

The Daily Tar Heel

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Lt. Chuck Hauser
 Tar Heel
 At Large

FORT BRAGG—We've got an interesting innovation down here at this sand hills Army post. Elsewhere around the North State, young male citizens sweat out a slip of paper which comes through the mails bearing greetings from their friends and neighbors.

Here we sweat out a slip of paper which isn't nearly so cozy. It comes through the mails with greetings from the Secretary of the Army, and its essence is that the addressee is shortly to embark on a pleasure cruise by boat or airplane, departing from the west coast, and landing at the port of Pusan.

My slip came late last week. Maybe I sound crazy to you, but in a way I'm glad that I am going. The job of the United States Army is to defend freedom, on the shores of the North American continent or in a foreign land, depending on where an aggressor strikes at the free peoples of the world.

At present the aggressor is waging war on a once-beautiful peninsula in the eastern hemisphere, which its age-old people call Chosen, the "Land of the Morning Calm."

The Kingdom of Chosen, known to the modern world as Korea, was founded in the north part of the peninsula by the Chinese in the 12th Century, B.C. Through the centuries, the little country has seen many a war, but not until the 20th Century did one appear as devastating as the present conflict, which has raged up and down the peninsula, laying waste the land that once was known as one of the most beautiful in the world.

Korea is no longer beautiful. It is bleak, barren and burned out. It is scarred both physically and psychologically, but the Korean people, in their patient, Oriental way, know that they will come through this war as they have come through all the others.

Our job as American soldiers is to help them come through the war—help them regain their battle-scarred land from the Red aggressors who have overrun it. That is why I am glad to be going to the Land of the Morning Calm.

★
 CHAPEL HILL—Back in the "Land of the Morning Hangover" for the weekend, I begin to realize that what I will miss most when I hit the dusty trail for the Far East Command will be Chapel Hill.

The government, happily, gives us plenty of advance notice these days on overseas shipment. My orders tell me to report to the west coast for shipment early in February, which gives me three months to fight the War of Fort Bragg before I depart.

The schedule will place me on Sniper Ridge just about the middle of the winter, but at least I can look forward to the spring, and think of the azaleas blooming on the Hill, and I'm speaking of Chapel, not White Horse.

A tip to the draft-agers in the audience: Don't take Chapel Hill for granted. It is the most wonderful spot in the world, and you won't begin to realize that fact until you are forced

the reaction of five couples, who discover suddenly that due to a legal technicality, they are not actually married. Some of the episodes are touching; some are hysterically funny. But the best is the one in which Ginger Rogers and Fred Allen play a husband and wife radio team who can't stand each other, but are heard over the ether every morning billing and cooing over cups of well-advertised coffee. Miss Rogers and Allen play their parts to the hilt, as do the rest of the all-star cast, which includes Victor Moore, Paul Douglas, and Miltzi Gaynor. Oh, yes, and the Marilyn Monroe addicts—and who isn't these days—she's in there too.

Down Beat

You needn't be a Gene Krupa to play drums—if they're electronic. An operator just moves a finger or two, cutting an electrical circuit which causes a plunger to beat the drum. No effort at all, and a sequence of beats can be repeated indefinitely, with more precision and no change in quality

"The Sincerest Form Of Flattery"



Drew Pearson

The Washington Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON—As the U. S. A. emerges from the hottest political campaign in 20 years some people may be rubbing their heads and wondering

whether we can ever get back to an even keel and pull together as a united nation.

The answer is that, although feelings have run high, the current bitterness hasn't anywhere near approached the mud-slinging of many other notable elections. And out of all of these, with the exception of Lincoln's election, the nation emerged United and proceeded to forget the name-calling of the campaign.

Take one of the lesser elections of the past—the 1880 campaign when James A. Garfield, Republican, defeated Gen. Winfield Hancock, Republican. Garfield got smeared for supposedly receiving a \$329 dividend from the ill-fated credit mobilier, was accused of stealing bedding from a Southern widow and of refusing to pay a tailor's bill in Troy, N. Y.

