

Virginia & Law

Despite the continued bellow of some Virginia legislators, it appears definite that massive resistance has been dealt a death blow in the Supreme Court of that state.

Even Gov. Lindsay Almond, architect of of the massive appears resigned to bringing about limited integration, if not overjoyed at the prospect. Gov. Almond seems to be doing his share to make the new situation work as well as possible. It is somewhat unfortunate that he cannot withdraw his proposal for private schools so that other citizens would be unable to capitalize on mass reaction to stall integration, but at least the open defiance is no longer there, and the statement that Almond made immediately following the court's decision has borne no fruit.

It was an extremely lucky thing that the state court took the action rather than the federal court, for if a federal court had handed down the decision it is more than probable that massive resistance would have had a rebirth of strength despite the adverse decision. Indeed, the court's action was one of the few southern displays of "responsibility in the handling of the segregation problem.

The segregation problem is basically a southern problem, for only in the south is segregation legally constructed. It is a problem that requires leadership and not demagoguery, and leadership is hard to find, while demagoguery is in every nook and cranny of the area. As a result, it has been largely northern pressure that has been bringing about integration and compliance, and yet slowly barriers are being broken down and certain individuals have arisen to champion the cause of right when they would have been trampled not many years ago.

The Virginia decision brings with it an aura of hope for a complicated problem that will take years to solve. The hope lies in an awakened south, cognizant of its responsibilities and working, if only grudgingly, to the goal of a more perfect democracy in which all people whether black, white, red, or yellow have equality of opportunity.

Examination Books

To illustrate high scholarship in this University, every examination period the University, through the Book Exchange, has published an official examination book which most students use for their term examinations.

So high is the demand for honor and scholarship that they include a small portion of the honor code, and a statement on how to take examinations and to deal with the problems that come up.

A prime example of the type of scholarship demanded of students is a sentence on the examination book which reads, "if you have a question about the exam, CONSULT the instructor." Anyone for Spelling?!

Student Registration

The disinterest on the part of the people of the United States in general and students on the UNC campus in particular is a matter of consistent wonder and concern.

It must be wonderful to be in such a state of rapture that the right to vote means very little if anything to the individual student. However, it seems more than evident that if this much concern is exerted by the people of the United States, whatever remnants of democracy that exist today will vanish.

In all approximately 150 students availed themselves of the opportunity to register, and a great majority of these were registered. Only a small percentage were turned down, and of those, only one took the opportunity to appeal. The individual who took the opportunity to appeal did not go to his appeal hearing, and consequently did not get the opportunity to register. In short, the students have no kick coming from registration officials in Chapel Hill, for they did not try to register, and those that did try were denied were unwilling to challenge their denial.

Thus, the only complaint may be a complaint in retrospect. It is a complaint about the treatment of students at the first two weeks of registration. It is a complaint of why it was necessary in some instances to have a Daily Tar Heel photographer around to insure student rights. It is a complaint of why a special issue of the newspaper must be published in order to insure students of their rights. Yet, these complaints are minor, and the real complaint is an old one — student apathy.

Variations

Gail Godwin

That old axiom that goes: "You can't see the forest for the trees" is very applicable to the situation of a student at this university—or at any other university for that matter.

It is too easy to get lost in a maze of registration forms, drop-add lines, searches for old quizzes for the new courses, merciless first-hour judgments of this semester's professors, and so on.

And once lost, the student has a hard time returning to the firm ground of his convictions. In fact, he has such a hard time that most of the time he does not even bother to return.

Oh, some rainy day as he shuffles meaninglessly to some class or other he may look up from his mud-spattered loafers to the dreary sky and ask "What am I here for? Why am I at the university?" And the answer may be one of many at that particular moment. The answer may be: "To get a diploma and the job that says one must have a diploma."

The answer may be: "To learn more . . . about something . . . so that I can understand things better." And on he goes through the trees which separate only wide enough to make a path to the various classrooms.

It is timely, perhaps even coincidental, that — on the very day new classes began — the Saturday Review should come out with Archibald MacLeish's perceptive and denuding article entitled "What is a True University?"

This article appears on page 11 of the January 31 issue of SR and should be read by the deans in their book-lined offices, the administrators in the South Building hierarchy, the select few that reside in the brick building across the street from Morehead Planetarium, by the professors, assistant professors, instructors, and assistant instructors — AND BY THE STUDENTS.

MacLeish has cut down all the trees and chartered an airplane to fly his reader over the forest. The view is broad, far-reaching, and disturbing.

