

The Daily Tar Heel

In its sixty-eighth year of editorial freedom, unhampered by restrictions from either the administration or the student body.

THE DAILY TAR HEEL is the official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina, Richard Overstreet, Chairman.

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The Spectre Of Joe McCarthy: A Phantom On American Campuses

Senator Joe McCarthy is dead, but the "ism" to which he gave his name still survives as a flourishing blight on the country he very nearly ruled.

Two brothers at Northwestern University, James and John Kelbe, have formed a group entitled the "Student Committee For Congressional Autonomy", the design of which is to defend the investigatory power of the United States Congress. Recently this organization announced its inception in a glowing press release directed to college newspapers around the country.

The object of adoration for the SCFCA is the House Un-American Activities Committee, and the object of scorn is the spirit which led students in San Francisco to riot against the activities which the Committee itself espouses, riots that the press release calls "Communist-directed."

In order to make its message more clear SCFCA has composed a film entitled "Operation Abolition" to show before civic, church and school groups across the nation. The purpose of this cinematic marvel is to stress the un-American activities presently being carried on across the continent and to offer solution. The solutions? Congressional investigations, of course.

It strikes us that if this committee is a valid reflection of the mood and temper of collegiate thinking today, then America is in for a discouraging time of it in the 1960's and the years to follow them.

In Support Of Robert F. Kennedy

Our last day of publication in 1960 did not arrive late enough to permit our commenting on the most controversial of Cabinet appointments, that of Robert F. Kennedy to the Attorney Generalship of the United States.

This was not a surprise move on the part of President-elect John F. Kennedy; it was the kind of thing that everyone in Washington prays will not happen, while knowing all the time that it will.

Never before have the boundaries of nepotism seemed less sure, and consequently the spoken and written criticism has been quite subdued. No one can decide whether Bobby Kennedy is really qualified for the post or whether his brother merely put him there to fulfill Papa Joe's lifelong dream

of two cars in every garage and ten Kennedys in the Cabinet.

There seems to be little criticism of the younger Kennedy's abilities as a lawyer or administrator; his age has been mentioned by a few as possible indication that he may not be ready to assume such a touchy job; most people have questioned, however, not the legal wisdom of the move but the political wisdom. Their question is not what kind of job Bobby will do but how much the appointment is going to hurt his brother.

This would seem to be barking up the wrong tree. The only really important question, at least for fair-minded Americans, is whether Bobby Kennedy will be able to perform with distinction in the post of Attorney General. It is our opinion that he is more than qualified to do so.

Kennedy's record as a fighter for justice cannot be touched by the flow of politics. His ruthless persecution of Jimmy Hoffa has been a source of admiration for many Americans, and his total honesty in all matters cannot be denied.

His direction of his brother's presidential campaign will long be remembered as one of the great examples of political masterminding; he displayed a talent for organization and hard work that was admired by friends and enemies alike.

We have trust and faith in the abilities and honesty of Robert F. Kennedy; we expect to see the Justice Department take great steps under his direction. The United States will not regret John F. Kennedy's decision, when the shouting and the protesting is over.

Grim Outlook For Carolina

Maybe this is just a fable, or perhaps a prophecy. Who can say? At any rate, the story goes like this:

"Dad, what's that," says the six-year-old youngster, curious as any little boy would be as to the nature of the brick ruins all around him.

"That, Billy," replies his misty-eyed father, "is what remains of the University of North Carolina. After my class was graduated, the Board of Higher Education (so-called) began cutting off money from the school. Carolina had already been losing professors, and it needed money to hold good teachers and to increase its facilities.

"As the University deteriorated, the school grew smaller and, after a while, closed. Its remains are here, Billy, as a testimonial to ignorance."

That's a rather bleak outlook on the future of our fair University.

However, the purse strings, in effect a tourniquet, are held by a group of men who have shown their stupidity by refusing to grant desperately needed money. Shall UNC become a "testimonial to ignorance?" Shall the twelfth rated school in the entire country cease to exist because of the pecuniary pettiness of a few poorly informed men? Shall a school now considered the foremost intellectual center in the South become void of intellectual atmosphere, and seem as if the temperature were at absolute 0°, where there is no movement, completely still? **Ken Toppell**

Wade Wellman

The Ugly, Sadistic Plight Of Adolph Otto Eichmann

A friend of mine remarked lately that Israel, for the sake of "mental satisfaction," was justified in the controversial abduction of her arch-enemy, Adolph Otto Eichmann.

Strictly speaking, Eichmann was not hunted down in a national project; he was taken into custody by a special agency of the Israeli government, set up after World War II for the single purpose of tracking down Nazi war criminals. At present this agency is still hunting for Martin Bormann and other Nazi ring-leaders who disappeared after the German surrender. The motivation in these efforts seems to be simply the desire for revenge with no other goal, and another friend tells me that Israel in this case is "entitled to revenge."

Such an attitude leaves the legal question unanswered, but from statements like this a psychological question takes form: What is the state of mind of a country which needs revenge for mental satisfaction? In earlier times revenge was glorified as a means of preserving one's honor, but this is the first suggestion that it constitutes a human need comparable to the need for love and affiliation. There are some who say, or strongly imply, that it may be a particular need of the Jewish people, who suffered in Hitler's concentration camps about as badly as the German people suffered under aerial bombardment. But no particular craving for revenge is evidenced by the German population nowadays.

Adolph Eichmann's story is an ugly one in all of its aspects. He has tried to say that he was "merely a little cog in the machinery," but in fact he was one of the biggest cogs in the whole disgusting apparatus.

