



The Daily Tar Heel

71 Years of Editorial Freedom

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Just One More To Go For UNC

We did not hold high hopes for our baseball team when it ventured into the wilds of South Carolina this past weekend, but they made us eat our words. They trimmed USC, 2-1, then got really mad at Clemson and took them by 12-5. And now they stand 13-0 in conference play, having wrapped up the ACC title earlier than anyone ever has in the conference's history. The team has everything. The pitching is superb, the batting is above average and the fielding, a big question mark this year, is tight as a glove. The final conference game of the season is Wednesday, when the Tar Heels play host to the hapless Blue Devils. The Durham nine has only managed three victories in 18 games, and their conference record is exactly the opposite of UNC's—0-13. But, as we all know, records don't

mean much when Duke and Carolina meet. Earlier in the season, when we had a 7-0 conference record and Duke an 0-7, the two went 14 innings before the Tar Heels pulled it out. And Duke will be ready for us again. No one likes to finish in the cellar (which is where Duke is certain to place), and no team likes to go through a conference season without winning a single game. So, what's the pitch? Well, the Wednesday game is the final home tilt for Coach Walter Rabb's charges, and someone told us the record crowd at Emerson Stadium was only about 2,000. Looking at those stands, we are sure they can hold far more than that, and we would like to see at least 4,000 Carolina fans at the game. It could be done. The game will be great, and there's nothing better than watching UNC smash Duke. See you there?

The Indiana Primary: Lessons For All

The Charlotte Observer

Alabama Gov. George Wallace had good reason for exuberance over his Indiana vote total. But he engaged in bald overstatement when he vowed it was a victory so significant that "We are going to decide who is going to be the next president of the United States."

Wallace proved again in Indiana that color-line voting is not confined to the South at least not for 25 to 35 per cent of the voters in Wisconsin and Indiana. But he fell slightly short of his Wisconsin percentage in the Hoosier State election. He did not do quite as well as he expected in a state where there were good reasons for expecting strong support.

Indiana has a long tradition of political conservatism. The Ku Klux Klan was a power there only 40 years ago. And Democratic Gov. Matthew E. Welsh, "stand-in" for President Johnson in the primary, is not the most popular governor Indiana has ever had.

According to a Lou Harris poll before the election, the President is popular in Indiana and is considered by a great many Hoosiers to be a prudent and economical man. Had Johnson's name appeared on the ballot, Harris said, Wallace's percentage would have been slashed badly.

Welsh, on the other hand, has come under heavy criticism because of a tax increase and his spending policies. Wallace benefited from this protest vote and a substantial bloc of Republican cross-over votes, as in Wisconsin.

Though he assiduously avoided talking about civil rights and Negroes and lectured Indianans on states' rights instead, Wallace's main purpose in entering the primary was to generate anti-civil rights pressure and possibly pick up a few delegates to the national convention in order to "shake up" the top leadership of the Democratic Party.

His vote total may, on top of his showing in Wisconsin, have some effect on members of the Senate in considering amendments to the civil rights bill, and certainly a number of clarifying and

safeguarding amendments are needed. Also, he ran so well in two or three industrial districts with high percentages of Negro population that the Democrats had to adopt an at-large plan for convention delegates. His claims of a personal triumph can't, therefore, be entirely discounted.

But there is in all of this, as in Wisconsin, a somber note. It underscores again the national nature of the racial problem. And despite Wallace's soft-sell techniques, his mere presence in a state primary tends to pit one race against the other and feeds the forces of prejudice.

Any trend that widens the racial gap—at a time the country is trying to bridge it through law and voluntary action—is not healthy. It increases the chances that leadership and influence in racial matters will pass into the hands of Americans less responsible than those earnestly trying to end the dark night of discontent.

Bug In The Rug

The growing invasion of privacy by both private and public agencies utilizing electronic gimmicks such as the questionable lie-detector and the insidious listening devices is a threat to America's privacy.

The warning that the country is fast following the path of George Orwell's "1984" came on the same day that the U.S. Supreme Court reversed the conviction of a Norfolk woman whose premises had been "bugged" by police.

The court held that such eavesdropping violated the constitutional ban against unreasonable search and seizure.

This ruling should serve as a warning to both business and government that such Orwellian tactics will not be tolerated. And if laws are needed to call a halt to the spreading evil then Congress should see that they are enacted.

