

The Chapel Hill Weekly

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LOUIS GRAVES Contributing Editor
JOE JONES Managing EditorOWELL CAMPBELL General Manager
JAMES E. CRITCHER Advertising Manager
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Swiss Paper Selected Luxon to Write About Education for Journalism

The man whom the Zurich (Switzerland) Gazette selected to write its article, "Professional Education for Journalism in America," was a Chapel Hillian, Norval Neil Luxon, dean of the school of journalism in the University here.

In this article Mr. Luxon reviews briefly the history of instruction in journalism and expresses again the opinion that he expressed in his presidential address at last year's meeting of the Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism; namely, that "education for journalism in this country has grown too rapidly for its own good." He writes:

"Among the more than one hundred and fifty schools and departments of journalism there are many which offer poorly planned programs taught by poorly-prepared teachers. Many teachers are not interested in and do no research. Much of the course work does not compare favorably with university level requirements of other teaching disciplines. Some schools perform no service for the newspapers of their region other than the disservice of turning out inadequately trained graduates.

"Forty or fifty professional schools of journalism, located at institutions with outstanding libraries, with nationally recognized departments in the humanities and the social sciences, with rigid requirements for the first two years' work in the liberal arts, with adequate budgets for the journalism units, with staff members interested and actively engaged in research as well as in teaching and service, will serve the nation's newspapers and other media of mass communication far better than one hundred fifty to one hundred seventy-five schools, many of which are inadequately staffed and supported."

Mr. Luxon says that agreement with him in this opinion has not been unanimous. "To date," he writes, "no institution has decided to end instruction in journalism. On the contrary, at least one institution has announced that it is opening a 'curriculum in journalism' with a teacher who will also handle the institution's public relations."

The latest count shows 6,088 students enrolled in the 99 schools and departments of journalism that answered a questionnaire. Courses in journalism have been offered in American universities and colleges, chiefly land-grant colleges and state universities, since 1873, but the first school of journalism with a program leading to a degree was established at the University of Missouri in 1908.

Here are passages from Luxon's article: "Staff members of the larger newspapers in the United States possess varied backgrounds of education and experience. Some of the best-qualified reporters and editors are virtually self-educated and have had little, if any, education on the university level; others hold degrees from liberal arts colleges with majors in a wide variety of fields; still others, and this is particularly true of the younger staff members, are graduates of professional schools of journalism."

"The most marked trend of the past twenty-five years in professional education for journalism in the United States is that toward graduate study, including research. Journalism research in the first twenty-five years of the twentieth century had been done chiefly by social scientists in disciplines other than journalism, but with the growth of graduate work and the interrelation of teaching and research on the profession-

al and graduate level, teachers of journalism and students working under their direction have produced a respectable body of knowledge and have contributed in no small degree to the advancement of learning in the field."

"Recently there has been noticeable trend towards the appointment of practitioners rather than scholars or scientists to positions of influence and responsibility in schools of journalism. The ideal background of a journalism school administrator should include both media experience and academic achievement. The pendulum in some instances seem to be swinging back to the early practice where newspaper background constituted the predominant characteristics of deans, directors, and department chairmen."—L.G.

Budgeteers Shortchange the Colleges

The following views on the Governor's proposed capital improvement budget were published Tuesday as the lead editorial in the Charlotte News:

Higher education was lamentably shortchanged by the hard-shelled capital improvement budget proposed to the General Assembly last night by Gov. Luther H. Hodges.

It was a disappointing reaction to a developing challenge.

A crisis of major proportions is facing state supported institutions of higher learning in North Carolina. Classrooms are already crowded. Enrollments are zooming. And the worst is yet to come.

During the 1947-57 decade, enrollments in these colleges increased 16 per cent—from 24,300 in 1947 to 28,400 in 1957. In the ten-year period between 1959 and 1969, enrollments are expected to increase 66 per cent—from almost 30,000 to about 50,000.

These aren't our estimates. They are taken from the governor's biennial message delivered to the legislators Thursday afternoon. Four days later Mr. Hodges and his economic advisers took the rather conservative capital improvements program of the State Board of Higher Education and made hash of it. Proper note was taken of the long-range building needs. But the budget-makers announced: "We feel that at the present time the state can undertake to provide for only part of these projects."

