

The Daily Tar Heel

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

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Eichmann: The Brand Of Cain

Nazi Colonel Adolph Eichmann, alleged murderer of six million Jews in wartime Europe, will probably face trial sometime in the near future before an Israel court. He faces the death penalty if convicted.

Some have conjectured that it would be best to give the man a short, swift, lynch trial and sentence him to death, praying for his eternal damnation. At first glance, this treatment seems only fitting for the man who was responsible for the maiming, torturing, and murder of some six million Jews—swift, sure death at the hands of the race which he and his Nazi cohorts attempted to annihilate.

Eichmann, and men like him were responsible for the mass burning of millions of human beings in furnaces designed for the purpose, and for the butchering of millions more for the "humanitarian end of advancing medical science"—living human beings were dissected or fed bacteria which produced horrible diseases. Some were put before firing squads, and their flesh boiled to make soap. Cases are recorded in which the skin of murdered Jews was used to make lamp shades, wallets, or other items.

Eichmann, no doubt, is responsible in great part for these

atrocities committed on human beings. Yet, to take his life after only a short, rigged trial is contrary to the principles of justice in which we firmly avow ourselves to believe.

To do this, without due consideration of every aspect of the case is to make a mockery of just, unbiased trial by legal means.

Adolph Eichmann has become a symbol to the people of Israel; to them he is the personification of all the pain, the sorrow, the indignation and the suffering that the Jew has borne under the bigoted tyranny of the infamous Third Reich.

Yet, to the courts of law, he must remain an individual, a man on trial for his life. Revenge has no place in a civilization dedicated to peace.

This Nazi Colonel, it seems sure, has the blood of six million on his hands, and the argument that his death is only tiny payment for these millions is one that is not without justification. And yet, to execute him without trial is no less a murder than those committed by Nazi Germany.

The brand of Cain is stamped indelibly on Eichmann's head. It should not be transferred to the long-suffering people of Israel.

Wayne King

Confusin' Season

Chapel Hill weather, with its uniquely mixed-up phenomena left many of us in a confused state of mind yesterday.

It was harder than usual to climb out of bed; the glaring steel gray sky and an autumn wind sounding through the remaining leaves led us to believe that we were in for a damp, shivering, miserable day.

Once ripped from the security of a warm bed, we shuddered from the bleak appearance of the outside world. We wiped away our sleepiness by the daily routine of deciding what to wear—finally embarking on that long, bitter walk

to class with an extra-heavy sweater under our trenchcoats.

Surprisingly enough, the dead leaves did not crunch frostily under our feet as expected; they squished. Everything had a confusing fragrance from the all-night drizzle which had succeeded in melting away the already established cold weather.

By noon we were carrying our coats, mistaking squirrels for groundhogs, and occasionally taking cover from the sudden showers of soggy leaves that poured down all day.

M. S. B.

A Tribute To Richard Nixon

Win without boasting. Lose without excuse.—Albert Payson Terhune.

Ten years ago at the tender age of eleven, we were in Pasadena, California during the famous Richard Nixon-Helen Gahagan Douglas campaign for the U.S. Senate. Since that time, through the California campaign and three national elections, we have always worked with diligence and fervor to defeat Nixon for whatever office he

sought.

Last week, the ten-year famine came to an abrupt end with Nixon's demise at the hands of Senator Kennedy. This victory brought joy to our heart, small though the margin was. Finally, there had arisen a man who could take the measure of one with whom we could never find a common ideological meeting ground.

Now for the first time has come the opportunity to praise the defeated, to in some measure lessen the degree of past criticism.

In losing, Richard Nixon has gained in stature, for he was a gracious loser. He had no alibi, no taunt for the opposition. In his meeting with Kennedy on Monday, he emerged as a big person, one who realizes that the process of democracy demands intense partisan campaigns before an election and unification following.

Richard Nixon is by no means finished as a national figure. We fervently hope he will lead the Republican Party in the next four years in constructive opposition to the policies of the Kennedy administration.

He is still able to render great service to the nation, and we hope he will continue in public life. In the hour of his defeat, we wish a man we have never liked all good fortune in his future endeavors.

Davis B. Young

Foreign Policy

By United Press International

Current unrest in Southeast Asia illustrates one of the ever-present, natural risks facing those responsible for U.S. foreign policy.

South Viet Nam President Ngo Dinh Diem apparently has weathered an army revolt against his iron-fisted regime. But the 3,000 paratroopers who rebelled and held the streets of Saigon temporarily, brought to the surface underlying unrest against his government which has been ardently supported by the United States.