He brings to memory the 1902 inaugural address of Woodrow Wilson as president of Princeton. The message of the address was that The American University must have a Purpose and that the Purpose should be the training of the young for American life, for the nation's service.

At that time, MacLeish points out such statements took courage. "Today the difficulty would be to hold an audience together to hear them."

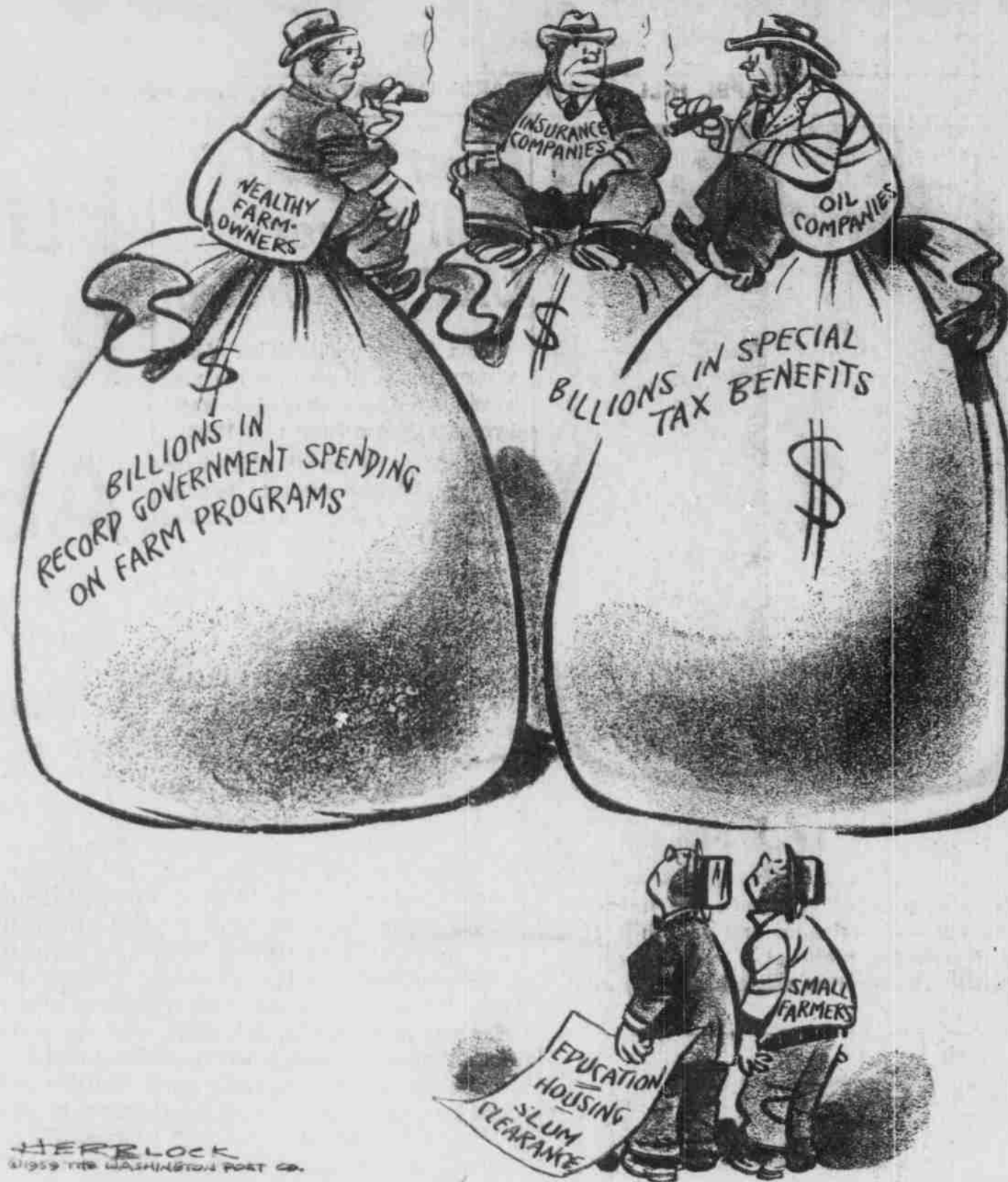
The reason that Wilson's words have lost value and meaning to Americans, says the author, lies in the change of certain basic concepts; for instance, "American life" in 1902 meant life in a nation which was a society of men; today that same life has come to mean the life of a vast social machine which demands of citizens that they be efficient arts of itself.

