

The Daily Tar Heel

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An Idiotic Feud

For the past few years a feud has been growing on this campus which is moving rapidly to an unfortunate climax. The Daily Tar Heel and the School of Journalism, two elements which by all natural rules should be as close as two peas in a pod, have reached such a state of animosity that some sort of catastrophic event seems inevitable.

The reasons for this feud are, by and large, so obscure that one cannot find them. The Daily Tar Heel is a student newspaper, designed with the dual purpose of informing the student body and giving experience to aspiring journalists. The Journalism School is devoted to the task of instructing aspiring young journalists in the fine arts of news writing, layout and the like. It would seem ridiculously natural that these two factions would work closely together to achieve both of their ends.

Instead, we find cliques in both elements which despise and ridicule the other institution. There are Daily Tar Heel staffers who consider Journalism majors nothing but grade school students, dedicated to learning a profession in an institution - the University - which is devoted to teaching over-all knowledge rather than preparing the student for a specific profession to the exclusion of all other knowledge. And there are Journalism majors who feel that the Daily Tar Heel is a sloppy production and one which is not worthy of their cooperation.

Both sides have their points. The Journalism School is a professional school, dedicated to training prospective newswriters and editors; but it is staffed by one of the finest groups of men on this campus, men who are dedicated not only to teaching their students about journalism but also about the various aspects of an education which cannot be found between the pages of a newspaper.

And the journalism majors have

WUNC-TV And The Carolina Campus

Any student who happened to pick up a copy of Sunday's Baltimore Sun would have been most pleasantly surprised to see that the entire first page of the feature section was devoted to extensive coverage of WUNC-TV, with four large photographs to illustrate the kind of work done in Swain Hall and in mobile units around the campus and state.

That the University educational television station should receive such totally favorable attention from one of the leading out-of-state newspapers is indicative of a high degree of achievement on the part of said unit. We understand that there is a move afoot in the federal legislative bodies to appropriate one million dollars to each state for the promotion of educational television, and it would seem that the Sun is supporting this bill by badly hooding WUNC-TV.

Whether educational television is a blessing is up to some doubt, inasmuch as it completely refutes the classical concept of education in terms of close contact between the teachers and the student. It is, however, a force that apparently is here to stay, and the Sun takes the logical position that it should be as good as possible. The sad aspect of the situation in this area is that the station garners on the average between only three or eight percent of the total two million potential viewing audience in its range. And very few of those viewers are students at this school.

their point too. The Daily Tar Heel is, in many ways, a sloppy production. It is sloppy, however, not out of will but out of necessity. Stinky appropriations, a small staff and poor facilities cannot produce a professional newspaper. The annoying thing, to us, is that these volatile critics do not seem to recognize that the paper would improve immensely by their cooperation.

The journalism majors on this campus are, for all practical purposes, the students most likely to write a good news story. They could contribute a great deal to our coverage of the campus not only because of their ability but for the simple reason that there would be more people on the staff.

During Symposium Week the Daily Tar Heel front page was written almost entirely by two staffers, Susan Lewis and Henry Mayer. The effort they put out was, in the old cliché, "above and beyond the call of duty." They devoted almost all of their time to the production of an exceptional coverage of an exceptional event, but they cannot be expected to carry the burden for the rest of the year.

Two people, no matter how conscientious and able, cannot produce a major college daily for a year on sheer willpower. They, and the others on the staff, need help. The source is there, but not the mental climate necessary for the effort.

We on the Daily Tar Heel have nothing to offer the School of Journalism except the most important thing in the education of a newspaperman - experience. We make a lot of mistakes up here, but perhaps the number would decrease with increased cooperation from the School of Journalism. We do not offer this paper as a laboratory for the journalists, because that is not its purpose. Rather, we offer it as an area in which to serve better the campus and oneself.

It is too bad that students do not see fit to acknowledge the existence of another important educational force on the campus. We have come to accept the patent ignoring of the Petite Dramatique, the Petite Musical, the YMCA seminars, the guest lecturers, but somehow we had felt that everyone would sink right into the TV groove. But apparently not, except when a basketball game is "broadvised" (then the viewing audience jumps up to 33 per cent) or when a football film is shown the night after the game.

