

# The Daily Tar Heel

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**NIGHT EDITOR**

## Apathy

Recently we have been discussing some prevailing attitudes among students here, as well as in universities and colleges across the nation, which contribute to the deterioration of the educational process and the general atmosphere of a college community.

While we have touched on a good many issues that we believe to be of considerable importance, we have not hit upon the one word which best sums up the college campus and student of the mid-twentieth century America - apathy.

Apathy comes in many forms, ways and from many different sources. It is prevalent not only within the confines of the student body; faculty and administration have fallen prey to this disconcerting disease. It is universal and universally accepted.

No connection should be made between apathy and spring fever, because the two are not related in any way. People who may have great concern for their academic, intellectual and physical well-being are easily struck down with spring fever when the leaves slowly burst from their buds and when "the world is muddierous." But those who are apathetic are apathetic all the time - except when a keg of good, cheap, watered-down beer arouses them from their lethargy and produces the violent reaction known as the Apathy Syndrome, a psychological term designed to balance the apathetic.

Apathy is a disease that starts from a small, tumorous growth and slowly infiltrates the entire body and mind, leaving it antagonistic to stimulation of any kind except the most violent of physical sorts. It places the brain in a stuporous state which cannot be relieved save through stimulation of an extreme and highly exciting sort. This could be applied if it were available, but the doctors are also afflicted with the disease.

The source of the disease is the most puzzling aspect of the problem to researchers, because it appears to come from many areas of the human community and particularly the academic community, where it is found to be more prevalent than influenza or mononucleosis. Like both influenza and mononucleosis, it is highly contagious, spreading throughout the culture with remarkable fluidity. When it strikes, the doctors tell us, it strikes hard and without mercy. Everyone is susceptible.

The doctors, in the academic community, by all practical and institutional rights should be the professors and instructors. Yet in many ways they are most afflicted by the plague. They have been stricken because they are in a strange position. While many are highly concerned with the process of individual instruction, they find themselves within a system which does not consider this aspect of education among the paramount virtues of academic life. Other, more superficial values go higher on the totem pole. Consequently, apathy temperatures go higher on the hospital record as the patients find themselves faced with a dilemma which is most easily resolved through inaction. The easiest way to avoid a dilemma of this magnitude is to accept both alternatives as unreachable.

We find ourselves sympathetic with, rather than antagonistic to, these professors and instructors. They are not entirely to blame, be-

cause to sacrifice the second alternative for the first might lead to losing positions and suffering considerable financial setbacks. And we know few teachers who can afford this.

The students are entirely another matter. Their apathy comes partially as a result of the apathy of those teaching them, but as much from an individual compromise with reality. Apathy can be, of course, induced as a result of contact with apathy itself. This follows naturally from the laws of contagious disease. In the words of the popular song, "something's gotta give," and it's usually the person who is subjected to apathy instead of the person who is already inflicted.

For the most part, however, this apathy is brought about by a society which has convinced the individual that things are to be accepted rather than challenged. Television and the mass media are the ruling gods; books are appendages to life which can be taken or left and most would prefer the latter. They are not needed when they can be condensed into thirty-minute spectacles which take out all the extraneous material and leave none of the meat and little of the matter. We find our literature comes best in comic books or motion pictures. And what thinking we do can be easily done for us by the editorial staff of *Life* magazine or a dead-voiced news commentator or a *Saturday Evening Post* article on man's responsibility in the modern world.

And so we accept this patent leather world. We make no effort to overcome or deny it. We, growing a little patent leathers ourselves, have decided that there is nothing to do but sit it out and take it easy. After all, what could be more relaxed?

But we are meeting neither our responsibilities to our society nor to ourselves. We are skirting the important things and making a religion out of getting away with the most possible. Our system of values has become aborted by a genuine lack of sincere values, and we have found nothing worth attaining or going for. Yet we submit that there are things well worth our time.

If we really believe that we are gaining anything from an education that does not educate us, then fine. But this is not contributing to our growth as mature individuals in a complex world. We owe it to ourselves to be able to face the problems that we, and the world, are going to encounter in the years to come. They will be manifold.

Apathy is a contagious and dangerous disease. It is a threat not only to our college life but also our life after college and the existence of the world that we will be stepping into. In many ways it is the one general term which can be said to characterize the American society of the present day and age.

There seems to be little hope that things will change in the near future. We are not moving in the direction of vitality, though by all practical accounts we should be. There are some people who can change this attitude and climate, however, and we are those people. Frightening though it may sound, the burden of the world's, and certainly the nation's, well-being will be resting on our shoulders soon.

We might as well stop sleeping and get used to picking things up.

Josie Morris

## 'Hiding Place'

The *Hiding Place*, Robert Shaw. World, 1960, 254 pp.

A tiny, physically emaciated German citizen, Hans Frick, and two World War II British airmen, Donald Wilson and David Connolly, play the central roles in Robert Shaw's first novel, "The Hiding Place."

