

The Daily Tar Heel

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

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A Great Year—Almost

Just four days ago the 1961 calendar became just another scrap of paper, rivaled only by yesterday's newspaper in its uselessness. For most Carolina students, it was ripped down joyously, with the sound of tinkling glasses forming background music.

Most of us returned to the Hill with light hearts in our breasts and dark circles under our eyes, slightly repentant for the failures of the past years but filled with solemn vows that this year, come hell or high water, will be different.

But, given a month—or perhaps two for the strong-willed—most of our iron-clad promises to ourselves will weaken, become a bit strained as they are modified, finally becoming just as old and useless as that calendar we discarded just a short time ago.

But this does not mean that progress will not be made, and that we will not grow—imperceptibly perhaps—both as individuals and as part of the assortment of people and property that we call collectively the University.

Like 1961, the new year will reveal its horde of setbacks, shocks, failures and disappointments. Hopefully, none of them will be a basketball scandal, a bond issue failure or a dormitory poisoning. But some of its revelations, surely, will be as unpleasant.

Surely? Perhaps not, for behind

every failure there is an individual, of a group of individuals, who somehow didn't succeed in guiding a particular moment toward final achievement. Failures and disappointments, like successes, are not a part of irreversible destiny. They are made by people. People who, because they didn't care enough, were ill-prepared, or were too afraid, did not exert the necessary effort to avert failure and insure success.

Thankfully, not all the news of 1961 was gloomy. The University enhanced its physical facilities, strengthened its faculty and managed to keep abreast of burgeoning enrollments.

The status of athletics was re-evaluated and strong efforts made to curb professionalism and its ill-effects.

But evaluating 1961 objectively and in perspective—if such an evaluation is possible so soon after its close—it was just another year. But to every one of us it gave experience and few of us are worse for it, although there are many who would give much to be able to live it over again using the insights we have gained to correct the errors we made.

In just 12 months, we will be pulling down another calendar, and in all likelihood, it will be just another year. But with a little more courage and effort, it can be the great one that 1961 almost was.

Almost.

Who's Off Base?

Of course, basketball fans miss the Dixie Classic. Games in Raleigh matching some of the best U. S. college teams year after year added pleasure and zest to the holiday season. For thousands of Tar Heels the tournament was entertainment deluxe. But to say that the Dixie Classic is missed is not to say that President William Friday of the Greater University of North Carolina, who decreed the death of the tournament, is an old Scrooge who has not yet learned the lesson of Christmas.

It is irritating, even disgusting to read some of the current comments of sports writers bemoaning the passing of the Dixie Classic. This comment, for instance: "... President Bill Friday was far off base with his decision. The practice of penalizing the masses for the mistakes of a few irresponsible persons certainly is not in line with the code of good sportsmanship. Yet, that's the story in essence. A few basketball players 'sinned,' but the many, many thousands of hardwood

fans around the state are the ones serving the sentence. How this can be construed as fair play is beyond us to comprehend."

The sports writer, not President Friday, is off base when he makes such an observation as this. He has not grasped the essence of the story at all. If colleges and college basketball exist simply to provide entertainment for sports enthusiasts, it is not hard to understand how some writers might conclude that President Friday was wrong in banning the Dixie Classic. But the essence of the story is the truth that colleges were not established to provide entertainment for followers of athletics. And a college or university that fulfills its primary purpose—the advancement of learning—must not be allowed to become subservient to basketball or football, nor to fans who support the games.

President Friday saw a threat to higher education in the over-emphasis of athletics. Over-emphasis led to a number of evils, the most glaring of which was scandal—the fixing of games by players who accepted bribes from gamblers. The Dixie Classic had become a symbol of over-emphasis. When the basketball scandal "struck home," involving players on teams representing institutions in the State University System, President Friday decided that drastic action was necessary to keep sports subservient to education. A symbol had to go. The "rights" of "innocent fans" were not involved really, only so if education was properly subservient to sports.

The Administration of the University acted sanely and responsibly. And the rest of us should look upon its action not without regret, perhaps, as we miss the pleasure and excitement of the Dixie Classic, but with sanity and a sense of responsibility—and with appreciation for leadership that keeps its head while too many of the rest of us are losing ours.

