

The Daily Tar Heel

In its sixty-ninth year of editorial freedom, unbampered by restrictions from either the administration or the student body.

THE DAILY TAR HEEL is the official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina.

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Humiliation

The judge who handed down a suspended sentence to Charles Van Doren this week said he could "read the humiliation" in the 35-year-old former Columbia University instructor's face.

Had the judge been granted the ability to see the faces of perhaps ten thousand teachers and students across the country at that moment, he would have seen the same humiliation on them. Van Doren, regardless of his contribution and remorse, could not erase the feeling of guilt that were mirrored in his face. Nor could he displace that same feeling from others who, because of their association with education, were participants in his guilt.

Some of that guilt lies with the television industry which allowed the farce of rigged TV shows to be carried on. It is shared by the viewers who were interested in Van Doren, not because of intellectual prowess, but because he was amassing a large sum of money.

A portion of the guilt, too, must be laid to a society which holds money to be a higher goal than integrity, which has little interest in ability except as an asset that can be turned into dollars and cents. But, appropriately, the man who bore the brunt of these shortcomings in our nation temper was a teacher. And it is for this reason that most of Van Doren's colleagues in education are as shame-faced as he.

Why was Van Doren's offense so

abominable? Why was it his case, and not that of the other defendants, which drew banner headlines? Why should his repentance be more obvious and his shame greater than that of others?

It was not because his pay-off was the largest; it was not. Another contestant "won" over \$220,000. Nor was his crime any greater. But Charles Van Doren is, or was, a teacher. His association with education made his violation more flagrant and his humiliation more deeply felt and widely shared.

When it is a teacher who has committed a crime, particularly when it is one that involves a bartering of ideals and the perpetration of a fraud, then the attention given that crime is, and should be, greater. When Van Doren sold out, he sold out not just as a man. He sold out as a part of a profession that should loathe compromise and honor intelligence for its own sake, not because it can be translated into dollars.

The Van Doren case and its implications are saddening enough in themselves. But the other infamies involving education are called to mind by it. When Van Doren was sentenced this week, all the basketball scandals, the episodes of cheating, the lying and compromising—all of these were flung in the face of education.

The time has long since past when someone should have begun to wipe the humiliation off the collective face of education.

Sorry, A Letter Was Misleading So We Didn't Put It In Print

To The Editor:

/s/ Donald P. Will Jr.

Editor's Note: The above space contained a letter from Donald P. Will, Jr. of Durham. In his letter, Mr. Will suggested that we should not have printed Charles Alan's letter condemning mental health program's (Jan. 14 issue) because such a letter is "misleading."

Our policy is to print all letters, regardless of viewpoint. We have adhered to this policy until now. But, since Mr. Will has informed us that it is the "duty of an editor to refuse to print misleading material," we have complied.

We thought his letter was "misleading."

So we didn't print it.

Should we continue this policy?

"Gun Bearers!"



The Return Of The Little Magazine

In the gargantuan belch of American publishing houses' output today, it has become a truism that it is impossible to read all that one wants to read. Our Senators are taking speed reading courses so that they can read what they are supposed to have read; students repeatedly complain that if the day only had five or six more hours they would be able to do their social science or parallel reading. This is rapidly becoming symptomatic of the age of the digest, the paperback library and the brief survey.

Even in specialized fields it is a rare scholar who can speak for the entire body of work he represents. One is constantly selecting and condensing his projected reading list, and usually finishes little more than the essentials.

Most publishing houses are no help in the matter of reliability of their product as a rule. He exceptions can be named on the fingers of one hand; these are generally the avant-garde paperback publishers who reliably go out of business after a year or so and are never resurrected.

Currently I am keeping my fingers crossed for Angel Island Publications, a small California house which is not yet firmly established except for its quarterly Contact, currently in its ninth number.

However, it has several other notable distinctions. It has saved Nelson Algren's excellent "Chicago, City on the Make," a decadent paean to

the human of Chicago, which the city fathers consigned to a critical limbo for liking all the wrong things about Chicago. It has also put into print "A Fly in the Pigment" a delightful semiprecious novel about a fly who escaped from a Renaissance painting to view Paris in the raw. Its approach is a hilarious blend of stream of consciousness and social caricature.