Darst Murphey Strikes Back

By DARST MURPHEY
A very well-planned and righteously indignant rebuttal of Mr. Peter Range's recent side-lines comments on the mental and social failings of the Carolina coed has just fallen by the wayside. For I do see his point. He believes, or seems to, that if the women students' social rules are changed or done away with, we can get rid of the social immaturity of the female members of the student body.

But I think that, in the midst of his rather haphazard generalizations and pat solutions, Mr. Range has made a most significant and unfortunate error. He presupposes that the social immaturity of an individual can be separated from his academic or intellectual immaturity. But where the dividing line might be, he does not say. He merely assumes that clearing up the blocks to social maturation will lead to the single state, maturity, without a need for intellectual maturation also.

I say you can't so divide an

individual as to separate his social maturity or lack of it from his intellectual maturity. The two are closely bound in each and every individual. And I would assert that the true reflection of a person's over-all level of maturity would be in the intellectual rather than the social vein. The behavior Mr. Range so openly deplores as "typically typical" of the Carolina coed is

merely a surface social-politeness, inherited from our American social system. And neither conformity thereto nor rebellion against is necessarily an adequate and true measure of maturity.

Instead, probably the most accurate reflection of a student's level of maturity would be his attitudes towards the academic and cultural sides of the univer-

sity community. Here immaturity is grossly reflected in student apathy, lack of intellectual curiosity (e.g., studying only for a degree or only for grades), and a resultant wasting of a four-year opportunity for personal growth and exploration. Social immaturity, I would claim, is merely a reflection of this intellectual immaturity.

And it is to this problem of

intellectual immaturity that I think Mr. Range and other concerned students should direct themselves if they wish to strive for an over-all uplifting of the level of maturity here on this campus or on any other campus in America.

I do not pretend to offer an explanation as to why we are beset by intellectual immaturity and, thus, apathy. Nor do I pretend to offer a solution, as Mr. Range has so neatly done for the problems of social immaturity. Rather I have sought only to point out another quite important facet of the basic problem of the immature student which Mr. Range has posed. It is the duty of the university community to face head-on all aspects of what we, as students, feel is a very serious problem and a threat to the ideals we hold dear for a university education.

On a second and quite different tack, I wish to counter Mr. Range's implications that immaturity is only a problem among female students.

He speaks of the silly do-nothings-think-nothings that are the sum total of Carolina coeds. But surely such a perceptive and bright person as himself can not be wholly serious. If he does honestly feel that immaturity and lack of intellectual awareness are rampant among females, I would like to hear what he has to say about the male portion of the student body also. On the whole, women's grades are higher, and many females participate in honors programs. Using my own observations as a basis, I feel a higher percentage of female students than male attend cultural events too. If, as Mr. Range says, the immaturity of women as a whole is so dire because of their repressive social rules, why is it that male students without rules show no more visible signs of intellectual awareness or of social maturity?

I do not wish to engage Mr. Range in debate on this topic, for it is really irrelevant to the basic problem he posed. It is unfortunate, however, that he himself dulled the effectiveness of his articles by making women students the scapegoats in his attack on immaturity.

"Beagles, Hell — How About Us Reporters?"



The Frog Speaks

By JOHN GREENBACKER
Dick Akers, Clark Crampton and Armistead Maupin are probably the busiest men on campus these days, but they truly love their work.

The boycott referendum is at last going to the students, and the hearts of confident conservatives are fluttering.

Armistead claims the referendum's only purpose is to find out what the students feel about the boycott, and Dick answers those who say the referendum is purposeless with, "it's no more purposeless than those people lying down in the streets."

Well, whatever their purpose, Dick's dirty, grubby beatniks are out of circulation now, ever since Judge Mallard found the ultimate solution to the demonstration problem. We don't have to worry about them any more, nor does Dick.

What good the referendum will do as an indication of student opinion is questionable, regardless of its outcome.

The academic year is almost over, and the legislative agenda only contains a few pork barrel bills to take care of. The referendum will only be good for publicity, if it gets any.

The whole integration problem will be decided to a large extent in Washington by the end of June, and here on campus the incoming freshmen will not know of the violent battles and opinions of the Class of '64.

John Randall, an old SP supporter, denounced Clark and Armistead bitterly. "You're trying so hard to spit in Mike Lawler's eye," he charged.

