

UNC NEWS

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Prostitution

Last week a "prostitution ring" was broken in Chapel Hill. The police chief said these arrests were the first for prostitution here in his memory; which is not surprising, since women in this line of work find coed competition extremely tough.

Despite their rarity, however, these arrests point up a glaring loophole in the morality of America. This loophole is hypocrisy.

Billy Graham, whose often-mocked preachings still strike hard at the consciences of the majority of Americans, decries a society that permits prostitution.

We decry one that legality forbids it and then laughs at its own laws.

This is not to say that prostitution should be eliminated. We doubt that this is possible. It should rather be legalized so that it can be controlled.

It may always be a dirty word, but many of the physical occupational hazards of the business could be eliminated—but not by a society that refuses to mention the word in polite company, much less acknowledge the problem and attempt to find solutions.

Prostitutes are the primary spreaders of venereal disease. Venereal disease is curable and could have been eliminated after World War II. It wasn't, because moral America couldn't treat the disease without punishing the patient. Now, due to insufficient doses and irregular treatment, new strains of venereal disease have developed that laugh at penicillium and other cheap "wonder drugs." More powerful and more expensive drugs must now be used, at increased cost and risk to the patient.

The American conscience, apparently, can shrug its shoulders and forget those facts. The living conditions of prostitutes cannot be forgotten so easily. They're a little more constant.

They live under the control of the underworld. They're told when to eat, sleep and breathe. It doesn't pay to break these rules. If they are victims of VD, they must seek furtive treatment. If they become pregnant, they have little choice but abortion—usually under somewhat less than favorable conditions. If they grow old in the profession, they are turned out to a pasture full of dead weeds. A career of prostitution is not the best recommendation for a middle-aged woman seeking a job.

These problems can be solved. Japan has legalized prostitution and abortion. Death and disablement from disease and rusty knives are decreasing. Living conditions are regulated by law. The prostitutes are happy, the state is happy, American sailors are happy.

It is time for America to investigate the feasibility of a similar solution.

And while the investigation is under way, why not a look at legalizing gambling—which Robert Kennedy states is the mainstay of the underworld's financial support; how about a look at the problems of drug addiction—which England has largely solved by having the courage to treat it as the disease that it is; how about revisions in abortion laws—so that unwanted children will not be added to the earth's already bursting population; how about a look at laws regulating the dispensation of birth control pills—which now limit their use to married couples?

How about saying to hell with our puritan forefathers?

How about a little introspection into the morality of our society?

How about a little honesty?

Letters To The Editor

Wellman Gives Poem, Answer On Eichmann

One of the little-noticed members of the graduating class of 1962 was B. Kimball Baker, of Elkins Park, Pennsylvania. I well remember meeting him in 1958, when we were both beginning freshmen. A few days after our first meeting, he gave me a sonnet he had written the previous year, while attending the Ben Lippen School. I thought then, and think now, that this was a sonnet quite worthy of Emily Dickinson, and he once showed me inclination to publish it, but when he left the campus it had not seen the printer's ink.

As he once said that he would like to publish it eventually, I have finally decided to run it in the UNC NEWS, as a very competent poem by a graduate of this university. He was still in high school at the time of composition. Here it is and let it take its place among the better American sonnets.

I looked today on mountains
garbed snow-white,
And spied one peak that rose
above the rest,
A leader in some noble skyward
quest,
A snow-capped picture of majes-
tic might,
Then I aspired to share that
peak's delight,
In being where this world can-
not molest,
To be at peace in snowbound
hermit nest,
There from this vale to soar in
upward flight.

But further musing turned me to
repent
For wishing thus to fly to
heights so great;
The Lord had willed that moun-
tain in its place,
And me in mine; so I should be
content,
And languish not, but joying in
my state,
Fight God's good flight, and
patient, run his race.

By Kim Baker, 1957.

—WADE WELLMAN

Eichmann

To the Editor:
Richard Gelberman is entitled to his views, and I to mine, but by this time I'm tired of the whole business of Adolf Eichmann and his trial and publicity.

I just won't keep fighting this case over and over again, which I've now been doing for a year and a half. Gelberman clings vehemently to some prize bits of misinformation, but what does it matter now? Eichmann is dead, cremated, and scattered to the Mediterranean.

Let's just forget him and pay attention to the new Germany of Willy Brandt, Konrad Adenauer, and Gerhardt Schroeder.