Further into the select library of Angel Island is "A Country of the Mind", an anthology of the best publications of the highly-regarded "Western Review" by its editor, Anthony West. And probably the most appealing of all the Angel Island books now on the market is the Photographic essay "I Am a Lover", a sort of "Family of Man" for San

Francisco. The excellence of Jerry Stoll's photography is constantly shocking, intimate, moving. A genuine love of his subjects and lucid, uncannily pertinent quotes edited and garnered by Evan S. Connell from very various sources make this book come alive for the reader.

The quotes range from Lewis Carroll, Thomas Wyatt, and Countess Tolstoy's diary to letters, unshaded, drinking songs and brotherhood oaths. "I Am a Lover" is one of the finest photographic essays and human documents to be published in the United States.

Our campus should be especially cognizant of the success of its quarterly, having as amateur yardsticks the small successes and failures of almost a dozen such in memory. Issue number eight, for example, features the advanced makeup and design patterns produced by a small dedicated and talented staff.

It manages to print a short story on the racial issue, "Lunch," by

Keith Lowe, on brown paper without editorializing or going overboard after its own cleverness. It has a photographic section featuring social caricatures by Seymour Locks; a long short story by R. V. Cassill about Paris, which in its course does not open the raw wounds of any clichés; an advertisement that is easily as entertaining as most small magazines' content for Angle Island's forthcoming "Artists and Writers' Cookbook, featuring a beef burgundy by James A. Michener, a garlic soup by James Merrill, and an Italian passion salad by Jerre Mangione.

This book, or rather quarterly, is becoming increasingly available and at the same time entertaining. It is a welcome sign to the weary, frustrated, or disillusioned reader that Angel Island Publications shows none of the omens of now non-existent art magazines. It may be with us (the intelligentsia) for a long, happy, time.

—JOE WILLIMAN

ATTITUDES By Clotfelter

Certain elements in the American political situation appear to believe that the fate of Christianity is to be decided in Katanga province.

The same persons who worship at the image of rebellious Katangese President Moise Tshombe as a brave "anti-Communist", also are fond of applying the term "pro-Christian" to him.

Strom Thurmond, distinguished solon from South Carolina, in a Jan. 8 attack on the Kennedy Administra-

tion policy in the Congo, referred to the "anti-Communist, pro-Christian Katanga province."

Campus columnist Martin Luther Wilson took the Thurmond position a step further by attacking the United Nations as a "godless organization."

The absurdity of the Thurmond and Wilson statements should be easily seen. The fact that some persons swallow that bunkum, however,

leads me to state the obvious.

—The controversy in Katanga does not in any way, in any shape or form, concern Christianity or any other religion.

—Even if the conflict did concern religion, there are just as many Christians in other provinces of the Congo as there are in Katanga.

—The United Nations, as a body, cannot be "godless" just as it cannot be "God-fearing" or "pro-God." Because so many divergent religions are represented in the U.N., it is incomprehensible that it should become either a religious or an anti-religious organization.

Possibly the Strom Thurmond revivalist element sees some major Christian precept at issue in the Congo. If the United Nations was aggressively attacking the Katangese province (which it is not), then that could be what Thurmond and his boys are calling godless and anti-Christian. But this same revivalist element advocates war on Cuba, war on mainland China, and in some cases, aggressive war on Russia—so it's not U.N. aggression which Thurmond thinks is anti-Christian.

Hopefully, Thurmond is not referring to the hackneyed line about "atheistic communism." Even if the Central Congolese government of Cyrille Adoula and Joseph Kasavubu was Communist (which is completely false), religion would still be irrelevant to the Katangese problem.

The solution to the Congo mess must be realistic, open and honest. No spiritual questions are involved.

It is a choice between chaos and stability. An independent Katanga represents chaos. A unified Congo is necessary for African stability.

—SAMUEL S. JONES, JR.

—JIM CLOTFELTER

Robinson's Ramblings

According to the 1960 census Chapel Hill is the richest community in the state with 27 per cent of its families earning \$10,000 a year or more. So it's not strange for charities on fund raising drives to think that they'd be well received here. But some townspeople have criticized their neighbors and students for not being generous enough. An appropriate reply has come from a Wake County woman, who prefers to remain anonymous.

