

The Daily Tar Heel

Member
Associated Collegiate Press

The official newspaper of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where it is published daily at the Colonial Press, Inc., except Monday's examination and vacation periods and during the official summer terms. Entered as

second class matter at the Post Office of Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: mailed \$4.00 per year, \$1.50 per quarter; delivered \$6.00 per year and \$2.25 per quarter.

Editor: Glenn Harden
Managing Editor: Bruce Melton
Business Manager: Oliver Watkins
Business Office Manager: Jim Schenck
Society Editor: Mary Nell Boddie
Sports Editor: Bill Peacock
Subscription Manager: Chase Ambler
Associate Editors: Al Perry, Beverly Baylor
Feature Editor: Walt Dear
Advertising Manager: Marie Costello
News Editor: David Buckner

News Staff: Thomas McDonald, Barbara Sue Tuttle, Clinton Andrews, June Pearson, Thomas Long, Virginia Hatcher, Betty Kirby, Jody Levey, Cayle Ruffin, Sandy Klostermeyer, David Rowe, Marion Benfield, Jim Oglesby, Joe Raff, Emmett Nesbit, Betty Ahern, Wood Sneathurst, Truman Hon, Sue Burress, Bill Scarborough, Barty Dunlop, Jerry Reese, David Buckner, Varty Buckalew, Punchy Grimes, Bob Wilson, Jim Nichols, Paul Barwick, Bob Face.

Today

The University Party has printed an explanation of the Student Party's explanation of the election. The Student Party's Student Tar Heel was delivered Sunday night. The University Party has the campus well covered with election posters. There is a loud speaker going full blast, in competition with the Y court politicians.

So elections are definitely upon us. Today, that is. And believe it or not, this election is important to you. Individually, singly, and as the student body of the University of North Carolina.

Through your student legislature come the laws under which you live while you are on this campus. Today 35 seats in that legislature will be filled.

Through your student courts come the justices or injustices meted out under the campus law. One third of those seats will be filled in today's election.

Possibly even more important are three amendments to the Student Constitution to be presented to students for ratification today. The Publications Board amendment is a weak measure, but a move in the right direction. The abolishment of Coed Senate and establishment of Women's residence Council is a long-overdue move, and deserves a hearty "yes" from students. The third amendment is to remove an unused duty from the Men's Interdormitory Council, and is largely a routine clarification of the constitution.

However you vote . . .

Vote.

The Atlanta Constitution

'De-emphasize Alumni'

Carl Spavely is coach of the football team at the University of North Carolina. His team has lost most of its games this year. Rumor predicts his dismissal at the end of the season.

A member of the athletic council in Chapel Hill declared: "When alumni support crystallizes, it forces us to do something."

Lose a game—and the alumni grumble.

Lose most of the games—and the alumni "force" the official to do something.

Anyhow, the athletic authorities in Chapel Hill are honest enough to admit who has the power, who is the boss and gives the orders in big-time football.

Reviews and Previews

Star Shows

After seeing "Fall Star Families," the Morehead Planetarium's third show of the season, I have come to realize why the presentations given there have so little appeal for the students. It is because they are not designed for that purpose. The management evidently feels that it can best justify its existence on this campus by catering to large bus loads of school children and to the ladies of Petunia Garden Circle, Number 12, and the shows have been planned accordingly. This naturally excuses their intellectually unstimulating quality, but it does not explain why they are supposed to be of educational or entertainment value to anyone else.

The current offering is largely devoted to telling bedtime stories concerning the constellations that

are visible at this time of year, complete with cute pictures superimposed over the star groups they are intended to represent. The stories themselves are not without interest, but they are narrated in a stilted, lifeless manner which is no doubt the result of too frequent repetition. Aside from the stories, the show consists of a long string of the usual Planetarium clinches, including the final "Good morning," a trade mark having the rather unfortunate effect of making one feel as if he had wasted the whole night and not just an hour.

If the tone of the shows at the Morehead Building remains the same throughout the year, I hope that the management will institute a policy of giving merit badges, or at least gold stars in our work-books, for attendance.

Riff . . .

by Joe Raff

Have you ever seen a lit cigarette falling toward your bare foot and then found your leg paralyzed? Have you ever stepped on a step that wasn't there? These are the exact sensations of a youth at a draft board. You can almost feel the hot breath of a drill sergeant on the collar of your civie sloppy-Joe sweater.

The whole process of signing up as a prospective GI is as romantic as washing out a three-week old pair of socks. With chest out and the vision of a bearded symbol of patriotism pointing his nasty finger at me and saying "I Want You!" I climbed the two flights to my local draft board and prepared to sign over my life.

I had left the Hill for the express purpose of being a good citizen, but little did I realize what a traitor I actually was. Proudly I opened the door knocking over an old lady and a hat rack. As my eyes aren't too good, I unfortunately placed my hat on the woman's outstretched palm and proceeded to apologize to the dormant clothes tree. This taken care of, I introduced myself to the secretary and began to exchange pleasant conversation with her, when in the midst of a tete-a-tete on elephant breeding, she came across my record in the files.

All had gone well, but now papers were being thrown in front of my face, accusations were hurled at family background, and I believe there was some mention made about the size and shape of my head.

It seems that I was a little short of four months late with my appointment with Uncle Sam. All the things I ever said and even some of the things I ever thought about Benedict Arnold were being directed toward my personality. One secretary was not enough, but I had to be rushed through a line of frustrated Colonels like from here to Hong Kong.

