

Administration Probe?

State newspapers sometimes pick up items such as cheating and gambling on the University campus and use it as the charger to mount a giant crusade for administrative crackdown.

An instance of this was the editorial in The Raleigh Times Monday night, which pointed out that the administration should take action on the cheating that went on during exams.

What the editorialist did not know was that the administration was working with student officials to get to the bottom of the matter, and that both were running into a small stone wall.

It is strange that there is not a greater realization that whether the problem of honor is handled by administrators or students, cheating will still go on — to one degree or another. There are usually some people who can not resist temptation. Perhaps the University could take precautionary measures in insisting that all examinations be centrally printed and be kept in a central guarded location, and yet, the problem of cheating would not be solved.

In other words, in one very real sense neither an honor system nor a proctor system, nor even a guard in every building is a workable practical arrangement.

Indeed, the only workable practical arrangement is no system. By putting individual class standards on an absolute basis according to the individual instructor, those who cheat or who conspire to cheat will not be able to endanger the futures of others students, and at the same time he would be cheating himself and himself alone.

The difficulty in cheating lies not with the system of enforcement, but with the system of education. If one can stimulate students to form their own values and to compete not for grades or jobs, but for achievement up to the extent of his individual ability, there might be an opportunity to correct the situation. As it is, the problem will not be resolved.

Secrecy

It is always a difficult thing to draw the line between what is confidential and what is open to the public. In campus judicial cases, this job becomes more difficult.

These offices are among the highest elective posts on the campus, and the campus deserves a chance to see the functions of the judicial cases and facts that come up under the judicial system, the fairness of the verdict, and the handling of judicial details and procedures. Indeed, they have a right to know some of the issues that will confront the Student Legislature in the form of revision, and some of the concepts that they will be called upon to decide in Spring elections.

They obviously should not be given the identity of defendants unless the defendants so wish, in order that these defendants may live without stigma in a society that is a microcosm of the democratic world.

Yet, there has been a resistance to give the facts until now, and this resistance is one example of an overly paternalistic attitude that exists among many leaders, not only judicial. The public has a right to know. This much — the facts — the judicial and other officers have an obligation to give them.

Space Holdup

One of the basic holdbacks in our government's changeover from liquid fueled missiles to solid fueled missiles is the expansive amount of gaseous air in the present Congress. — F.C.

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 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.50 per semester, \$8.50 per year.



Editor	CURTIS GANS
Managing Editors	CHARLIE SLOAN STAN FISHER
High Editor	D. A. LOPEZ
News Editor	ANN FRYF
Associate Editor	ED ROWLAND
Business Manager	WALKER BLANTON
Asst. Adv. Manager	JOHN MINTCH PETER NESS
Chief Photographers	BILL BRINKHOUS
Arts Editor	ANTHONY WOLFF
Coed Editor	JOAN BROCK
Assistant Sports Editor	ELLIOTT COOPER
Sports Editor	RUSTY HAMMOND

Out Of Joint

March Wind

One of the more sparkling lecturers on this campus is, without a doubt, the infinitely urbane Dean Godfrey. An admirer of his has recently pointed out that the Dean is "a rotund palm tree standing tall in the middle of the Sahara."

Just before the end of his last semester Godfrey was on the lecture platform, musing in his droll way about the English Chartists and the hysteria these radicals of the 19th century caused. But, like Neil Bass vanishing into limbo, the Chartists vanished from the scene. "The hysteria of one generation," said the Dean, "is the history of the next. Say, that's pretty good. I hope you all got that phrase down in your notes."

This little triumph reminded Godfrey of an earlier epigrammatic foray. He favored the class with Godfrey's Historical Law: "Everything comes from Everything."

I immediately turned around in my seat and asked one of the graduate students to explicate Godfrey's Law. The graduate student (hereinafter referred to as GS) is presently working on his dissertation: "Trench Mouth in Orange County, 1771-1780."

The GS said that Godfrey's Law, though profound, was surprisingly simple. "In fact," said the GS, "I've been working along similar lines for quite some time now."