WUNC-TV has programs and features that are of interest to a great many students. Perhaps we ignore them because the time happens to clash with "Colt 15" or "Have Gun, Will Travel."

If the Baltimore Sun sees fit to recognize the contributions of a radio station that is in essence our station, there is no earthly reason why we should not. The station is staffed largely by students, many of whom are known throughout the campus. It is not "fruity," to be involved with this station, nor with any of the units on the campus which attempt to promote intellectual endeavor or discipline. One is not betraying a certain lack of masculinity to think or be thoughtful. This is the purpose of a University, and WUNC-TV is helping to fulfill that purpose. We should support, rather than derogate, the efforts being made to educate us.

"Perhaps Some Day A Kind Of Voluntary Program For — Uh — Voluntary Illnesses"



HERBLOCK
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Davis B. Young

Welfare And Hewlett Sauce

The biggest political news of the past few days was the loss of an issue. Late last week, Governor Hodges made the announcement that welfare payments, cut by the last General Assembly, would be restored, thus depriving the gubernatorial candidates of good ammunition.

A while back, Malcolm Seawell had said he would call a special session if he were elected, to deal with the cut in welfare payments. John D. Larkins lashed at Seawell, pointing out that if a special session would be necessary after Seawell had won, there was certainly room for a special session now. Terry Sanford then jumped into the act, charging that both Seawell and Larkins hadn't been very concerned with old age benefits until they became candidates. Sanford said both were using the welfare problem as a political football.

Hodges finally quelled all of this with his announcement. Thus, an already dull campaign loses one of its few genuine bones of contention.

The most interesting proposal of the past 96 hours came from candidate Larkins who will propose a home rule amendment to the State Constitution if elected. Pointing out that the General Assembly must spend valuable hours deciding the salaries of local city clerks and other nebulous posts, he would transfer such policy decisions to the communities involved. This would save the Raleigh lawmakers untold time and energy, allowing them to devote their energies to work on a wider scope.

Sunday's News and Observer commented, "Mr. Larkins should not be permitted to enjoy a monopoly on this issue. His proposal should be embraced by all the candidates."

Malcolm Seawell announced he would oppose income tax hikes. In an interview in the far western community of Asheville, the Lumberton legalist said, "I am against increasing income tax on individuals and businesses. Our present sales tax rate is as high as it should be. I believe the withholding system and our expanding economy will be adequate for our needs."

On education, he said, "Some of my views are well known and have not stemmed from any campaign promises."

Reflections

NEW YORK—How many miles does one fly while eating a meal on a jet airliner? This question bothered the Air France Hostesses so they conducted a survey. Since the introduction of the 575 M.P.H. Boeing 707 Intercontinental jetliner from New York to Paris the hostesses were leisurely serving the Air France gastronomic delights with one eye on their watch. The following were the results of this study.

While drinking a glass of champagne	150 miles
One hors d'oeuvre	5 miles
Appetizer	100 miles
Soup	50 miles
Entree and wine	450 miles
Dessert	120 miles
Cup of coffee	100 miles
Liqueur	170 miles
After dinner cigarette	100 miles

This survey shows a passenger eats and drinks more than one third of his way across the ocean on his 3175 nautical mile trip from New York to Paris.

Anthony Wolff

The 'College Bowl'

The following article was to have been printed in last Friday's paper but due to a layout mistake on the Editor's part was not completed. We are printing it now, in its entirety, out of consideration to its author and because we feel it is an important document of student expression. The Editor.

Well, fans, we lost. NYU beat us soundly in the "G.E. College Bowl." Honor bright is tarnished, for as the late Coach Tatum taught us, to lose is unforgivable. The fact that what we lost was of no more value to us or to the University than a football game—which is to say, of no value at all—is not important. What counts is that those who were ready to replace the basketballballs on their "Tar Heel-Number 1" plates with I.Q. symbols and the like will have to wait until Professor McGuire's men return our honor to us — Our pathetic honor, systematized, strangely symbolized by an athletic program of dubious honor, and usually expressed in the fervent language of vainglorious and misplaced patriotism.

