

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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More On The Merchants Association; Kemp's And The Dairy Bar Speak Out

The refusal of the Merchants Association to allow the Campus Chest Auction Committee to solicit contributions from local businesses does not seem to have aroused much negative comment among the proprietors of those establishments. If this is the case, we gather that the town of Chapel Hill approves of the decision as stated.

Are we to believe that Chapel Hill merchants did their good deed for the year when they plied freshmen with worthless gifts in Orientation Week's "Merchants Day"? Do the crusty old stalwarts who rake in their dues from the local merchants every year think this is sufficient?

"Merchants Day" is nothing more than a thinly disguised means of duping unsuspecting freshmen into believing that the merchants are their undying friends and benefactors; yet this latest action lends considerable doubt to that supposition. The throwaway pencils and blotters generously handed out in the folksy little booth on Franklin Street are merely come-ons urging large charge accounts and regular business.

We suggest that the notion that Chapel Hill merchants have a stranglehold on student business has all the potential of being a myth; there are stores every bit as good if not better in Durham, Raleigh, Greensboro and Charlotte. Mail order departments in New York, Washington, Philadelphia and Chicago are more than willing to assume the burden of disposing of our extra cash for us. There is nothing so secure about Chapel Hill's business life that it cannot afford to pay occasional homage to the people that have made it possible—the students. We do not intend to be self-righteous about our importance to the local economy, and we do not intend to be selfish or pig-headed. We do, however, intend to see that we are

respected instead of trampled upon, and that our business is treated with politeness, not the rude matter-of-factness that we have come to associate with so many of the local entrepreneurs and their establishments.

There are at least two merchants in Chapel Hill who do not hold to the above stated views, and who are not happy about the attempts of the Merchants Association to interfere in their private affairs.

Kemp Battle Nye, proprietor of Kemp's Record Shop, is a man who likes to walk his own path and mind his own business. This letter, which we received yesterday, bears out that fact:

To the Editor:

Kemp's will be most happy to donate merchandise for the Campus Chest Auction. We regret that the Merchants Association has voiced their negative opinion without consulting the businesses of Chapel Hill.

Sincerely,
Kemp

Later yesterday afternoon, we received a phone call from Frank Ambrosio, Kemp's next door neighbor and proprietor of the Dairy Bar. "I certainly am going to contribute to the auction," he said. "Students are my bread and butter and I'm strictly behind them. This Association decision was as unfair as it could be."

Two merchants have spoken out against the ruling of the Association. That they spoke so quickly may indicate why they are so popular with their student customers. They are exercising not only courage but also good business sense. You don't take a man's money and then slap him in the face.

Will the rest of Franklin Street follow their lead? We will be very interested to see.

A Chance To Say 'Thanks'

Today the students and townspeople of Chapel Hill are being given a chance to say "thank you" to a man who has given them a great deal in many ways.

The man, of course, is Frank McGuire. The occasion is the joint pep rally being held this afternoon in Woolen Gymnasium. The reasons for attending are manifold. Frank McGuire is one of the few

collegiate basketball coaches who is renowned for treating his players as human beings. The kindness and consideration he has shown them are legendary.

His interest in good sportsmanship has been demonstrated time and again not only by the many times he has requested U.N.C. crowds to contain themselves but also by the very manner in which he conducts himself as a public personality.

His ability as a coach is unquestioned. Perhaps there is no man in this country better equipped to guide the fortunes of a basketball team. The outstanding records of the teams he has coached here are testimony to his capabilities.

His reserved, gentlemanly conduct has time and again been a source of pride for the entire University community. The manner in which he conducts himself on and off the court reflects with great credit upon all of us.

Now we must give him, at least in part, our thanks. The rally is a good idea, and has been well planned. We hope that every student who can be in Woolen Gymnasium this afternoon will come to express his personal thanks to a fine Chapel Hillian.

