

Note To NATO: Reaffirm Unity Against Russians

Nations of the free world now sending delegates to the giant NATO meeting in Paris must once again reaffirm their unity despite pleas and threats of Russia to the West.

The North Atlantic Treaty Organization must tell the Kremlin once and for all that it will maintain a strong alliance against the Russian might even if annihilation must come from the defensive barrier thrown around the Kremlin.

Russia has shown the world, by her recent displays of earth satellites and ICBMs, that she has far outstripped technological development of the United States. But she has yet to prove that her military might outstretches the power-packed arm of NATO.

With the coming of the big Paris meeting the Kremlin has used all the propaganda and political maneuvering at her command to incite a cleavage between members of the Western alliance. She has taken advantage of the split over Suez, French anger at Anglo-American arms shipments to Tunisia and a host of minor grievances of NATO members against the United States.

But by these very actions Russia has admitted her own fear of the military unity of the West, making a last-ditch effort to destroy that one organization in which Europe is united in common defense.

To a degree Russia's pleas and threats have been successful. Franco has said he doesn't want U. S. air bases in Spain if they will bring a defenseless war to his people. France, remembering bombardments of the last two wars, fears her role in a war in which Russia would be supreme would lead once again to mass bloodshed and destruction in that country. Again and again the closeness of European nations to the Russian threat has placed a grave responsibility on the United States.

To that responsibility we have faltered. Our much-publicized satellite fell hopelessly to the ground. Our lagging missile program has been exposed for the world to see. We have strained to put commercial jet aircraft into the skies while Russia is making daily flights in jet-propelled planes. Our total capitalistic science program seemingly has fallen far behind Russian advances.

These are the factors to which NATO nations will point in Paris.

And they will wonder: Why should we expose ourselves to the communist might if there are no weapons to repel it? We in America don't quite understand the plight of the Western European nations. We have not experienced modern warfare on the homefront.

What NATO must do is reaffirm its trust in Western leadership and then fight back endlessly to recapture the military lead which only recently has been threatened by Russia. The Kremlin still would have a man-sized job thrust upon it in warfare against a 15-nation unity; that job will become even more difficult if NATO boldly meets its challenge and refuses to back down from Russian threats.

Today Russia is ringed by a unified military force which remains a fear to the Kremlin even if the weapons of that unity are, as the Reds call them, obsolete. But there is something modern about U. S. planes flying over Britain with live hydrogen bombs and short-range missiles pointed north and east toward the Kremlin from the NATO nations.

In fact, those weapons are far more deadly than Sputniks and Muirniks orbiting the earth. The proximity of them to Russia makes them as impressive as the long range ballistic missiles which the Reds can aim across the ocean.

Nothing Is Safe Bank Robbers Find

An out-of-state subscriber to a North Carolina newspaper would think, by a flood of recent bank robbery accounts, that Tar Heelia is as wild and woolly as the west a century ago.

A holdup in Fletcher Wednesday, which netted near \$2,000 for a 23-year-old Brevard man, brought to mind the number of bank robberies in North Carolina this year. All but one have been solved. The robberies have occurred in virtually all areas of the state: From Asheville on July 22; to Raleigh on March 18; to Apex on July 12; and so on.

We don't know the reason for this latest violation of the federal bank laws. But we do know that several of the robbers in the eight other attempts said they needed money to pay bills, and robbing a bank was an easy way to get it.

What we're getting at is this: maybe this credit-backed prosperity the nation is experiencing is little more than just that. A great deal of our prosperity is on paper, and when time comes to meet the bills the money has to come from somewhere.

Why, then, not rob a bank? It seems pretty easy to do, although the chances for escape have this year been very slim in North Carolina.

Maybe it would help not only to prepare for bank robberies before they occur, but also to take stock of our credit-backed prosperity and make it harder for the criminally weak to borrow money so they won't have to rob banks to pay it back.

Accident At State: Lesson In Tragedy

From Raleigh the other day came the tragic story of a State College student's drowning in the Frank Thompson Gymnasium pool while a life guard and 15 or 20 others were in the area.

Apparently the freshman victim had dived into a shallow area, struck his head on the bottom of the pool and drowned unnoticed by others swimming in the pool.

The tragedy points out the fact that not only officials but students as well must always be on the lookout for tragedy when it is least expected. They must prepare for the unexpected assuming that someday it will happen.

