

The Daily Tar Heel

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

THE DAILY TAR HEEL is the official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina. Richard Overstreet, Chairman.

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Theatre Picketing Is Resumed— A Time For Community Action

Last night picketing was resumed at the Carolina Theatre and began, for the first time this year, at the Varsity Theatre. No terminating date has been set for this action; it is presumed that it will continue until the managements relent or until the pickets get too tired and frustrated to carry on.

Chapel Hill has a chance now to show its true color as a community. The myth of liberalism that has so long hung over this quiet little town will, in the next few weeks, be either substantiated or shattered. Only the citizens will have the power to control the direction of the decision.

The two motion picture theatres control almost all of our entertainment, and the managers know this only too well. Except for television or an occasional Graham Memorial offering, every Chapel Hillian relies for his relaxation on the splotchy offerings dished out by the cinemas.

We will be interested to see how many of Chapel Hill's "liberals" will respond to the Negro cause by refusing to attend the theatres until the "closed door" policy has

been lifted. We will note with interest how many are concerned more with their entertainment than with the right of all to be entertained, whether their skin is white, black, yellow or any other shade.

The managers of the two theatres are forcing an injustice upon citizens of Chapel Hill. They are, to be sure, partially victims of chain management, but they have shown no desire to press the community's case. The manager of the Carolina Theatre has voiced, time and again a limp, unsubstantiated fear that he will lose his business if he integrates. The manager of the Varsity Theatre has been more receptive but has usually been "unavailable for comment."

If there is any courage in Chapel Hill it will be shown by the citizens who let their consciences hold sway over their less vital desires. If there is intolerance in Chapel Hill, it will be shown by the citizens who hoot at the pickets and continue to patronize the theatres. A community choice is involved in this unfortunate situation. How will the community choose?

An Important Statement Of Policy

In less than a month the annual battle will be underway. The Student Party, the University Party and a few assorted odds and ends will project their personalities and points of view into every nook and cranny of the campus.

Fraternities and sororities, organizations which are usually rather lethargic in character, will suddenly spring into action to see that the star pledges get elected to the honor council and the student council and that the biggest cat in the frat gets chosen class president.

Spring elections, in short, are just around the corner, and with them the usual amount of problems. *The Daily Tar Heel* faces a number of these problems, and it is to them that we direct our attention in this statement of policy.

In the past it has not been the policy of this newspaper to endorse candidates for student offices; why, we do not know nor care to guess. At any rate, for this year that policy will be abandoned. We will endorse candidates, in this column, for president of the student body, vice president, secretary, treasurer

and editor of *The Daily Tar Heel*. Before making endorsements we will talk with each candidate and attempt to arrive at a fair decision in each case.

In no way are we attempting to suggest that our word is law or that, in the final analysis, our choices will be the best choices. We merely conceive of our job as demanding such public statements. The editorial page will be open, as usual, to discussion of every point of view. No attempt is being made to add to a candidate's status through editorial endorsement; any status thus derived would be of a specious nature.

We will meet with all candidates to discuss equitable means of disseminating campaign news on an equal basis in the news pages of *The Daily Tar Heel*, and will make every effort during the campaign to see that news stories are objective and fair. What is said in this newspaper on the editorial page is not said on the first, third or fourth pages.

At all times we will welcome student discussion, and will be glad to discuss matters of campaign publicity with candidates or their campaign managers. A campaign is news—big news. We intend to treat it as such, and hope to have the cooperation of every person involved.

We believe that the failure of past editors to endorse candidates for the editorship has weakened the newspaper and in some circumstances has led to the election of unqualified students. It is our belief that our observations in this office over the past year and our acquaintance with the possible candidates qualifies us to speak out with objectivity on each.

A candidate for the editorship of *The Daily Tar Heel* will be endorsed in these columns. Other candidates will have ample space on this page to state their views.

"Coalition? What Coalition?"



Sam W. Howie

The Struggle Continued—On A Battlefield Somewhere

The little boy came when he was called. He ran into the kitchen for supper all fresh and scrubbed and hungry. But his father noticed that the boy wasn't the same happy and energetic kid he usually was on a Friday evening, when school was out for the week-end. There was something on his mind. His father didn't say anything though because, knowing his son's insatiable curiosity, it was bound to come up sooner or later.

They were eating now. The food was good and warm and welcome. Then it came, as the father had known it would.