John is very resentful of the whole thing, mainly because he recognizes the fact that Lawler and the old Legislature merely urged the students to follow their leaders' example.

The boycott resolution was not a pushy thing, Randall doesn't like the idea of Crampton, their way to try and condemn a Maupin and Akers going out of former administration for expressing their opinion in this area.

Well, Clark, Armistead and Dick are going through anyway. They think the students ought to be able to do the same thing as the Legislature, even if the old administration is out of office.

Final exams or not, the persistent three are hard at work to realize their dream, and after a year of reversals, this may be their finest hour.

Randall can only curse and go on, for even though vengeance is only the Lord's these three have no intention of desisting until their object is won.

Candidates' Headquarters: Glad Hands And Hot Coffee

By BILL STROUPE
Few of us get the chance to meet the gubernatorial candidates individually. But I found out recently that it's easy to do the next best thing—visit their headquarters.

If you enter Raleigh the way I did, your first stop is at the Carolina Hotel. One candidate has several offices there, and you naturally pick the wrong one on the first try.

As you get off the elevator at the fourth floor, you're lost but try not to show it. "Follow the typewriters," the woman operating the elevator tells you.

The clicking leads you around a corner, where you see several women cutting up as though they are Carolina coeds. One of them tells you the campaign manager will see you in a minute. The door opens and you walk in.

The man with blue eyes and blond hair meets you with a smile and a firm handshake. He says a few things you wanted to know, but nothing earthshaking. You thank him for the information, he thanks you for dropping by, and you're on your way to the Sir Walter Hotel.

The two other major candidates both have their headquarters there, so you might as well flip a coin to see which one to visit.

As you enter the room, you find the people a little older, a little more somber. The receptionist, however, has that same

ready smile. As you're talking with her, though, you begin to wonder if it's frozen in place.

You finally get down to a specific question. "Where does your candidate get his campaign funds?"

She says something about private contributions and then the conversation shifts to where one of the other candidates gets his money.

Another man walks in, hears that you are from UNC, and asks, "How are you getting along with the Communists over there?" You laugh nervously, but he remains tight-lipped all the time that you see him.

Meanwhile, the receptionist offers you a cup of coffee. Since you're a coffee drinker from way back, you can't say no. She hands you an empty cup.

You start to hand it back when she says, "All we have is instant." But it just isn't cricket to recant on a coffee invitation when there are no grounds for complaint.

You choke on your coffee as she asks, "And who are you going to vote for?"

"This is good coffee," you fib, and get up to leave. She persists in her question, so you console her with the fact that both of your parents are going to vote for her candidate.

Apparently no harm has been done, since everyone is smiling as you leave.

On your next stop, you find the campaign manager out. You talk

with the man who is in—the publicity director.

He admits he can't answer your questions, so you talk about UNC, where he graduated. "Yes, I remember the old journalism school," he says. "I remember taking a radio continuity course under Joe Morrison."

Joe? Is this the same man you're thinking of?

"Of course, I understand old Joe has gone big time now. He has his doctor's degree and all that." Yet, same man. He also mentions Stuart Sechrist. But, aside from these two men, the journalism school is not as it used to be.

He tells you how the school used to be more informal, and you wonder if you were born 20 years too late. But when he notes there are now more girls in the journalism school, you decide 1943 was a nice year in which to be born.

But, by this time, it's 5:30. He has to leave, and you have to get back to Chapel Hill. As you shake hands again, you tell yourself that this man would win if people voted for campaign workers instead of candidates.

As you leave Raleigh, you wonder which group of workers will see their efforts partially rewarded on May 30, and which group will win all the marbles on November 3.

And it seems a shame that the people in two of the rooms you visited will ultimately see their work go for naught.

WUNC Music Director Nixes KIX

Editors, The Daily Tar Heel:

An excellent description of the state of radio in this area appeared last Sunday in the article by Henry McInnis. The blame for the lack of civilized music on the local airways seemed to be placed squarely on the stations themselves. I am not sure, though, that this is fair. It has always been my observation that the radio and television media are a reflection of the cultural state of the people they serve. Having spent three years in Chapel Hill and thus becoming acquainted with the area and, through the representatives here on campus, the state of North Carolina, I am afraid that I can only conclude that things aren't too good down here. By far the majority of University (undergraduate) students who listen to radio choose "that station in Raleigh." That's all

you hear when you pass by the dorms, and when your path takes you by the fraternity area, it's the same thing coming from juke boxes, and much louder.