In neighboring Laos, in which the United States also has a heavy stake, three factions battle for national control.

Between them, South Viet Nam and Laos have received in the neighborhood of \$2 billion in U.S. aid. Their armies have been supported, supplied and paid by the United States.

Should either or both eventually fall to communism, their loss not only would be a heavy blow to the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, of which the United States is a founding member, but would also vastly increase the dangers to the rest of Southeast Asia.

A major risk facing U.S. policy planners is the danger of damnation by association.

Thus support of an Ngo Dinh Diem for the sake of a fleeting stability in the face of militant world communism, might simply result later in his sins being visited upon the United States.

EDWARD NEAL RINER

Election Night: Hodges, Sanford, Jordan

Why didn't South Carolina go Republican last week as most polls and columnists predicted?

North Carolina's Sen. B. Everett Jordan knows why South Carolina voted in the Democratic column. Jordan explains it this way:

"A lot of people will say they're going to take poison, but when they get that poison to their mouth, they sure aren't going to go through with it."

South Carolinians said they'd prefer to take Republicanism, but when it came to voting, they just could not do it.

North Carolina might have gone Nixon-Lodge on election day. Polls placed the Tar Heel state in the "undecided" slot, but it did decide Democratic right down the line with the exception of some Republican state representatives and Rep. Charles R. Jonas of the 10th District.

But of the victory yells election night at the state Democratic headquarters in Raleigh, one rang louder: the victory yell when it was announced Democratic candidate Terry Sanford carried Lee County, Republican candidate Robert Gavin's home county.

Jordan lists three factors for the Democratic win in this state: 1. John Kennedy, Democratic standard-bearer, discussed his religion thoroughly at the beginning of his campaign; 2. former President Harry S. Truman visited Eastern Carolina to boost the party loyalty of the traditional Democratic element; 3. the work of the state Democratic Party in striving for solid support from presidential candidate down to county commissioner.

Gov. Luther H. Hodges has special praise for Truman's tour through Eastern Carolina—Raleigh, Zebulon, Wilson, Nashville and Rocky Mount—in October.

"He did a fine job of encouraging party support. He attracted attention and showed the people that the Democrats are interested in the farmers," Hodges said.

Not only did Truman give emphasis to the need to vote for Kennedy, but he helped the campaign of state Democrats—namely Sanford, Rep. Harold Cooley from Nashville and Rep. L. H. Fountain of Tarboro.

Hodges watched most of the election returns on a television set in the ballroom of the Hotel Sir Walter. Each time an announcer would report a state going for Kennedy, Hodges would smile and slap his knee.

"Ah, that's the way to go." "I knew they'd come through." "We'll carry that state." "Ah, look at that one, will you, look at that," Hodges beamed.

Even as Kennedy's win seemed certain, Hodges would not comment on the possibility of his having a post in the Kennedy administration.

"... That has never been discussed," he said seriously, but added quickly, "I said in 1950 I was dedicating the rest of my life to public service, and I still plan to do so."

However, now that Hodges has been named secretary of commerce, he might have a few problems. He has bought the Watts Hill home here in Chapel Hill and plans to move about the end of March.

"I'll just be a vagabond until then," he said, looking to Mrs. Hodges. Vagabond probably means house-hunting in Washington, D. C., but again he would not talk about his continuation of public life.

Now that the secret is out, Chapel Hillians realize they will not be seeing as much of Mr. and Mrs. Hodges as previously expected. However, Hodges will be in Chapel Hill at different times and will consider doing some guest lecturing on campus, if he is asked—"nothing regular though."

With the Hodges' family moving out of the governor's mansion

BILL MORRISON

Maidenform: Sales Are Bustin' All Records

If you happen to hear a remark like "I dreamed I won the election in my Maidenform bra," please don't look at the Messieurs Kennedy and Nixon and say, "I knew it!" What you hear is simply another plug in that unpolitical campaign for form and uplift.

Form and uplift may not directly affect the males of the world, but it has special meaning for the ladies. Ida Rosenthal, founder and chairman of Maidenform, Inc., tells us that during World War II "women workers who wore an uplift were less fatigued than others."

We learn from a recent full page spread in Time magazine, that Ida began worrying about form and uplift in 1922 when she opened a dress shop in New York City. She realized that something was usually lacking when women customers were in her dresses. (We might add, to keep the record straight, that women customers were usually in her dresses.)

The trouble was style. The women of that era were being flattered by the "boyish look." Well, Ida had other ideas, which soon led her into the realm of the great emancipators. In fact, her theme song might have been "June Is Busting Out All Over," which is fitting enough if one knows where to put the accent.