The Democrats even forged Garfield's name on a letter proposing the immigration of Chinese to California, while Hancock, in turn, was described by the Chicago Tribune as doing nothing "but eat, drink and enjoy himself sensually."

Garfield and the Republicans won by a small margin. Hottest campaign of all followed four years later, by which time the Democrats had been out for 24 years, and put up Grover Cleveland in an all-out effort to recapture power. The GOP candidate, James G. Blaine, was immediately attacked as tainted by corruption and having "wallowed in spoils like a rhinoceros in an African pool."

Specifically the Democrats charged that he had accepted bribes from the Little Rock and Fort Smith railroad in Arkansas, and they also unearthed a letter to a business associate, Warren Fisher, which closed with "kind regards to Mr. Fisher. Burn this letter."

From this came the Democratic campaign chant: "Burn this letter! Burn this letter! Kind regards to Mrs. Fisher." Also: "Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!"

The Con-ti-nen-tal liar from the state of Maine. The Republicans countered with the charge that Cleveland had carried on illicit relations with a 36-year-old widow, Maria Halpin, who bore him an illegitimate child. Cleveland admitted this, countered by stating that he had paid for the child's support. Whereupon the Republicans chanted: "Ma! Ma! Where's my Pa? Gone to the White House. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

At the height of this mud-slinging which far surpassed any modern campaign, a group of clergymen called on Blaine and accused the Democrats of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Blaine was immediately charged with being anti-Catholic; this tipped the scale and cost him the election.

Nearest approach to the attitude of some people toward President Truman today was during the midterm of Andrew Johnson, who took office after Lincoln's assassination. There again, however, the American

public was far more vindictive, more intolerant and more bitter than it is today.

Touring the country during the Congressional elections in 1866, Johnson was called a "traitor," "renegade," "great apostate." Unlike the children which have heckled Truman, his crowds meant business, and in Indianapolis, Johnson was driven from the platform by an angry mob yelling "we want nothing to do with traitors!" and which tore down his banners and killed several people.

Hatred of Johnson was at white heat because he, a former Democrat, proposed that southern civil war leaders be forgiven.

Bitterness against Lincoln during his election campaign was of course worst of all. The Charleston, S. C. Mercury described him as "a horrid looking wretch . . . sooty, scoundrelly in aspect, a cross between the horse swapper and the night man . . . He is a lankiest Yankee of the uncleanliest visage and of the dirtiest complexion. Faugh! After him what decent white man would be President."

Louis Kraar
 Party Line

"What does the Legislature ever do anyway?" someone asked the other day with a frown.

Campus politicians gave him some answers filled with polysyllabic words and political doubletalk, and he slinked off just as confused.

The truth of the matter is: Legislature does have some definite powers which are usually exercised. The main things they actually do are appropriate the student budget, set up penalties for offenses by students, advise other groups, and POLITIC.

The latter seems to be the main preoccupation of both parties about ninety-five percent of the time. Most legislators will admit this when cornered. But they are always careful to add, "don't quote me though."

BACK ROOM BOYS: Here's how one party nominates: the aspiring statesman talks to the head of the party. The party head arranges for the right people to talk for him at the party meeting—and brother he's in!

Another party is all but begging freshmen to attend nominations because of lack of prospective nominees. The yearlings should learn their XYZ's of political maneuvering young that way.

FOUNDING THE BEAT: Parliamentarian Joel Fleishman's (SP) Democratic campaign button with his own picture beside Adlai's . . . Legislature Clerk Wanda Philpot thanking this reporter for dubbing her a "pert majorette" in a feature . . . Prexy Ham Horton (UP) explaining party politics that are "not to be quoted" . . . Ken Penegar's (SP) easy going talks explaining "my opinion" . . . Attorney-General Phin Horton (UP)—Ham's cozine—lending a helping hand to explain Legislature bills . . . Jerry Cook's "extremely technical" explanations that we sometimes wonder whether he understands himself . . .