"The result is that Mr. Wilson's great educational objective, preparation for the service of the nation, has a different sound in our ears than it had in the ears of his listeners in that happy far-off time before the first World War. When Mr. Wilson used that phrase he was thinking, and his listeners with him, of the duty of the colleges and universities TO TURN OUT PEOPLE LIKE ELIHU ROOT AND HENRY L. STIMSON — MEN CAPABLE OF TAKING THEIR PLACES IN THAT SOCIETY OF MEN WHICH THE NATION THEN WAS, AND SERVING IT BY LEADING IT.

"When we read the phrase today we think of something very different: the alleged duty of the colleges and universities to turn out people with certain specialized skills — in physics, or in chemistry, or in engineering — which the nation as Nation finds it needs; not to lead it but to work for it."

Is it any wonder that today's student has a hard time orientating himself to his place in the university as related to his place in the nation? It is very unpleasant to think that one is going to grow up just to become a part of something instead of a whole being. "The separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God are supposed to entitle one.

"I Was Just Telling Ike The Other Day, We've Got To Keep Watching That Budget"



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Life Different At Gottingen

Bob Nobles

(Bob Nobles and Frances Reynolds are the two UNC exchange scholars currently studying at Gottingen University.)

Student life is a bit different here than back at UNC, Gottingen University, as in most German Universities, has no campus. The buildings are scattered all over the city. There are a few student homes, but most of the students live privately in rented rooms. Frances Reynolds lives in a student home, the Nansen Haus, where she is able to meet students from the world over. Half the students there are foreigners and the other half Germans.

I live privately. My room, I believe, is typical of many of the German students' rooms here. It is cheap for Gottingen, \$12.50 per month, but it lacks the luxuries of our dorms such as telephone, running water, bath, and central heat. The electricity and heat is paid for according to use. However, there is a telephone at the Post Office, and hot showers can be had at the gym. In the adjoining room lives my roommate from Hamburg, Kay Lump.

The sun gets up around here at 8:30 a.m. and proceeds just as lazily to turn in at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. So if you are going to get it done in the daytime, you really have to work fast. Direct sunlight is rarely seen. I have begun to suspect that the state of Lower Saxony has commissioned a cloud to hang over us for the semester. Honestly speaking, there has been a total of ten days of sunshine since November.

The students here eat breakfast in their rooms. Mine usually consists of rolls, honey, butter, an orange, and one-half liter milk and costs about twenty cents. After breakfast we all scatter to hear the lectures which don't start on the hour but at quarter past. This extra fifteen minutes is called "the academic quarter"

Gems Of Thought

ACTION

Action may not always bring happiness; but there is no happiness without action.—Benjamin Disraeli

Action expresses more gratitude than speech.—Mary Baker Eddy

The actions of men are the best interpreters of their thoughts.—John Locke

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action for all eternity.—John Caspar Lavater

The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are the more leisure we have.—William Hazlitt

and is given by most professors here. When the professor enters the room, the students rap their knuckles on the desk or pound their feet on the floor. This is the traditional gesture of respect. The students also hiss when the professor says something which doesn't appeal to them. The lectures are always begun with "Meine Damen and Herrn."

Some lectures start as early as 7 a.m. and some as late as 8 p.m. One of the latter is Professor Percy Schramm's lecture on the Second World War. Professor Schramm was the official historian for the Nazi government during the closing years of World War II, and his two hour lecture is undoubtedly one of the most popular in Gottingen. It is the hardest to get a place in because it is open to the general

public. Every Thursday night we arrive one hour early to stand in the crowd before the door which is opened at 7:30. When it does open, there is always a united surge to get through and practically a free-for-all to get a good seat. Nevertheless, the lecture is always worth the trouble.

The Germans are not known for their good cooking, and the student cafeteria or "Mensa" bears this out. However, there is always a soup and a plate with meat, vegetable, and potatoes, always potatoes, stacks of big white potatoes. I like potatoes. The meal costs twenty-five cents, and milk has been reduced to two and one-half cents per half pint. Recently the student government had the quality of food improved, but it still lacks variety.

On Degrees

Sidney Dakar

We all, on occasion, resort to rationalization to compromise the vast difference between our beliefs and reality. The other day a friend told me that he was not going to even bother to take one of his final exams; he did not have time. I asked him if he did not want to get credit for the course. He said that he really was not too interested in the credit, that he mainly wanted to learn.

This attitude is good, but not very practical. If I was only interested in learning as such, I would leave school tomorrow and start in earnest to read the many great books that I have been collecting. School duties do not give me time to read the books of the great masters of politics and literature, the books I enjoy reading most. Most of these will have to wait until I finish my formal requirements for a degree.

