

**The Daily Tar Heel**  
72 Years of Editorial Freedom

Chapel Hill  
Site of the University  
North Carolina  
which first  
opened its doors  
in January  
1792

Offices on the second floor of Graham Memorial. Telephone number: Editorial, sports, news - 533-1912. Business, circulation, advertising - 533-1163. Address: Box 1680, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Second class postage paid at the Post Office in Chapel Hill, N. C.  
Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester; \$8.00 per year.

Published daily except Mondays, examination periods and vacations, throughout the academic year by the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina. Printed by the Chapel Hill Publishing Company, Inc., 501 West Franklin Street, Chapel Hill, N. C.

### Will It Be Worth The Price Tag?

There was encouraging news yesterday from the Committee on Campus Radio, which announced that it would set about drafting a concrete proposal to submit to Chancellor Paul Sharp for approval. A campus station transmitting on AM would be a welcome addition here, especially if it were programmed imaginatively for student listeners.

So far, little has been said about the cost of such a project, though it's a good bet that Student Legislature will be quite concerned with the finances if they receive a bill from the radio committee asking for action. Although no figures have been released, reports from Student Government indicate that the necessary appropriation could be large enough to require an increase in student fees to finance the year-to-year operation of an AM station. If this is the case, a campus-wide referendum will be required to institute the necessary hike in fees.

We have supported the Committee on Campus Radio from its beginning last spring, and will continue to do so. Nevertheless, the money involved is yours, so we will also support every effort to insure that an AM station will be worth the added funds which may be required.

Our own view is that, if possible, a test period for the station should be financed from Student Government's general surplus, during which time the station would have an opportunity to prove itself.

Barring this, we will attempt to report carefully the facts concerning any referendum which proves necessary, basing our editorial stand on potential value of the station as proposed. Meanwhile, look and listen carefully to the arguments, keeping in mind that a good station will be worth a reasonable amount of money.

### The Pros Act Like Amateurs

Professional football, which lately has been enjoying its finest moments in the eyes of the American public, has recently taken a long, long stride in the opposite direction.

Both leagues have been chasing prospects for the coming season, and the result has been that numerous stars were declared ineligible for bowl games.

Several players signed "letters of intent" with professional teams at the conclusion of the regular season, and one actually inked a pro contract in August.

So the fans, who paid upwards of \$7 to watch their favorite bowl games, were deprived of the whole show. This was especially true of the Gator Bowl, where four Oklahoma players, all potential pro stars, watched the games from the stands rather than the backfield.

Now, it can be said that these players are grown men, and therefore should know the score. They should know that if they put their name to a contract, then they are professionals.

In one case, the boy who signed last August, this is partially true. The player, a Georgia lineman, signed with an American Football League club, but since had tried to break the contract.

### A Strengthening Of The Party System

From the Raleigh Times

A stronger Democratic Party should result from the decision of House Democrats in Washington to take seniority rights from two members who campaigned last fall for Senator Goldwater, the Republican nominee for President.

It should be noted that the Democratic caucus didn't expel the two bolting members from the Democratic Party. They simply punished them for having abandoned the party at a time it needed

The club would not let him reverse his field, and when it was learned he was a professional the University of Georgia was wide-open to all sorts of criticism and undoubtedly lost a great deal of prestige.

The other case, involving four Oklahomans, was quite different.

The four did not sign contracts per se, but rather a letter indicating to the club they would eventually enter the fold.

The clubs in question told the players it would not affect their amateur status, and lawyers for the club echoed this.

Of course, they were wrong. In fact, they were lying, and they certainly knew this was the case.

If this is the kind of chicanery we can expect from the professional leagues, then we can wonder just what else they will try in the future.

The league headquarters have taken no action toward the offending clubs, and they seem very reluctant to talk with the NCAA about their transgressions.

If the present situation continues, then it may well spread to other sports, and chaos would reign.

The professional football leagues should show their maturity and act like the professionals they claim to be.

help, and for having supported the Republican nominee while still clinging to membership in the Democratic Party.

To have strong party government, there must be strong party discipline. And, strong party government is a necessity in America, where the very bigness of the country makes party government the only realistic kind we can have. The political turmoil in which France has found herself so often in recent years is an example of a country where there isn't strong party government.