Like any success story, Ida's had its ups and downs with an average of 34-B in between. Now, her booming empire is hardly

threatened by the fact that "The U. S. woman's bosom is getting smaller." New vistas loom ahead and Ida, a true advocate of expansion, can really see a cotton lining. She plans to aid the more underdeveloped countries like England where, she frankly says, "the British woman needs a little help."

Eventually, Ida hopes to push out to Russia. Come to think of it, she might thaw the cold war. Who can tell what effect a Maidenform would have on "Mammy" Khrushchev, as she prances down those long Kremlin halls—not to mention the effect on her husband.

Sales are busting all Maiden-

form records, we're told, mainly because of the "I dreamed" advertisements. You know the type: "I dreamed I was lacking, until Maidenform gave me the backing."

Ida says, "let them go on dreaming... We have our eyes open." And thousands of panting and admiring males do too.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

Reader Backs Bowles For Cabinet

To the Editor:

Before I enter into my point of disagreement with Editor Yardley, let me say a word about those who would heap scorn upon his name and unjustly crucify him.

Many of the recent antagonistic letters to the editor have shown more personal vindictiveness than honest disagreement. These letters accuse Mr. Yardley of being wildly partisan toward politics and of having an overly exalted opinion of himself; of purposely slanting the presidential campaign news and of taking a blind, rabid stand on all issues.

Some of these letter-writers appear to have just read the first two paragraphs of the editor's story and then scribbled off a heated retort, correcting the editor's nonexistent mistake.

Writers of these letters would do well to confine themselves to commenting on what the editor said, not what they read into his words.

I disagree with the statement in a November 12 editorial, concerning President-Elect Kennedy's future Secretary of State, that Chester Bowles "does not seem to us to have the international reputation" that William Fulbright and Adlai Stevenson have, and that he does not "seem possessed of the same qualities of leadership that they so fully possess."

It is admitted that Stevenson has an international reputation outclassing either of the other two "contenders." But, politically speaking, Stevenson has little chance to get that position.

Bowles was U.S. Ambassador to

India from 1951-53; he has written extensively about foreign affairs; and he has been a member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee since his election to the House in 1958.

Bowles was Kennedy's chief advisor on foreign affairs in the recent campaign. The two men's ideas coincide much more often than would those of Kennedy and Stevenson or Kennedy and Fulbright.

Sen. Fulbright's name may be a "byword on college campuses" but it is not as well known in the countries of Asia and Africa as is that of Bowles.

Chester Bowles would make an excellent Secretary of State; in my opinion, he is a better man for that post than Sen. Fulbright.

Jim Clotfelter

Are You Insane?

Are you a special agent of God? Do you believe in the Devil and Hell?

Was your father a good man? Do you feel that no one understands you?

Do you often hear or see things that nobody else hears or sees? Do you often feel a strange lightness at the crown of your head?

Is your sex life satisfactory? These and about 555 similar questions are painfully familiar to you if you have ever been confronted with the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Test. This test is required of some students, including those in certain education courses, and seems expressly designed so that those who do not go completely insane while taking the test can be checked off as paragons of stability. It is not enough that the designers of this nasty little inquisition demand that you answer such questions; they further present you with the dilemma of answering them yes or no.

It would be nice of these people to leave a blank for comment, so that in answer to the "Nobody understands me" statement you could add "Thank Heaven!" to the "true" rather than be forced into sounding like the proverbial husband-on-the-make. And the space after the "lightness in the head" question might read "Yes, after an afternoon at the Rat" rather than a perjured "no" or a "yes" which causes them to inform you later that you showed "hypochondriac tendencies". And then there is the one which reads "I know who causes most of my trouble." If you were allowed to comment "me", the "yes" you put would not sound so paranoid.

Those of us who have suffered through this test realize that such a space for comment would be impractical, and we don't ask that it be added. But we do suggest an innovation which would allow us to indicate more precisely and honestly our reactions to many of the questions. We suggest that beside the little blank which indicates "true" and the little blank which indicates "false" the questioners add a third blank to indicate "None of your stinkin' business, Sirs."

REFLECTIONS

It is somehow a little strange to walk across campus at midnight and stare through the blackness to Franklin Street—nothing is open. The price of a king's ransom won't buy even a cup of coffee. Chapel Hill rolls up its street at such an ungodly hour.

Most people aren't out of bed before 6 p.m.—or if they are, they shouldn't be.

Last night the only shop open was Kemp's. He was pacing up and down shouting "Get 'em." He just got up—thought it was morning.

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