Smithfield Herald

The Eichmann Case: A Summing Up

One of the unsolved mysteries in the life of Adolf Eichmann is his name. In his signed confessions, published in 1960 by LIFE, he gave it as Adolf Otto. Biographers and commentators unanimously give it as Karl Adolf. Maybe it's Karl Adolf Otto.

The multiple accounts of his flight, exile, and capture all contradict each other on many points. Also, a number of myths surround the period in question. At times it has been reported that he underwent plastic surgery, that his sons kept the name Eichmann while living in exile, that his captors drugged him for the flight to Israel. The first two stories are false, the third unproven.

Early in 1961, before the trial was opened, a Jewish acquaintance told me with complete assurance that Eichmann wouldn't get capital punishment. "Eichmann won't get death," he said quietly. "He'll get a life sentence."

"How do you know?" I asked. "I know the Jewish mind, and Eichmann won't get death. He'll get life imprisonment."

But most people disagreed with this, and history proved them right. On December 11, 1961, after some four months of deliberation, the Israeli court reconvened. The verdict was a 300-page document, one hundred thousand words in length. Without preliminaries, Presiding Attorney Moshe Landau gave the essence of the report: Guilty. Guilty on all of the fifteen counts advanced. Twelve of these carried a possible death sentence.

Eichmann's face showed no expression, though he might pardonably have been stunned by the sudden blow. An NBC commentator spoke of his "iron self-control"; the description was true but accurate. It took more than a day to read the verdict. But Israel wasn't dal-

ying. On December 15 the court imposed the death sentence. Once more the defendant was emotionless, his face like the face of a statue. The NBC reporter seemed impressed by this stoical bearing; he said that Eichmann took it "calmly and bravely," words which themselves required courage from the speaker.

And now we can rationally ask ourselves what the Eichmann trial has proved. In addition to reminding us of the full magnitude of Nazi barbarism, the Israelis have brought out several other points rather conclusively.

In the first place, it appears quite certain that the annihilation of the Jews was not an overall crime of the German people. The "final solution" was effected in the utmost secrecy, probably to keep that knowledge of it from lowering public morale in wartime. Jewish observers, notably John Dornberg in the preface of his Schizophrenic Germany, have testified that the German public knew little or nothing of the crimes of the Hitler regime.

By contrast, it now seems obvious, not only that Germany's enemies well knew what Eichmann was doing, but that they didn't much care. The Royal Air Force, which bombed cities indiscriminately and at high cost, refused to bomb the death camps or the transportation routes. Jewish leaders requesting this operation were turned down, on the flimsy pretext of "technical difficulties."

Still more blatant was the treatment accorded Joel Brand, the Hungarian Jewish leader whom Eichmann approached with an offer of one million Jews in exchange for 10,000 military trucks. When Brand met with British officials to discuss the deal, they refused to listen. He was taken to Cairo and detained

there under house arrest for four and a half months. Lord Moyne, British deputy in the Middle East, commented bleakly: "A million Jews? What shall I do with a million Jews?"

Last year, testifying at the trial, Brand said that the British "just didn't want" the people Eichmann offered to swap.

If the trial was largely an effort to impress on the world, for all time, the colossal brutality of the final solution, it had only partial success. It aroused immense interest; already there are three books about Eichmann, one semi-fictional movie, and no telling how many articles. But it probably aroused very little sympathy for the victims of this holocaust. Indeed, the high-handed abduction of Eichmann and the dubious legality of the trial have stirred up a new wave of anti-Semitism. Even many Argentine Jews were annoyed by Israel's violation of their national sovereignty.

How much of this was revenge motive, and how much was a serious desire to enlighten the world, may never be known. Tuvia Friedman, in his graphically written autobiography, THE HUNTER, makes it candidly obvious that the men who traced Eichmann down were driven by revenge, and David Ben-Gurion clearly implied the same in a long letter to Argentine President Arturo Frondizi on June 9, 1960. It is also noteworthy that Eichmann was seized in Buenos Aires just two days after an extradition treaty had been concluded between Argentina and Israel.

