

The Daily Tar Heel

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Competition

John Taylor

Beginning today two tremendous personalities, Doris Day and an alligator, will fight the battle for movie supremacy in Chapel Hill.

The former will be seen for two days at the Carolina in "By the Light of the Silvery Moon," while the latter will be "stopping the show" in "Peter Pan" at the Varsity through Tuesday.

Some of the funniest scenes for the amphibious contestant are when he is pursuing Captain Hook. Yet the alligator is just one of many intriguing characters in the Walt Disney version of the James M. Barrie fantasy, for the dean of animators has captured the charm and sparkle of each of Barrie's persons, animals, sprites and what have you. More important he has captured the flavor and simplicity of the fairy story, and it is this straightforward and uncomplicated treatment, devoid of the extravagant and superficial mish-mosh that has characterized recent Disney films, that makes "Peter Pan," with few reservations, enchanting. It is the best of his movies in a long time.

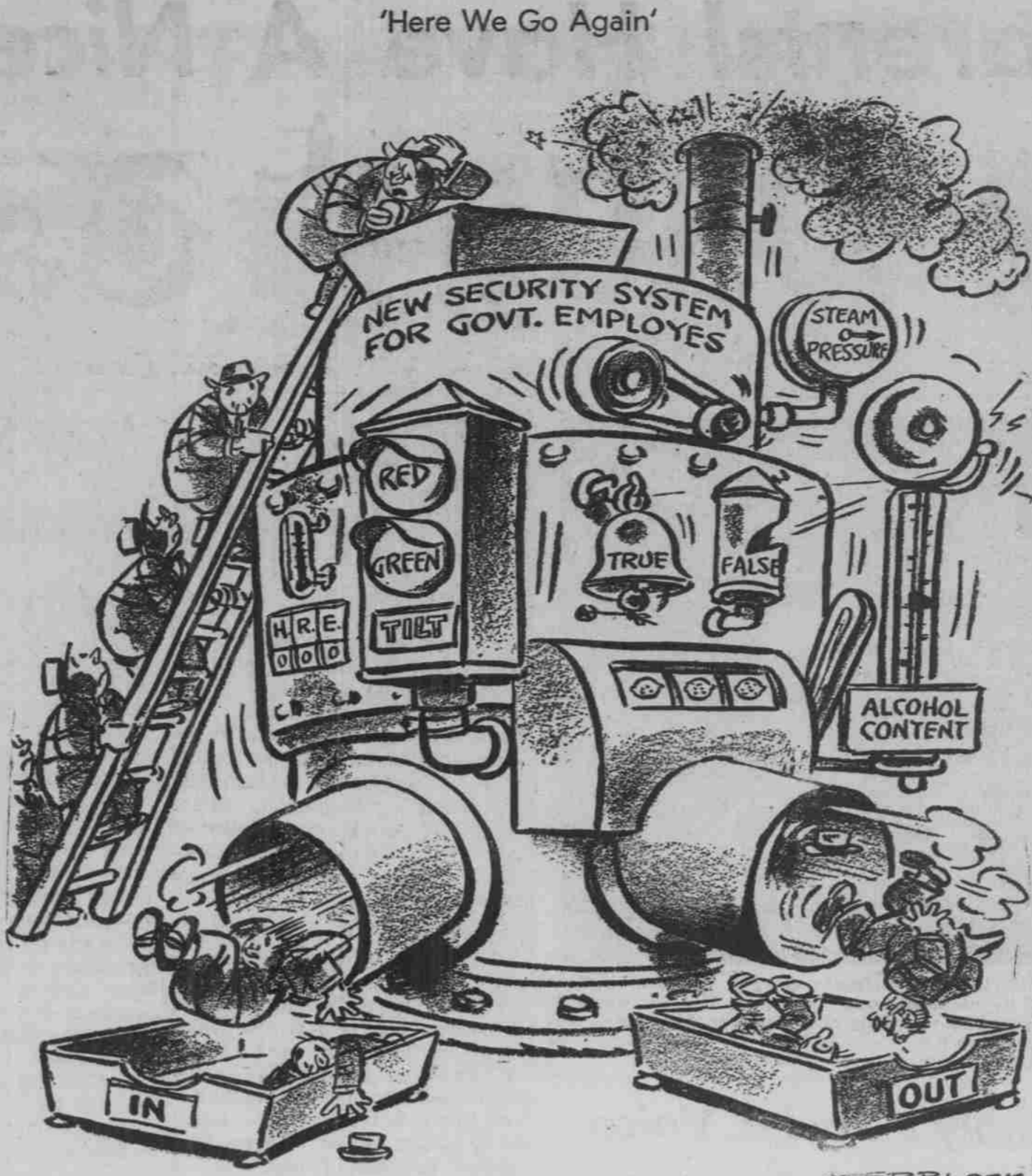
As all children of all ages must know, Peter Pan is the boy who never grew up—a sprite who can fly through the air, duel with the best of them, and win the hearts of little girls, mermaids, Indian maidens and all sorts of lovely creatures. In short he can do anything he pleases. In the movie what he pleases to do at the moment is to take Wendy Darling, along with her brothers, Michael and John, and fly off to Never Land. This is no mean feat for three inexperienced youngsters.

