

Only Students

This session of the Student Legislature has drawn to a close. One of the very important pieces of legislation that was unable to be considered by our youthful lawmakers was a "resolution to obtain equal privileges in Chapel Hill theaters and restaurants for all students at the University of North Carolina."

The resolution was introduced on behalf of the Y-YWCA Human Relations Committee by Rep. Jim Growmover (SP). It cited a survey taken last spring involving 1,200 students. The question asked was "How would you feel if the Negro students at Carolina were permitted to eat at the restaurants and attend the theaters in Chapel Hill?" Of those answering, 60.1% were in favor of equal privileges, 67% were willing to sign a petition stating this, while only 13.7% were opposed in any way to such equality.

Not only is this response a gratifying sign of increased maturity on the part of the students of this University, but also presents a unified public sentiment to the citizens of this town and state. The University of North Carolina has long been opposed to second class citizenship for its students and the contributions and unpleasantness which such a situation might bring. This school is rightfully proud of its position as a pioneer among southern state universities in the creation of a healthier and more beneficial climate among the various racial groups. And now with this resolution, we have the opportunity to take another step forward in bridging the gap between Negro and white.

We have sufficient leverage to insist that the merchants of this town treat all students in like manner. Indeed, most of them are willing to do this, if convinced that students are behind such a move.

There is no such thing as a white student or a Negro student. There are only students, and as such they should be accorded equal treatment.

On The Other Side

Once upon a time a bear went over a mountain to see what he could see. All he saw was the other side of the mountain.

Another Bear has now gone over the moon to see what he could see. All he saw was the other side of the moon.

Somewhere overhead an Eagle soars complacently among the clouds, looking down at the Bear with an air of simulated scorn. But underneath his outer coat of feathers beats a heart filled with envy.

The Bear, way down below, occasionally peases, glances up at the Eagle and smirks. The Eagle reflects the smirk—even though he does not feel it.

The Bear humbers on his way. The Eagle continues to look down from his lofty position. He still has not seen the other side.

The Daily Tar Heel

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Reader's Repository

MISS UNC COED

I hope that I shall never again see a girl who's short-sighted as are thee;
I think you all seek "fraternism"
By your statements of boasting and alcoholism;
By and large if you'd all widen your view
I'm sure it would be more pleasing to you;
And if you'd knock your chips away
I know your opinions of us would sway;
But I fear all coeds at UNC
Are alike in this respect to the nth degree!

DEDICATED TO MEN

Name withheld by request
Dear Sir:

May I take this means of expressing appreciation for the superb concert I attended on your campus last Tuesday. We were surprised to see Hill Music Hall almost filled to capacity for an all-Handel program. It is apparent that Chapel Hill concertgoers support such cultural events as in few other cities of the South. Your entire community is to be congratulated.

While the Jephtha selections were interesting and well sung, and the instrumental works were capably and beautifully executed, it was the performance of your Men's Glee Club that really thrilled us. I've heard many male choruses and know fine singing when I hear it. Not only was the tone quality rich and true but the diction, the phrasing, and the attacks revealed much careful rehearsal. The director is to be commended.

Furthermore, it occurred to us that a group such as this—some 80 alert and virile young men from the foremost state university of the South—would make wonderful cultural ambassadors to foreign lands, particularly those behind the iron curtain. Have your University or state authorities considered this? This fine group was doing so much more than making music, commendable as this goal is by itself. They were demonstrating that singing can be many: they were communicating a timeless message of hope to the audience; and by their evident joy and self-discipline, devotion, and enthusiasm, they were shattering the current stereotype of the American college student. For this young men of the Glee Club are to be praised and thanked!

Very sincerely yours,
Fred O. Laxton

Editor:

After reading Mr. Lawler's article in the DAILY TAR HEEL, I felt that I should write this letter and bring out one fact which he wasn't aware of. This fact being that only a few days before Mr. Smith's condemnation of the bill providing for a Freshman Legislature, Mr. Smith signed a petition for the setting up of this legislature, thereby signifying his approval of the bill. In view of this fact, I wonder just what we are to accept as Mr. Smith's true feelings about the bill.