As an outgrowth of the accident, it has been proposed that student swimmers at State College enter the pool in pairs of two, or the well-known "buddy system." Perhaps it would be a good practice at Woolen Gymnasium here.

J.Y.'S JAZZ Top Drummers Lack Public Acclamation

It seems that everybody likes a drum solo. There isn't anything quite as exciting as a well executed, dynamic, drum solo, but there aren't many drummers who are capable of performing one. Drummers like Gene Krupa, Buddy Rich, and Louis Bessou, though capable of swinging work, are really not very imaginative soloists; yet the public seems to like them the most. Perhaps this merely serves to illustrate the point that the public would rather have noise than musicianship, as the rock and roll fad indicates.

There are, however, three drummers who are capable of giving a good performance every time around. They are Max Roach, Jo Jones, and Shelly Manne, and of these three the only one who has achieved any degree of public approval beyond the barest minimum is Manne. Most people never seem to have heard of the other two.

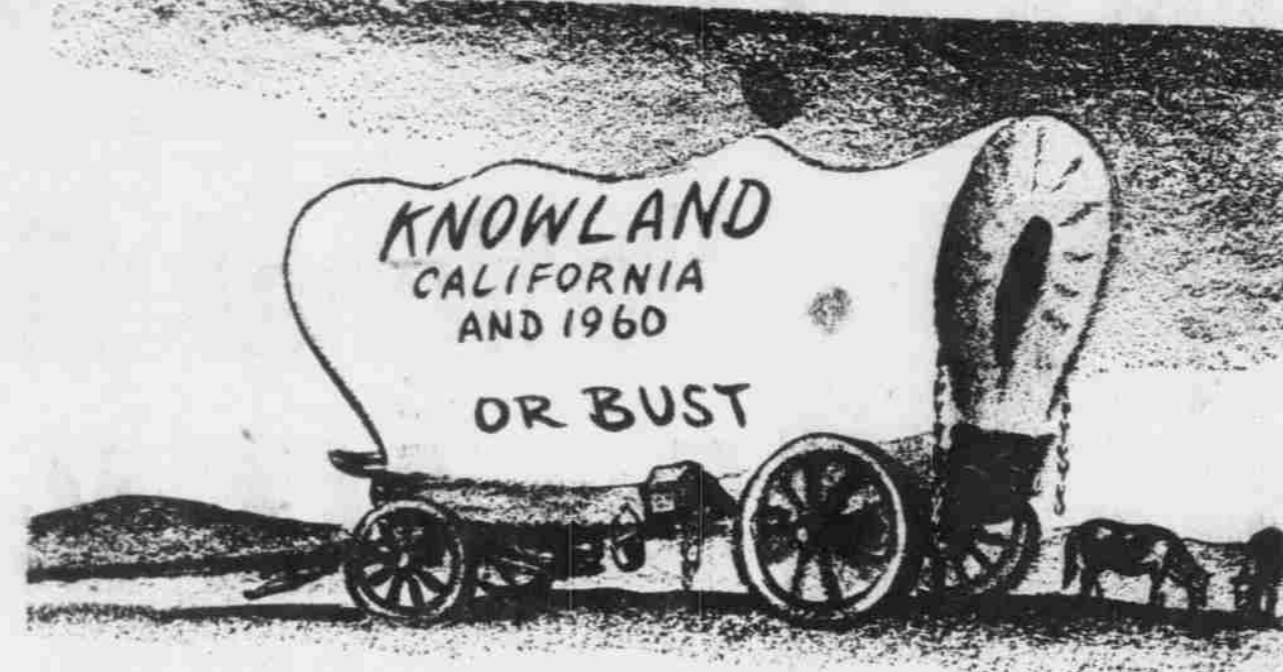
Max Roach is the most violent of the three. He belongs to a school of jazz known as the "Hard Boppers," a school led by Miles Davis and Art Blakey, among others. While Blakey tends to become overly-exhibitionistic and sacrifice musical value for surface excitement, Roach is the musician's musician, a continually searching, alerted musician. This adventurous spirit can be seen in his new EmArcy recording, "Max Roach In 3/4 Time"—no, this is not the "Blue Danube" bit.