"To begin with, you must realize that the repudiation of the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty compounded the dipsasterous 7th Crusade against Berlin in 1945 by Robespierre."

I looked blank. The GS continued.

"It's all tied in with the bank panic of 1066, caused by Mongolian hordes sweeping in to engulf the Bishop of Hippo at Sarajevo."

"You see, when the Mongols came there was a crisis of confidence, and Dred Scott withdrew his account, thus forcing Baron Rothschild and Hideki Tojo into bankruptcy during the embargo of the Middle Period at Berchtesgarden while the Thermidorean Reaction raged against the Holy Alliance."

I still looked blank and uncomprehending.

"I'm rather proud of these intricate formulations," said the GS. "But, of course, I can't claim sole credit. No indeed! Like most of the 'yoots' (a Max Shulman phrase), I came to UNC hungry for the meaning of history. Diligently, I applied myself. I sat at the feet of great professors, soaking up wisdom. And now, having survived the rigors of Social Science I and Social Science 2 (repeated endlessly under a variety of interesting course descriptions), I am ready at long last to communicate the excitement, the grandeur, the glamor and the glory of HISTORY to those underprivileged young men and women who hail from Charley Justice's home town, Asheville. The Bishop of Hippo, incidentally, was not engulfed at Sarajevo. The Bishop of Hippo was engulfed at Sarajevo. Is that perfectly clear?"

It was all clear, perfectly clear. The GS, having finished his oration, ran away screaming to Lenoir and a tranquilizer with his morning cup of coffee.

When Good Dean Godfrey said that "everything comes from everything," he had (as is his wont) ye olde tongue in ye olde cheek. But he was satirizing a powerful trend among contemporary historians — a trend that says there is no meaning in history and even to search for meaning is futile and preposterous. To search for meaning is to speculate, and to speculate is to be "unscientific."

Well, to go with Godfrey's Law, we now can add March Wind's Law: "Even the wrong meaning is better than no meaning." I think this is what the GS was driving at. Somebody, somewhere, has to make some kind of sense out of the enormous mountains of data piled up by generations of historical laborers. Even the wrong sense is better than no sense. Better wrong sense, than nonsense.

New York And The Negro

Max Ascoli

Ever since the beginning of Southern evasion or defiance of the Supreme Court decisions on the desegregation of the schools, those of us in the North who advocated compliance could not help feeling that their civic virtue was neither costly nor risky. Or at least, to avoid hiding behind the editorial "we," I felt keenly and painfully embarrassed by the good fortune of being a New Yorker.

One thing, however, must be said immediately: in New York outraged racial feeling is the sad privilege of the Negroes. Impelled by old and legitimate resentments, or by ignorance and misery, or by the ranting of demagogues, the Negroes can be driven into a united front against the whites. But anything like the White Citizens' Councils is not even remotely conceivable here in New York.

There are still evil habits and mean practices of discrimination that have been somehow blunted but not erased by the law. But there is no deliberate, organized will to keep the Negroes down, or, as it sometimes is said by Southerners, in their place. No amount of Negro anger could ever create such a will. Rather, whenever Negro anger makes itself felt, it creates a shock and then a sense among white people that varies from self-consciousness to shame. Again I will not say in the "white" community, for there is no such thing.

There is no such thing because New York is too big, it has had to assimilate too many different kinds and races of peoples. This assimilation, which has been made largely possible by the fact that people have the right to vote, is usually described by the trite expression "melting pot"—a term that may have some meaning only if we remember that there have been huge differentials in the rate at which the melting of the various groups has proceeded. Ours is a society of equals in the sense that the chance of self-improvement is open to all those who can overcome the varying handicaps of the groups to which they belong.