The fact that these two House members, one from South Carolina and one from Mississippi, have lost their valuable Democratic seniority rights in committee assignments, is real punishment for them. Under the seniority system, members climb up through the ranks of committee membership until they finally reach the desired goal, that of the chairmanship. They achieve that goal by virtue of membership in the majority party, plus seniority piled up through the years.

Such punishment of bolting Democrats is long overdue. It should have been begun years ago, and it should have been applied in the case of Rep. Adam Clayton Powell, the Harlem Democrat who supported President Eisenhower in 1956.

Democrats who want to support Republicans should change parties.

**The Daily Tar Heel**  
Fred Seely, Hugh Stevens  
Co-Editors

Mike Yopp  
Managing Editor

Associate Editor — Pete Wales  
Business Manager — Jack Harrington  
Asst. Bus. Mgr. — Betsy Gray  
Photo Editor — Jock Lauterer  
Advertising Manager — Woody Sobal  
Asst. Ad. Mgr. — Jim Peddicord  
Sports Editor — Larry Tarleton  
Asst. Managing Editor — Ernie McCrory  
News Editor — Alan Banov  
Copy Editor — Mary Ellison Strother  
Night Editor — Fred Thomas  
Sports Reporters — Pete Gammons  
Pete Cross, Tom Haney, Al Kaplan  
Art Editor — Chip Barnard  
Intramural Reporter — Bill Lee

## Bohemians Encouraged

# College Students Must Take Risks

Dr. David Boroff, associate professor of English at New York University, is a distinguished interpreter of the U. S. college scene. Following are excerpts from his article, "Status Seeking In Academe," which originally appeared in the Dec. 19, 1964, issue of *The Saturday Review*.

One must first recognize that college is not a finishing school, that it traffics with more urgent matters than initiation into the middle class. One must understand, too, that there can be no real intellectual life without risks, that at the heart of intellectual and artistic inquiry is subversive dynamite. (What other than a great howling negation do modern writers like Genet and Ionesco affirm?)

When I visit a college, one of the first groups I ferret out is the bohemians — not only because as marginal people they can provide insights into the majority community but also because they are a kind of anti-establishment establishment, dissidents in residence. As such they fulfill a valuable educational function — so valuable, in fact, that their recruitment should be part of the admissions program of every institution. If they don't come, go out and find them. (I submit for your consideration that the civil rights movement, which successfully buried student apathy, was powered largely by bohemians.) The educational value of bohemians is a notion that most admissions officers will assent to in theory and violate in practice. In their blatant contempt for conventional values bohemians can be threatening.

As a corollary, I deplore the stranglehold that Greek-letter societies have in some institutions. There is often a natural alliance between college administrators and fraternity men. The more modest the class origin of the administrator the more he may secretly yearn for the negligent ease and middle-class security of gilded fraternity

youth. (It is a mistake to think only of faculty serving as models for youth; sometimes it is the other way around.) The healthiest campus situation is not one in which fraternities do not exist but rather one in which they are vigorously challenged by a sturdy and vital independent group. As a besieged minority, fraternities can be a wholesome force on campus; in full command of the campus, fraternities are dangerous and ultimately stultifying.

There is another hegemony that colleges on the move should try to break up — the tyranny of the young. Anyone who taught when the G.I. Bill was at flood tide knows how thoroughly it spoiled him for the callow and the uncaring. Still I have learned from a good number of older students that even in this brave new world of continuing education they must run a fearless gauntlet of probing questions, raised eyebrows, and discreet skepticism. The extension division mentality dies hard.

The lower middle-class syndrome manifests itself, then, in a predilection for the well-groomed, the well-tried, and the safe. Despite all the recent fervor about salvaging the culturally deprived, working-class students tend to make teachers and administrators uneasy. The latter often deny the working-class student his identity and try to recast him in the image of the middle class. At a college, which will remain nameless, the dean of student activities zealously tried to turn all of the young women into Vas-sar girls, though their background was urban not suburban, working class not middle class. When social activities were scheduled, the dean exhibited an unseemly eagerness for them to order tea, not coffee, to betoken their upward mobility. Alas, it was all in vain. The girls, inured by long evenings over coffee in local luncheonettes, were immune to the dean's blandishments.

Any college in earnest about upgrading itself should have

lots of out-of-state students and as many foreign students as the international traffic will bear. In some state universities, foreign students tend to be concentrated in the graduate schools where they do the least good to the college community. And even when foreign students exist in large numbers on a campus, they tend to be ignored or shunted into their own segregated preserves. Enveloped by official good will, they become invisible men befriended only by the bohemians, who, in reaching out to foreign students, only intensify their own alienation from the mainstream of campus life.