Please, No More Pleas!

I give to charities galore;
All those that knock upon my door
Find me ready to disburse
The contents of my dwindling purse
My money's spread from Nice to Nome;
But charity begins at home
And home is where my money stays
Or else before too many days
I'll join the throng and make a plea
Door to door—in the name of me!

Conservatives and liberals will both be interested in these bizarre and informative happenings around the nation:

South Carolina—When asked how he felt about NAACP Special Counsel Thurgood Marshall's appointment as a federal judge recently, South Carolina's Governor Ernest Hollings replied: "I'm just as glad Martin Luther King doesn't have a law degree."

Massachusetts: Robert H. Welch, Jr. founder of the John Birch Society, told the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Boston last month that "not more than one-half of one

per cent" of the Catholic priests in the U. S. are Communist sympathizers.

Minnesota: An English teacher in Wrenshall, Minn., was reinstated one week after he had been dismissed for having his students read "1984."

Michigan: State Attorney General Paul Adams recently ruled that Bible instruction in the public schools violates both the state and federal constitutions.

Texas: Under a new Abilene, Texas ordinance, both parents and theater operators are liable to fines up to \$200 for allowing children to see movies rated "objectionable."

North Carolina: Chapel Hill's two movie theaters are fully integrated—the first in the state—but less than one quarter of the audiences are Negroes. —MIKE ROBINSON

About Letters

The Daily Tar Heel invites readers to use it for expressions of opinion on current topics regardless of viewpoint. Letters must be signed, contain a verifiable address, and be free of libelous material. Brevity and legibility increase the chance of publication. Lengthy letters may be edited or omitted. Absolutely none will be returned.

A Scientific Survey Of Likker Drinking

Chapel Hill is a quiet little town. For years it made me curious to hear people from Durham, Raleigh, and even as far away as Winston-Salem, refer to it as "Whiskey Hill."

It raised a question, one which every Tarheel must face head-on, glass in hand, sooner or later: Is there too much emphasis on drinking at the University? (Perhaps a more interesting question would be, "Is it POSSIBLE to place too much emphasis on drinking?" Since this question has no answer, however, I shall ignore it.)

I decided to turn to science for an answer. Psychologists say it is easy to determine what is important to a person by listening to him talk. By noting how often certain words or ideas turn up in his conversation, you can pretty well tell what he is thinking about.

With this theory in mind and a clipboard clutched in hand, I headed to Harry's for an evening of intensive research. It must be remembered that this was not what is called a "controlled situation," in fact, it must have been pretty uncontrolled. A few of my notes were very difficult to decipher—they seem to have gotten wet some time during the evening.

I have divided my results into three categories:

I. Number of references to what was consumed:

Beer 18, bourbon 12, gin, booze 8, whiskey scotch 7, liquor, rum, vodka 4, screwdriver, spirits, moonshine, P.J., one each. (Brand names are

included under their general categories.)

II. Number of references to the act of consumption:

Drink 37 (this includes such variations as "... like a fish") guzzle 4, on a binge, on a tear, getting high 2, on a bender, on a toot, soaking it up, swizzle, toss it off, wet your whistle, get loaded, one each.

III. Number of references to results:

Drunk 22 (this includes dead drunk, drunk as a lord, stinking drunk, etc.), high 14 (as a kite, a flag, etc.), plastered, hungover 8, out 7 (passed out, out of it, out cold, etc.), out of his mind, polluted 4, boozed up 3, bomber, intoxicated, tipsy, stiff 2, inebriated, d. ts, soused, seeing pink elephants, fried, shellacked, tanked, and three sheets in the wind, one each.

This is 217 references to drinking in four hours—approximately fifty per hour, or less than one a minute. One interesting sidelight I had not expected: the only subject that came close to whiskey in popularity was sex. While the vocabulary was not nearly as varied, the rate of occurrence was phenomenal.

Conclusions:

1) Whiskey is not emphasized in Chapel Hill to the exclusion of everything else.

2) The name "Whiskey Hill" grew out of envy—just plain envy.

—BOBBI DAVENPORT

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