

The Daily Tar Heel

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SCOTT GOODFELLOW, EDITOR

One-University Concept Should Be Maintained

Out of the flap over ECC and its university-status bid this year finally emerged what will easily become the biggest academic question of this legislative session—should the one-university concept be sustained?

ECC's President Leo Jenkins insists that separate university status is all the ECC wants, but after the release of the famed report, it looks like action on that question will be little. Although called otherwise, the bill to make ECC a part of the Consolidated University is actually a compromise and likely will receive more support this session than the separate university request.

The big question will be the one-university concept.

We feel strongly that in the present stage in the development of the state, it is by far best to uphold the one-university concept.

It has long been obvious to us that the life of higher education in North Carolina is a major backbone of the state. Nearly every newspaper we pick up has several stories from university campuses,

because that is where ideas and projects are generated. To split the university concept now is bound to cause a slip in stature, if not without of the state, then within.

Furthermore, the switch to university status for any rising college would be made easier by the fine administrative structure which has developed for the Consolidated University under President William Friday. Having the immediate association with the other parts of the university system would make the stature switch much easier. And although a college such as ECC could be made a university tomorrow, it would not be quite as easy to make everyone think that way.

North Carolina is well known for its fine institutions of higher learning. A division of their unity would almost certainly be ill-thought at the present time. Perhaps someday in the future when North Carolina is a well-developed commercial state and doesn't revolve so heavily around its universities, such a move would be beneficial. But not now.

Umstead Act Discriminates Against All Of Chapel Hill

We were given a list of the other day which cited the names of well over 100 stores and shops where students at UCLA could go to receive 10 per cent discounts on their purchases.

A UCLA student could show his student body card and receive discounts in clothes stores, auto repair garages, camera shops, and many others. The whole idea was good and showed a bright competitive spirit among the stores which decided to participate.

But we were saddened when we realized that in our own university community there are a large number of stores which frankly exploit students and take advantage of their unique position. Clothing stores most frequently take the rap here, since clothes prices in Durham are distinctly lower.

What it all boils down to is that most stores take advantage of the relatively small circle of availability which students have for buying merchandise, and hide under the protective auspices of the infamous Umstead Act.

The Umstead Act expressly forbids any State operation to sell services or merchandise in competition with private enterprise. Educational materials and other items costing less than a quarter are excluded.

Needless to say, the Act has not been particularly helpful in driving down community prices for the benefit of the students. The Book Ex is in a constant row with town stores over whether it can sell items like UNC sweat shirts. Legally, it obviously cannot, but good grief!

James Brown Show Very Fine

Believe it or not, few fraternity projects are as worthy as the James Brown show Thursday night in Durham, sponsored by the Beta Theta Pi fraternity.

The show is for college students and offers them an opportunity for a lively time and a hoped for spirit of goodwill. The proceeds are all going to campus charities.

In every way, it is an excellent project.

The other branches of the University are in a different situation, since the cities in which they are located face competition by themselves. But in small Chapel Hill, there is no need for one store to try to undersell another when they can all benefit from higher prices.

In one way of looking at it, Chapel Hill is discriminated against by the Umstead Act, since the Book Ex could easily cause price lowering if allowed to sell regular merchandise.

The UCLA discount system will never work here. It will never be needed. And as long as the Act is on the books, Chapel Hill stores will have a relatively free hand in setting prices.

But changing laws in favor of the State and against private enterprise is very difficult. Maybe someday.

'And when did you boys first notice that you couldn't stop smiling.'



James Hudson, Jr.

Is Humanity Alive?

Thomas Gradgrind, sir is the epitome of the early bourgeois man in England, according to Charles Dickens in *Hard Times*. I am inclined to agree with Dickens in his portrayal of the bourgeois man.

Thomas Gradgrind — "perfectly devoid of sentiment," "dictatorial," full of "hard facts." "Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them." —quoth the Gradgrind, nevermore. "In this life, we want nothing but Facts, sir; nothing but Facts!" Does it sound familiar, reader? Does it have a twentieth century American ring to it?

"Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir — peremptorily Thomas — Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all supposititious, non-existent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind — no, sir!"

