his bundles, arose, pretended to take off his hat, and said to an equally if not more burdened female stander.

Man—Won't you take my seat, madam?

Lady—Oh, thank you so much! I'll take the seat with pleasure, but I don't want you to stand up.

Man—Gee, lady, I'd like to accommodate you in both ways but what would people think if you were to sit on my lap?

—The Durham Sun



HERBLOCK  
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# Congratulations In Order For Dr. C. Horace Hamilton

It takes five type-written pages to enumerate the role which Dr. C. Horace Hamilton, head of the Department of Rural Sociology at N. C. State College, has played to make him this year's winner of the Oliver Max Gardner Award.

But it takes only a single phrase, combining all his services, to show the end result of that role: In the eyes of the Consolidated University Board of Trustees, Dr. Hamilton "has made the greatest contribution to the welfare of the human race" of all members of the university faculties during the current academic year.

The Daily Tar Heel would, therefore, like to take this space to congratulate the State College faculty member not only for the award which he deserves but also for the unselfish service to the state and nation which earned him this coveted recognition.

Dr. Hamilton's name is closely linked to the North Carolina Medical Care Commission, a group insurance program patterned exclusively for college faculties, and broad studies of rural life and its problems in North Carolina.

When Former Governor Gardner created his now popular award, he stipulated that the recipient each year should be the member of all faculties within the Consolidated University who "has made the greatest contribution to the welfare of the human race."

It is men like Dr. C. Horace Hamilton who deserve not only the O. Max Gardner Award, but other recognition as well for their

unselfish contributions to the welfare of society.

# Nothing New

The State Department sent astounding word to Chapel Hill where speakers have been discussing the general problem of world.

It was represented by a gentleman named John Keppel who wears the imposing title of deputy chairman, Division of Research and Analysis for the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. And, according to news reports, he said that all the problems listed by the Russians as subjects for a summit meeting have been discussed many times before. Then he said, "At the present time, and until new negotiable problems come to light, the United States has nothing to negotiate."

So here we are: In an age of danger we have settled nothing, so until some new problem comes up we can negotiate nothing. Maybe this is high level diplomacy but the problems most of us want settled are the old ones which haven't been settled but involve the survival or doom of millions on this planet.—RALEIGH NEWS & OBSERVER.

# Student Shortage In The Making?

We agree with Dr. Benjamin Fine that salaries for school teachers should be raised, but not necessarily to the extent which he has proposed.

In an address here Friday night, he said salaries should be tripled, with a range of \$10,000 to \$20,000 annually per teacher, if education is to get the caliber of teachers which a good system requires.

Well, we know a lot of teachers who scarcely earn their current salaries. The numbers are so great nationally that to replace them really would create a "dangerous teacher bottleneck."

Teaching particularly on high school level, should be repaid on a scale proportional to that of other professions which require equal training, responsibilities and time spent on the job. That pay scale is not now proportional.

However, the scales should not be tipped too far in the teacher's direction. That profession, while important, does not and will not universally incorporate personnel who deserve \$20,000 per year.

And just watch. If that fabulous amount ever becomes the norm for teachers' salaries, our country will be so overrun by teachers that they'll be complaining about a student shortage.

# The Daily Tar Heel

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# Ashmore: The South's Mr. Courage

By DAVIS YOUNG

Harry Ashmore's appearance on campus last week is one this school cannot afford to soon forget. The modest and quiet editor of the Arkansas Gazette should have been a great example of raw courage for this student body.

He typified the old song—"Laughing on the outside and crying on the inside" for this is how he seemed. He was amused at the mention of Harry Golden's "vertical plan for desegregation," but his heart was heavy as he talked of the strife and hate now residing in his town of Little Rock.

He laughed when a spectator questioned him about a small anti-segregation paper being printed in Pedal, Miss., but shook his head when talking of the use of federal troops in integrating Central High School.

In recent months many of the citizens of Little Rock spearheaded by such great institutions as the White Citizen's Council and the pre-Orval Faubus faction have organized a boycott of his paper causing great financial loss to his firm.

It is common knowledge that Harry Ashmore has been threatened many times since the "October Revolution." He claims that most of these adverse inclinations are the work of "crackpots," but we wonder if this is so.

He is rejected in his own city by a great majority of the population. He is found unacceptable by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Many in the North don't understand his stand and are confused.

He has been heard to say that "the South's besetting problem is not the accommodation of the rising aspirations of its Negro people, difficult as that may be, but its inability to reduce the issue to rational terms."

This has been the work that Harry Ashmore has so long tried to do only to be rejected at every turn by every faction.

fronting us in the South today. America needs more people like him and the field of journalism could use more of the type of honor and devotion to principle displayed by Harry Ashmore.