The fact is, of course, that our loss does not reflect on the University or its students. We were not "representing" them. We were not competing for anything so specious as reputation or as piddling as \$1500 for the scholarship fund. Rather, we were co-operating with General Electric in an attempt to dramatize the excitement and the satisfaction of working with the mind. All the rest—the whistles, bells, buzzers, the race against time, the competition, the format—all this was the paraphernalia of show-business, and we accepted it, as G.E. did, because we hoped that the real nature of our commitment would show through the carnal atmosphere.

As it turned out, however, it was not General Electric but University of North Carolina which seemed most intent on obfuscation. While General Electric admits, both in private and on the program, that all the foolishness is an attempt to make a sober point about the value of education, the University was interested only in spurious publicity.

From the University News Bureau, Pete Ivey, Director, came news releases referring to us as a "Tar Heel Brain Team," and to our fellow students as "an egghead team from NYU." Mr. Ivey quoted Dean Siterson mouthing the same platitudes heard on Coach McGuire's television program: "We take them one at a time"; "there is a lot in the way the ball bounces"; and so on. Even this newspaper, from which we expected more perceptive sympathy because two of us were intimately connected with it, chimed in once or twice with similar idiocy. (As a rule of thumb, the Tar Heel's merits are in inverse proportion to the amount of News Bureau copy it prints.)

We were supposedly selected as mature young men; we were treated as simple tools. It is not a gross overstatement to say that we were presented as odd-balls—("His hobby is bee-keeping"); as misfits—("Mr. Ivey reached for a comparison of one of us with Oscar Wilde, finally gave up and settled for a reference to a "Teenage Oscar Levant"); as genuine weirdos—(we were walking "brains" who met in "skull sessions") who were in commercial demand at the moment, and who could be used to further the self-interest and self-satisfaction of the normal population.

Frothing at the mouth in appreciation of his own expertise and in anticipation of the public relations coup to follow, Mr. Ivey was all set to deploy one of those genuine Carolina welcoming committees to the airport, where his cameramen would record the celebration by Carolina students as THEIR TEAM emerged from the plane waving the NYU scalps. Luckily, we came in late in the evening, not to mention losers, so we were spared that final indignity.

It would have been reasonable, if a little cynical, to expect this sort of approach from General Electric, which was supposedly the commercial interest involved. Had they tried to impose this attitude on us, we would have expected the University to defend us, to help us make sure that the personal commitment to intellectual endeavor which we shared was identified with the University as its central purpose.

Instead it was General Electric—represented by all the people connected with the show—who were most sympathetic to us, who apologized for the artificial atmosphere. It was the people from GE who listened with great interest when we voiced our concerns about the program, about our university, about our place in the world.

So it seemed strange that here, in Chapel Hill, we were never asked why we were interested in this program; about the nature of our commitments and our concerns. When, finally, we made a tentative motion to discuss some of our concerns in the minute or so we were allowed to speak on the air; it was the UnversyooohhhhaXahr the air; it was the University which forbade us to be honest ("The administration would be very displeased," we were threatened, if we caused the University any embarrassment.)

So we accepted the embarrassment. Before several million viewers we sponsored a presentation of the University which we knew to be false, full of garbage about the weather and the salutary effects of professional college athletics. The University helped us out with a film which showed more of the cheerleaders and the football team than anything else. Fortunately, we thought to slip in a brief mention of the Symposium; and, hopefully, the patent ridiculousness of the rest might have awakened the justifiable scepticism of the audience.

Only the disposition of our \$500 award remains to be decided. It is worth noting that the University has made no move to identify this small scholarship with the sort of commitment in appreciation of which it was awarded. The University's first thought was to drop it into the General Scholarship bucket, the interest accruing to be doled out anonymously to students who would remain anonymous in receipt of it. After repeated inquiries, we were told that we might make a recommendation to the Scholarship Committee. Certainly they would not inquire of us, however. The recommendation will be made; the result remains to be seen.

So the affair is all but finished. Those of us who were directly involved remember it with some misgivings, tempered by the excitement and satisfactions of our visit to New York. But for at least one of us, and to some degree for all of us, the sad business outlined in this essay struck us most forcefully. The antagonism toward us came not from General Electric, and certainly not from our fellows from NYU, but from our own University which it would seem we had the right to expect none.

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