"This Little Kid's Got A Big Guy With Him"



HERBLOCK
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Laurie Holder

Drill, Drill Goes Doctor Jones' — It Sez In The Book

Among things that I really detest—Richard Nixon, State College, Barry Goldwater, and the Ku Klux Klan—I must list something that you're all familiar with: Going to the dentist.

Going to the dentist is especially bad if you have to wait for your turn in a room filled with terrified tots. The little ones can cry, fling fits, and do all sorts of natural things to let off steam, but you can't relieve your tensions that way if you're over twenty. All you can do is sit and wring your clammy hands and stop up your ears and hope for the best.

I was chewing my fingernails in my dentist's waiting room this week when I walked a trouser-clad young suburbanite with her three boys. All of them were more or less the same age—about

eight or nine. I got ready for the whining and the pouting . . . but nothing happened. True, the boys looked a little skeptical, but certainly not scared. One of them spoke up.

"Mommy," he toothed at her, "you promised to read us a story."

"Yes, darling," she said, as she searched her handbag. "Here it is." Her boys gathered around her. She started to read.

It was one of those kiddies' educational story books. It was called, of all things, "A Trip to the Dentist." God, I thought, what a way to torture a helpless child!

Their mommy read very distinctly so I could hear every word. "Nurse Turner laid out the pretty steel picks on the clean porcelain shelf so Doctor Jones

could start to work," went the book.

"He explained to Johnny that he had to use the drill so he could grind out the decayed part of the tooth. 'What's that air hose for, Doctor Jones?' asked Johnny. 'That dries off your tooth, Johnny,' said Doctor Jones, 'so I can tell what part is decayed.'"

And on and on this she-devil went, with her tale of good old Doctor Jones and Nurse Turner and their pretty picks and drills and fillings and air hoses and things like that.

Then came what I consider a classic example of understatement:

"WHIRR! WHIRR! went the drill."

Now as far as I'm concerned, that's about like saying "SIZZLE! SIZZLE! went the electric

chair" or "BOOM! BOOM! went the atomic bomb" or "CRUMBLE! CRUMBLE! went the earthquake."

Soon it was time for me to go on in and get my preliminary shot of novocain.

CRACK! CRACK! went the dentist's pick in my poor molar. HISS! HISS! went his trusty little air hose.

WHIRR! WHIRR! went his never-failing drill. AIEEEE! MORE NOVOCAIN! went I.

And so on. I'm a real challenge in the dentist's chair. The yellow streak up my back lights up like neon when his gleaming drill starts to go WHIRR! WHIRR!

But at least I know what to expect when I go. I know it's not going to be any picnic. Can you imagine what a brutal shock those kids were in for after their mommy fed them all that crap about sweet Nurse Turner and lovable Doc Jones and all the pretty instruments of torture?

These little educational books are going to make our country a nation full of unsuspecting, disillusioned idealists if we don't watch out. And what we currently need are hardboiled realists who know what's coming off.

Let's do something about these juvenile propaganda items. We can start off by picketing all the stores that sell them.

Letters to the Editor:

McGuire, Americanism... Merit Comment

To The Editor:

Throughout the year we have read your editorials closely—sometimes in agreement, sometimes not—but always in admiration of a man who will state his honestly formed convictions touching on sensitive and important issues. By now you are familiar with the storm of opposition which greets all men who dare to speak their mind in a delicate situation. This experience, we hope, will prompt you to support another man of courage and principle who, after deporting himself perfectly through the most trying period of his coaching career, has been pushed to the limit of his patience and has spoken out in just anger against the attackers of his own good name and that of the University.

We, of course, refer to our head basketball coach, Mr. Frank McGuire. There are some who attack him as a hothead who speaks before he thinks. There are others among our own ranks who feel that even though he is right, he should remain silent. Well, there are many here at Carolina who disagree with both these views and are tired of remaining silent.