The trial was certainly a great deal fairer than its critics had expected. If anything, it was far more objective than the Nuremberg trials, which amounted to pure lynchings. A few things marred its objectivity,

chiefly the frantic outbursts of the prosecuting attorney, Gideon Hausner, and Israel's refusal to grant safe conduct for witnesses for the defense. (Later, this refusal was set aside for two SS men, who declined to appear.)

Some of the charges against Eichmann seemed petty. It was rather a disagreeable spectacle to see the defendant arraigned for "membership in hostile organizations," principally the Gestapo. And one wonders why the charges of "crimes against humanity" and "crimes against the Jewish people" were listed as separate indictments. The last-mentioned count threw a tinge of racism on the whole proceedings.

But, for all this, the trial was generally dispassionate: the defendant was given every opportunity to explain his side of the case. Harking back to an earlier point, I would like to quote the full text of this statement, credited to an Israeli spokesman in U. S. NEWS for August 28, 1961:

"For many of us, the full evidence brought out at the trial was a clear indication that a distinction

has to be drawn between the Nazi government and the German people as a whole. It opened the eyes of a lot of us, who had gotten in the habit of thinking that the Nazis and the Germans were one and the same thing.

"Nothing in the trial tended to show that the mass of the German people knew about the mass extermination of Jews.

"In fact, the evidence tends to show that they probably did not know about it. The whole operation was carried out as a secret conspiracy by the Nazis, as though they knew they were committing a crime which they would prefer not to have people know about, either at home or abroad."

Nothing could be plainer, I humbly propose that on this score, if nowhere else, it will hereafter become the world to be silent.

And perhaps the best thing now is for everyone just to forget about Adolf Eichmann, his robotic sadism, and his sick, twisted philosophy. Our enemy is world Communism, not the defeated Third Reich; and if Israel now realizes this, more power to her.

—WADE WELLMAN

Should Journalism Students Edit DTH?

To the Editor:

As a student of the University and as a person who has had experience in several phases of Journalism, I find myself reading the DAILY TAR HEEL with considerable—and often critical—interest. A somewhat obscure item in the Dec. 1 edition, however, has me concerned with what may well be a more serious problem than the item itself indicates.

On page one of this edition, the staff appealed for additional help, noting "There are presently openings in all departments, especially news." It is indeed ironic that the most important part of this paper, the news department, is so clearly the most neglected part of the paper, which is, of course, the most important means of communication in the college community. The irony of this situation is only heightened when one realizes that the University has North Carolina's only accredited journalism school.

I understand that several years ago, an idea was presented to the student body to allow the School of Journalism to help guide the paper's news staff. The proposal was then defeated, apparently because of some unfounded fear that such help would gradually turn into administrative censorship. (Those who know the members of the faculty of the journalism school, however, can attest that there are no persons more dedicated to the idea of a "free press" than these very gentlemen.)

Yet, looking at the back issues of the TAR HEEL this year, I find that the paper is now apparently suffering from administrative control of an entirely different nature. The result of this "control," although unintentional, is that the majority of items in the paper are press releases of stories that the administration wants publicized. The TAR HEEL has no reporter assigned to cover South Building and consequently the only reports from this, the nerve-center of the university, are those given the paper. It is little wonder that the important story of what the university will do in the face of the bond issue defeat was written not by the TAR HEEL staff, but by the CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY staff. Also the trouble that the TAR HEEL had reporting the deaths in Cobb Dormitory this year is quite understandable when one considers that the paper does not have anyone checking the police department for news.

The news staff of the paper thus appears to be lacking enthusiasm and creativity, caring only to take what comes in the way of news, not looking or working for the news that could give needed insight to the college community.

The editorial page of the TAR HEEL offers quite a contrast for here one can see no signs of a lack of enthusiasm. In fact, the height of journalism appears to be being a columnist for the paper. And, daily, without fail, these young, eager moralists offer their ideas of how to right the world. To be quite honest, I do enjoy these discussions, though the issues sometimes become rather hackneyed. Yet, I cannot but feel that this emphasis on the editorial page has an extremely high price, and that price is simply the lack of

concern shown the news columns. Several times this year stories that should have been news items have been explained in the naturally biased form of the editorial page. For example, the decision to close the library stacks and the administration's reaction to criticism of the closed portion of one of the dining halls were both clearly newsworthy, yet were reported only through the editorial page.