It is regrettable. A half dozen years ago the \$20 million proposed for state-supported institutions of higher learning might have looked quite respectable. After all, during the entire 1947-57 decade, the General Assembly appropriated only \$195 million for capital improvements in the colleges. That helped get these institutions over one hump. But a bigger one lies just ahead.

Certainly community colleges can be depended upon to take some of the enrollment pressure off the state's big dormitory-type colleges. The value of community colleges is certainly recognized in Raleigh. They received a noteworthy salute in the governor's biennial message last week. But the proposed new budget provides only 1 1/2 million on a matching basis for buildings at Charlotte, Asheville and Wilmington. Despite the praise, the proper role of community state-supported institutions of higher colleges in North Carolina's system of learning has not been properly appreciated. Some reappraising needs to be done.

Higher education was not the only budget casualty. Many important projects were axed completely by the budget-makers. Unlike education, most can probably wait. However \$4 1/2 million was included for a new home for the legislature and \$600,000 to help preserve the barrier islands on North Carolina's outer banks. There is a clear-cut need for a new legislative hall (but when lawmakers measure the need against the educational crisis they might see their way clear to put off construction for another biennium) and we certainly agree that every reasonable effort ought to be made to save the outer banks. Other items will bear close scrutiny during the critical weeks and months ahead. With the legislature meeting only every other year, a mistake in judgment and in emphasis can be costly.

The Public Is Being Well Informed About The Research Triangle

The keen interest that the Research Triangle has aroused throughout the State is due not only to the merit of the project but also to the intelligent way in which it has been presented to the pub-

Sights & Sounds

J. S. Nagelschmidt

Last week I touched briefly on a subject dear to the hearts of numerous Chapel Hillians—name-dropping. I shall go one step further and drop some names of my own.

Gary Cooper, for example. One would think that the tall, rough-boned man was shy and quiet off-screen. When I met him, he was all these things. One's notion of Mickey Rooney is perhaps that of a brash young man who likes attention. My few minutes spent with Andy Hardy revealed little difference between the on-screen Rooney and the off-screen one. As for Rosalind Russell, she was cool and dignified. The only celebrity I met whose hand enveloped my own, was James Stewart, he of the drawing penmanship, a sort of perpetual Mr. Dees. When I met him, he too, seemed no different from any of the roles he portrayed.

I am not at all like the fellow in Durham who waited half the night to see a jet stream of air blow up Marilyn Monroe's skirt twenty-six times in rehearsals in a New York subway for scenes for a film. But she sat about a dozen rows from me when I saw "Look Homeward Angel" in New York a year ago. Her beauty fulfilled all expectations, and indeed her husband, playwright Arthur Miller, was more handsome than newspaper pictures show. Only the night before, as the houselights went down for the first act of "West Side Story," I was given a start when Ava Gardner filled the empty seat next to mine. Later, when we chatted, she was quite indifferent to my revelation that

I had "just come up" from North Carolina. Under her white feather head-bugging cap, and somehow recognizable through a silk-curtain of perfume, was a striking and interesting face which if not beautiful could have passed for the next thing to it.

Louise Lamont relates the most interesting Tallulah Bankhead stories. My encounter with the firebrand thespian lasted only a few minutes, during which she was high, but not mighty, and even favored me with one "dashing." I met Miss Bankhead at about 2 a.m. in New York, and she was fully clothed. When I met the late Faith Bacon, fat dancer extraordinary, she wore only a g-string under her mink coat and she had the utmost difficulty in keeping her coat closed. Buttonless, it was.

When interviewing Helen Hayes too many years ago, I was surprised at her diminutiveness and delighted with her audacious definition of acting including her description of the two principal techniques employed by actors in producing stage tears.

In my salad days — long before Kraft got a hold of an Italian dressing recipe — I was perhaps the only New York City youngster who sought autographs exclusively of Shakespearean performers. I was honest perhaps to a fault in obtaining signatures only of those actors whose performances I had seen and enjoyed — Maurice Evans, Brian Aherne, John Gielgud, Leslie Howard and a host of lesser known actors whose performances I still recall with delight.

I "ran into" — as they say — Judy Garland after she had com-

pleted the "Wizard of Oz." Bearing in mind Marie Torre's predicament, I dare not comment on Miss Garland's appearance except to state unequivocally that her hair, hennaed for her role, was growing in, or out, again and that she looked off screen exactly the same as on it. I remember clearly that she was not even slightly interested in my presence.

