

Elections And Errors

There were several examples of poor calculating and preparation on the part of the Elections Board in the fall voting just concluded. It should be noted that regardless of alphabetical order, all University Party candidates appeared over their Student Party counterparts. This is not only against all customary standards for conducting elections, but also placed the Student Party candidates at a distinct disadvantage. In the future, as in all prior elections, the names of candidates should appear on the ballot in alphabetical order.

The other major complaint was the lack of organization and continuity which prevailed as the ballots were counted. Many were tabulated, and then found to have been handled in the wrong manner. Instead of counting by districts, votes were tallied by dorms. Thus, many had to be recounted. The final results weren't known until after 3 a.m. Wednesday morning. We should have had them much earlier.

These two items should be kept in mind by the Elections Board as they now prepare for the Spring Elections.

Now There Are 575

The recent refusal of a grand jury to act on the Mack Parker lynching in Poplarville, Miss., is as criminal as the original act itself. Lynchings have taken the lives of 1,263 whites and 3,437 Negroes since 1882. Among the states there have been lynchings in forty-two—Mississippi is first with 574.

Now there are 575... with liberty and justice for all!

Do Not End It Here

If we could end all discussion of the recent Charles Van Doren case with one incisive editorial, we would not.

The "fix" scandal has raised public sentiment to a level seldom attained — perhaps higher than did the sputnik, or Hungary. And this sentiment is extremely vocal.

The case, and Van Doren's in particular, has been, and is being, discussed on all levels — from the working classes to the clergy; from store clerks to industrial leaders; and it is being discussed in all areas—wherever the programs in question were seen.

The case is also being treated in all areas, on all levels in the world and society of ideas — the realm of human thought. The discussions may range from the fixed shows themselves to last year's grand jury investigation. They may center on the findings in the recent Congressional hearings, or speculate on the inner workings of Van Doren's mind.

Wherever, and on whatever, the discussions are based, they can all be categorized under the headings "Integrity," "Honesty," "Ethics," etc. These values, ever present, have been taken for granted too long. They have even been in the attic of the American mind, but only of late have they been dusted off and placed on the mantelpiece of thought.

Tragic, yes, that it took a Van Doren to bring them out. But wonderful that at long last America has been brought to consider them.

Do not end it here. Talk, think on.

J. H.

So What?

1. The nation is at war.
2. The nation is losing the war, badly.
3. The nation must exert a vastly greater effort.

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina where it is published daily except Monday and examination periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 9, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.00 per semester, \$7.00 per year.

The Daily Tar Heel is printed by the News Inc., Carrboro, N. C.



Editor — DAVIS B. YOUNG
 Associate Editor — FRANK CROWTHER
 Night Editor — CHANDLER BRIDGES
 Editorial Asst. — M'LOU REDDEN, VIRGINIA ALDIGE
 Managing Editors — CHUCK ROSS, LARRY SMITH
 Business Manager — WALKER BLANTON

Letters

Dear Mr. Heller:

It just so happens that I am an appreciative member of Mr. Hammond's low brow audience. If in your opinion, the institutions on this campus can not stand Mr. Hammond's humorous attacks, then they surely need further criticism so that they may make the needed improvements. Furthermore, Mr. Heller, I believe that Mr. Hammond's humorous criticism must be fairly effective since some people on campus are already squealing like stuck pigs.

C. R. van de Velde

Can't Read!

I am disappointed that some people on this campus don't know how to read "Sideswipes" by Rusty Hammond. Some of the best writings in the Daily Tar Heel come out in Rusty's column. I'm not saying that is a great accomplishment by any means; but his wit has certainly brightened many a breakfast for me.

I must concede that Rusty has carried the Crowover quips too far; but when he implies that employees serve dogs in Lenoir Hall, I can't understand why his critics take him seriously. When Rusty says that student in Lenoir Hall shoot crap behind the ice cream counter for meal tickets, why do some people want to declare open season on these student helpers? Some people need to learn to cultivate laughter. Rusty's critics certainly need to learn more about satire and they need to learn to appreciate it. For some "cats" who don't "dig" Rusty, I suggest a few more healthy courses in English literature.