Robert Sherer

Dear Editor,

I subscribe to "The Daily Tar Heel" and read it thoroughly, because I have a Freshman son enrolled. The paper keeps me informed of student activities and opportunities afforded him for a good education.

I am writing this letter for two reasons: first, to congratulate you and your staff for your all-out effort in support of the recent Bond issue - you helped in a big way to put in over; Secondly, to say that I, as a parent, do not enjoy reading Mr. Crane's articles. I fear for the future of this young, unhappy man who authored "13 Steps to Christianity." Let's have no more of him.

My thanks and praise to Mr. George Stevenson for his able rebuttal "More on 13 Steps," and to Mr. Jonathan Yardley for his "Perspectives." Mr. Yardley's recent column in derision of the University and faculty is a gem.

These two men are the type I hope my "beginner" has the opportunity to know, not Mr. Crane.

Most Sincerely,
"Mama"

P. S. I withhold my name because, how do I know? My son might be shining Mr. Crane's shoes, and I'd not like to embarrass him.



Some Witchcraft

Carl Bridgers

Week before last there was a movie at the Varsity about witches, "Bell, Book and Candle." Due to the great wave of interest in witchcraft now sweeping the campus, this article is respectfully put forth.

My close-ups of witches, or rather of people who believe they are witches, are confined to two instances, one in California, the other in an isolated end-of-the-world place in the Middle East. The first was related to me by a young housewife in California, after we had been good friends for some time. One evening she met me at the door with, "The strangest thing happened to me today..."

A middle-aged couple had moved into the neighborhood, and as Chairman of the Block Committee my friend went to meet the woman. She introduced herself when the woman came to the door, and received a startling reply. The woman stared at my friend's thorax and said, "I see you have a bad heart."

She explained that she had the power to see these things because she was a witch. My friend welcomed her to the neighborhood and left.

I was intrigued by the story. My friend, by the way, had had a physical checkup a few weeks before, and the doctor had found nothing wrong with her heart; so she was not worried about the prophecy. I wanted to learn more from her about the new neighbor.

She was later able to tell me more about the "witch," who paid her frequent visits. The woman was intelligent, well-educated, a good conversationalist. She allowed no hints of her practice in her talk, except that on occasion she would comment on what the weather would be like a few days away. She frightened the children who strayed into her yard by chasing them, making strange figures with her hands and muttering imprecations. She was very interested in Eastern religion and philosophy. Some nights there would be light in the basement, where she would be doing something (unspecified) until early morning. The neighbors avoided her and her husband, who was a quiet man no one knew anything about.

I had to leave California a few weeks later, and I have heard nothing about the witch family since. A year afterward I had personal contact with a demonic person, a soul-buyer.

After the appeal of Lebanon for military aid in

1958, a number of soldiers were sent from all over the world to a solitary army post in the Middle East. In my barracks there were two men who, it soon became apparent, were tied together in a strange relationship. One expressed often his hatred and contempt for the other; the other looked after the first, taking care of his debts, seeing him to his cot when he was drunk and checking his area over before inspections. The latter, a small, clever man, had followed the tail one from one army post to another during their army service, the tall one trying to get away, the small one having his own assignment changed in order to follow. The reason for this relationship was that the small one had several months ago purchased the other's soul for \$10.

The soul-buyer was very discreet about his practices. (Of course the commanding officers must not find out.) He would not explain his reasons to us, but when he saw the opportunity he would try to buy our souls. He would come into possession of them when we died. He was selective, only going after the more intelligent men. He liked to catch them drunk, because they sold more easily then. Many sold freely; others refused on religious grounds or personal pride. There was no signed contract; there was a simple oath over a burning candle, and that was all. Some of the men tried to raise the price, but he had a flat fee of \$10 a soul.

But he always preferred the soul of his tall friend. After eight months they were sent to Europe, again to the same army post. I have not heard from them since.

There you have it: fragments of stories of two intelligent people who believed that they had powers of black magic. Both were well-educated, both were scientifically logical in other matters; yet one had a large store of hexes and an assumed clairvoyance, and the other spent large sums of money for souls which would not be his until after the death of the body. I would like to know why they believed so fully.