The name of Jo Jones is synonymous in jazz circles with taste, humor, and amazing dexterity. Jones was the anchor man in the great Count Basie rhythm section of the late thirties and forties, and now is a free lance operator who records any where, any time, and with any school. Jones is not the showcase drummer, preferring to be the swinging, inventive influence behind a group. The happyface of Jo Jones, propelling Teddy Wilson or the Count, is one of jazzdom's most precious possessions. Although he is featured on countless albums, he only has one record of his own, a Vanguard release called "The Jo Jones Special," which contains one of the most delightful solos on record anywhere. If you can find it, buy it.

An album of modern jazz performances of the tunes from "My Fair Lady" brought Shelly Manne to national attention. Manne is the technician of drummers—many have said that he is the best technician in the world, excluding none. Despite this great technical ability, however, he has not fallen victim of stiffness and lack of spirit. His backings are considered the most sympathetic and capable in progressive jazz, as can be seen on the "My Fair Lady" recording. The fact that he is beginning to reach national acclaim is most encouraging for jazz, for he may be able to lead the way, so to speak.

I have omitted a great many wonderful drummers—Chico Hamilton, Osie Johnson, and Don Lamond, to mention a few—but I think I have hit upon the three greatest. They are the bearers of Big Sid Catlett's tradition of swinging, tasty drumming.

"What's This I Hear About The Nixon Buildup Back East?"



Herblock is on vacation. VIEW FROM THE HILL: Education III: Down With Joneses Up With Individuality, Initiative

Education III: Down With Joneses Up With Individuality, Initiative

Curtis Gans

The basic goal of a good educational set-up is the stimulation of thought and individuality. It is a necessity for a strong democracy.

With American psychology as it is today, it is doubtful that this goal will ever be reached. Americans today are fed group consciousness and the avoidance of individuality. They worship heroes who are athletes, entertainers, and generals. The criterion for this adulation is the group's approval of this man's "talent," and how much hold he has over the group.

American today look at the Joneses as their ideal, and to become equal to the Joneses is the American goal. The American community first and above all frowns on intellect. They become scared when a man of ideas crosses their path. This is especially notable recently with the case of Adlai Stevenson. It becomes notable in the case of any ideological or scientific development, for the American populace not only does not understand these new ideas, but makes no effort to get the knowledge necessary to understand.

Here again is the idea of the "Golden Mean," and the cult of comfort. A deviant from the norm is looked on as untoward and anathema.

Yet, what the American fails to

realize is that the individuals the people of initiative, who have seen fit to push themselves above and away from the levels of the Joneses, have shaped this world.

It is the man with extraordinary mental energy, like Einstein, Descartes, Socrates, Machiavelli, Newton, Locke, Aristotle, and many others, who has produced the ideological and scientific world in which people live.

But people have a natural propensity for saying that "this is the best of all possible worlds," and for acting as if any individual who threatens to change it would harm the world.

It isn't so. It is the individual who sees things wrong, that if given the freedom to act, will better the situation. And the risk that he might worsen the situation is worth taking.

This rambling around a point leads one to the point, that the stolid conservatism that is part of this country and the lack of ability of Americans to be stimulated by anything but a television set and an occasional glimpse of a woman's legs, is destroying the country through destroying individual initiative.

In order that the educational system be changed so that brain power, the nation's number one resource, can be cultivated, one must change the prevailing climate of opinion. One must cut down the bondage of conservatism

and disinterest, and foster individuality.

Perhaps one of the best ways for doing this, and Russia has done this quite successfully, is to substitute for American athletic, military, and acting hero, a hero in the form of the man with initiative and intellect.

If Americans can so easily create these other heroes, whose function in a peaceful world or even in a world of troubles is indeed small, it should be quite easy to dramatize the role of intellect in the fate of the world. And that role is great.

But Americans will find it a little troubling to do this, for some of the basic premises of materialism and conservatism will be shaken as a result. If, however, this is overcome, a strong and efficient democracy may be the result.

If the American educational system is to be upgraded, as is necessary in the face of the Russian challenge, if a system of education which will be devoted to stimulation of individual initiative and intellect is to be established, if America is to be a strong democracy, making the best possible use of its resources, then there must be a change in its present way of thinking.

America must change its God. It must recognize the mind over the body.