Tony Ponder

Dear Sir:

As the soothing mantle of night drops over me I think. Why is this, and why, and why? I am young, and am on the threshold of a promising life — productive, worthwhile. I am a college student, one of the "elite." I am the future of my country, my planet — and I hope, the Universe. So say my elders, the books, the minds of more experienced men.

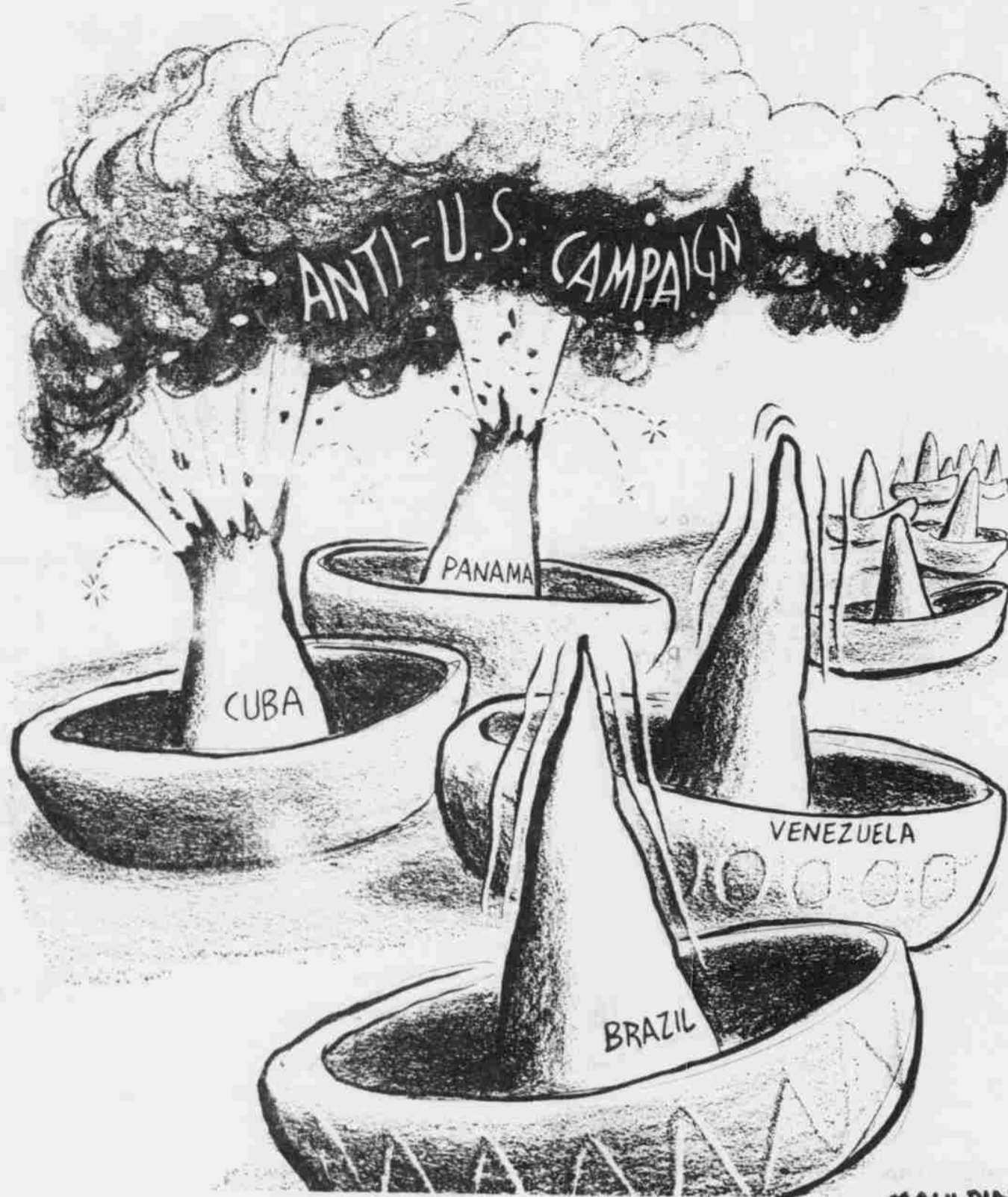
Yet I look about me and say, "What future?" We are on the threshold of the most fabulous dream of man — the conquest of space, of the Unknown. We are on the high plateau, at the very edge of it, looking down on man's control of nature. The race has taken long to crawl to the edge, I hope we don't fall off, but swing down slowly, building strength as we go. And yet — what future? We are all too possibly living out the last generation of the generations of man. Will we destroy ourselves, will man's inborn sense of competition — of not survive but conquest — kill himself? I look around the campus and think, "We will know, we will decide, on our shoulders lies the future of humanity. We and others like us. This is what will decide the future of humanity's survival. This and others like it. I shall, you shall. We who praise a man who lied to the entire world for three years. We who headline a car accident while one has to search for news of the newest satellite launching. We who elect the most powerful man on earth because of his personality rather than his abilities. We who concern ourselves with a thousand petty details yet worship Science. We who hide ourselves in and under a vast and smothering cloak of conformity and look on anyone with the courage to throw it off as a creature and an object of our curiosity. We who draw such a similar picture to that of Rome after Augustus. Yes, we who are no more than rather pitiful miscreants in the Infinite Universe must lead. Can we? May the infinite powers of infinity help us to help ourselves.