"The Hiding Place" is the wine cellar of Hans Frick's home at 22 Mulhstrasse on the outskirts of Bonn, Germany. In 1937 it had been converted into an air-raid shelter completely reinforced with steel. The two Englishmen were seeking refuge when they entered the house in October of 1944 after their bomber was shot down and the other five crewmen were killed by a German mob. After nearly seven and a half years of imprisonment by Frick, they were still there.

The emotionally unstable, mentally backward drug clerk was lonely after the death of his mother. At the arrival of the two men he jumped at the chance to provide himself with company for the duration of his life.

Happy to save his hide from the Gestapo, the two airmen were from a drugged sleep one morning to find that they had been chained. Frick never could do enough for his two prisoners—except give them their oxygen. He provided them with food from his meager salary, with books, with music, and was even saving up for the day when he could give Connolly a new pair of bedroom slippers and provide a new rug for the cell. Frick never understood his own motives, but he needed his prisoners far more than they needed him. Therefore, he never told them that the war had ended.

In the long and cold winter evenings Frick taught them German, and read Nietzsche to them. Both men being intelligent, they were quick pupils. This deviation also made the time go faster. Soon Wilson was translating for himself and also writing memories of his youth and old men that he had known. He was serene, reflective, and patient. Some days he was happier than he had ever been in his life.

Connolly, on the other hand, soon lost interest in the studying. He became high strung and nervous, always living in a dream-world in which his wife, Margaret, and their love affair was ever present.

Then one day Frick did not return to feed them. Was he going to starve them to death? Had he forgotten them? Had he been in an accident? WAS HE DEAD? Soon Wilson and Connolly found themselves free and in the woods outside Bonn.

How they got out of Germany and where they went and what happened to Frick provides the slightly ironic ending to the psychological novel—this novel which hints at homosexuality, Oedipus complexes, and sexual relations. Throughout the story Mr. Shaw is aware that action is not the only criteria for an interesting plot. He seems to know the human mind and realize that the reactions one takes toward an incident is the important thing.

He has created three entirely different and separate personalities, which have nothing in common except the place in which they live. With a minimum of action and characters he is able to produce an exciting novel in which one is required to read even the last page for the final ironic twist.

According to Orville Prescott, reviewer for the *New York Times*, Mr. Shaw "is one of the most promising first novelists to appear in England for years." This reviewer is inclined to agree with Mr. Prescott.

POGO



PEANUTS



## Pinocchio



Bill Morrison

## Academy Awards

Actress Barbara Rush, before announcing the winner of the Best Film Editing Award, explained the award by saying that the newspaper editor's job was to separate the wheat from the chaff and, then, to publish the chaff. A Hollywood film editor's job was to separate the wheat from the corn. Unfortunately for an estimated 90,000,000 viewers, the 32nd Annual Academy Awards was mostly corn.

Producer Arthur ("Gigi") Freed, in a determined effort to help the Academy atone for Jerry Wald's ponderous, pedestrian fiasco of last year, drafted the awards calendar.

Any life injected into Oscar's veins Monday night at the RKO Pantages Theatre must be credited to Yves Montand and his wife, Simone Signoret.

Signoret highlighted the later portion of the proceedings with her appearance to accept the gold statuette for Best Actress in "Room at the Top." This was, indeed, perceptive voting.

Undoubtedly the most shocking and yet ironically funny event of the evening was the awarding of the Best Original Screenplay award to "Pillow Talk" instead of Ingmar Bergman's "Wild Strawberries."

Ella Fitzgerald with a medley of George Gershwin tunes was able to ease the pain of this gross injustice, although she was far from her top form — weren't they all?

Emcee-catalyst Bob Hope was anything but inspired, although he did utter a few gems from time to time — "Suddenly, last summer, I lost my taste for you."

No one seemed surprised as the "Ben-Hur" chariot picked up award after award to finally become the most honored film in the history of the Academy with eleven Oscars out of twelve nominations. (It lost only to "Room at the Top" for the Best Screen Adaptation Award.)

Producer Freed, directors Vincente ("Gigi") Minelli and John Houseman might find an answer in a return to the old days when the awards were all Hollywood's. That is if they would want to work with it again.

The evident truth remains, though, that an answer must be found. Audiences on both sides of the television sets are going to turn to the Academy and say that suddenly, last April, we lost our taste for you.

Letter To Administration

## GE Grant

To: Dean J. Carlyle Sittersen  
Chancellor Aycock  
Scholarship Committee  
Gentlemen:

We have met in response to your suggestion and have formulated our suggestions for the disposition of the \$500 General Electric Scholarship. They are as follows:

1. We would like to have this money set aside from the general scholarship funds, in order that those who receive it will be conscious of the spirit in which it was given — a spirit of appreciation of intellectual endeavor.
2. Because the amount is small, it seems to us that the capital should be granted in either one award of \$500 or two awards of \$250.
3. We would like to see the awards made to a student (or students) in the Arts and Sciences who has demonstrated intellectual willingness, ability, and promise through at least one semester of work at Carolina.
4. In our opinion the selection of the recipient should be based on the sole criteria of intellectual achievement.
5. Such qualities are, we feel, best demonstrated by the candidate's prominence in the following areas:
  - a. academic grades.
  - b. attainment of Special Freshman status, election to academic societies such as Phi Beta Kappa, work in Honors Programs in any field in the Arts and Sciences, etc.
  - c. Intellectual contributions to campus life through extracurricular activities.
6. The need of the candidate and his family should be taken into serious consideration, but should be the deciding factor only if all other questions are mooted.
7. The award should be given without reference to state or national citizenship, color, religion, political or social belief.