The Negroes in New York are determined to have their handicaps reduced. Yet in the present crisis—

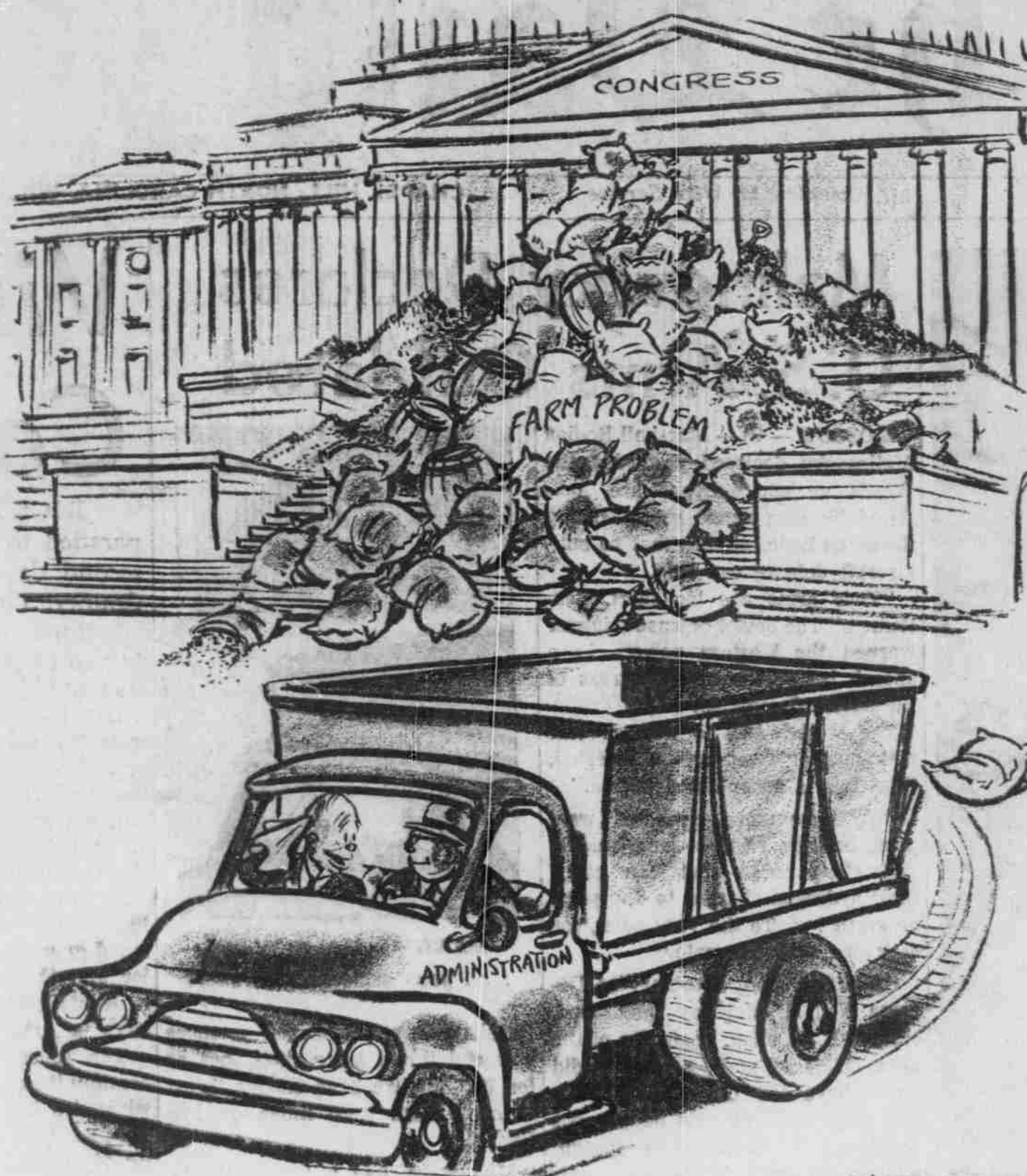
which is largely centered, as in the case of the Negroes throughout the rest of the country, on equality of education—it must be remembered that the so-called Negro community is an extraordinarily American community, composed of a very large number of different types and strains. Resentment over the various handicaps imposed on the Negroes may weld them together. But in the process the demagogues those professionals in fomenting passions, tend to acquire the upper hand. This inevitably is registered and resented by the more enlightened and responsible Negroes. With those men, who happen to be white and who are their friends must not lose contact. Indeed, we must not let our friendship be even slightly weakened—even when they are suspicious of us and doubt our good will.

