

The Daily Tar Heel

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Lt. Chuck Hauser Tar Heel At Large

MY NAUSEA is becoming acute as Election Day approaches, and I watch the candidates and the campaigning skid to the abysmal depths of deceit and half-truth. One candidate, I feel, has remained more or less above the slime-pitching, while some of his cohorts and the other side smear each other with direct lies and innuendo. Right now, I feel that he is the man I will vote for, but I cannot publish his name in this space, because it is not considered kosher for members of the armed forces to express their political views in print.

So if anybody asks, just tell them I go Pogo . . .

DON'T OFTEN make predictions, since Drew Pearson's 88 percent gives my crystal ball an inferiority complex, but I've got my money riding on this one: At the end of the present football season, Maryland will graciously consent to appear at the New Year's party held in one of the major bowls of the country, and will jilt the Southern Conference irreverently and irrevocably, forever and ever, amen.

Just what good does the Southern Conference do for a school like Maryland, or for North Carolina, for that matter? It can offer them real classy intraconference opponents such as the University of Richmond, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and North Carolina State College. It can give them the prestige of belonging to the football conference with the largest percentage of weak sisters in this football-happy nation.

Yes, my friends, Maryland is due to take a powder at the end of the year. And if the Southern Conference persists in trying to steal away all incentive for its members to play first class football, we may be singing a quick dirge with three choruses for the Conference before too many more football season suns have settled behind the hills of Western North Carolina.

EVER THOUGHT about the ridiculous situation the United Nations finds itself in, proclaiming its organization as the only hope for lasting world peace, and yet with a civil war of thoughts raging in the confines of its halls? And on the other side of the world, a real war is raging, and the two instrumental powers on the opposing sides are the two prominent powers of the United Nations.

United States troops are dying in Korea, and their cause is justice itself, and yet we sit in the halls of the UN and the tents of Panmunjon and play international tiddewinks with the very men who are behind their deaths.

The United Nations was set up as an instrumental organization to prevent wars and settle disputes in sensible, adult manner, instead of hurling bombs and rockets at one another until the very earth itself is destroyed.

The UN does not work because the Russians will not permit it to work. When we boot them out on their red behinds, and all their party-lining puppets along with them, then maybe the United Nations could go about doing some good and restoring peace to a world hungry for security.

PERSONAL MEMOS: To Brookberry, my most heartfelt congratulations . . . To Pogo, I love you, kid . . . To the football team, my sincerest wishes for continued improvement and a whale of a season from here on out.

Express Yourself

Editor: Congratulations on your recent editorial efforts to tip the scales against the Communists. Personally, I think they're all a little unbalanced. Here's hoping you will always keep the DTH out of the Red by stomping on those of a similar color.

Jimmy Hutchinson



Express Yourself

Editor: I have just waded through the letter written by a person who doesn't think his statements are valid enough to sign his name—I agree, they are not. Here is my paragraph answer to Cadet "Sour Grapes."

Granted, the services are not the strong hold of democratic principles so far as everyone doing as he pleases. The Army, Navy, and Air Force are not retained for sterling examples of how democracy works, but for the sole purpose of keeping the United States just that—United States of America, with a free government—free of vermin such as has received mention in The Daily Tar Heel a week or so ago.

In Mr. Sour Grapes' letter he referred to common decency in his second paragraph, then in the third he objected to a three dollar fee for social activities.

It would seem to me that if the majority of a group was in favor of social activities it would only be common decency to concede and pay the social fee to insure the success of the social program. What will the cadet think when he is commissioned and required to join an officers' club at three to five dollars a month?

Mr. Sour Grapes is most fortunate indeed to be able to receive a commission as an officer in the service in exchange for two hours drill a week for four years, plus a small amount of class time. It is therefore showing no "common decency" to the Air Force, or to the Air Force Corps of Cadets at Chapel Hill to gripe about having to march at one game, in uniform, and sober—all three coming on the same day! In the regular AF he is paid as an officer for 24 hours a day, seven days a week—his pay as a basic cadet is the deferment from the draft; and as

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John Taylor REVIEWS

On Thursday and Friday nights the Playmakers will present their first experimental production of the year. It is a full-length drama by Gonzalo Estrada called "The Pink Circus."

Mr. Estrada, who was a graduate student here last year, is a Mexican who has lived in California for a good part of his life and so he is qualified to write about a family of Mexicans who have made California their home.

The play concerns seventeen-year-old Jimmie Romero, whose father has died of tuberculosis, and whose mother, Florencia, is his uncle's mistress, as well as several other people's. Jimmie's Mexican sense of honor is enraged by his mother's actions, particularly since her affairs are a widespread topic of conversation throughout the entire camp. Sensitive and emotionally immature, Jimmie, in the sight of

manhood, goes to pieces because of his mother's betrayal of his dead father. After witnessing an abortion done on her, he is too weak and distressed to fend off the advances of a nymphomaniac from a neighboring camp and is himself seduced. Through all the unsavory occurrences, he has a child's desire to go to a circus with the sweet young daughter of one of the men in the camp. As part of the startling climax, he fulfills this ambition—in his imagination.