John R. Babylon

Editors: Speaking of the "male" war on campus, I'd like to add that the female of the species has an even bloodier battleground. I room with a winebarrel. Boys, do you know what it is to have a roommate come in at a black hour with red eyes, red lips, red tongue, red cheeks, and an unread mind, spitting anger all over your white bed sheets, turning your hair out by the roots, tearing up chairs? Patiently I take it because in daylight she is that sweet roommate who shares with me her mother's homemade chocolate cake, who runs uptown to do my errands, who helps this poor freshman with her homework. But at night she changes shape — becomes a wine barrel, a big wine barrel, a big burping wine barrel — and she says she hates HIM (I've never seen HIM — yet) — this is the same HIM she writes sweet letters to in the daylight.

Jane Powell Hochtman

Two More About To Blow



Herblock is away due to illness

Copyright 1959, The Pulitzer Publishing Co., St. Louis Post-Dispatch

North Carolina Politics Today

There appears to be a growing interest in this state in the coming race for governor. This reporter has done some traveling and has tried to ascertain the feeling of the people of the state in the current race between the "unannounced" candidates. I shall in later columns discuss the races for Lt. Governor, U. S. Senator, and the races for Congress.

It appears at this time that Terry Sanford has a lead in his campaign over his two largest opponents, Addison Hewlett, and John Larkins. Just how long Sanford can maintain his lead is a question which only time can answer.

Terry Sanford is a Fayetteville attorney, former state senator and also was campaign manager for W. Kerr Scott in his race for the United States Senate in 1954. He has been campaigning for this office since 1954, and that is the reason why at this time he has a slight lead over his opponents. One of the busiest politicians in North Carolina in many a year is Addison Hewlett, Speaker of the North Carolina House of Representatives. With the help of Cliff Blue he has been into almost every section of this state and reports coming to me indicate that he is being very well received.

John Larkins, former state Democratic Chairman, and currently serving as National Committeeman for North Carolina probably knows more of the politicians in this state than either of his two major opponents. By virtue of his current and former positions in the Democratic Party he has been in contact with the leaders of the party in every section of this state.

Arthur Kirkman, of High Point, is rumored to also be in the race for Governor. Just this week an announcement was in the state papers that he had asked for permission to sell his railroad, which would put a lot of money into his hands for any race he wants to enter.

Also mentioned in the grand sweepstakes for governor have been: State Treasurer Edwin Gill, State Senator Joe Eagles, Attorney General Malcolm Sewell, and Dr. I. Beverly Lake. I do not believe at this time that any of those person with the possible exception of Dr. Lake will file for Governor, although they may all try to feel out the sentiments in their behalf.

There is also talk of a second primary next year, this would occur if the top candidate failed to poll more votes than all of his opponents combined, and as of now this appears to be very likely.