Mr. McGuire is an intelligent man—much too intelligent to either make false accusations against such high officials as Mr. Weaver and Mr. Cameron or to be unaware of the storm of controversy which his statement would arouse. He felt that this last in a long line of incidents (the little donnybrook in Durham Feb. 4) and the resulting penalties, was just too great an injustice to stand unchallenged. He felt, and there are many of us who agree, that silence would imply not only serious guilt where it did not exist, but per-

haps even cowardice. Frank McGuire felt that his ballplayers and his school, as well as himself, had been forced into a position where further retreat was impossible.

Many will disagree—that is their prerogative. The easiest thing for Mr. McGuire to have done would have been to follow present University policy of "noble submission." He chose rather to speak "as a man who will put his record as a coach, as a man, and as a gentleman against anybody's (Charlotte Observer). This was the difficult course—taken not by a hothead, but by a highly intelligent, thoughtful man. We are tired of seeing Frank McGuire and Carolina abused by newspaper writers with half the facts and prejudiced views. We hope that you will join us in our support of Mr. McGuire.

John Kelleher
John Connolly
Bob Moore
Bill Brake

To The Editor:

Concerning Mr. Pace's letter to the Editor of Feb. 19, in which he expressed disagreement with my own "Unpopular Reflections" of Feb. 8, I shall try to clear up what seem to be a few misinterpretations.

Firstly, I certainly don't claim to be an authority on Cuba, Russia, America, or any place else. The purpose of my article was not to sugar-coat Mr. Castro's and Mr. Khrushchev's manners, or necessarily sanction their political and economic policies, but rather to put into question the general non-reflective, ethnocentric attitudes of the American people and throw a few verbal hand grenades at McCarthyism. Admittedly, I am ignorant of what's really going on in Cuba

and Russia, but so is the greater percent of the American people. This, I feel, is due to our own propaganda machine which tends to strain facts through a red, white and blue filter before they reach our ears. It is not this country which I wish to criticize, it is this country's filter. The American people seem to have their values spoon-fed; the question of whether or not these values are right or wrong must be dealt with after one has asked of himself, "Is my mind as unbiased and free from nationalistic pride as possible?" Pride in one's homeland can be a very fine thing so long as it doesn't breed dogmatic ignorance toward a neighbor's home—be his home dirty or clean.

What's wrong with being an American? Why, Mr. Pace, I say there's absolutely nothing wrong with being an American. I am truly grateful that I happen to dwell here. But neither is there anything wrong with being a Frenchman, a Swiss, a Cuban, an African, an Indian, a Russian, a Swede, or anybody else for that matter when taken in these broad terms. We must not let our hatred for another country's economic and political system turn into hatred for them as men.

In short, our problem, as I see it, is not "foreign power" enslavement, but self-enslavement. The U.S. is so busy watching for outside threats, she is gradually becoming more incapable of viewing herself in a dynamic, objective light. A man who refuses to look in the mirror while shaving, runs the risk of cutting his own throat. It is the job of our Un-American Activities Committee to stop the use of all mirrors.

Philip Fraley

Paul Planer

When Will We Kill Him?

"Happy days are here again!"—Speakeasies—"Free beer for all!"—Prohibition—"Who cares? I hear they're gonna make it legal again, anyway!"—"The war is over!"—"The war is over!"—"The war is over!" Sounds one might have heard in 1918. Yes, though the years of war were black for all—now at long last, it was over! There was peace on earth!! At last he had been killed!! All was worth the sacrifice, for we had won the final war with him!! He was dead!

Amid all the rejoicing and gaiety, faint rumblings could be heard coming from Germany—from the confines of a prison cell by a man everyone thought to be harmless. . . . After all—the war to end all wars was ended! We had won—We had killed him forever! Yes—forever!

September 1, 1939 . . . "Great Britain went to war against Germany today. Twenty-five years and 30 days from the time she entered the war of 1914, against the same enemy . . . France is expected to follow suit within the hour. . . ." But . . . How could this be? He was supposed to be dead! Dead from the Great War! Yes, Dead!