We who are white can well afford being reasonable; but we must also be firm, never losing sight of the fact that conflict between honestly held ideas is nothing but the test of friendship. So, for instance, we can maintain—or at least I do—while the standards of education in the predominantly Negro schools, as in all the city's public schools, must be radically and steadily improved, it is absurd and self-defeating to rely too heavily on the schools for the elimination of the abuses under which the Negroes have suffered. Certainly it is not by courtroom battles, or by keeping children away from schools, that education for the Negroes can be improved.

This means that the causes of the present unrest must be dealt with decisively by our public officials and by all responsible men, Negro or white, in positions of authority. No matter what some overexcited Negro leaders may say, New York is not Little Rock—Nelson Rockefeller and Robert Wagner have no more in common with Orval Faubus than with Anastas Mikoyan. The present crisis can be, and I do believe must be, weathered. Then others will come. But if we are honest with each other, Negro and white, New York now and in the future can set an example for the whole nation.

—THE REPORTER

"Well, That Takes Care Of That"



Neither Black Nor White... Mostly Shades Of Grey

Norman B. Smith

Adventure seems hard to come by when one lives in an automatic society that wakes up by electric alarm (not too early) in the morning, eats a packaged, vitamin-infused, almost pre-digested breakfast, and begins another day of prescribed work, prescribed talk, — yes, it reaches the point of prescribed thought.

Adventure doesn't have to mean exploring some far-off land and returning to fill in blank spaces on a map with the knowledge you have acquired, or leading a great military campaign in which thousands are shot and thousands more sicken or starve to death, doesn't have to mean creating a parallel to some trite Zane Grey, True Magazine, Tom Swift, or Zorro episode of false suspense, hero image transfer, and poetic justice.

Adventure is simple to achieve if you turn aside from your planned well-marked path of existence, if you sacrifice a few hours of security, and go . . .

He stood by the side of the road not knowing how nor when, nor even if he would get to Nashville, six hundred miles away.

The banker, properly in grey double-breasted suit and vest and cigar-scented heavy, black Oldsmobile, talked with animation about football as portly former football stars do who can now not run but only watch and help raise funds for new stadiums. But it was a mistake for him (the rider) to bring up the subject of integration because the banker had been raised among nigras (the proper aristocratic coastal plains terminology: not Negroes — that is Yankee, nor niggers — that is poor white trash), he had played with them and he knew them well, well enough to know that they were good enough in their place but that the Supreme Court was being neither legal nor sensible in attempting to put them in white schools.

A burly workman in sour-smelling work clothes told him that he had been home with his wife every night that week and now that it was Friday night he was going to "go out and find some strange."

Two hotrodders with gutted muffler kept the interior lights on all the while he was with them, and one of them kept a hand on a jacket pocket that had a menacing bulge. It seemed to him that they were on the defensive because they thought that average honesty must be no greater than their own. He wisely kept both hands visible and unmoving.

On the dark, curving mountain road the driver's companion passed out, and he wondered if the driver would as they careened around corners that jutted over valleys, he depth of which he could not judge in the darkness. But the driver stayed awake, telling him how much he and the companion were enjoying their first week home after duty in Korea. Some difference here, he said, where he could drink all he could hold: in Korea he would take most of his month's pay, buy up as many of the other soldier's one-can-per-month beer ration at five dollars a can as he could and mix it with shave lotion and antiseptic so that for two days out of every thirty he could forget about the dreary, cold surroundings and home so far away.

A young patrolman stopped the tired Army sergeant who had left Baltimore early that morning, stopped him for going 65 and escorted them to a lightless, ramshackle country store. A bearded, bleary-eyed justice of the peace came to the door after repeated loud knocking, led them over to a cluttered, dirty desk in a corner of the almost stockless store, and wrote the receipt for a \$12 bond which would suffice as fine as well as bond because neither the justice nor the patrolman knew nor cared when the trial would be as long as they each got their half of it.