We respectfully submit these for your consideration, and we would appreciate notification of your decision in this matter.

William Happer  
Jack Raper  
Dick Robinson  
Anthony Wolff  
Jonathan Yardley

Davis B. Young

## State Politics

The Sunday edition of the Charlotte Observer presented what is easily the most commendable example of congressional political reporting seen since the inception of the current campaigns. Shying from the lifeless gubernatorial and senatorial fiascos, it examined in depth the only real contests being waged — the battles for seven seats in the U. S. House of Representatives. This is not to say the state wide offices aren't "real contests". It is merely an assertion that the congressional tussles have more appeal than the verbal jazz being tossed around in other races. By that is meant the "I'm all for a better North Carolina cha cha cha" to which we have become accustomed.

Of particular interest to residents of Chapel Hill and the surrounding area is the head-on clash between Horace Kornegay and William Murdock for the Sixth District seat. It is currently held by our own Carl Durham, highly respected Washington veteran of more than 20 years. The 68-year-old Durham will retire at the termination of this session. This district is composed of four counties — Durham, Orange, Alamance and Guilford. Murdock is from the first, Kornegay from the last. Both are solicitors, Murdock at 56, having 22 years in this capacity and Kornegay at 36, having been thrusly employed for six years.

The Observer (that is Charlotte Observer, not this observer) asks a very interesting question: "What happens when two popular solicitors, each from a county which is a large breadbasket of votes, compete for a single congressional seat?"

Each has a unique advantage. Murdock's solicitorial district includes Durham, Alamance and Orange counties. Yet, Kornegay is a former president of the State Young Democratic clubs.

The final comment from the Charlotte paper was their prediction as to the outcome: "Capsule analysis: A toss-up," a nickel on Kornegay, but mind you, no more. In other words, a toss-up.

There is also a great deal of interest in the First, Fifth and Ninth Districts, each of which finds the incumbent in trouble with the voters.

In the First, Rep. Herbert C. Bonner faces opposition from Walter Jones, Bonner, a Congressman since 1949, is in the fight of his life, and may be brought home by the young, (Jones is 46, Bonner 60), upstart from Fitt County.

In the Fifth, Rep. Ralph J. Scott has an extremely serious contender out for his scalp in the person of Alan Ivie. The Observer describes Ivie as a "prototype of the Old South... wears buttoning collars, polka-dot ties and — on special occasions — a swallow-tail coat. Topping this dress is white hair worn flowing and long."

Incidentally, Ivie is a Duke graduate. A real Ivie Leaguer.

And in the Ninth, the Charles Cannon forces backing incumbent Hugh Alexander, face another rough run' from old nemesis Bedford Black. Worth Folger is the third strong candidate in this district. In 1958, Black upset the Cannon dynasty, balling his way into the State Assembly as somewhat of a maverick. Look for real fireworks in this district. There'll be a hot time in the old Ninth this spring. Any one of the three may well win.

The other interesting contests are in the Third District and it quest for a successor to Graham Barden. Five politicos want this seat. The Tenth District will decide who has the right to square off with North Carolina's only Republican Congressman — Charles Jonas. And the Twelfth will pick a successor to the late David Hall. The winner of the Democratic Primary in that district will face Republican Heinz Rollman, the wealthy shoe manufacturer.

The State's other districts find the incumbents with no opposition. Rep. Fountain (2), Rep. Cooley (4), Rep. Lennon (7), Rep. Kitchen (8) and Rep. Whitener (11) will all return to Washington.

At the top of the Observer's excellent report is a map showing North Carolina as it is divided into Congressional Districts.

All of the divisions are by counties. No district cuts across the boundary of any county, but instead, goes around them. It is also interesting to note that all districts run east-west as opposed to north-south. This is an obvious attempt to link the "Republican" western counties with the "Democratic" counties of the Piedmont. For example, Gaston and Cleveland are in the same district with the far western GOP leaning counties of Madison, Yancey and McDowell. Or the 10th district which finds Mecklenburg in the east and Mitchell and Avery in the West. It should be pointed out that Rep. Charles Jonas fooled the cartographers here. And maybe this is as it should be, for the numerous N. C. Republicans are deserving of representation in the nation's capital.

by SCHULZ

The 1960 Census also deserves mention. The speculators say we will lose a seat in Congress. Jonas is the obvious target of a gerrymander. We hope not.

Democrats that we are, we are also democratic. All of this political propoganda from DBY, your caucus quarterback.

by WALT KELLY