However, I haven't given up hope. Two other stations in Raleigh, on their FM service only, donate brief fractions of their broadcast day to classical music. A letter from Mr. Sam Blate in May 6th's TAR HEEL brings up the question of WUNC Radio in the picture. One of the primary purposes of this University owned, student operated station is to provide quality broadcast material, (meaning music mostly) to listeners how- ever many or few, in the State who care for it. Unfortunately, as Mr. Blate states, WUNC, being an educational station, is restricted to the FM band. This means that the majority of students, as he stated, are unable to enjoy the station's offerings,

as FM radios are not as common an animal as AM are.

However, it is also typical of most other college educational radio stations to provide the students with its offerings via a means known as "carrier current", whereby the signal is put through the telephone lines to small AM transmitters in the basements of selected buildings. For some reason this has never been seriously attempted here at UNC. There has been a lot of talk, most of it by student politicians, and one under-financed attempt in 1961-62 which managed to reach a few dorms—oh, excuse me, residence halls—only to fall apart because of inadequate equipment. When either the Student Government or the University proper takes a decided step to bring the University station to the students, it will go a long way towards raising listening standards by its

mere existence on the popular airways.

This statement will have even greater meaning next year, as WUNC, recognizing that the times it broadcast good music are roughly the same as those of the other FM stations, is trying to expand its time on the air by means of special programs. The Beethoven, Bach, and Mozart "Spectaculars" this year were a start in that direction. The response to these programs are very encouraging, and we will try to offer something similar on a regular basis next year. I am sure that we would have had many more students who owned FM tuners as listeners if your paper had not been so loath to make notice of them.

Thurman Smith
Director of Music
WUNC Radio
209 W. Franklin St.

— Editor's Notebook —

(Continued From Page 1)

along. Tonight the Constitutional Council will decide whether a "poll" is conducted like a "referendum" is legal. The decision is theirs. And whatever

they decide, I can't help thinking that a poll is a poll. If someone had realized this and said something, there would have been no need to send the issue to the legislature in the

first place—it could have simply been conducted through the Communications Committee all along. And we wouldn't be in the mess we're in today.

By Gary Blanchard

We were gazing into our crystal ball the other day and lo and behold, the darned thing actually began to work.

We saw a bunch of funny-nomena, as Chub Seawell ("Call your next case.") might say, which concerned a variety of people.

The first face to roll out of the fog was that of a middle-aged man who's president of a small, Mid-Western college. Just barely discernible in the clouds over his head was the sign, "New Chancellor of UNC." The whole thing looked like a newspaper clipping from state newspapers later this month.

As per instructions, we rolled the crystal ball three times to the right and three to the left (nonpartisan, you know) and here came the faces of Richardson Preyer and I Beverly Lake, plop in the middle of the election returns from the Democratic primary for Governor the end of this month.

It took a few more wiggles to make one of the faces go away. The one that was left was sitting in a leather chair behind the Governor's desk. It was late November. The face belonged to Richardson Preyer.

"It was close," he was saying to someone we couldn't quite make out. "I guess the people got a little tired of Lake's white horse and Moore's phony grin."

Rolling the glass again, we watched as the somber face of Robert Kennedy came into view. He was taking the oath of office as President Johnson's Secretary of State.

At 30, who thought? Then we recalled RFK's tremendous success in his tours abroad a few years earlier for his late brother, the President. We remembered what a tough hide he had when the going got rough, his tremendous organizational ability, and his unceasing fight for Negro civil rights.

Sure, we realized, He's a natural for the job. Johnson needs a man with Kennedy's stature and name to handle foreign affairs, which is where Johnson is weakest. And it didn't hurt Johnson's re-election one bit having Kennedy in the cabinet. Besides, Dean Rusk had wanted to step down.

The fog rolled back in, but a few tips of the ball later and it rolled back out. There was Johnson's vice-president: Hubert Humphrey. He was waving his finger and giving the Republicans hell.

Who was Humphrey blasting? His Republican opponents, of course: Lodge and Scranton (or was it Hatfield?).

Hmmm, we thought, settling back. These crystal balls aren't very scientific, but they sure are interesting.