"Daddy, are we going to have a war?" said the boy.

The question hit the father like a hard-thrown rock. "Why do you ask, son?" he said, trying to cover up his surprise at the question.

"Well, Bobby said today at school that his father said that we will be at war with Russia or China or Cuba in a few more weeks," the boy said. "Will we?"

"Well, it's hard to say, son," said the man, knowing immediately from the look on his son's face how empty that answer was.

"How come we have wars anyway?" the boy went on. "All I ever heard about them is that they just get a bunch of people

killed and they don't really settle anything. Why don't everybody know that the Bible says that we ain't supposed to fight and everybody is supposed to be buddies?"

"Well, that's hard to say too," said the man, knowing again from his son's face how empty that answer was also.

How in the hell as I supposed to answer the kid? thought the father. What do you say in the face of such childhood innocence? How do I tell him that war might indeed come and there might be atomic weapons used and millions of people might be killed and we might lose to the Russians and the whole world might even be blown up?

How do I tell him that he might be out on a battlefield himself someday with a gun in his hand, taught to kill his "buddies"? the man thought. How do I tell him that someday he might lie on the ground somewhere in the world with his body torn and mutilated and lifeless?

That last thought brought a hard lump to the man's throat. He looked at his son sitting there—innocent. He remembered when the boy was born and all the plans he had for him—high school, college, even law or med school if the boy wanted it. He remembered he had given the

boy his first bicycle and how he had fallen again and again but stuck to it until he had learned how to ride it. He remembered when he had taken the boy on his first hunting trip, when the fall woods were bright with color and melting frost. He remembered how the first covey of quail had jumped up with a roar and left the boy standing there with a look of utter dismay on his face, and how, when the next covey had jumped up, the boy had killed one.

The boy's voice brought him back to reality. "You won't let them have a war, will you, daddy?"

"No, I'll try not to," he said blankly.

The lump in the man's throat

Susan Lewis

Missing Smile

Someone should teach the world how to smile. It's been a long time since this world smiled a real, mile. Eisenhower has smiled warmly; trying to convey an optimism which isn't there. Krushchev has smiled greedily, unable to conceal his ambitions. Castro has smiled cruelly, thinking of the way he seized control of Cuba. There have been others: Churchill's smile of dogged determination, Hitler's smile of hate, Kennedy's smile of calculated charm, De Gaulle's smile of strain, Nixon's smile of forced cheer, Dr. Tom Dooley's smile of pained courage and Marilyn Monroe's smile of studied sex.

Maybe the world smiles as it does because it is disillusioned. It has hoped for so much and accomplished so little. Perhaps it smiles that sad way because its wounds hurt too much—the old scars of Hiroshima, Berlin, Hungary, Korea, and the festering sores of Little Rock, Havana, Leopoldville, Vientiane, Algiers, Saigon and Taipei. Maybe the world has just forgotten how to smile.

This world is old and battered. It has seen war, heartbreak, disease and death. It has watched brother rise against brother and nation against nation. It has known prejudice, hypocrisy, greed, complacency, ignorance, immorality, treachery, brutality and hatred. It has had too much fear and not enough love; too much intolerance and not enough understanding; too much doubt and not enough hope. It has forgotten that there is more to life than these ills, that goodness and hope still exist.

But the world should rise above these failures and look to the future with faith. And its smile would be a badge of trust.

Valkyries In Action

The Invasion From Mars

"Hey, listen. Do you hear some kinda weird noise?"

"No, I don't hear anything. Whatta matter, you crazy or somethin'?"

"No kiddin'. Listen, Pete, there's some kinda gosh awful sound outside."

"Oh look, wouldya relax? Man, you really kill me. Anything to keep from studying."

"I'm not kidding—I REALLY do hear somethin'. Put down your book and listen!"

"Oh shut up and study. Jeez. Quiz comin' up day after tomorrow and you sit there screamin' about some fool noise. Last night it was your ear. Thought you had something in your damn ear. Look, if you don't wanna study, get outa here and leave me alone."

"O.K., Pete, O.K. I mean you can't persecute a guy just 'cause he hears a noise and wonders what it is. LISTEN! There it is again—you heard it didn'tcha—you heard it this time, Pete boy!"

"Yeah, yeah, I do hear it now." "What do you think it is, Pete?"

"I dunno. Sounds kinda like a fire bell, or air raid warning or something."

