

# Letter To Chuck Ross

An Open Letter To Chuck Ross:  
 Last spring when I took over as editor, I was faced with the problem of attempting to put out this paper with the aid of the smallest staff in the history of The Daily Tar Heel. Ron Shumate, Elliott Cooper, Frank Crowther and a few others were all that we had. I can well remember many afternoons when two or three of us would put out the entire paper by ourselves. Two weeks after I became editor I approached you and asked you if you might be interested in filling the post of managing editor three days a week, the other three to be handled by Shumate. At that time, I had no earthly idea what you could or couldn't do journalistically. I only knew that we needed help.

You were faced with the momentous task of learning all the tricks of the trade in the space of a few hours, and then stepping in immediately to fill this key job. That you have done a good job is now a matter of accepted fact. I only hope that your association with us has benefited you as much as your work has aided us.

And so on your last day with us, I take this opportunity to say thank you for a job well done. All of us have enjoyed it greatly.

Davis B. Young, Editor  
 on behalf of  
 The Daily Tar Heel Staff

# We Know It Was You

We are furious about the inexcusable miscarriage of justice which resulted in the dismissal of charges against Sally Pullen last Friday night at the annual PAD Legal Fraternity's Mock Trial.

Such blatant irresponsibility on the part of those connected with the Mock Trial is a bad example for our younger students. If Miss Pullen can go unpunished for such an unpardonable act as first degree murder, we hate to think where it will stop. Unless the Women's Honor Council will take action we are afraid that the murder will go unavenged. It was indeed a dark day for legal justice.

We know it was you, Sally Pullen, and we won't rest till you're behind bars.

# Lenoir Doth...

The following is an unknown poem, authored by an unknown writer, attacking a known problem. We invite your attention:

The other day while in Lenoir  
 And in a hungry mood  
 methoughts I heard a voice arise  
 Saying Eat No More  
 LENOIR doth murder food.

# Merry Christmas

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 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.00 per semester, \$7.00 per year.

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



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# Movie Review

"Beloved Infidel" may very well be the year's best comedy. At any rate, it's got one of the funniest single scenes of the year: F. Scott Fitzgerald (or it might be better to refer to him as Gregory Peck) is very drunk and very angry with his mistress, Sheila Graham (again, let's call her Deborah Kerr); so he runs for the revolver he keeps in his bedroom. It's not certain whether Peck wants to kill himself or Deborah (for he is a very unhappy man), but this terse and efficacious scene is a fine example of low comedy. For a moment, Deborah chases after Gregory; then Gregory pursues Deborah. Then Gregory arrives in the bedroom, but for some reason or another he can't find the gun. All the dresser drawers go on the floor. Deborah lands on the floor. She kicks, she screams, she bawls. He laughs maniacally, he yells, he pulls out more dresser drawers. By this time I was so busy trying to halt my hysterics that I forgot to notice whether or not he ever finds the gun. But neither comedian gets hurt. I know, because after that the movie goes on and on and on... The rest of it is highly disappointing. It's not nearly so funny.

"They Came to Cordura" is indeed a more serious picture. It is also a strange and unusual film. And, in view of the fact that it stars such familiar, usual personalities as Gary Cooper, Rita Hayworth, and Tab Hunter, "Cordura" is a surprisingly successful attempt at something new in Hollywood horse opera.

Actually, there is very little in the movie to place it in the horse opera class. It is, at the core, an intense study of human personality and values; and its irony is that the best of human values here are not necessarily found in the best of human personality. The movie's central character (Gary Cooper) is an American army officer during the time when, in 1916, Pancho Villa was making attacks on Texas. Cooper's sole duty is to view each important battle from afar and to select men who, in battle, have shown remarkable courage, who have lived beyond the requirements of everyday human endeavor. The story opens with an attack by the American cavalry forces on a Mexican villa where Pancho's men are taking refuge. The cavalry succeeds in taking the outpost, and Cooper has selected four men for the Medal of Honor. In order that the men might receive the medal before returning to battle and possible death, Cooper is then assigned to carry them across the border to a small town called Cordura, where the heroes will be given their reward for brave conduct. Two others are to join them: a soldier from another battle who is also to receive the medal, and an American woman accused of treason (it was her villa that the enemy was occupying).