There are others who share this view. I laughingly recall a friend who studied at George Washington. We were in a Washington cocktail lounge one night several years ago celebrating his finishing of "the requirements" for his degree. "By the way, Bill," I asked, "how did you come out on that psychology course that you hated so much?" "Oh, my God!" moaned Bill. "I haven't been to that class in so long that I have forgotten about the final exam!" The exam happened to be given on the last day for exams, the next day. Bill quickly gulped the rest of his martini, ate the olive and left to study the rest of the night for the exam. He made a D on the course.

Today, Bill is the project manager of a multi-million dollar project which is linking all the NATO countries with a complex communications network. He hires and fires engineers daily.

I, like Bill, have a dislike for at least half of my courses and a positive hate for some of them. I have made B's on more than a few courses that I hated and rarely did any serious studying—excuse me—memorizing, until the night before the final examination. Attending most classes does not increase one's knowledge; it is merely a formality that must be observed if one wants to remain a student of the university and do some serious studying on his own time.

Yes, the student was right in wanting to learn rather than to merely work for a grade. This attitude, however, will not remain long when this student goes out into the world of reality. Can you imagine the impression that a self-educated person would make upon a busy personnel manager who had granted him an interview? "In what field is your degree?" "Well, ahhh, you see, I don't actually have a degree, but I have been studying on my own for the last ten years." The personnel manager would smile and tell the naive man that his application would be put on file and that he would be called "If there are any opening that can be filled with your qualifications."

It is too bad that society does not pick people who have the most knowledge for the responsible positions. Many of our most learned people have become so by studying on their own. The sad truth of the matter is that in applying for most jobs a degree is necessary, knowledge is not.

Radicleer

Cortland Edwards II

In this age of internationalism, space travel, and moon rockets we have witnessed the formation of an amazing amount of organizations.

But the most amazing organization of all, was formed right here on this campus last semester. Its first meeting of the new semester will be announced shortly in the Daily Tar Heel.

The group, composed of girls who came over on the Mayflower, calls itself the "What's A Lady Club" or "I Don't Care If You Are Looking for Pine Cones. Just Get the Hell Out of the Bushes."

This admirable group of stout-hearted females have picked the "White Rose" as their club flower and by a unanimous decision they have chosen as their song "I Don't Want to Set the World On Fire."

Organized under the pressure of a very favorable ratio and an unfavorable reputation these studious girls who have loads of personality have banded together in unison as a "Standards Committee" and have decided that the first thing they must do is to define what a LADY is.

Now that is admirable, isn't it? Truly admirable! They want to define what a Lady is! Can you imagine? I can't define it. Webster can't define it. Not even Anthony Wolfe could define it!

But with moral stamina and all kinds of intestinal fortitude these pioneers are going out into the world and without any protection from the Indians, they are going to define a "Lady"!

But they are not going to stop with just a mere definition. Oh no not these girls. Like I said, they have lots of personality. They are going to draw up a set of rules giving empirical evidence as to what a Lady does and what a Lady doesn't do.

Now that's logical isn't it? I mean if you find out what one "does" then you automatically know what one "doesn't"!

Since this formidable task the club has purposed themselves into doing is so magnanimous, perhaps it would be gentlemanly to offer some suggestions.

If we look the word LADY up in a synonym dictionary perhaps we can find out what this thing is. Let's see—lacuscular, lading, ladie, lady.

Ah, here we are! Lady. "Female!" Hm-m-m-m. An asterisk female! That's interesting, at least we know that it is a vegetable. But what does the asterisk mean. "An asterisk indicates place of treatment of each group!"

Gosh, it sounds like a disease. It says that a Lady's a female who's asterisk needs to be treated in a group. Oh no! That couldn't be right. Maybe it means to look up "Female"!

"Female" (the correlative of male) emphasizes the idea of sex; it applies not only to human beings but also to animals and plants. Its employment as a synonym for woman was once frequent among good writers but this is now frowned upon as derogatory or contemptuous."

Now that's interesting! The definition we have so far is "Lady—a female with a sick asterisk who emphasizes sex and is contemptuous."

"Sex," Webster says, "is one of the two divisions of organisms formed on the distinction of male and female; males or females collectively."

Why that's terrible!

Oop, here's another definition of Lady—"Lady, on the other hand, is preferred when gentle breeding and delicacy are definitely implied; as Alfonso XI at his death left one legitimate son . . . and five bastards by a lady of Seville, Dona Leonor de Guzman (Cambridge Medieval History.)"

