

## Works

Exaggeration is fine in its place, but sometimes exaggeration can be carried too far, and it is probable that this writer carried an exaggeration too far when an editorial on an editorial by the Charlotte Observer was written this week.

The Observer editorial brought out the fact that Hyman Rickover, who just received a promotion, deserved the promotion, although he would not be any man's description of a nice guy, and that he was both an egghead and Jewish. This writer reacted to the editorial in terms of what might be "anti-semitism" in the editorial, or at least what could create the appearance of anti-semitism to the reader.

While a certain amount of guilt the Observer does possess, it is not to the extent that someone should be fired or that an apology should be given. What was necessary was a clarification, for the wording could be subjected to a variety of interpretation, one of which was taken too strongly here.

The primary problem is one of words. Words are loaded things. They create reactions, and many times the reaction that words give are not the reaction intended by the writer, hence this places a grave responsibility on the writer to be selective.

The editorial in this paper was guilty of using the words too strongly—such as "run his character into the ground," "should be fired," and Apology.

The Observer's fallacy was more subtle. The use of words such as "Jewish," "Egghead," and something amounting to uncooperative, will bring a negative reaction by people to the person in question; and even if the Observer did ultimately praise Rickover's achievement, one cannot erase the negative effects of the wording.

To the many, the mere mention of the word "Jewish," "Communist," "Intellectual," and many others will draw negative reaction.

The point to be gotten across is that what men should be looking for is that day when people are judged not by their religion, race, or personality characteristics, but by what they think and do, and to bring these factors into the editorial, the Observer did a certain amount of disservice to this goal—almost as much disservice as the editorial in The Daily Tar Heel did to making the point clear.

Words must be used with care. They can be dynamic.

## Standards

The Standards Committee suggested by Nancy Adams can be a good-thing or it can be something truly detrimental.

If it is constituted as a discussion group in which students are encouraged to participate and think of moral values, it can be a wonderful thing.

If it is an Emily Post etiquette group, it will be detrimental.

If it sets up standards for a lady, it can not only be detrimental, but would undermine the entire atmosphere for individual freedom which pervades on this campus.

If it would point out to the Honor Council people who exhibit what the Committee considers unladylike conduct, then it would again be a harmful instrument, especially if placed in the hands of those who think in terms of bermuda shorts and smoking on Franklin Street.

The purpose had better be outlined clearly, limitations had better be set, and individual members scrutinized for their diversity of views rather than their similarity, before the campus can accept it.

It can be beneficial, but one can only wait to see whether the idea has merit at all.

## Legislature Meet

The action of the Student Legislature is commendable, when it eliminated permanent jurors in the Greer bill on jury revision.

Honor Council Chairman Hugh Patterson is to be commended for his assistance in eliminating the permanent jurors. It can only be hoped that he does not use this as a bargaining point against the principle reflected in the rest of the bill.

Another thing to be commended in the meeting Thursday was Erwin Fuller's speech dispelling certain misconceptions in the minds of some people who ought to know better regarding the general surplus.

The action of the legislature in returning the bill to committee was another incidence of party line voting in which the courage to act was not present.

## The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily

except Monday and examination periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester, \$8.50 per year.



Editor \_\_\_\_\_ CURTIS GANS  
Managing Editors \_\_\_\_\_ CHARLIE SLOAN,  
CLARKE JONES  
Business Manager \_\_\_\_\_ WALKER BLANTON  
Night Editor \_\_\_\_\_ O. A. LOPEZ

## Moonglow

Joe John

In the expected climax to one of the most stirring literary furors of recent times, Russian author Boris Pasternak turned down the \$41,420 Nobel Literature Prize. A distinguished poet and translator, Pasternak has been verbally crucified by the Russian press since his selection for the award was announced Saturday.

Although the book was first published in 1956 by an Italian printer, it escaped recognition by Communist critics until this week. Then, a blast from *Literary Gazette*, the publication of the Soviet Union of Writers, began the ignominious trend.

The prize presentation was derided as "an act against the Soviet nation," and aimed against the Soviet government and the ideas of "all the Soviet people." Internally, the work was rejected as "traisically squalid, malicious, and replete with the hatred of Socialism."