Furthermore, the apathy toward the news content of the paper is reflected in the physical makeup of the paper itself. There is apparently little interest in creatively displaying the news items, for many stories are simply dropped under the lifeless headings: "World News Briefs, Campus Briefs, and Faculty News."

The photography is also rarely creative. CHARLOTTE OBSERVER columnist Kays Gary went so far as to question one story from the TAR HEEL after seeing a picture illustrating the story. He wondered if the French gentleman who ate in Lenoir Hall this year really enjoyed his meal. He had just seen the picture of the gentleman taken by one of the TAR HEEL's photographers.

Chapel Hill has become, to residents of this state, at least, the image of a community associated with the enthusiasm and vigor of youth. Yet the news columns of the TAR HEEL remain in stark contrast to this image and will remain thus, until we discover how to fully utilize the potential resources of this university.

Bill McAllister

Editor's Note: The above letter is a thoughtful commentary on this newspaper. At present, the paper does suffer greatly from an inadequate staff (although it must be said that we had no difficulty in covering the Cobb deaths—the police department was covered like a test—and South Building is covered, although this coverage could certainly be improved by a larger, more energetic staff) and the addition of only a few industrious reporters would be a great asset.

Also, the idea of Journalism School help in putting out the paper is already being considered. However, a marriage between the Daily Tar Heel and the Journalism School would not necessarily be a happy one, and as far as this editor is concerned, such an arrangement should not be entered into hurriedly. If the situation warrants this, however, be assured that it will be done.

Mr. McAllister, we might add, would be a welcome addition to the staff. The door is open every afternoon to him or anyone else who is sincerely interested in improving this newspaper.

About Letters

The Daily Tar Heel invites readers to use it for expressions of opinion on current topics regardless of viewpoint. Letters must be signed, contain a verifiable address, and be free of libelous material.

Brevity and legibility increase the chance of publication. Lengthy letters may be edited or omitted. Absolutely no fee will be returned.

"Sit Down, Sit Down"



Man's World It's A Short Man's World

Suppose a reliable survey found that shotgun owners fired their weapons on an average of fifteen times a year. Would manufacturers then turn out a product which could be used no more often than that?

Assume it was discovered that the typical American received eleven years education. Should colleges close down and public schools shorten their curriculum?

Anyone asked questions like these laughingly points out that averages, though useful in their own ways, are never taken as laws of design, just as informative general guides, guides to be ignored in case of exceptions.

Suppose, again, that automobile companies, having realized that the representatives U. S. male stands five feet nine inches, began to build their cars around this hypothetical buyer. Laughable? It would be were it not universally true. Drivers today over six feet tall automatically expect to be uncomfortably cramped under the wheel and bent nearly double in a fashionable back seat.

NO, GRIPING would be short-lived if inconvenience to long-legs confined itself to automobiles (and buses, trains, planes, etc.). Transportation, we concede, poses problems of space far too delicate for the lay mind's grasp. Anyway the plight of the tall man is even more severe in other indispensable areas, such as the modern home. The frame on the closet door in my apartment, for instance, hangs some four inches beneath my headline. No week is complete until I thereby crack my forehead at least twice.

Movie theaters and concert halls for an oversized man often turn out to be more evil than necessary. I sometimes wonder if John Wayne and Rock Hudson have ever seen their own shows without special chairs in the aisle.

But even these hardships could probably be borne with a smile except for that most thoughtless, notorious offender, the clothes manufacturer. While pants can eventually be altered to fit anyone (if

you're willing to forget cuffs), wearable coats have to be sorted out like Miss America contestants. Something is always wrong, usually sleeve lengths. I'm also lucky if a shirt tail remains tucked in over an hour or two. The trouble with "tail-man shops" is not fit but style. Deciding between well-fitting but double-breasted bell-bottomed serges and tightly binding Ivy League models can result in a wardrobe little short of ludicrous.

ALL THIS has led me to add a new quirk to the questionable theory that height often implies qualities of leadership. Forced to fight hard merely for space, room, and fit from adolescence on, the outsized male (or female) develops a streak of persecution-aggression which makes him no mean contender in the world of commerce, a sure success.

The only problem is: If that were true, why are short men obviously still running all the automobile, construction and clothing companies?

—TOM NEELEY

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