If, while in New York, one is observant and willing to go out of one's way a block or two, celebrities may — like the plaques in the Bronx Zoo — be seen going about performing their daily tasks. Some celebrities I have seen darting about to and fro on New York streets are Grace Moore, Kitty Carlisle, Arthur Murray, Ed Begley, Sylvia Sydney, and Gregory Peck.

But don't shortchange the Tar Heel state as a place in which one may come upon celebrities. It was in the lobby in the Washington Duke Hotel that I finally met up with Igor Youskevitch, the brilliant ballet dancer with the Ballet Theatre. I reminded Mr. Y that we had had our U.S. Navy boot training together and that I had tried vainly to find him at home in his barracks. In Charlotte recently, I was amused to see a tall, wickedly handsome, black-clad shoestringed gentleman surrounded by an entourage of publicity men. This gallant, it turned out, was none other than "Bat Masterson." Somehow, it seemed a fitting climax to my years of celebrity-watching. Perhaps all that remains now is to make the acquaintance of Mickey Mouse in an old Chapel Hill frat house.

Now and Then

By Bill Prouty

Last Thursday night I snapped on the television set and settled down in an easy chair.

And would you believe it — before I got up out of that chair about two hours later I was an educated man!

The station was WUNC-TV, which comes in grand on my little portable set, but which I hardly ever tune in unless there's something real special like the opening of the Legislature or basketball.

Actually, to tell the truth, I'd planned to view Ozzie and Harriet and the rest of the Nelsons and I thought I was on Channel 5. But as the set warmed up I thought I saw Dr. H. D. Crockford, surrounded by a lot of chemical apparatus, lecturing on chemistry.

It was, and as he talked and gave demonstrations about elements and the elementary laws and principles of chemistry (they weren't, however, elementary to me!) I was fascinated. Ozzie and Harriet were clean forgotten.

This was from 7:30 to 8 o'clock, and at the end of the program I thought I'd turn to Steve Canyon on another channel, but to this day I don't know what happened to Steve—I stayed tuned to WUNC and saw Jim Reid, a telephone executive, and an economist and an electronics engineer, both of State College, talk about the telephone.

Now you might think that a panel on the subject of the telephone would not be very interesting. But this one was. They discussed the instrument's economic possibilities (it plays such a tremendous part in our economy) and talked of its future in our lives, even discussing the now almost perfected television telephone. It was an interesting and informative half hour for me, this "Perspective" as it's called.

By now I didn't even consult my paper to see what was on in the entertainment field (I haven't been viewing TV long enough to be familiar with the programs), having completely dedicated myself to education, however elementary.

It was the subject of Watts Hill's talk at last week's meeting of the Faculty Club. I was impressed by the clearness with which he explained all the details of this remarkable enterprise and by his good judgment in illustrating his talk with large-scale maps on which sections of the Triangle were marked off in colors.

I am glad that Mr. Hill is enlightening other gatherings in the same way. This is an important contribution to the success of the project. —L.G.

And I was not to be disappointed.

From 8:30 to 9 o'clock there was a beginners' lecture on ceramics by two State College engineers which was simply fascinating. Never did I realize the extent to which ceramics (in which industry North Carolina is a national leader) are involved in our everyday living and economy. The series promises to be extremely interesting.

During this whole time I hadn't even gone to the kitchen to construct one of those stomach-stretching sandwiches I usually slap together during commercials in the regular shows (WUNC-TV doesn't have any commercials!). But I did manage to throw together a morsel before the next show.

This proved to be Music Appreciation, a course which is given over the air for college credit.

And this was a particularly interesting lecture for me because it took up each instrument in the orchestra and discussed it and included a passage from an orchestration which showed the instrument to its best advantage.

And there I'd had the beginnings of a good practical education by viewing two hours on only one night. All through the school-year WUNC-TV sends out these educational and informative programs. For instance, this week's program will include, in addition to Thursday's schedule, Music Appreciation and Elementary Russian on Monday; Today On the Farm, Piano by TV, Solid Geometry and Chemistry, Tuesday; Science and Nature, Reading, Modern Teacher Methods, Career Opportunities, Solid Geometry, Music for Young People, Music Appreciation and Elementary Russian, Wednesday; and Controversy, Do You Know?, Sewing and Notes on Music, Friday.

A man could really learn something by viewing all or any part of that full and comprehensive program. And lots of people are doing just that.