The campaign will begin to get much warmer after the coming of the new year, and really promises to be one of the hottest campaigns this state has ever seen.

There have been many rumors to the effect that Larkins will not file for Governor, but I do not believe that he could withdraw sans a lot of embarrassment and a lot of "let-down" supporters.

I predict that Sanford will lead in the first primary, but that unless he and his campaign workers begin to work very hard pronto, that he may find himself in a second primary, and this may be a disaster for him.

1936 was the last time that the candidate for governor won in both the first and second primaries. The famous race of 1948 found state treasurer Charles leading the first primary, but was defeated by Agriculture Commissioner William Kerr Scott in the second primary.

If Sanford is to win he must do so in the first primary, or face a very good possibility of being one of those who ran and was not elected. His campaign appears to be lagging somewhat and this reporter remembers that Thomas Dewey thought that his election was in the bag, in 1948, but Harry S. Truman put him into the list of those who also ran.

At the recent Y.D.C. convention held in Asheville, the sentiment appeared to be for Sanford in the Eastern part of the state, while Larkins and Hewlett appeared to be ahead in the Piedmont and the Western Sections of this state.

If Hewlett or Larkins also hope to win their campaign must really get going into full orbit in a hurry, or Sanford may walk off with the first prize, without a second primary.

Pertaining to the support accorded each of these candidates, I would say that Sanford's support appears to come from the "Branch Head boys," the teachers, farmers, laborers and middle-class businessmen, while Larkins' support seems to come from the professional politicians, and Hewlett's from the amateurs, but taking a leaf from the pages of history this is the position of Adlai Stevenson, prior to his nomination for President by the National Democratic Convention in 1952.

I hope that this campaign for governor will not reach the tragic stages of several of our North Carolina campaigns, which have not been fought on the issues, but by "mud slinging," it is interesting to this reporter that those candidates who are elected by mud slinging tactics never do a damn thing once they get elected, but dig up dirt and rot on their future prospective opponents.

So gentlemen roll up your sleeves and make North Carolina proud of your campaigns, fight it on the issues and may the best man win.—D. B. S.

The Fool

We turn immediately to the sport's page while drinking coffee at 9:30 a.m. We had a nine o'clock class but thought we'd cut it. Got a C in that course anyway.

A friend comes up. He immediately becomes serious. "Think we'll beat Tennessee Saturday." "Hell, yes, we'll beat Tennessee."

In the fall every football opponent is our big enemy. We travel to Kenan Stadium five Saturdays each fall. We listen to the other games on the radio. If we're lucky we go to one or two of the away games. It is like this every fall.

We go to the library to study, but gosh! There are so many damn good-looking girls. We say to our roommate: "There's Mary. I've got to talk to her." So we yell, "Hey, Mary..."

We make C's every year, not that we couldn't make better, but you know how it is: This blast, that blast. This girl, that girl. So many good movies this year. It's so nice to sleep in the afternoons. You know how it is.

No, there is no war: Tennessee is not in town yet; Mary and I are getting along fine; got another blast Saturday night; no quizzes for two weeks. Everything's as smooth as glass. You know what I mean.

Yes, somehow Chapel Hill is big enough for us, Chapel Hill is the world. Anything that happens outside Chapel Hill is unimportant — rarely gets our attention — except maybe that W. C. gal. Now, she deserves attention, if nothing else does.

"What did you think of K's speech before the U.N.?"

"K? Well... Oh, Mr. K... Well, what can you say about him: he's just a son-of-a-bitch."

"What do you think about Russia's superiority in intercontinental ballistic missiles?"

"What superiority? Russia knows not to start anything."

"What in the Hell does that DTH editor mean by war. What war?"

"Young's a fool. But did you read Rusty Hammond's 'Side Swipes.' Hammond is really on the ball."

When Davis Young talks about a war, we laugh at first, but after awhile we become indignant. Somehow it makes us sick to read the bold type every morning, and we say, "What does he want us to do? Cry? Walk around with somber faces?"