I wonder if I might draw from my own techniques in appraising colleges to suggest some "informal" indices of institutional excellence. A few of these things may seem absurdly homespun, mere domestic bric-a-brac of the college community, but they are far more important than one might think. I have witnessed a direct correlation between the intellectual vitality of a school and the bravura of its bulletin boards. Harvard, Swarthmore, St. John's in Maryland, and Bennington provided some of the most entertaining and revealing of bulletin board graffiti. (Bulletin boards, after all, are the latrine scribbles of the literate.) At the other end of the spectrum, at a school grievously afflicted with lower middle-class anxiety, all bulletin board notices have to be cleared with a prissy office of student activities determined to civilize the barbarians. What does one do — schedule a course in bulletin board writing? Hardly. The sense of play, the social passions, the sheer idiosyncratic energy that turn up on a bulletin board are an expression of a school's ethos.

The bookstore is another cultural index. I have observed some terrifying displays of philistinism and intellectual torpor in some bookstores. At a small college I had occasion to visit, the bookstore was a kind of

general store in which books were tucked away behind Bermuda shorts and long woolen stockings. And there wasn't a single magazine above the level of *Life* and *Time*. And let me make a plea right now for the enormous educative value of magazines. We miss an unequalled opportunity when we fail to involve our students in magazine reading at college. It is a national scandal that with millions of college graduates the general magazines of the consciously intellectual class — *Partisan Review*, *The American Scholar*, *Commentary* and *Commonweal*, *The Nation* and *The New Republic*, the university quarterlies — have a pitifully small circulation.

The browsing room in the library is another sensitive area. Here again the self-image of the institution is reflected. In a newly converted state university in the Southwest, I visited a browsing room that didn't venture beyond *The Collected Works of Robert Louis Stevenson* that some good soul had donated, and back issues of *Good Housekeeping*. How seriously can one take this institution's protestations of academic virtue?

No dean worth his stipend can afford to be indifferent to student hangouts — especially those that dispense coffee — for that is where the serious talk takes place. My bias, is, obviously, toward urbane, light-handed administration, but here a little social engineering is in order. The vital schools have meeting places where students — and faculty — can repair for coffee and conversation. One shrewdly administered college in the South combines its snack bar with its paperback bookstore — a conspicuously happy marriage! The most justly celebrated hangout in academia is the University of Wisconsin's Rathskeller ("The Rat"), where beer has corrupted no one, and where political debates flourish at any hour, class lines criss-cross (freshman girls meet real graduate students), and professors sit in earnest conference with students over cups of coffee.

Another index of cultural health is the student newspaper. Here again the itch for respectability among administrators can prove the undoing of an independent student press. I am amazed and appalled at the curious myopia among some college administrators — as if some schoolboy jape in print had serious consequences. The best schools are those in which the student press is untrammelled, where, in fact, interference is simply unthinkable, the ultimate impiety. At Harvard, Wisconsin, Michigan, Swarthmore, the student newspaper is not only an organ of information but a soapbox, a circus, an

arena for the whimsical and sportive. Administrators afflicted with status problems are prone to overreact to such tomfoolery, but it obviously has its place.

To be sure, one can't "organize" an effervescent bulletin board, a spirited hangout, or an irreverent student newspaper. One can only create a climate which enables these to flourish. What can the conscientious administrator do to create this climate?

First, he must be vigilant about too much Big Brotherism. I recognize that I am proposing that he liquidate himself — at least in part — but his primary loyalty is to his institution, not to his profession. George Stern, a University of Syracuse psychologist, has discovered that the schools where the intellectual life is valued most are also the least bureaucratized. Administrators these days are something of an easy target, and I shall forewarn my own guild loyalty as a professor by not joining in the lynching-pee. But it seems to me that a kind of academic Goldwaterism is in order here: when in doubt curb the centralized administrative power. If students are to be intellectually autonomous, they must witness autonomy at work.