Under such pressurized attacks and threats of more serious ones, Pasternak was forced to reconsider his humble acceptance of the famed honor. "Because of the meaning attributed to this award in the society I live in, I ought to say no thanks to the unique prize awarded me," he said. "Do not take my voluntary refusal with any ill will." Voluntary, yet.

Despite the fact the Mr. Pasternak was under severe Socialist restrictions, his novel dealt with a man whose ideas were refined only his own mind and spirit—an individualist. Russian rejection of this remarkable saga indicates once again that country's denial of man's right to live and to work according to his particular tastes and inclinations.

Even more unfortunate is the fact that the great masses of American people are blindly progressing to such a fate. The man in the grey flannel suit, like millions of other men in similar attire, resides in his little suburban semi-detached duplex, identical to millions of other floor plans, does his shopping on weekends at the supermarket, buys a new car he can't afford, is in debt up to his neck from time-payment plans—and millions of others gaily emulate him. His children join gangs and cliques, whose rules are more stringent than those of their elders, and whose tolerance of outsiders is nil.

The individual is thwarted by the all-powerful Group. This omnipotent monster governs all actions, thoughts, ideas. Anything contrary to his dictates is met by scorn, spite, and aversion. "What will the others think?" reads the all-inclusive code of morality and manners. Personality and development must meet strict prescribed standards. Deviation is an act of courage.

At this point, it would be easy to denounce the "common" man and leave him to his fate. Perhaps, however, he may heed the memorable example of Pasternak, notwithstanding a token or feat, in considering how the vitality of the human spirit is being obliterated by standardization in human disposition.

Speaking of his novel *Doctor Zhivago*, Boris Pasternak told a visitor to his Russian home: "I said to myself, you must stand up straight before your own name."

An ideal remark, Mr. Pasternak. Let us hope the pen is mightier than the Group.

## United States Propaganda Found Lacking

Chuck Flinger

The United States Information Service has unquestionably done a good job in the field of propaganda. However, the criterion of the good job has been an American standard. Herin lies in the fallacy of the efforts of the agency.

The criterion of propaganda effectiveness should come from those people for which it is designed. American Democracy is far from the democracy of the ancient Greeks who originated it. By the same token American Democracy is far different from the concepts of democracy held by the people of other nations. This is not to say the U. S. is wrong, or that the other nations are wrong, but merely to point out that here are variations. These differences in concepts must be acknowledged and

each nation toward which American propaganda is aimed should receive an approach fitting to that nation's views.

We can not sell a Moslem on the values of democracy by telling him that democracy must be good because it embodies Christian principles.

The Russian equivalent of Madison Avenue ad men on the international level is outselling our own experts. The thing they are using to whip us is knowledge. They practically give it away. One of the biggest complaints directed against the U. S. is the lack of scientific and other types of publications at a reasonable price. Publications provide a harbor for the searching minds of our European and Eastern neighbors.

Russia has leaped on this apparently insignificant fact. They

are publishing and selling books which hack away the friends of America. American books are available, but they are costly. Even few Americans can afford the English versions of some of the scientific publications. But Americans can depend on libraries. The foreigner seldom has a library as complete as the American libraries are.

Russia produces books cheaply. They use a poor paper and poor type. The bindings will not hold up. But the words are no less valuable.

As an example, Russia made available at the recent World's Fair a large variety of material printed in various languages. The material covered fields from the children's books to the light fiction about life on collective farms, and from the Stalin correspond-

ence of the Second World War to the Pavlov experiments. The correspondence between Stalin and Churchill, Roosevelt, and Truman was printed in Moscow in 1957 in English. The two volumes are a fraction of the cost of a novel printed in the U. S. The correspondence has yet to be printed in either Britain or the U. S. in its entirety. Another book available was an economic geography of the Soviet Union. The printing quality of these books is terrible, maps and engravings would be laughed out of the cheapest pulp magazine in the U. S., but the material it contains has no less a

value as a wedge into the minds of their readers.

We are as proud of our progress in the field of printing as we are proud of our progress in the design of automobiles. However, few people outside of America can afford our quality.