WINSTON TO WINSTON

Frat Members & Their Restrictions

BARRY WINSTON

Funny thing happened to me on my way to the typewriter today. I had just left the library (I was using their phone) to drive home for lunch. As I reached for the handle of my car door, the beep-beep of a woman driver in the street drew my attention for a moment, and I was still watching her intimidate some helpless truck-driver as I slid in under the wheel. I had already started the car and put it in reverse before I realized that there was somebody sitting next to me, on the front seat.

It was me. Or was it? Anyhow, the guy's face looked like the same one that stares groggily at me every morning when I shave. So, naturally, the first thing I said was, "Who in the ever-lovin' blue-eyed world are you?" And he, in a very sarcastic tone of voice, replied, "Who, in the ever-lovin' blue-eyed world do I look like?"

Now if there's one thing I can't stand, it's sarcasm. So my first reaction was to get rid of this screwball as fast as possible. I figured that if I insulted him, he'd get the idea.

"Well," I said, "as a matter of fact, you look like me. But my philosophy instructor looks like Burt Lancaster, and that doesn't make him a trapeze artist. I don't care the first thing about who you look like. I asked you who you are!"

"Not that it really makes any difference," he said, grinning like a cheshire cat, "but my name is Barry Winston."

You can imagine the effect that remark had on my nervous system. First the clown makes himself at home in my car, and then he tries to convince me that he's me!

I was in the process of reaching under the seat for a pipe wrench that I keep there for just such occasions when he spoke up again. "But enough of this idle chit-chat. I haven't got the time to be playing 20 Questions with you. There are some things I want to know about an article that was in the Tar Heel the other day, and I'm asking you because I know you better than I know anybody else on the staff."

I couldn't say a word. This was too much! All I could do was wonder how he thought he knew me when I had never met him before.

Without even giving me time to interrupt, had I been able, he started in again. "You're one of these frat men, aren't you? Well what's all this jazz about discrimination in the clauses? I thought this was a liberal-type campus."

Frat men! I started for the pipe wrench again, but he threw me off balance by grabbing my cigarette out of my shirt pocket, so all I said was, "Look, my fraternity doesn't even..."

"Bully for you! I didn't ask you about your frat. What's the story on discriminatory clauses? The editor of the Tar Heel says that there are frats on this campus that have them, and he thinks it's all right. What do you think?"

Actually, I'd never given the matter much thought at all, but I was darned if I was going to admit it to this wise-guy. So I started off cautiously, "Well, like the editorial says, the policy is set by the national chapter. And since one of the basic principles of a fraternity is selectively—admittedly not a democratic process—why shouldn't there be a discriminatory clause if everybody wants one? After all, isn't it just as much discrimination to keep a guy out for scholastic reasons?"

With almost too much patience in his voice, he replied, "Your analogy holds about as much water as a German's weekend highball. What have grades got to do with discrimination? If you're going to get ridiculous, it would be discrimination for a salesman to refuse to sell me a car for the insignificant reason that I didn't have any money. And as for the principle of selectivity, your reasoning makes about as much sense as trying to open a keg of gun-powder with a blow-torch. You just admitted that your frats like to be able to pick and choose as they please, didn't you? Talk sense, one time! How can they pick and choose when the national chapter hands down clauses that limit their right to do so?"

Now I had him, by George! "So you think that the national chapters should be required to let just anybody into the fraternity? You think you should be able to tell a private organization who it can have in its membership, do you?"

Surprisingly enough, he looked very thoughtful for a moment or two, and when he answered, it was in a much more pensive tone than he had been using. "No... I don't think that I or anyone should be able to dictate the membership of any organization. But it seems to me that's just what the nationals are doing to their local chapters. And there's still another, more practical consideration. If the national chapters don't loosen up, they stand to lose some houses on campuses that have already started to clamp down on this sort of thing. It hasn't happened here, yet, but even if it does, and your frats have to give up their discrimination in writing, you'll still have the right to blackball anybody you want to. But you boys had better be giving some serious consideration to what you're going to do if the University decides that it can't sanction any organization with such clauses."

Now I was mad. I had a cause. "Let them persecute us and try to clamp-down. We have rights. We'll tell the whole world that we're being deprived of our basic freedoms!" He just looked at me, and smiled a sort of sad little smile. And then he said, "While you're telling the whole world about your basic rights to discriminate against any group whose color, or creed, or nose-shape you don't like, be sure to holler loud enough for Pravda to hear you. They'll give you all the publicity you want."

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