On the way, Cooper questions each man as to what motivated him to endanger his life for the sake of others. None can give him a satisfactory answer. In fact, as the tale progresses, it becomes apparent that none of these "heroes" is consciously a hero at all—indeed, nearly every one of them is, in his own way, something far less than heroic. One (Van Hellen) is a sadistic fiend and wants anything but to return to the States, where he is wanted for murder. Another (Richard Conte) is an ignorant no-gooder who would rather be transferred to the quartermaster corps, where the going won't be so hard, than to receive any medal. A third (Tab Hunter) is a selfish, ambitious young professional soldier, who believes the honor might actually thwart his career. And so on. By the time they're well on their way, everyone wants desperately to turn back—save for Cooper, who despite everything believes that each one of these men has something in him which must be recognized. Eventually they get lost, but it becomes more a matter of whether they'll kill each other off than of whether they'll arrive at their destination or not.

The story itself is strange enough, but the execution of it by the actors and by Director Robert Rossen heightens the effect. Cooper's performance is a surprisingly sensitive one, and the rest of the cast, in particular Mr. Hellen, are all more than adequate. The camera work and color are well into the mood of the work, and the background score is noble and unobtrusive. "Cordura" has its flaws: for one thing, it is often an awfully slow-moving picture.

JACK HARGETT

# Foreign Matter



Herblock is away due to illness

MAULDIN  
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# Perspectives By Yardley

Jonathan Yardley

In the smelly, packed ballroom of a dingy Harlem hotel about 250 people gathered for three days last week to ballyhoo and rally round their party flag. Their party, once a source of terror and anxiety to all overly-conscientious Americans, is a dying force, and they are the maggots and leeches who cling to the body until all the blood and strength has been sapped out—they are the seventeenth convention of the Communist Party of the United States of America.

In 1945 there were almost 80,000 registered, or professed, Communists in the United States; today they can register their thousands of membership on two hands. The Daily Worker, party scandal-mongering paper which became famous during the latter part of the forties and the days of Joe McCarthy is defunct; the weekly Worker, its belated successor, has a circulation of less than 15,000.

The decline and fall of the American Communist party can be attributed to numerous factors. The party thrived on the depression, and banked its hopes of success on the possibility of another depression after the war. Those hopes were not realized; the American economy flourished and the basic party idea, that a capitalist society is unstable, was proven wrong. The left wing intellectuals who joined the party in the 30's in hopes of achieving Utopia began to realize that the Communist system had very little more, if not less, to offer than the capitalist ideology.

Among those intellectuals were Arthur Koestler, Ignazio Silone, Richard Wright, Ardire Gide, Louis Fischer, Stephen Spender, and Howard Fast. Though not all American, they typify the intellectuals who joined the party. Brilliant and disillusioned, they were seeking the ideal world, the Utopia which a depression-torn capitalist world did not seem to offer.

In the late forties these men erased their party connections; they had become convinced that communism was as destructive a force as man had ever invented. Six of them wrote "confessions" and collected them in a little book called *The God That Failed*. The book was an instant success, perhaps because it was such an intensely personal, revealing document.

Another force which did much to destroy communism in America was Joe McCarthy. Himself a potent force for evil, this demagogic creature preyed so mercilessly on the public, the innocent as well as the guilty, that he cowed the entire nation into a groveling submission. People were terrified of the word "communist"—not because of the implication of Russia or of totalitarianism, but because of the social ostracization it implied. Only the nerveless and daring remained in the party, and its fringe element, which it desperately needed for existence, died off, crushed into dark corners by the sweeping hand of America's omnipotent "force of good."

Further decreases were brought about by the great amount of anti-communist feeling which came into being with the invasion of China, the constant rumors of purges and liquidations in the Soviet Union, and the fear of communist aggression at home or on allied soil.