The USIS might do better to distribute poorer products of the American manufacturer. At least an attempt should be made to get our side of the story across to the world as successfully as the USSR does.

— The written word is effective. Why not use it more effectively?

## A Letter

Editor:

Your article today on education no doubt voices the opinion of many students all over the nation. I am a graduate student who returned to school this fall with the hope of receiving much intellectual stimulation and growth, and have been met with sad disillusionment. My graduate courses are even less stimulating and less thought provoking than many of my undergraduate ones were. If all I had wanted were some second-hand facts and a string of bibliographies I could

have consulted my local library with almost as much satisfaction. I find that my teaching experience last year was much more conducive to the development and expression of thought than my stay on the other side of the desk has proved to be here thus far. I also have found in teaching that nine-tenths of a teacher's job is in inspiring interest and thought about the subject taught. Without his inspiration the student's class time is of little value.

ENGLISH GRADUATE STUDENT

## On A Blazer Sale

Sidney Dakar

Several days ago there appeared in the DTH a classic example of one of the most popular types of advertisement in the U. S. There can be no doubt that this type of advertisement is highly successful. I am referring to the large front page photo of a "hero" wear-

ing one of the latest "blazers."

In case this photo has already sunk into your subconscious mind and is doing its work, let me describe it. There hero was standing there with his chest out and had his cold, steel blue eyes turned out toward some distant horizon, which he will no doubt,

conquer and add to his already impressive list of trophies. Clinging to his shoulder was a sweet little thing who seemed so humble before the hero. She had the look of an innocent little puppy who had been unjustly punished by her master and was now looking for the slightest sign of forgiveness. She only wanted a smile or even a benevolent glance from him. Such would send thrills of rapture down her delicate spine to her very marrow.

This same technique is used to sell cigarettes, suits, cars, shaving lotion or just about anything a man might use. What does the advertiser think goes on in the mind of his prospective customer? It probably goes something like this. Most normal men want to be a success with women. When the timid college man sees this hero standing there in his blazer and the woman clinging desperately to his shoulder begging for attention, he will put two and two together. Why, of course, reasons Joe College, if only I had one of those blazers then I too could get this attention. Poor Dad is asked to add an extra \$30 to the next allowance check.

Honestly, if I wanted one of those blazers, which are only an advanced version of the Mickey Mouse suits and 4-H jackets, I would be embarrassed to wear one after seeing such an advertisement. But, the advertiser doesn't care about people like me; he is after the masses. But, you say that intelligent Carolina students are not taken in by such appeals to their vanity. Well, it will be interesting to make a few observations after that one-day blazer sale.

## On Views In Two States

Russell Eisenman

As a native of the state of Georgia I've been trying to notice the difference, if any, in the attitudes of people from my home state, and those from North Carolina. My conclusions are rather surprising.

Segregation and integration is an interesting topic to use in comparing states. The average Georgian's attitude is typical of the deep South. Ask someone from the Peach State how he feels about integration, and if his answer reflects the feeling of most Georgians he'll probably say something like, "No Negroes are going to go to white schools."