Therefore, a lady is a female with a si . . . oh, this is getting ridiculous. I am confused. I must admit defeat. I can not help this noble group (with a lot of personality) out.

My roommate says, however, to tell them that a Lady is "a girl who makes a man act like she is a woman!" whatever that means.

Mikoyan

Paul Niven

Twenty-four hours after Mikoyan returned to Moscow, he held the first Moscow news conference he had held in many months. It represented a habit he had picked up somewhere between Cleveland and Los Angeles. Mikoyan said many favorable things about America and Americans — "duly printed in Soviet newspapers, whose readers found them unfamiliar. His visit to a Washington suburban supermarket was chronicled on film for Moscow television — and that was unusual; Soviet viewers had seldom before been allowed even a fleeting glimpse of American abundance.

It remains to be seen how much more of Mikoyan's newly-acquired and occasionally benevolent expertise will filter down to the Russian "narod." But more important, in the view of some State Department people, are the impressions Mikoyan carried back himself, to be shared with his colleagues. Some of the Department's specialists on the Soviet Union have long urged that the welcome mat be put out for Russia leaders, arguing that the more these men know about the US, the better. The Mikoyan visit did much to sustain this view.

Nearly all the editorial pages of newspapers in cities the Soviet Deputy Premier visited touched on the less savory chapters of his biography, but most of them wound up extending him a more or less cordial invitation to see the local sights. Some elements of the Fourth Estate, it is true, did act as if he were staging a frontal assault on Fort Knox and the 1960 elections. One syndicated article, for example, suggested that the Russian cameras covering his visit to a supermarket were really trained on a nearby naval installation. And Time, scoring the daily press coverage of the trip, seemed to imply that reports should have alternated paragraphs on the Hungarian revolt with details of what Mikoyan saw in Macy's.

But to say that Mikoyan's public-relations operation did not commend itself to all journalists and did not sweep the country into a mood of appeasement is not to gainsay the brilliance of its conception and execution. His original stated purpose in coming here was not to spend a pleasant vacation, and perhaps talks a little trade, with his old friend Ambassador Menshikov, the old Bolshevik.

But as soon as his visa had been granted, the Soviet Embassy in Washington began adding to the profits of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company. Long-distance calls were directed to a number of American businessmen, all of them endowed with impeccable social and political backgrounds, and all of them, as it happened, recent visitors to Moscow, where they had received cordial official hospitality. These gentlemen were given to understand that should they now elect to return that hospitality, Mr. Mikoyan might be disposed to include their cities in his itinerary.

Thus did he obtain entree to a succession of opulent brownstone clubs whose carpets had never before known Communist boots. His host in Cleveland, Cyrus Eaton, was a controversial figure whose activities might be thought to have alienated some Ohio Republicans; but a local paper, reporting Eaton's Union League Club lunch for Mikoyan, ventured to guess that never before in history had so much of the city's power and wealth been represented around a table.

To each of these select groups, Mikoyan's message was the same: the Cold War is a bad thing; the United States is responsible, but that is unpleasant so let's not talk about it; businessmen are more sensible than diplomats, so let's get down to business.

The evidence that a Kremlin leader could be human and even humorous came as a revelation to some in his audiences. And understandably. Can anyone imagine Molotov hamming it up with Jerry Lewis, or Gromyko deliriously operating the controls of a retractable hardtop at River Rouge? But Jerry Lewis will not now turn out motion pictures dedicated to socialist realism; there has been no cry for nationalism from the Ford workers; no sign that the laughs Mikoyan drew have really shaken the foundations of the Republic. It might be just as well to take the Republic for granted and speculate instead on its impact on Mr. Mikoyan.

In Maryland, he asked the man who showed him around a modest motel if the establishment was owned by a company. No, said his guide, I own it.

A Washington housewife apologized for a barrenarder, explaining that she was waiting for bargains before stocking up, Mikoyan, at the time, was peering into her deep freeze at six steaks and other packages.

In two industrial plants, he inquired if the managements needed more orders. No, he was told, the plants were committed for the next 18 months at full capacity.

In Chicago, he visited the home of a \$100-a-week bus driver who is a Republican and admires Mr. Dulles.

The newsmen who watched these encounters felt that Mikoyan would go home still an adversary, but a wiser and more understanding adversary. For the first time in 40 years of Soviet history, one of Russia's top leaders has intimate first-hand experience of the US. It will stand him, and perhaps us, in good stead. —The New Republic

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.

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