Each one of them denounced my uncouth attitude and waved a hasty finger in front of my blushing countenance warning me of what might have happened. It is very possible that my next roommate will be in Sing Sing. I could have been fined \$10,000 or vacationed ten years on the sunny shores of Alcatraz.

Silenced by this revelation, I think I remember saying I was sorry and I wouldn't do it again. This they agreed to and told me that from now on I was as close to them as the General's undies are to him—the General, of course.

I apologized again in the hope that all would be forgotten, but never was I so mistaken. As I was leaving (by way of the Colonel's Jarman's) I was handed a stack of papers knee-high to a Texan with the instructions to fill them out immediately and send them back.

Then I was told that from now till the last day I wear a tuxedo I would be watched by my draft board. Draft board—ha! It's as cold in that office as a nudist in Siberia.

I took off the week-end and filled out the forms. Now I am an official part of America's defense. All I can say to that is "Long Live the United Nations!"

Monologue

by Al Perry

Note: This is the first in a series of columns which will have no message at all, will not try to persuade or dissuade, will not advocate radical changes in sex, religion or politics, and will not, in other words, result in anything. If you don't like this example of irresponsible journalism, don't read the next one.

Light up a cigarette. Now stop and think about it. How many times a day do you smoke one? Do you realize the terrific amount of advertising which goes into the sale of one 20c pack of cigarettes? A friend of mine didn't either, that is not until he decided to start smoking, and and walked into a drugstore to buy a pack of cigarettes. And it went like this:

He walks up to the counter and says to the clerk, in what he considers a very collegiate, sophisticated college voice. "Gimme a pack of cigarettes."

The clerk makes a snappy comeback with, "What kind?" (And this friend (call him Joe) says, "What kind you got?")

"We got Luckys, Chesterfield, Philip Morris, Old Gold, Camel, Pall Mall, Herbert Tareyton, Wings, Fatima, Kool, Home Run, Parliament, English Oval, Pied-

mont, Domino, Holiday, Rum and Maple, Chocolate, Vanilla and Strawberry, not to mention the popular brands. We got the nose test, the throat test, the lung test, and 300,000 doctors whose word you can trust.

"Is your T-Zone irritated? Have you got cigarette hang-over? We got cigarettes made of the finest imported tobaccos money can buy, specially aged and blended in huge warehouses, where happy tobacco experts like E. Z. 'Speed' Riggs constantly inspect the curing processes.

"We got the cigarette that gives you a treat and not a treatment, we got the cigarette that filters the smoke, we got the cigarette that is best for folks with pneumonia, we even got Turkish cigarettes.

"We got cigarettes which are smoked by Crosby, Godfrey, and Como. Also Joe Dimaggio, Willy Hoppe and Tallulah Bankhead. Now here is what leading figures of the stage, screen, sports, and education worlds have to say about their brands."

My pal Joe is snowed under. With his year's tuition money clutched in his sweating hand, he has one last statement.

"Gimme a case of each brand, quick. I gotta class to go to."

Letters To The Editor

Madam Editor:

To The Student Body:

One thing should be straightened out today: The Student Party did not appeal the Election Board's decision on the validity of the University Party's nominations. The matter was taken to the Student Council by an individual acting on his own initiative and receiving the support of one of the members of the Elections Board. They were two of many who sorrowfully noted the Elections Board's disregarding of a very plainly written law in a revote after it had voted in recognition and accord with the law. However, the Student Party did not intend for the matter to be contested so close to an election. Those bringing the appeal, although admittedly members of the Student Party, were acting on their own, and the Party and its Chairman knew nothing of the action until after its initiation. The individual broadcasting from Steele Dorm yesterday not only was acting in a manner unbecoming one who was to sit in judgement on the matter that afternoon, but one who also had his facts mixed up.

Julian Mason
Chairman—Student Party

Madam Editor:

I want to take this opportunity to thank all the many people that have helped the University Club this year with the presentation of the pep rallies. Some I wish to thank in particular: are Chancellor House, Gordon Gray, President of the University, Athletic Director "Coach Bob" Fetzner, Head Cheerleaders Cyril Minett and Durwood "Nose" Jones, all of the cheerleaders, the University band and their director, Mr. Earl Slocum, Mrs. Kay Kyser, Mr. George Farrington, and last, but certainly far from least, Mr.

Kay Kyser. It was Mr. Kyser, that at any time we had any worries and problems about the rallies, came to the rescue and gave us many ideas, solutions, generous help and work to make possible the successful rallies that we had. The University Club at this time takes its hat off to a grand man who still is imbued with the "Carolina Spirit." Also to all others who gave so generous of their time and effort do I thank in behalf of the Club for their help.

To the Carolina student body, I wish to thank and congratulate for their efforts at keeping up the "Carolina Spirit." At times this year I thought that it was lost, but it has come back tenfold. I, myself, was overwhelmed by the spirit shown by the student body at the Notre Dame game. It can be summed up in one word; GREAT! The season this year is just about over, so all we can do is wait for next season, but let's keep the spirit high, get behind our coach, and team and really show them that we are behind them 100 percent.

Thanks again in behalf of the University Club to all those people that helped us this fall,
Duffield Smith, Jr.
President, University Club

Madam Editor:

I have been informed that I am being confused with the University Party candidate Bill Little in tomorrow's election. I would like to make it clear that I am not running for Student Legislature and that I do not endorse the University Party.

I would appreciate the publication of this statement to avoid any possible confusion at the polls.

William F. Little
President of Coaner ("B") Dormitory