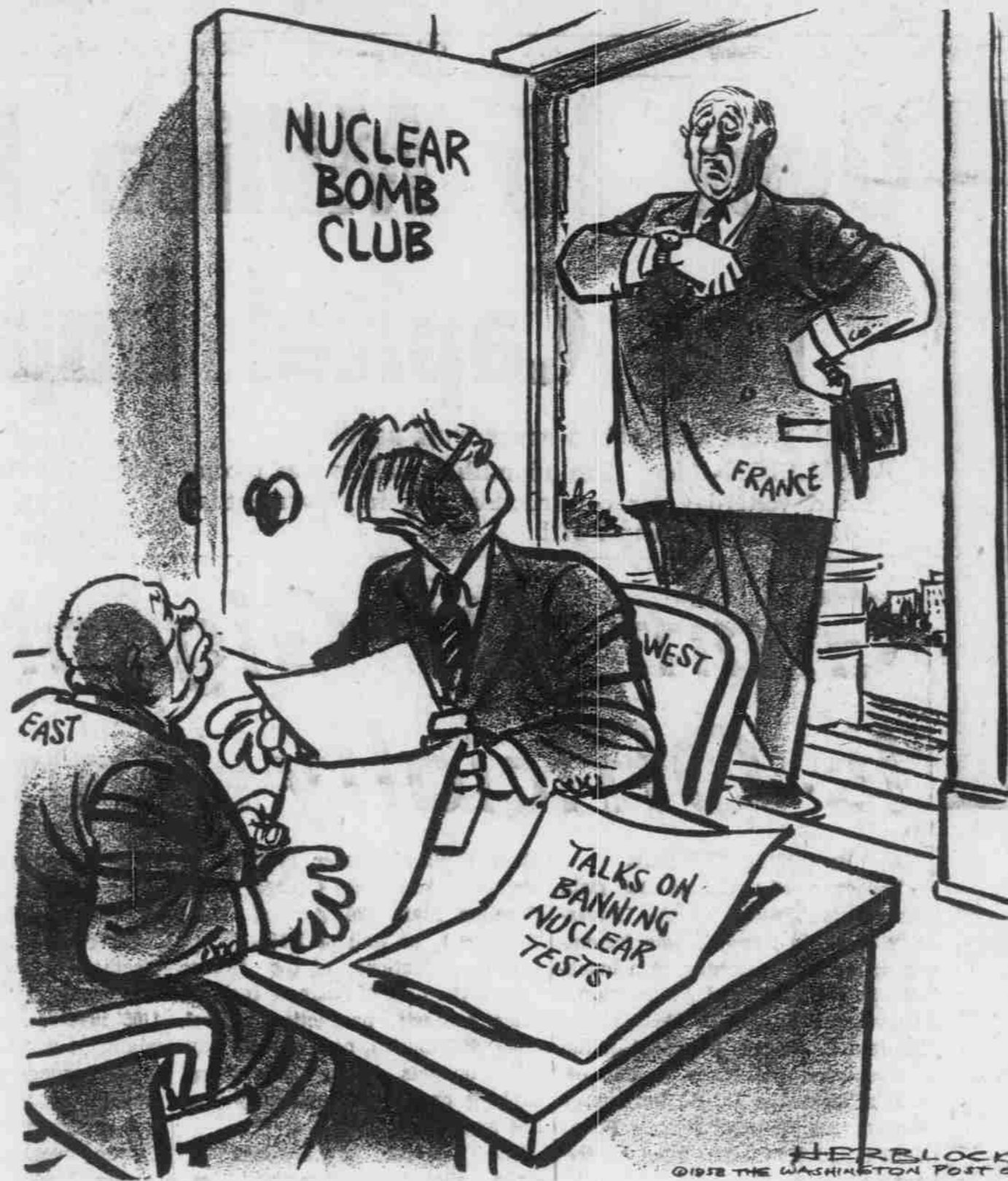
In the Tar Heel State you find a different sentiment. People are not so definite about their feelings on the race issue. From my observations I would say that the opinion of the average student in the Tar Heel State is "I don't want to go to school with the Negroes, but if it comes to that I won't bother them if they don't bother me."

My observations of North Carolinians have been confined to college students; therefore, the comparisons are not exactly similar. However, the results are very significant. At first glance it would appear that the average North Carolina student was much more liberal than the average Georgian on the race issue. A deeper look makes this observation more questionable.

When students published in THE RED AND BLACK, the University of Georgia school newspaper, an article advocating the admission of a Negro to the Georgia law school, the Board of Regents cut off the funds for the newspaper because they disagreed with the article. Here at UNC there is no great fear that some administrative group will censor our school paper. Yet, some students have advocated removal of various staff members because their articles are not popular.

My conclusion, at this stage of the game, is that the average resident of the Tar Heel State, like the average Georgian, reflects the attitude of his state. If people in North Carolina are more liberal, it is only because they have been brought up in a more liberal state. The fact that we can give the attitude of a typical Georgian, or typical North Carolinian shows that these people are not thinking for themselves.

## "Well, If You Fellows Aren't Going Anywhere, I Might As Well Come In"



HERBLOCK  
©1958 THE WASHINGTON POST CO.