Yes, we are losing the war. But we do not realize we are losing the war. We deny that there is a war. I wonder what it will take to convince us. We will not listen to Davis Young; we say he is a fool. Young says everything is wrong, but his words are drowned out by laughter — our laughter.

"Let's have a recall and make Hammond editor. Rusty really knows his stuff. He's not such a damned fool."

Chapel Hill is our world and everything is all right in Chapel Hill: Saturday we're going to the ballgame and beat the hell out of Tennessee. Get drunk. Get Mary drunk. Make her Saturday night. No quizzes for two weeks. Yes, everything is all right.

Cornell Holden

Book Review

Mary Stewart Baker

POEMS, by Vladimir Nabokov, Doubleday and Co., 43 pages, \$3.00.

Vladimir Nabokov, attacked viciously for obscenity in his writing and praised by such critics as Edmund Wilson as a "master of English prose," has already launched his fame through a series of widely discussed novels, among which *LOLITA* is perhaps the best known.

The Russian born writer has opened himself to further literary examination through a small volume of poetry, the content of which has appeared in the magazine, *THE NEW YORKER*, with the exception of two poems.

The problem here is whether the poetry opens the writer to examination or vulnerability. Although the recently published book is pleasant reading, attacks may be made on Nabokov as regards the depth of his meanings. The reader will perhaps make the mistake of looking for more and digging deeper than necessary. The effort will be in vain.

Nabokov is not attempting to introduce, discuss or solve the great problems of the universe (whatever they are). He rarely tackles a subject of great consequence and, if he does, his type of poetic writing fails to sink to the profound philosophical depths perhaps expected by the average reader of modern poetry.

His themes are reminiscent of those that the so-called developing intellectual mind might consider world shattering — the sort of thing that many of us have had occasion to push around in an all-night bull session.

In keeping with that grand cult of *THE NEW YORKER*, Nabokov wishes to entertain quite simply with a series of sounds pleasing to the ear, and pleasurable descriptions of things in this world which irk or satisfy him.

His ear is alert and his pen anxious to capture a mood. Through the reading of Nabokov's verse (most of which I found enjoyable), it appeared to me that he is not so much interested in what he says as much as the manner in which it is said; I must take defense here in admitting that the generalization, just made, is dangerous.

He likes to spin a good yarn (by means of the ballad), punch society in the ribs (a sneering delight is found in the poem "A Literary Dinner") and experiment in sound and rhyme.

A pleasurable poetic experience is available to the reader if the works are approached casually and appreciated for their subtle wit and *NEW YORKER* type sophistication.

Essay Contest

Subject: "What is wrong with America and what can we do to correct it?"

Requirements: All essays must be typewritten, double-spaced and signed by the author. Name, address and phone number must be included. Length: 500-1500 words.

- Prizes: There will be eight (8) prizes:
- 1st Prize — one \$25 RANCH HOUSE Steak Certificate
 - 2nd Prize — one \$15 RANCH HOUSE Steak Certificate
 - 3rd Prize — one \$10 RANCH HOUSE Steak Certificate
 - 4th through 8th Prize — one \$5 RANCH HOUSE Buffet Certificate

(These prizes have been donated by Cactus Ted's RANCH HOUSE of Chapel Hill, one of the South's most distinctive restaurants. The certificates may be redeemed as meals at the RANCH HOUSE on or before March 15, 1960.

Eligibility: All students, faculty members and employees of the Consolidated University of North Carolina and/or any member of the Chapel Hill community, excepting staff members of *The Daily Tar Heel* and RANCH HOUSE employees.

Judges: Dr. Alexander Heard, Dean of the Graduate School, UNC; Davis B. Young, Editor, *The Daily Tar Heel*; Frank H. Crowther, Associate Editor, *The Daily Tar Heel*. The decisions of these judges are final.

Deadline: All manuscripts must be received or postmarked not later than midnight, December 1, 1959. *The Daily Tar Heel* reserves the right to print any or all essays. Winners will be announced on or before December 19, 1959.

Send all essays to: Daily Tar Heel Essay Contest, Box 1080, Chapel Hill, N. C.



POGO

PEANUTS

BY KELLY

BY SCHULTZ