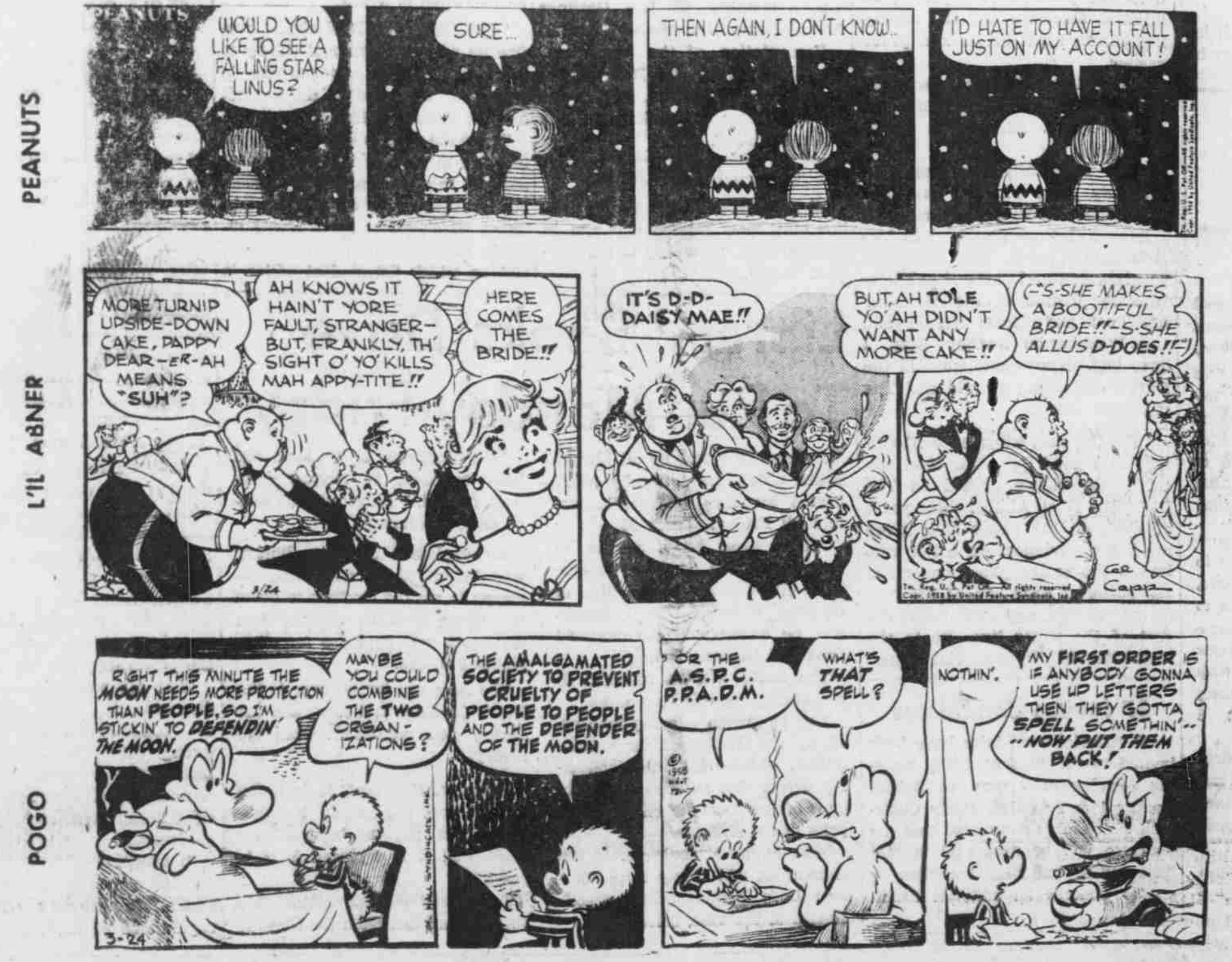
His proposals may be open for attack and his methods for scorn. However, his integrity and sincere interest in this great problem confronting us all cannot be doubted.

If Senator Kennedy ever writes a second edition of "Profiles in Courage," I proudly nominate Harry Ashmore.

# OFFICE CAT

A teacher in a New England grammar school found these facts in a composition on Longfellow, the poet, written by a fifteen-year-old girl.

"Henry W. Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, while his parents were traveling in Europe. He had many fast friends, among whom the fastest were Phoebe and Alice Carey."



PEANUTS

L'IL ABNER

POGO

by Charles Schulz

by Al Capp

by Walt Kelly

# Analyzing The Groups Which Meet At Lenoir

By P. W. CARLTON

It has been said that America is a nation of organizations. This appears to be correct. Take note of the number of clubs that have sprung up in our communities. There's the Society for Propagation of Young Duffers; Alcoholics Unanimous; Coeducation; Camping Corps (meets in the arboretum each night); and many others. It is therefore not surprising that there should be a departmentalization involved in our dining habits. It is to a consideration of this aspect of campus life that we shall turn our attention.