The Thomas Gradgrinds have won their battle for prominence in the Western world, particularly in this country. The whole country is based on Gradgrindism. The bourgeois ethic is in full sway. Everything can be explained scientifically. Everything can be calculated. Tears are measured in liters. Inner man is partitioned into neat little segments by Freud. The Gradgrinds have everything figured out. And they tell everyone that they have it figured out. (Indeed, they tell it so loud that one might suspect that they are not sure that they have it all figured out, though their insecure modesty is not our main consideration here. Nevertheless, it is indicative of something, though I am not sure what, that Mr. Gradgrind's best friend, Mr. Bounderby, is affectionately termed the Bully of humility by Dickens.)

Gradgrind teaching his children — "He seemed a galvanizing apparatus, too, charged with a grim mechanical substitute for the tender young imaginations that were to be stormed away." How many of us have felt our imaginations stifled as we were growing up, smothered under a blanket of facts and techniques? It is not by chance that the schoolmaster of Gradgrind's school is named Mr. M'Choakumchild.

Imagination and sentiment have been brushed off as irrelevant. When confronted with imagination or sentiment, the Gradgrinds answer, "We don't want to know anything about that, here. You mustn't tell us about that, here." Well why not, Gradgrind? Imagination and sentiment are as real as your facts. You are the unreal one, Gradgrind.

Not so at the University of Wisconsin. There students barricaded the Wisconsin chancellor in his office for three hours. The incident occurred when Dow came to the Wisconsin campus for job interviews. Demonstrators at Wisconsin jammed the hallways just as

A girl in the Gradgrind school who gave consistently wrong answers was given a percentage problem. "And I find (Mr. M'Choakumchild said) that in a given time a hundred thousand persons went to sea on long voyages, and only five hundred of them were drowned or burnt to death. What is the percentage?" The girl answered, "Nothing. . . . — to the relations and friends of the people who were killed." She was a great failure in the Gradgrind school.

The bourgeois ethic is dehumanizing the world. Feelings are replaced by calculations. We absolutely revel in the shining glory of skyscraper, but we see no glory in sincere gestures of humanity. We scorn the crying man, we mock the compassionate face. Yet the compassionate face is the one worthy of respect, especially when compared to the hard hollowiness of the bourgeois face.

Just a short while ago, a former schoolmaster of mine expressed it in more modern terms in a speech he gave: "Too often the world is too much with us. What world? It might glitter like gold, but does that prove its ultimate value? How much do we work at breaking the attitude barrier? How often do we allow dollars and goods to serve in lieu of warmth, guidance, and sense given as carefully as, within our own limitations, they can be?" There is a need to reverse the effects of the bourgeois ethic, and our best hopes lie in compassion. As my schoolmaster said, "Compassion: we need more of it, much more, and we need to show it and teach it."

Some Iowa students did with the CIA. The motivation to protest the interview was basically the same for both Wisconsin and Iowa students — the interviewers represented immoral agencies.

The administration at Wisconsin took more stringent action against the demonstrators. In fact Chancellor Robben W. Fleming said he was willing to go through another Berkeley to show the protestors that what they were doing was wrong. He was referring to the Berkeley campus at the University of California where student demonstrations led to violence. The administration at Wisconsin flatly says, "We are not going to back down on this one."

Wisconsin administration is right. Advocates of student po-

wer have a legitimate right to show their support or disapproval of policy — in a manner that is responsible and legal. Using force to impose will on others by protesters is just as illegal, immoral and irresponsible as it is for any agency to impose its will on others. If the demonstrators are mature and open-minded as they say they are, then they should realize that "might makes right" and "two wrongs make a right" do not fall into the classification of logic or fairness.

Demonstrators, even when they do use responsible and legal avenues of protest, are subject to criticism. When they go beyond responsibility and legality they are only hurting their cause more.

Nic Goeres

Josh Carlisle

Southern Devils Lurk Beneath Us

The strangest thing happened to me the other day.