## Harper's Bizarre

Just off Franklin Street (and indeed, somewhat under it) and down a flight of stairs, then a turn to the right—watch your step, you're not there yet—and down perhaps three more steps (three or four, we forget), then you're there, is a pub, beer parlor, whatever you like, known locally as "You Know Where," for if you see someone on his way downtown and ask him where he is going, and he answers, "You know where," you know.

There one can see the latest in Ivy League raincoats down the stair, peer, then enter. One can conjecture co-educational conversation progressing in the corner, or hear dialogues:

"Do you believe there's a God?"  
"Why . . . yes."  
"But is there a God?"  
"There has to be."  
"You can't prove there is or there isn't."  
"Oh, yes you can."

but before the revelation takes place, in comes a favorite, the grad student who has somehow become a contemporary legend; or perhaps the student called the "General"—his full title is "General College" ("He's been here so long he has a Staff Parking Permit."); and the existence of God remains unproved.

Or one can "dig the sounds," "listen to the music," or do whatever one's vocabulary calls for in solitude or in foot-patting, knee-thumping, "shoo-baba-bey" company to Brubeck (if you're a TIME reader), Hampton (if your parents were jumping with Goodman once), or whoever is the "cool" or "hot" or "swinging" favorite of the moment.

But perhaps one would rather sit at the bar (which might be sticky, but one doesn't notice it after awhile) and drink and down pretzels, ignoring back slappings and stool bummings, and soon one will look into the mirror and, being unable to make out eyes in the facial reflection, will think, "My god, I've passed out," and go to the rest room to confirm the openness of the eyes.

Then there is always the alternative of joining in a conversation in hopes of pinpointing God:

"How can you prove the existence of God?"  
"Where else did everything come from?"  
"OK."  
"Another pitcher?"  
"OK."

And one knows that there certainly must be a God, somewhere.

There one can talk reasonably with a Duke man; see a friend walking about carrying a beer can and a bar stool; occasionally see a couple holding hands; or join in the applause when a glass breaks.

Or one can always watch the damn fool with a pencil and notebook who swears that he is working on a term paper.

—J. Harper

## Student Monarchy

Frank Elkins

At a coffee break in Lenoir last week, the discussion centered around student government. One of my eccentric fellows produced some particularly revolutionary ideas which, although I might not fully endorse, I think might be of interest to the student body.

Student government, with all its complexity, demands entirely too much time and energy on the part of the students. There should be a student revolution overthrowing the present government and setting up in its place, an efficient, well-thought-out constitutional monarchy!

At the head of the government should be a king, responsible only to God and Chancellor Aycok, and should be known as the Great Lord Protector of the Faith and High Imperial Potentate and Almighty Wheel-Hoss. He should be chosen during the revolutionary period by the revolutionary group and afterwards by the House of Lords according to the following essential attributes of a powerful student ruler: physical beauty, fertility, bridge-playing skill, ability to hold his alcohol, and profoundness of knowledge of the dance. Among other things, the king should exercise control over all organizations on campus and should have within his power the right to outlaw any that he deems "subversive."

To assist the king in executive and administrative matters, there should be a cabinet—a sort of "Ciria Regis"—the members of which, supposedly coming from the king's household, would advise the king. This executive body, in the spring, would have the responsibility of screening candidates for the throne in order to present right and proper candidates to the House of Lords for the final choosing.

In addition to the king and his cabinet, there should be two congressional houses: a House of Lords and a House of Commons. The House of Lords should be exclusive to fraternity men. They should be seated only one for each fraternity. Seats must be elected—none can be sold regardless of the wealth of an individual. This House of Lords should, in addition to other powers, be the supreme judicial body, trying cases involving the honor code and selling indulgences.

The House of Commons should be the legislative branch concerning itself with such matters as welfare legislation, and should come from dormitory representation at the rate of one for each 150 students.

There should be a brief, comprehensive constitution covering the whole field of government and making provisions for the exercises of all political power. Such questions as the limits off ice-holder's powers, and what right the people may legally claim against the actions of the executive, the legislature, and the court should be clearly set forth in terms as definite as possible.

Would I lead the revolution?—Naw, but it's fun to talk about it!

Now is the time for all good men to exercise their minds. . . .