The Communist Party is not a political force in this country; it probably has little influence in government, underground or open. It is a collection of men, most of them rather old and tired now, who still cling to the doctrines of Marx and Engels. They are not interested in espionage or subterfuge; they are interested in a new America. Because they are not interested in the same new America that we are does not give us the right to suppress and penalize them for their beliefs. The Senate Un-American Activities Committee and all the other zealously militant organizations that continue to persecute the innocently idealistic Communists are hurting America more than they are helping. They are giving us a reputation for suppression of free thought.

None of us may agree with the Communist doctrine, but our nation was founded on a principle of fair-mindedness that grants the minority the right to free speech. We should have the confidence in our system that tells us we will survive above and beyond criticism. When we allow that criticism to come not only from within our own ideology but from within another, we will be by that very act asserting the strength of democracy.

# Fabian Forever-II

Miles Gillespie  
 We went to the Animal Fair and the animals sure were there. They romped and they stomped. They chewed and they chomped. At the Fabian Animal Fair.

There were about four thousand animals at the Fabian Fair Monday night, and they put on a barnyard show which would have made old MacDonald turn over in his grave. It was an all-star (more or less) show that featured a number of big (more or less) names, but the real attraction was the audience itself.

The Daily Tar Heel, using its usual ingenuity, persuaded the producers of the "Live Fabian Show" to send over a few tickets in exchange for a little mention of the show, and so, ducks securely in hand, we marched full force to the Greensboro Coliseum in search of entertainment. The fun, however, came from the least expected places.

The Zodiacs opened the show with a few rompin' stompin' numbers to unlimber the audience, and then turned the stage over to a plethora of minor artists such as the Delicados, the Casuals, the Browns, the Fleetwoods, Floyd Robinson, Tommy Lee, and some character who sang a song called "Ski King" but we didn't catch his name.

As the show progressed, the audience, which had started with a burst of enthusiasm, fell into a hush of tense anticipation. Obviously something was about to happen. Little girls, many of them chubby, began to cluster around the stage door, awaiting the advent.

When he came on stage, the ceiling gracefully resigned itself to its fate and lofted gently skyward. The floor sunk a few inches. The walls expanded. At least three thousand fat little girls unleashed their unearthly vocal abilities and gave vent to the most hair raising screams Greensboro had ever known.

Most of these little ladies, who probably averaged something like fifteen years of age, committed themselves to their idol with a sort of enthusiastic resignation, but the chubby little lady in front of us was experiencing something that cannot be captured in writing.

It must have been her day of release from hours of torment; huddled in front of her record player she must have dreamed for weeks of his coming. And when he came, she was ready. The cries seem to arise out of the depths of her soul. They were blood-curdling, terrifying—but awfully funny.

As the performer brought his act to a crescendo, the little girls rose with him. They screamed and shouted, and when he jumped off the platform and headed for the audience a number of them could be seen in agonies of pleasure that we found hard, needless, to say, to comprehend.

The fact that the young man could not sing did not seem to bother them. He was There - In Greensboro! And that was all they cared about. As they say in the vernacular, he gassed them. When he left the auditorium, a hush fell over the assemblage. Some rushed toward the stage door in hopes of detaining their idol for a moment of reverent rapport, but they were to be denied. The strong arm of the law, dedicated to the preservation of human (or inhuman) life and limb prevented them. They went home, disappointed, but satisfied.

Fabian? Ugh.

# Letters

Mr. Hastings is not a student on this campus, but an employee of the Hastings Furniture Company in Reidsville, N. C. —Editor

To Mr. Paul D. Hastings:  
 I should hope, for your sake, that you are not as pathetically ignorant as your disgusting letter to Mr. Young would lead its readers to believe. You may, however, be assured to know that you did manage to convince me of one thing: that you are wasting the most important years of your life at one of the best "so-called (as you called them) institutions of higher learning." When you go home to Reidsville for the holiday season, why not stay?

In your letter, you firmly stated that the Messrs. Cohen and Young would spend eternity in the fires of Hell. I didn't know that there were any real prophets in existence today. I have heard that there is, on campus, a beatnik who thinks he is Jesus Christ. Why don't you two get together, hire Memorial Hall, and try to lead all the lost souls on campus into the "paths of righteousness?"