In 1933, at the age of 31, he began his work on the solution to the Jewish question, and was soon placed in charge of the Gestapo's Office for Jewish Affairs, which at first sought to end the problem by emigration and other methods. Then, in 1941, Hitler announced the "final solution to the Jewish problem"—an open policy of mass extermination. Eichmann's Office for Jewish Affairs now functioned solely as the Jew-killing section of the Gestapo.

Eichmann claims, true or false, that he never could stand to watch the suffering that his victims underwent, yet the claim seems mealy-mouthed if anything, for he carried out his task with fanatical dedication. Hitler's statistics listed ten million Europeans as Jews or non-Aryans (people of substantial Jew-



ish blood). How many of these unfortunates went to their deaths can never be precisely determined, but William L. Shirer has calculated the figure as 5,700,000—that is about 57% of the intended number. It may have been more even than this, to say nothing of hundreds of thousands who were permanently maimed or disabled by the barbarous tortures inflicted on them. As the war was ending Eichmann summed up his attitude: "I will jump into my grave laughing. The fact that I have six million lives on my conscience gives me extraordinary satisfaction." In 1956 he wrote in his now notorious confessions: "I regret nothing. . . I still defend him (Hitler). I will not humbly myself or repent in any way."

In 1945 Eichmann, arraigned with other Nazi chiefs for trial, escaped from an American POW camp and started on a long, devious flight across Europe, hunted every step of the way by his bitterest pursuer, Tuvia Friedmann, a Polish Jew whose parents had been gassed at Eichmann's orders in 1942. Friedmann, with determination verging on monomania, discovered his enemy's family in Austria and resolved to kidnap them as hostages, but a mistress of Eichmann convinced him that the fugitive would never give himself up to save his wife and children. In 1952 Eichmann, disguised by plastic surgery and a false name, finally made his way to Argentina. Six years later he set up residence in Buenos Aires with his family, working in the offices of an automobile plant. There, in the early days of May, 1960, Israeli agents identified their man.

On May 13, 1960, as Eichmann walked home from work, a car suddenly rushed up to the curb, ground to a violent stop, and spewed forth a gang of Israelis, who seized their astounded quarry and thrust him violently into the automobile. A message was flashed to Israeli Premier Ben-Gurion: "The beast is in chains." On May 20 Eichmann's captors flew him to Israel in a plane taken from their own embassy at Buenos Aires. The Israeli parliament, in session to discuss budget problems, gaped with astonishment when Premier Ben-Gurion rose to announce the apprehension and coming trial of Israel's onetime oppressor. Plans were speedily laid for a show trial in which all of Eichmann's ghastly deeds would be paraded before the world.

"It's a relief," Eichmann told his captors. "I've been expecting this for a long time." There was no molestation of his family, although worried friends moved

"In A Word, Yes"

HERBLOCK

No Grades? Good Idea

With final exam time rolling around once more, thoughts of students and professors once more turns to the touchy subject of grades. What most students don't realize is that it is often the professor, and not the student, that burns the early morning oil.

Most instructors in the University would be happier if there were no such thing as a "grade" for each student, not because of the labor involved, but because of the difficulty of assessing, in a single mark, a student's abilities. What is an "A" student? How does he differ from a "B" student?—or from a "C," "D," or "F" student? Is it a matter of a few points on an exam, a little extra effort on a term paper, or more regular class attendance? In short, no matter how objective are exams, or a professor's judgement, there creeps in the problem of discriminating between the abilities of students.

To further complicate the problem of effective grading, there is the fact that each instructor has a different conception of what an "A" student is—and right down the line. Some professors expect more than others. Some use both. Thus, when the student enters a classroom, he is being graded not so much on his ability in a given subject as the ability he possesses in one of the many various forms of measurement. And because of the varied standards of the instructors, there has grown up the jargon of the university—the "crip course," the "C" course, the "impossible course," et cetera.

The problem of effective grading would not be so acute if it were not for the fact that some students do not terminate their studies on the undergraduate level, but use the grades as a standard for their entrance into graduate work. And then the student who has taken difficult courses under difficult instructors is pitted against a student who has studiously avoided difficult subjects for the sake of grades. How is an admissions director to differentiate between the two?

As usual, the reason for the persistence of the grading system at UNC is that no better system has been found. Perhaps so. Another major fault leveled against the current system, is that it makes students "grade conscious" instead of placing the emphasis on education as a value in itself. That is, students, realizing that their grade is a result of the professor's judgement, concentrate their efforts on the subject matter that has been emphasized by the professor, and, in addition, the professor's stated point of view. This at once limits the student's scope. The student reads the assigned readings that will be on an exam, but in the majority of cases does not pursue additional readings.

We are faced with the ultimate question of whether our grading system measures what is really intended to measure—the student's knowledge of the subject, and his growth of insight into the subject matter of the course.

The Academic Affairs Committee, this year under the capable leadership of Jim Scott, has in the past two years done some investigation into course and professor evaluation, and the findings have been reported to the administration. This line of investigation, we would suggest, is exactly what is needed in a university that is responsible for the education of this nation's future leaders.

Questionnaires, anonymously filled out by students, have added up to answers on exactly what needs to be done to improve the educational facilities of the university.

Caught in the midst of the uproar over the grading system is the professor—the main cog in the university system. It is he that must pass judgement on his students. For the responsible and sensitive instructor, this is a most difficult task. Perhaps in the future, measurement of a student's capabilities will be done by a heartless, objective machine (such as the IBM computers that grade College Boards, but even these are not faultless), but until then the professor remains in an always difficult, not particularly comfortable, position of judgement.

Bob Silliman

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