Tuesday's papers carried the story that the Advisory Budget Commission had recommended nearly a quarter of a million dollars for operating expenses for WUNC-TV for the next two years. This is less than asked for, but the Commission's recommended cut was a far cry from the 50% slashed from the asked appropriations by the 1957 General Assembly. Educational television has had tough sledding, but it's here to stay and almost everybody, including the Advisory Budget Commission, realizes it. The possibilities for education by television are almost unlimited. It's up to North Carolina to support this great teaching medium.

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

So much about young people kissing at East Carolina College has been in the papers lately that I'm impelled to get my dime's worth in print. Plus the tax.

Kissing is one of the remnants of cannibalism. In the beginning it was nothing more than the carnivorous impulse to bite. Now it's apparent that the kiss means that "I love you well enough to eat you."

In the interim kissing evolved to a mere form of salutation. There was kissing the feet of idols. Then St. Paul extended the holy kiss to the forehead, signifying love and brotherhood. It was a harmless thing. But as times became less rigorous, the distance between the forehead and the lips seemed to shorten, according to the anthropologists. Other students of mankind took a practical approach to the subject, and by experience found a more intelligent reason for kissing. It fascinated them. It interested them. It continues interesting to me.

The historians, for instance, those who recorded the story of Rachel and Jacob and sheep watering, neglected matters of real importance to the human race by not recording when the kiss sensibly changed from a perfunctory act to something more vital and worthwhile.

To begin with, then, at the beginning. What is a kiss? Is it a necessity or a luxury? Is it beneficial or harmful? Why in history has it received so little attention when it deserved so much?

Custom plays a large part in answering these questions. Even the marriage service does not obligate one to kiss the other, but nobody questions the implied right to practice it at suitable moments. We may assume, too, that in a large majority of the cases, the practice has not been neglected during courtship. But whether in either case it is to be beneficial or harmful depends on whether a nice balance is maintained between the spiritual gain and the physical injury.

Kissing never received much attention from the scholars. Maybe thinking and kissing don't go well together. If true, it wouldn't take me long to choose between them. Or, maybe the scholars closed their eyes to kissing. That's very essential.

Moralists look upon a kiss as the token of the most intimate communication of love and, therefore, permitted only in the marital state. To the naturalist, it is the bringing into juxtaposition two contrarily charged poles by which it, as an electric spark, is elicited. The antiquarian finds kissing something handed down from the Greeks and Romans, the true meaning of which they don't explain. Probably it is symbolic of the sun's rays hitting the earth.

Most of the theologians regard a kiss as an emblematic action by which the blending of the heavens to the earth is symbolized. The doctor looks upon a kiss (Continued on Page 5)

CHAPEL HILL CHAFF

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headquarters in Delhi, he directed the Rockefeller Foundation's anti-hookworm campaigns in the whole of India.

His retirement came due in 1942 when the United States was at war with Germany. Submarines were roaming the seas in quest of American vessels to destroy. The big question for Dr. Jacobs was: could he get home with all the trunks and boxes of treasure he had collected during his stay in Asia? No submarines appeared in the course of the voyage across the South Atlantic and he made a safe landing in New York.

The North Carolina Board of Health drafted him into service and for a while he had an office in Raleigh. Now he is living at the Carolina Inn here and many of the things he brought with him — objects of art in precious and semi-precious stones, glass and ivory and metal, a wide variety of curios, household and personal ornaments, rare maps and prints, and fine editions of books — are on display in the Library.

The bulletin I had received made it appear that "Alcomar" was a sensational discovery that might lead to the easy slaughter of hookworms throughout the world. I said to myself: "I'll ask Dr. Jacobs what about this." I left the bulletin at the Inn for him. When I called on him a couple of days later he had read it through.

"I don't know just what's in the drug," he said. "The drug manufacturers have their secret formulas, for which, of course, they make big claims. This 'Alcomar' may or may not be worth something."

This non-committal statement did not disappoint me. I did not really care whether 'Alcomar' was any good or not. But I was grateful to it for providing me an incentive for a call on a friend whom I do not see often enough. Bill Jacobs and I were students here at the same time about sixty years ago and saw a lot of one another because we played on the football team together.

It is remarkable, how vigorous and alert he is. You could never believe he is 81 years old unless there was documentary evidence of it in the Alumni Directory and Who's Who in America. The way he moves about, the way he talks, his responses in general, almost persuade you that he could play football today if he were inclined to. His contemporaries admire him and are jealous of his youthfulness.

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