Hastings, you have (either through emasculated rhetoric, sheer ignorance, or conscious blasphemy) placed yourself into the ranks of Isaiah and Jesus Christ. They could prophesy; I, myself, doubt that you can. If you do wish, however, to continue to seek fame as a prophet, try to learn something about the English language. May I suggest that you ask your English instructor to comment on adverbial modifiers at the next meeting. All prophets should be well-spoken! You're a disgrace!

Merry Christmas, Mr. Hastings.

E. D. Montgomery Jr.

Editor of the Daily Tar Heel:  
 Mr. Richard Pierce's vague, rhetorically hysterical, pitifully pseudo-satirical reply to my recent comments in the "Reader's Repository" is its own undoing.

For daring to suggest that Editor Young's "What About This" campaign and its allied teapot-tempest cruades are out of perspective, I have been condemned by Mr. Pierce as a selfish egoist, spokesman for the "ignorant, complacent, and hypocritical," and friend of social climbers, thieves, birds in the trees, and propagandists.

Inorant of what? Complacent to what? Hypocritical — how? Mr. Pierce neglects to inform me. Since I (and apparently the rest of the reasonably sane population) am in dire need of salvation of the type Mr. Pierce has to offer (whatever it is), I could, in the least, expect him to descend from his pinnacle of personal vituperation, self-righteousness, farflown metaphor, pseudo-satire, and ambiguously-directed zealotry, long enough to tell me exactly what he proposed to save me from. (If he knows.)

In short, Mr. Pierce's letter exemplifies eloquently the impotent, misdirected, purposeless, perpetually-frenzied condemnation and crisis-cry produced by the type of thinking it seeks to defend.

My thinking, says Mr. Pierce, would not appeal to the "angry young people of America in this twentieth century." To the 95 per cent of what Mr. Pierce considers the ignorant, complacent, and hypocritical of my fellow students, I would say, "I'm not angry, are you?"

Perhaps we would all be happier if Mr. Pierce and his sympathizers would calm down long enough to find out just exactly what it is they're excited about.

Clyde Wilson

Dear Sir:  
 Sometimes I feel that there is no hope for mankind. When I see supposedly intelligent human beings making fun of a valuable constituent of our armed forces such as our ROTC units, I begin to form some very serious doubts.

I suppose this weird type of individual has always been around. Perhaps he is generally unsuccessful in life and feels that he must ridicule something. Maybe he is jealous of men in uniform. Maybe he is just stupid.

There is no need to expound upon the merits of the ROTC. Most people realize that it is a very valuable source of officers for our armed services and that its program is most important in that it is training our nation's military leaders. Maybe some people are unable to comprehend this "big picture."

It is possible that these people are just doing some friendly kidding. If this is true I apologize. Nevertheless, when I see people making fun of the ROTC I can shut my eyes and see those same Alfred E. Neuman-like faces standing on the docks in 1492 pointing and jeering at Columbus as he sailed out of the harbor.

Joe McDonald

Dear Mr. Young:  
 Why the article "The Fool" appeared in the Friday, Nov. 20 edition of The Tar Heel is certainly a mystery to yours truly. It must take a fool to write such gobble-de-zook. It must take a fool to allow same to be printed. One thing is for sure, it takes a fool like me to waste time writing to you; but it's too late to back out now.

Davis, you seem to have a desire to awaken the UNC campus to the seriousness of the time. But do you? Why of course you do. For weeks now you were so nice as to remind us of the "cold war" with your cute little three-part outline entitled "What About This?" But enough's enough. Now you have come up with the naughty title, "So What?" You defeat your purpose. You even strengthen the I-don't-give-a-damn notion so evident here today by the continued printing of "So What?" and more so by allowing such hogwash as "The Fool" to reach the UNC public. Such articles make for good conversation and many a laugh but should be left in the street. I say SHAME Davis Young and Cornell Holden and taking one of Rusty Hammond's Side Swipes, "you can go to hell too."

ANOTHER FOOL  
Maurice McDonald