On the other hand, the alert administrator will make exertions where they really matter. A current vogue which strikes me as being exceedingly worthwhile is that of bringing speakers to campus. This is one of those fringe activities which rarely show up in graduate record scores and almost never win an unrestricted Ford Foundation grant. But it provides an opportunity for the chance encounter with a seminal mind, which, after all, is what education is all about. Northwestern University, whose students chronically bemoan their middle-class blandness, runs an annual intellectual pow-wow which combines efficiency and zest. With logistical virtuosity, they fly leading intellectuals into Evanston from all over the country, put them on stage, and make them define themselves for a few hours. The atmosphere for the three-day fracas is not unlike a football weekend with tickets at a premium, post-mortem parties, and endless talk, talk, talk.

For the school on its way up, there must be genuine support for faculty holding unfashionable views. I have been impressed by the fact that Notre Dame was quick to hire Samuel Schapiro, a victim of an academic purge in another Midwestern institution. Catholic colleges, now vigorously on the upgrade, have learned their lesson. Dr. Schapiro's politics are less the concern of Notre Dame than the kind of ferment he can provide on campus.

### "Honey, I Can't Tell You Enough How Much I've Enjoyed This Sweater You Knitted For Me."



## Down On A Farm With Otey Connor

Dear Sir:

Ruth St. Denis was reported recently as saying she was grateful that she was born on a farm.

I have never known whether I was grateful that I was born on a farm. We had no playmates except our own brothers and sisters. We went to school to a governess until we were around 14 to 16 years old, therefore we never had the opportunity to learn much about teamwork. However, we did entertain a lot — the house was always full of guests — mostly grown-ups, except in summer when our cousins came to visit us.

I always felt that I missed something. Maybe it accounted for me being so ornery and always "cracking people over the head with my umbrella," about their manners.

But Miss St. Denis says, "Balance was maintained on the farm because the mind was filled with loneliness. There is a creative value in loneliness. Don't be afraid of it. If you learn to handle it, you won't become a sheep."

Of the six children, I always seemed the slowest to learn, was often called that little dreamy Otey.

I guess it was this loneliness that gave me time to ponder. I was never satisfied just to learn facts. I was always pondering the imponderables. "What did they mean, what was it all about, This troubled dream?"

All my life I have had time to ponder. Therefore, I cannot go along with the latest proposal that schools should be operated all day long, all year long, with shortened vacations. I feel that we are putting too much pressure on our young people, especially our young

men, as it is. Just watch the "Jet age" on TV and you will know what I mean. The graduate school set-up, to my mind, is all wrong. The work is piled up on the students so fast that they don't have time to assimilate the material that they cram. There is no time to acquire wisdom.

Neil Rosser, associate professor of educational psychology at UNC, deplors the fact that, beginning with kindergarten, on through college, "teachers have tended to equate quantity with quality." He says that while the colleges continue to up-grade their admission standards, they flunk out about the same percentage of students as they did before the up-grading era. Wouldn't it make more sense to work with what they have, after having admitted the top 10 per cent than to put them through some artificial pressure machine.

I am all for stressing the important things in education, and doing well what you do, but I agree with Mr. Rosser when he writes that "School should be a happy place, where there is time for both work and play, and away from school, boys and girls need time to get away from books to roam the fields and woods, to think on their own without adult interference, to enjoy the thrill that only childhood and youth can know. For what will it gain them if they absorb all knowledge, and all wisdom, and lose their spirit in the process?"

To see the obvious results of this pressure on our young folks, we need only to visit the psychiatric wards of our hospitals, says Mr. Rosser. The Greeks had a phrase for it — "Nothing too much!"

Otelia Corner

## Letter Upbraids The Dean

### Administration Is High-Handed

Editors, The Tar Heel:

On Dec. 5, I received a letter from the Dean's office informing me that since the automobile that I operate is not registered with the university, my university registration had been cancelled.

Imagine my surprise — I do not have an automobile! For less than three weeks in October I had a car for which I

secured a temporary registration.

I presume that this error occurred from the fact that I got a parking ticket while I had my car. It seems that South Building went through the tickets, checking to see if they corresponded with the car registration list. Naturally, I fell short of the requirement.

I question the legality of my removal from the university. In 1962 in the case of Dixon vs. Alabama State Board of Education, the United States Court of Appeals, Fifth Circuit, passed down the decision that a tax-

supported college could not dismiss a student without a hearing. Surely the university should correct its policies so that they conform to the Constitution of the United States as interpreted by the courts.

Further, let me pose these questions: having been dismissed on Saturday and reinstated on Monday, was there any necessity for me to obey university rules on Saturday and Sunday? And was there any need or me to return to my dormitory on these evenings?

Mary Annell Broach  
Milver Dorm