That was the biggest mistake ever made, as we finally realized while listening to the radio on a clear Sunday in December. . . . Elmer Davis had the responsibility of announcing to the audience that day . . . "We interrupt this program to bring you a special news

bulletin . . . The Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, by air . . . President Roosevelt has just announced. The attack was also made on all naval and military installations on Oahu."

All the yelling, joking, and music couldn't drown out the fact that he was still alive—not only could we hear him, but feel him breaking down our back door!

Once again we joined the world and put on helmets, carried guns, and went into this evil monster. . . . Bombs burst over many lands and peoples . . . Ration stamps were commonplace. . . . Thousands of Americans never came back from the darkness. Then . . . The announcement all had been waiting for . . . "Today, Japan surrendered—the war is over!" . . . People were tired from battle!! But now, at long last, perhaps he had been stopped!! Yes, at last . . . maybe he had been stopped.

Music was once again on everyone's lips . . . "Enjoy yourself, Enjoy yourself (the words went) . . . It's later than you think . . ." It was later than anyone thought . . .

The announcement came this time, from our island ally . . . "From the Baltic to the Black Sea an IRON CURTAIN has descended. . . ." It had been less than four months since our allies and us had fought in the same camp . . . Now our allies had moved to another camp. Yes, for all our efforts, he was still alive!! This time his voice came from our ally, Stalin.

Only a few years later . . . "The Communist Chinese have crossed the 38th parallel, and advanced into South Korea . . ."

Yes, he was very much alive!! His handiwork proved that!! Once again peoples fought peoples . . . After a while peace was declared and our boys returned home . . . Confident, that, even though he wasn't killed, at least he had a stumbling block placed before him . . .

Yet in 1957, an announcement came from the camp in the East. . . . "Your grandchildren will grow up under Communism . . . under Communism!!!" The monster hadn't been killed by all the many wars!! He wasn't even slowed down!! He was still alive and advancing his ideas around the world . . .

At least Americans were consoled by the feeling that the monster hadn't entered this country and begun to spread his doctrine about . . . But for all our thoughts the rumblings caused by the monster could be heard in our land . . . our land of free and equal people . . . Rumblings in our own land? How could this be? . . . Yet, there it was . . . In Little Rock . . . In New Orleans . . . and; and even in Chapel Hill . . .

Yes, at last the monster has arrived in our country . . . The monster Hate has at last reached our shores and walks among us.

Will he hate conquer us as he has so many peoples around the world, or can we kill him this time?

Chapel Hill After Dark

With Davis B. Young

Both campus political parties have ignored a basic responsibility in not endorsing a candidate for Editor of The Daily Tar Heel, when a competent individual offered himself for such endorsement.

It is sheer folly that organizations claiming to have a political orientation should shirk a duty to put the stamp of approval on a political candidate. What is the fear: Is it one that the paper will become a house organ for the Student Party or that the chairman of the University Party will dictate editorial policy?

The campus looks to these two organizations for leadership in political affairs. When they fail to provide it they fail the campus. Any candidate who is qualified for a position and who appears to be the best man available should be supported to the utmost.

What the Student Party and the University Party fail to realize is that they endorse a DTH editorship candidate, he does not endorse them.

WANTED: One presidential

candidate for the Student Party. Monday, we had a chat with lacrosse enthusiast Les Sutorius, who's busy lobbying for his cause with Athletic Dept. powers.

The sport, first organized here four years ago, is apparently making no headway down at the gym, despite new equipment and a successful record in past years. With over 40 prospective lacrosse players on campus, it seems a shame nothing is being done.

What about it, Athletic Dept.? How about ceasing the run-around?

And speaking of athletics, Spero at the Goody Shop claims he's "fanned out Peppy Callahan to Frank McGuire for about 10 days."

Callahan and Lou Brown are the two new faces on the Carolina squad. Brown has been responsible for important baskets in the past two years, but had not played this year till joining the team for the N. C. State game last Wednesday. Callahan and Brown both saw action in Charlotte over the weekend.