—WADE WELLMAN

Freedom

The Jackson, Miss. News is conducting a reader poll on "Should state officials go to jail to preserve segregation and states rights? Vote your convictions!"

If you vote yes, your intent is obvious. If you vote no, you must mean that you think segregation and "states rights" can be preserved by other means. If your conviction happens to be neither of the above, we presume you keep quiet about it.

A New 'Trimester' System for UNC?

An experience I had this evening was one in which I felt I could be of some real help. I sat at the table with a student, whom I didn't know, and we engaged in conversation. Ten days before he had been mustered out from a three years duty with the armed forces, and had entered the second Summer School. He had flunked out when he was here before because he had played too much. He said he was having a hard time adjusting from army life to civilian life. He said the University had gotten too big, all his friends had gone, and the Summer School work was too hard—that all you got out of it was stomach ulcers. I asked him if he liked the University. He said he loved it when he was here before but didn't like it now, and wouldn't come back in the fall. I asked him where he would go. He didn't know. I asked him where he would like to go. He said, "I don't know. I reckon I will be back here!"

Here is a person who needs help in many ways, but mostly he needs friendliness, people who will take a friendly interest in him, make him feel that he is not just a number, but a person in his own right, and is accepted into a group. As we left our table I introduced him to

two pretty girls, and later asked them to go out of their way to be friendly toward him. I told him whenever he saw me at Lenoir to come up and speak to me, and whenever he felt like it to sit at my table.

This student gave voice to what I have felt about the Summer Schools—that instead of having two summer schools that it would be much better to have one regular term during the summer and allow students a choice of attending two of the three terms, or all of them. One professor told me two years ago that all the time spent over an hour lecturing, was time thrown away. The students, he said, get tired and the professors get tired, and that what the hour and twenty minutes class amounts to is just something on paper. (I gave up even auditing a class in summer, as much as I enjoy sitting in on a good class.)

Of course I know that nothing is going to be done about changing summer school, but it doesn't hurt to go on record opposing the status quo for then the battle lines can be drawn. After all, "Someone must represent the unrepresented, must speak for the speechless." I always have liked to feel, that in my feeble way, I could do just that.

—OTELIA CONNOR

Robinson's Ramblings

Is it true what they say about the classy red head with the boufant hair-do in the Eastgate Shopping Center last week?

It is said that she came out of one of the stores, made off across the parking lot, then returned with a distraught look and used the pay telephone.

A few minutes later, the taxi she had summoned drove up and the driver asked, "where to, ma'am?"

"Just drive me around the parking lot," wailed the baffled red-head, "till I find my car."

SHRINKING CURRENCY

Charming Mary Wilkins of Rt. 2 tells us about a small boy who plunked down a nickel on the counter and asked for a bottle of soda. "It costs ten cents," said the storekeeper.

The youngster then asked for a candy bar. He got the same reply. After this happened several times, the boy turned sadly away, leaving his nickel on the counter.

"You've left your nickel, boy" called the merchant.

"You can keep it," replied the boy. "It ain't worth nothing."

FUR-TIVE TACTIC

"Men show their love in different ways,

One husband may buy his spouse a mink,
Another does the dishes."

Thus, I philosophized to her;
And thus I made her think.

The consequence is that I am not
Permitted near the sink.

B. A. SURVEY

Results of some recent business administration entrance exams

reveal that:

47.8 per cent said "inflation" is what you get when you dial a wrong number.

64.4 per cent believed "Silent partner" is a married man.

93.4 per cent explained that "trial balance" meant that if the books didn't balance, there'd be a trial.

MENTAL MEANDERINGS

We now see that Albany, Ga., is batting in the same league as the entire state of Mississippi. We've often said that since William Faulkner left Mississippi in body, there is not a good reason why the state should not slide into the sea. (We recommend Jackson, the capital, as an atomic testing site.)

Even though we deplore the Anglo-Saxon savagery of some Albany officials, we should never lose sight of many other violations of civil liberties—north and south.

For instance, there is the arbitrary and capricious action of St. John's University, a Roman Catholic institution in Brooklyn. It expelled three students for participating in a civil marriage ceremony. All three students were to graduate last June. The University (?) called the students' action "gravely sinful." It's hard to believe this school is actually accredited.

The predominantly Catholic city of Baltimore also displays Christian charity. There, prisoners in the city jail must attend two religious services on Sunday—Catholic in the morning, Protestant in the afternoon. Non-attenders go to solitary.

—MIKE ROBINSON.