The Baptist preacher was on his way to a revival. Maybe it was because just the two of them were with no one else there to brand them heretical or to show off their zeal, because it was in those hours between the beginning of the new day on the clock and the beginning of the new day on

the horizon when one can make quiet confidences, that and the smooth rhythm of his traveling with such simple steadiness over a road that they all alone possessed at that hour, passing by blurred, darkened, unidentifiable objects on the side of the highway with such consistency that a calming, geometric pattern seemed to be formed. Maybe these things allowed the two of them to reach as close a rapport in discussing religious philosophy as could any two Dominicans, cloistered, life-long inhabitants of some isolated monastery. The one, a Baptist clergyman, and the other, a Unitarian layman, whose professed doctrines differed so greatly that had it been waking hours and had there been other people, surely he former would have thought the latter a borderline atheist and the latter would have called the former an unenlightened, dogmatic, bigoted literalist.

The below-freezing Virginia hill country air made his whole (overcoatless) body violently shiver, so he began to walk to keep warm. For ten miles he walked out of the night, through the dawn, and into the daylight. No cars came, but there had been one recently because he saw two dogs, eyes beginning to glaze over the light of the moon, limbs stiffening in the chill air, blood congealing on the tomb-cold concrete, hair accumulating particles of frost — two dogs whose orgy intended pre-dawn love chase had ended in sudden death. Shocks of corn stalks grew visible against the hilly horizon as a faint, unnatural glimmer of the dawn timidly began to erase Orion and Cassiopea's Chair on the eastern sky. Soon chicken feed sack calico curtains parted behind smudgy windows of small farmhouses as wives who had gotten up to set fires in wood stoves heard measured footsteps on the road outside.

"My name is Fred Wood. If you are ever in Clayville again, come to see me. I'll show you my farm, and the wife will cook you up some country ham with grits and red-eye gravy," said the man who had no real reason to say this to the stranger he had met only an hour ago.

Then there was Nashville and the end of it — the end of an adventure. He felt so keenly at the time it was adventure, but he waited for months, and he thought of all those things kept returning, churning, recalling him to that afternoon and night and morning when he escaped (not escaped: evaded) that planned existence of automatic, proper response to rules (formal and understood) that the community imposes on its inmates, and he knows now after four months that it was true adventure.

A Letter

Editor:

Mr. Wolff deserves great credit for his review of "The Defiant Ones" in the January 7 Tar Heel. It is good to know that the tolerance and humanitarianism revealed in this inspiring film are reflected in the University community. Many of our townspeople and students were not as fortunate as Mr. Wolff — they were unable to see the picture because they are Negroes. The idea that true "brotherhood" can be attained only when people are recognized as individuals is a point that Negroes need to be reminded of no less than whites, and as Mr. Wolff says, ". . . this is a movie which all Americans would do well to see; particularly those Americans who are supposedly in the process of examining their convictions in the hope of building a better world."

Mr. Wolff is right, and it is rewarding to know that Hollywood is still capable of producing pictures which evoke such statements. It will be even better when all Americans have the opportunity to see these significant social documents of our times.

Mary Nies
Marion Davis
Mary K. Davis
Daniel Okun
Joseph Straley

Postscript

Jonathan Yardley

Ernie Kovacs is one of the most delightful people whose face ever crossed the flickering screen. Exuding charm, humor, and warmth, he is the perfect television talent. On Monday night's "Desilu Playhouse" he was at his very disarming best in a whimsical offering entitled "Symbol of Authority."

The play dealt with a proof reader in a printing house, the perfect prototype of the Caspar Milquetoast — Walter Mitty image, who lives his own humdrum little existence and never tells the beautiful widow with whom he works of his love for her. When he is forced into the hospital by appendicitis he becomes smitten with doctors and the kindness which they show him. On one of his holidays, as he wanders aimlessly around the city, he sees a stethoscope in a pawn shop and buys it. On his first day at work he goes to the hospital to visit his friend and ex-wardmate, but finds that because he has not come during visiting hours he will have to get special permission from the desk. As he walks to the desk he unconsciously pulls the stethoscope from his pocket and is quite surprised when the nurse, seeing the stethoscope, tells him to "go right on up, doctor." This is the big moment in his life.