As I was meandering across campus in my usual sinister manner — a satchel of dexedrine, marijuana, and animal crackers tucked under my Ban sprayed armpit — the doors of South Wing suddenly burst open. Da da. There on the steps stood the Felicitous Fearsome Foursome, clad in the white robes of the secret terror organization, H.E.L.M.S., a society dedicated to the healthful extermination of liberal male students.

Like a vanquished chamberlain who had not yet begun to fight, I wilted to the clay. Quickly realizing, however, the imminence of my untimely demise, I strapped on my tasseled Herme's Hoppers (\$69.95 at Juliano's), and took off for the library men's room. But, there was toilet paper to the left of me, toilet paper to the right of me, Cushman Rocket-sled S.S. in front, and the Felicitous Fearsome Foursome close behind. Chief Malamont, leader of the Cushman Rocket-sled S.S., bore down upon me with a bible belt in one hand, and a ticket-tagger in the other. I knew there could be no escape. No, there was a chance! I veered off to the right, praying to the great pumpkin in the sky for deliverance.

But, everyone was far more right than I. I could hear the master-mind of the Felicitous Fearsome Foursome, Sitherdaughter, shouting how glad he was to be a part of all this. Ye denizens of the deep! I'd been had.

Thwunk!

When I awoke, I found myself imprisoned in the torture chamber of Centralis Recordis. Cunning devices of persuasion were everywhere. Univacs, I.B.M.s, secretaries. I struggled in vain against the tapes that bound me.

Then, the Felicitous Fearsome Foursome advanced toward my prostrate form. Sitherdaughter began to lead the ancient chant of the Druid Baptist clique, as Kat Karmikel and I. Showedher joined in harmony. U. Catchey just smiled, since he wished to defer being drafted in on it himself. Boy, how I wished it were Friday.

"Kill the pig! Drink his blood! Kill the pig! Drink his blood!" they sang.

The Felicitous Fearsome Foursome continued to fly about and lord it over me until, all of a sudden, Cookieman appeared out of the blue. It has long been rumored this hero was still alive in Argentina at the house of Adolf Shickelgruber, collecting athletic supporters along with Chaz Ericksteinsky, but now there he was in front of my fogged eyes. Cookieman (alias Longius Maximus) strode purposefully over to the Felicitous Fearsome Foursome, who cowered against the wall in a state of complete procrastination. I was saved. I was freed. Cookieman had done it again.

Not so! Rallying to the cause, the Felicitous Fearsome Foursome belabored Cookieman about the brow, causing the sap to flow profusely. He expired without so much as a murmur.

And so now, as I pen this note in hopes of having it smuggled out to the desk of crusading "Daily Tar-toe" editor, Scottie Goodchap, there seems little chance I can make it out of this underground cell in Centralis Recordis. At least, not until I learn just how far right the Felicitous Fearsome Foursome can get. And that may take a long time. And then again, it may not.

The strangest things can happen around here.

American Militarism

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE

Yesterday being Wednesday, we wore our genuine patented World War I Flying Ace Cap and Goggles to class. The reactions of our fellow students ranged from jealousy and envy from the boys, to sighs and squeals of admiration from the girls, several of whom we were forced to trample as we strode determinedly into History.

We had done what we had set out to do, however, we had proven that World War I is this year's fad, the hula-hoop of 1967.

Sad to relate, our little research project was marred by one rather unfortunate incident: we were summoned to appear before a legislative committee to defend ourselves against a charge of mocking America's Great Military Tradition.

America's military tradition, by the way, was not originated by George Washington and the Minutemen of the American Revolution, although, astoundingly enough, many people still believe this romantic myth.

America's military tradition was actually established during the War of the Clinging Vines, a short but bitter struggle for the Island of Bimini in 1747. This engagement was won, of course, by the Arabs, who, under the leadership of a direct ancestor of the present leader of the United Arab Republic, released a swarm of tsetse flies in the American sector.

"But I don't have a cause," we objected. "I am merely conducting a systematic sociological survey."

"Aha!" said McPeters. "Socialism, eh?" We finally convinced him that we meant no harm, and he went on his way. Last we heard, he plans to drop the charges against us because he is afraid of damaging UNH's image.