Most people rarely doubt that real witches cannot exist, although we have no proof one way or the other. The practices exist, though. In the United States we have among other things voodoo, snake cults, and the Black Mass. If anyone who reads this has had contact with witches or with any show of the supernatural, I would like them to get in touch with me through The Daily Tar Heel. I am personally very interested in the subject.

Harper's Bizarre

Comes now the time of Christmas Parades, Christmas Bargains, Santa Claus In Our Store All Day Saturday, Pink Christmas Trees, and Gifts For Those Who Care Enough To Send The Very Best We Have.

And with it comes "What are they doing to Christmas," and "it didn't used to be this way," and "Put Christ back into Christmas."

Part of this indignation will be on the editorial pages of various newspapers. Readers of the DTH have already seen some of it in the "Peanuts" comic strip. Artist Schulz started poking fun at the Santa Claus god back in October.

Santa Claus, as we know him, probably deserved it. But the author also saw fit to attack the tradition of caroling—"Pumpkin Carols" he called them. Now he is equating the countdown to Bee-then's birthday with that to the birth of the Christ.

Somewhere in here satire has gotten just a little out of hand. Somewhere along the line Schulz has become more infatuated with originality than with reality.

By the same token, some editorial sharpshooters will go to work on the American Christmas with a shotgun, zealously blasting hell out of commercialism and covetousness, and leaving the Christian celebration an unidentifiable corpse.

And the indignation will be expressed on the personal level by thought and word, less often by deed. Unless care is taken though, the reaction will be to the detriment of the basic concept of Christmas.

We only hope that the crusaders, public and private, can purge the temple of the money changers without scattering the group kneeling at the manger.

—J. Harper

'A Little To The Left'

Theodore Crane Jr.

A rather unexpected feature of this production was the failure of the Playmakers to focus their efforts clearly on a smaller and less demanding cast than that of Carousel, in a play by Brock Bower adapted to their acting capability with an unfortunate degree of accuracy. The play itself is poorly written and in very poor taste, and becomes a farce when attempted on stage. It is the type of drama in which even the most dedicated actor would lose enthusiasm after the second performance. Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of this play however, was the affirmative reaction of the audience to a modernized version of the image of the 'sentimental idiot', introduced sometime ago into eighteenth century drama for the sake of audience participation. The dedicated playgoers of Chapel Hill enjoyed excessively this perverted interpretation of a Broadway play, personified in the "sophisticated" blasphemy of the so-called modern comedy. If the supporters of the Playmakers theater productions would insist on performances of higher quality, they would probably get them. However, the resident audience which received this play so wholeheartedly is no more to blame than the Playmakers themselves who cater to the local tastes of the people and who profess a tradition of "folk drama".

Allen Hayward, Marilyn Zschau, and Mary Lawrence did the best they could to make something out of the tangled mass of the play, and Mr. Elston provided an exceptionally good interpretation of the stereotyped English comic figure, Harry Dilby. The music was well chosen for the production, and the stage sets were as imaginative and as well designed as one could expect anywhere. John Sneden and John Stockard consistently provide a background all out of proportion to the quality of the acting on stage, and it is unfortunate that such talent as this can have no influence over the rest of the organization.

The whole tone of the play varies between the images of Huck Finn, and Catcher in the Rye, and is the most contemporary and completely confusing "drama" imaginable. If you really want to know the truth about it, I'm crazy. I know that sounds phoney as hell, but I really am. Some man gave me a couple of tickets to a revolution or something, and when I get there, I see a stage at the end of the room. A goddamn stage for chrissake. Anyway, pretty soon this phoney from Harvard who has left school to write for the Atlantic Monthly gets out on the stage with this amazon girl who is a war correspondent jumping out of airplanes or something and they talk about Ed Sullivan and the Dean's list. Then some more people come out and talk about Lord Byron, screaming nuns and the immaculate conception or something, and it's all because of the American Banana company. Bananas for chrissake. The craziest part was when they began to use all this bad language, and the goddamn old ladies were laughing, and I didn't want to go home because my lousy parents don't understand me. I think sometimes I'm crazy. I swear to god I do. Anyway, when the whole thing was over, everybody kept saying that it was fabulous and everybody is always saying that everything is fabulous which is why there's so goddamn phoney, and if you want to know the truth about it I'm not going back to that place again. Not ever, I swear to god.

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.

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 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.