OVERHEARD AT LEGISLATURE SESSION: "Just stand up when the floor leader does. Don't worry about what you're voting for. They know best." They do???

Always Changing

This editorial is written on election eve. By the time you read this the final balloting will have been completed, the volcanic fury of the campaign will have simmered down to a dim echo, and the raucous party banners relegated to the systematic obliteration of the city disposal authorities.

One of the presidential candidates will bask in the mellow afterglow of victory. The other will watch his once-vibrant aspirations settle into the limbo of defeat. One party will feel as though the nation is theirs. The other will think America is lost. Fortunately, both will be wrong.

Regardless whether the next occupant of the White House is a beaming General from Kansas or a proven administrator from Illinois, the United States of America will continue as one of the few remaining places on earth where a man can choose his own occupation, succeed or fail by dint of his own perspiration, sleep undisturbed by the hobnail boot or the midnight knock on the door, and shout his unpopular convictions into the eardrums of the masses.

The foundations of our civilization are not likely to be rent asunder by a simple change of executives. We reject the glandular ravings which warn us that Adlai will lead us through "galloping socialism" and Ike will hurl us into war. A bi-partisan Congress will continue to debate the same issues with the final say-so resting ultimately with the people. The President with his veto, the Supreme Court with its rulings, and Congress with legislation will continue to eye one another vigilantly always ready to throw a body block when one branch steps out of bounds.

We believe that no matter how the election went last night, America will be the winner. Why? Perhaps the best explanation came from the lips of a newly-arrived Russian immigrant in New York who, when asked his opinion of our system of government, solemnly replied with a shrug, "What difference does it make? Any system would work over here."

John Taylor

Reviews & Previews

There is only one great movie coming up this week, but there are a number of films which also demand students' attention. Two of the latter will be showing today.

At the Carolina "Spanish Serenade" will be on display. It would be worth seeing if only because it is a Spanish picture with English sub-titles, a rarity in Chapel Hill. But there is much more to it than mere curiosity value. It is the life story of the

famous Spanish composer Albeniz and is filled with his glorious music. The splendor of ancient Spain is portrayed in many elaborate scenes, and the acting, done by a cast unknown in America, is excellent. For a tremendous emotional experience this movie is highly recommended.

Playing at the Varsity on Wednesday is a wonderfully wacky film entitled "We're Not Married." In it are portrayed

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1-30

HORIZONTAL	41. neuter pronoun	54. facing glacier direction	7. sway drunkenly
1. U. N. battleground	42. mount in Cascade range	55. Spanish gentleman	8. diminutive for Albert
6. symbol of mourning	45. river in Latvia	VERTICAL	9. wooden nail
11. mechanical devices	46. foot-like organ	1. cooking utensil	10. gnawed away
12. lamprey fishermen	48. agave plant fiber	2. eggs	11. meadows
14. Greek letter	49. fourth caliph	3. action, in law	13. fault
15. pome	50. lustrous satin fabric	4. rub out	14. foremost
17. Republican Party (colloq.)	52. baffled	5. venomous serpents	15. punisher
18. near		6. feminine name	16. foremost
19. attacks with censure			17. precipitous
21. executive			18. operatic solos
22. underling			19. fortification
24. sun god			20. Chinese unit of weight
25. allowance for waste			21. street (abbr.)
27. before			22. note in scale
28. note in scale			23. paid notice
29. germ			24. sacred musical compositions
30. hinted			25. more insipid
33. Biblical wise men			26. melow
34. hypothetical force			27. ascends
35. dance step			28. weave rope
37. garden flower			29. uttered
38. symbol for rhenium			30. suffers
39. leases			31. islands (Fr.)

Average time of solution: 25 minutes.
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