Although dealing with a subject that can be described only as raw, the playwright has made a sensitive, revealing, and highly imaginative show. The sex is there, but it is intelligently enough portrayed, so that it will offend no one. The play is similar to "Death of a Salesman" in its use of the flashback technique, a tricky problem to master and one which Estrada has used very effectively.

Whoa

Although we disagree with part of the writer's logic, a letter appearing elsewhere on this page today expresses many of our thoughts on the obligations of Carolina men enrolled in the military programs here. There are a few, however, we'd like to add—including a strong protest to the AFROTC.

What do the NROTC and AFROTC do for their members? In every case, they supply monthly subsistence the last two years; they furnish most of the uniform; they provide a way to compete a college education before going into service, and they guarantee a commission to qualified graduates. Both units encourage intra-unit activity such as sports, newspapers, band and the like.

What do they demand? They require a curriculum to include subjects basic to the respective service; a two-hour drill period each week; some summer training, and loyalty to the unit. Certainly it is a bargain on any market today.

Now comes the question of a fee. The AFROTC charges \$3 per year and the NROTC collects \$5. In both units, these fees are set by a committee of cadets or midshipmen who are elected from among their own ranks. Fair enough, we say. (Actually, social fee is a misnomer since the money goes to support unit activities other than socials, such as pages in the Yack and a newspaper.)

The Navy asks men who refuse to pay the small assessment or cannot because of financial difficulties, to submit their reasons in writing. Those failing to do this are given demerits for not following an order. They are never forced to fork over the money.

The Air Force on the other hand, and this is where THE DAILY TAR HEEL takes issue, automatically gives demerits to cadets who refuse to pay. As cadets, the men should abide by the decision of their elected committee representatives, and this means support the projects of the committee. However, if the cadets do not feel such a duty, the Air Force is not going to impress them with it by demerits—particularly demerits the Air Force has no right to assign. There should be no coercion in the collection of these fees.

And to the fortunate members of these military outfits, we suggest they spend more time straightening out such affairs among themselves, and less time in writing anonymous letters to the student body.

Letterquette

Anonymous letters are not worth a penny and need to be stamped out.

Every American has a right to defend himself if accused of a crime. It is therefore un-American to send in your accusations without a signature, thereby ruling out the possibility of cross-examination.

These three-cent cowards who proceed to make some defenseless person, thing, or situation the object of their wrath, distorted humor, or any other emotion they seek to evoke, ought to be sealed in a sturdy envelope and mailed to some out-of-the-way place.

John Mason Brown once said, "The most scurrilous letters of attack always come from people who lack the courage to sign their name. They are like hit-and-run drivers."

Letters are a pretty accurate gauge of a person's character and intelligence. No matter how true blue the ink, an unsigned tirade is as yellow as anything we know of. And since we are not a medium for yellow journalism, we will print no anonymous letters to the editor. We will withhold a signature upon request, but we prefer to publish all names. Whatever your grievance, praise, or belief on any subject, back it up with your endorsement. Otherwise we will consider it a counterfeit note, unfit for publication.

PLAN TO VOTE NOV. 4

GINGER has her eye on CARY who's got his eye on MARILYN who's got her eye on "MONKEY BUSINESS"
Cary Ginger Charles Marilyn
GRANT-ROGERS-COBURN-MONROE
"HOWARD HAWKS"
monkey business
Late Show Sat.-Sun.-Mon. CAROLINA

BEHOLD! A MONSTER!
THAT AIN'T A MONSTER, IT'S ALBERT, WOUNDED ON THE HEAD-BONE.
COME ON, I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE I LEFT POGO.
10-30
DWT BY BOB WALKER
SYNDICATED

SLIP AUNT GRANNY'S BITTER BRITTLE ROOT DOWN HIS GUZZLE... US GOTTA REE-VIVE THE BOY.
NEXT TIME TAKE IT OUT OF THE BOTTLE.
THAT AIN'T HUMANE
I'LL BE GLAD TO SMOKE YO SEE-GAR WHILE YOU REE-CUPICATES

AH IS LI'L ABNER'S DAPPY, AN' THASS TH' HEAD O' TH' FAMILY, NAMELY, HIS MAMMY!
WE HEARD LAUGHTER!! THAR HAIN'T BIN NO HAPPY SOUNDS FUM 'THIS HOUSE FO SO LONG—
ER—IT WAS YOUR SON WHO WAS HAPPY, MADAM— AND WHY NOT?— LOOK!!
10-30
DWT BY BOB WALKER
SYNDICATED

DAISY: I USED SOME SKIN, FROM YOUR SON FOR THE OPERATION. HE'S STILL UNDER ETHER. WILL YOU SEE THAT HE DOESN'T REMOVE THAT BANDAGE FOR AN HOUR?
"BEFORE AN HOUR HAS PASSED, THE ETHER IN THAT 'BANDAGE' WILL KILL HIM! AT THE INQUEST, I'LL SWEAR I TOLD THEM TO REMOVE IT!!"
10-30
DWT BY BOB WALKER
SYNDICATED

HAVE YOUR HALLOWEEN PARTY WITH US!
BELA LUGOSI in "Return of The Ape Man"
FRIDAY
Doors Open 11:15 p.m.
CAROLINA

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