"AN AIR RAID! Pete man, this might be the end, an invasion or somethin'. Look, you grab everything from here in the room while I go call my folks and say goodbye. AN AIR RAID! Pete, this is probably World War III, maybe. Or the Russians. Or some fool people from Mars or some-

thin'. Get up, Pete! Do some-

thin' quick!" "Wait a minute, man. Take it easy; let's don't do anything crazy. Let's just find out what it is before we do anything."

"Hey listen, Pete, it's coming closer. Hey, Pete, it sounds like it's right outside the window! Right here on Franklin St. Man! Wonder why they picked Chapel Hill to hit first? Reekon they're trying to bump off some professors or something?"

"Sure. Sure, professors. Whew. You make me sick. Why don't you just go to the window and see who's kicking up all the fuss? I mean if it's a panty raid we don't want to miss it."

"Are you kidding me? Go to the window, and get my head blown off by some lousy Russian? Hey, Pete, don't look at me that way. I'm no coward. It's just... well, O.K., O.K., I'm going already."

"Hey, Pete." "Yeah."

"You're not gonna believe this, Pete."

"What'sa matter?"

"Pete, there are some monsters outside."

"Monsters! Christ. What a way to spend an evening."

"Waita minute... waita minute... they're not monsters. They're people, Pete, real people. In some kinda black costumes with hoods! Hey—it's probably the Ku Klux Klan. I betcha they're gonna burn a cross right here in front of the dorm!"

"Man, you are so ignorant, sometimes I wonder how you even exist. The K.K.K. wears white robes—not black ones."

"Pete!"

"What is it this time?"

"They're going into that sorority house across the street!"

"So?"

"So get your coat on quick!"

"Are you outta your mind? What for?"

"To go over and protect all those females! They may be in mortal danger! We gotta rush over and save 'em!"

"Oh egad. Move. Let me take a look out the window."

"What's wrong, Pete? What's gotten into you? What's so damn funny? PETE!! For crying out loud, whadda you laughin' so hard about when all those girls are about to get attacked?"

"Attacked? Somebody's going to get tapped! You know, tapped into Valkyries. Boy are you fruity. Invasion! Ha! It's the Valkyries!"

"Valkyries? Valkyries? Never heard of 'em."

"Oh look. How long have you been in this university? The Valkyries is that honor thing for girls. You know, service and all that kind of thing. Now wouldya please sit the hell down and study!"

"O.K., O.K., so I'm studying. So a fella can make an honest mistake once in his lifetime can't he?"

"Pete."

"W H A T ! ? !"

"I'm thirsty. Let's go down to the Tempo for a beer."

"I give up. I just... give up! ... O.K., get your coat... Let's go."

Marcel O'Dell

Chapel Hill After Dark

With Davis B. Young

(Mr. Young's column — "After Dark"—will become a daily feature from Tuesday through Saturday for the rest of the year. We welcome his regular return to the editorial page. Ed.)

Throughout the course of last semester, students continually barraged me with requests, complaints, comments and other thoughts about this paper. My response was always the same, "go talk to Jon, Mary Stewart, Wayne or somebody working up there. I don't know what's going on."

There were a number of reasons for my absence from this page, a schedule featuring classes every afternoon, perhaps the most unattractive conglomeration of courses I've ever had, etc. The big reason, however, was that I was "talked out." I just didn't have anything I wanted to say. I needed to regroup my forces, look around at the Chapel Hill world, and re-define what is important.

With this accomplished, and my General College language re-

quirement finally completed after seven semesters, I return to upset your breakfast with new crusades, liberal thought and radical ideas.

So reader, beware! After I've mastered the technique of a daily column, we might all have some fun.

Kemp, the Franklin St. Frenchman, is again running his annual sale. For purposes of definition, an annual sale is one which lasts for a year. This time it's under the guise of a "Big Snow Party." Says Kemp, "THE DEEPER THE SNOW, THE DEEPER THE CUT IN PRICES."

His Spring sale will be built around the slogan, "AS THE RIVERS THAW, SO DO OUR PRICES," his summer sale, "AS THE SUN GOES DOWN, OUR PRICES GO WITH IT," and his fall sale, "AS THE LEAVES FALL, OUR PRICES DROP TOO."

Tell ya what Kemp, I'll flip you double or nothing on nine Beethoven symphonies.

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