From then on he enters the hospital every Saturday, armed with his pawn shop stethoscope, pacing up and down the halls, cheerily greeting everyone who passes him and stopping in on patients to check their charts, give a word of encouragement, do a small favor. Soon he becomes a beloved part of hospital life, despite the fact that no one knows his name.

Finally he is apprehended. Two interns riding in an elevator with him ask for his mediation in an argument they are having about a medical technicality. When he is dumbfounded they get suspicious and call the police. Kovacs realizes he is being chased and tries to elude his pursuers, but to no avail. They catch him and question him about his motives — narcotics? theft? medicines? They cannot get an answer and it is only when the girl from the office, played by Jean Hagen, comes to affirm his identity and character that he is set free, but not until the police officer confiscates his precious stethoscope. Broken-hearted, Kovacs starts to leave the hospital, but is continually stopped by people thanking him for the small kindnesses he has done them. Jean Hagen, following behind, hears all this and realizes that he is much more the man than he thinks, and accepts his offer of marriage.

The point, of course, is very simple: one needs more than a badge of authority to hold the true position of that authority. The kind-hearted little man, by giving his heart and time to the forgotten people in the hospital, had done as much for them as any real doctor. And he had also proved to himself that he was as much a man as any other, and that he needed no badge to mark himself from the crowd as a person of real worth and value to the community.

This show was one of the many delightful contributions the Desilu Playhouse has made to Monday night viewing, and Monday night viewing has long needed a shot in the arm. It was also further proof that, although live telecasting has many advantages over film, a kinescoped show also can convey the charm and warmth of human emotions and actions.

Television in the next few months should be no less interesting and entertaining than it has been recently (for whatever that statement is worth). The Evening With Fred Astaire show, perhaps the best single show run last fall, will be re-broadcast February eleventh and anyone who missed it would be foolish to miss it a second time. The Green Pastures, one of the best offerings of recent years, will also be re-broadcast, this on March 23. Keep it in mind.

"The Garry Moore Show," easily one of the two best variety and comedy shows on the air (have you seen Durward Kirby as Arthur Murray?), has given time to the Kingston Trio, Alfred Drake, and Gordon and Shiela MacRae all in the last two weeks. All, of course, are delightful and are tops. Steve Allen's February first show might have been the funniest he's ever done. Louis Nye, Tom Poston, and Don Knotts are the three funniest men in the world, or so a lot of people are saying. And "Maverick" — well, some of us think that it's the best television show around, and that no one is more entertaining than James Garner. More realistically, the adaptation of Sheridan's "The Rivals" two weeks ago was very clever, and last week's "Duel at Sundown," a little more active than the average Garner show, was further humorous evidence that Bre'er Maverick is the most honest coward who ever wore a black suit and a ruffled shirt.

Since this is a new slant for "Postscript," a lot of people have been asking your reviewer what shows he likes best, and which ones will get consistently good reviews from him. Here, then, is one man's award list, which we shall call "The 1957 Arthur Winners."

Best variety show — "The Steve Allen Show." Best musical show — none exists; Best Dramatic Series — "Playhouse 90;" Best Action Series — "Maverick;" Best Comedy Series — "Maverick" (that's right); Best Comedian — Red Skelton; Best Humorist — Mort Sahl (and let's have more of him); Best Serious Actor — Art Carney; Best Musical Background — "Peter Gunn," even though it's not very good jazz; Best Actress — nine in sight; Best Sports Series — NHL Hockey; Worst Announcer — Jimmy Powers; Worst Show — "Arthur Murray Party;" Second Worst Show — "Arthur Godfrey Time;" Your Reviewer's favorite was to spend an hour — watching "Maverick."

There are a lot of good serious shows on television, and none of these have been taken into consideration above, because this is the list of a person who watches television for very simple reasons — no matter how bad it can be, there are a lot of good laughs and a lot of very good dramatic shows. And they are the things this column is concerned with.