The denizens of the dining hall fall into several main categories. These groupings revolve about the various schools of the University. For instance the Lawyers, the Zoologists (a merry crowd), the Botanists (or is it Biologists) the Geologists, D.A.'s and others. Of course there is a body made up of those unfortunate individuals who don't belong to one of the exclusive circles. These are to be pitied and relegated to the oblivion of small tables situated in the center of the room. The elite always retire to some corner of the establishment, whence they can observe and ridicule in comparative seclusion.

A typical evening at Lenoir begins about five-thirty. Up until this time there has arrived a sprinkling of the "uninitiated," but no major force has appeared on the scene. At approximately five-thirty, one, the influx begins. First the geologists appear in typical klondike style, dumping an assortment of rock hammers and peajackets in the foyer, then noisily stomping into the room in their blue jeans and hiking boots. These characters roar through the line like a plague, snatching food from the counter and entertaining the general public with shouts of "Go on, cut ya off a little piece," and "payass the buttah." They finally settle down to eat. One of them is quite enterprising and soon sets up a 200 transit for the purpose of taking some topographic measurements. The territory in question is in the form of a blonde across the room. This in addition to the classification of the general collection of rocks that each has secreted on his person. It is a harrowing experience to eat with these people since they toss these missiles from one end of the table to the other during this display of academic devotion, and there is nothing less conducive to good digestion than the sight of a goodly lump of quartzite passing overhead.

No sooner has this minor tornado subsided than the Dramatic Arts group enters. This is undoubtedly the most versatile aggregation on campus. Each has his mark of distinction, be it a beard, shaggy hair, unorthodox clothing (green ties and purple shirts) or peculiar mannerisms. This group occupies another large table and carries on animated conversation. Their after dinner activity consists of reenacting duels from "Hamlet" and "Caesar's murder" in which several innocents are usually receive wounds. (And don't you think it's hard to draw blood with a butter knife, either?)

Meanwhile, the lawyers enter in a dignified procession, each with his briefcase, and quietly discuss the business at hand. Their rhetoric is often inspiring, however. On a certain occasion, it is said, a young blood, enraged over some point, leaped upon the table in traditional Arabian style and discoursed at great length upon the inhumanity of man. Eventually someone yelled "Throw him a fish," at which rejoinder the young man stepped down, the picture of dejection, and began to separate the spaghetti from his shoelaces and pants cuffs. They say that his habes corpus was found suspended from a light fixture the next day.

Among the larger groups that infest the chow hall is the LL Litterate College Cuisinieri. This mob, composed of alumni of a nondescript junior college, constantly annoys the populace by its very mode of dining. Their adaptation is that of FOS (Female Observation System). At the approach of suitable material, all activity ceases, cups suspended in midair and forks halfway to the mouth. All heads are swiveled and eyes trained on the approaching object. The heads rotate in unison as the target passes, undulating delightfully (or rolling like an LST in a heavy sea), and if the situation warrants, a spontaneous sigh ascends from the group. Then normal activity is resumed. Most of the inmates of this group are resolutely dedicated to the premise of liberty, loving, and liquor. Just recently they were hatching a plot against the University which called for the impeachment of Bill Thursday, and the installation of Percy Flowers as president. I believe they dropped it, since Flowers declined the offer, he being detained elsewhere.

The Zoologists are not too popular with the populace as a whole, for they usually enter wearing blood-stained lab coats, often carrying some homework in the form of dissecting pan containing some Zoological specimen (a shark for instance). Their eating habits amount to minute dissections of each morsel of food. One disconcerting eventuality is the discovery of some minute parasite in the meat products being served.

Last in our consideration, but certainly not less notorious than any of their predecessors, is the large aggregation of Botanists that perpetrate themselves upon the group in Lenoir Hall. The Botanists usually appear in a clatter of Vasculums, attired in muddy field trip clothing and ungainly boots. They elbow their way through the queue, assembling platefuls of the vegetables which are their stock and trade, and settle like a dark cloud in one corner, immediately the muzzling of numbers can be heard emanating from their vicinity. These sounds can be traced to two oversized sporophytes of the group, who have worked out a classification system for all the females on campus. As one enters they rattle off her classification and floral formula. (measurements to the layman). Occasionally you can spot one dissecting an english pea in search of the cotyledons. (They're real hard to find.) After meals they simultaneously light up and disappear in a dense cloud of smoke. Under this cover they are free to discuss their latest projects, such as the installation of parking meters on the benches of the arboretum and construction of a cocktail lounge (complete with hi-fi and tv) for the purpose of holding seminars.

Such is the life at Lenoir. Needless to say it is a rare privilege and an edifying and enriching experience to dine among the cultured folks who patronize such an establishment. I highly recommend that students one and all eat at—the Rathskeller.