While in Never Land they experience wondrous adventures, encounter fascinating creatures, including the crocodile who waits patiently to finish off Cap'n Hook whose hand so whetted the animal's appetite.

Miss Day, the alligator's opponent, is involved in "By the Light of the Silvery Moon," a routine but entertaining musical of the nostalgic type. A sequel to the popular "On Moonlight Bay," this further chronicles the misadventures of Marjorie Winfield, her family and fiancée, and since the young lovers are not quite married at the finish of this film either, it looks as if the series may go on indefinitely.

Among the vaguely connected incidents in the film are the family's reactions to the mistaken belief that Papa is having an affair with an actress, brother Wesley's plot to prevent his beloved pet turkey's appearance on the Thanksgiving dinner tables, his ambitions to become a detective, and the efforts of Wesley's persistent, but scarcely romantic piano teacher, to woo Marjorie.

All this is put together in a casual, homey manner that makes are uniformly good with Billy entertainment. The performances for pleasant, if not spectacular Gray as Wesley and Mary Wickes as the maid stealing the show from Miss Day, Gordon MacRae and the rest of the competent cast.



The Washington Merry-Go-Round

Drew Pearson

Love Meets Love

Another exodus has taken place this week end, but this time in reverse order. It's our parents who have made the move and now it's our turn to play host.

Today, under the sponsorship of Alpha Phi Omega and the Administration, parents will make their annual visit to the University. (It's not that they aren't welcome at all times, merely that something special has been fixed for them.) After a noon picnic luncheon, parents and friends of students are invited to the lounge of the Morehead Building to meet the faculty. Later the University Band will give one of its delightful concerts under the shady limbs of Davie Poplar. In between time our visitors are encouraged to take part in the guided tours. We don't like to brag, but we do have a lot to show!

Parents will have the opportunity to hear President Gray speak for a few minutes before the concert and after the music we ask parents to stop by and chat with the president. Tell him what you like; give him suggestions.

The Daily Tar Heel always welcomes Parent's Day for we bring together two of the things we love best: our parents and our University.

New York Times

The Honored Printer

On Aug. 4, 1735 John Peter Zenger, printer and publisher, was acquitted by a jury, out for only ten minutes, of a charge that his news paper published false, malicious and seditious discussions "tending to alienate the affections of the people of this province from His Majesty's Government."

Hundreds of people awaiting the verdict greeted it with "three hurra's," as a contemporary press account put it, and a lawyer, the gifted Andrew Hamilton of Philadelphia, who had defended Zenger, was saluted on his departure from the city the next day with a volley from the great guns of several ships in the harbor. This was in "public testimony of the glorious defence he made in the cause of liberty in this province."

Dedication of the John Peter Zenger Memorial in the old Sub-Treasury Building in New York City will open to the public a new and appropriate place of remembrance for this courageous pioneer. It is the site of the old City Hall, where the publisher was imprisoned and stood trial. It is in an area rich in colonial history, with surroundings that refresh our awareness that the freedom to publish, to speak, to worship as one will, and all the other freedoms dearly won and always needing to be guarded zealously, are not single freedoms but one edifice. When one freedom is lost or diminished the safety of the whole structure is in danger.

The historian Herbert L. Osgood of Columbia pointed out that Zenger's contribution was to help establish that the affairs of government should be public, and therefore it was the business of private men to "meddle" with government. Zenger and his wife, Anna, who continued publication while he was in jail awaiting trial, believed that, as their journal said, "Every man ought to know what it concerns all to know."

Many utterances of the Journal are apt today, as: "The difference between free and enslaved countries lies principally here, that in the former the magistrates must consult the voice and interest of the people, but in the latter the private will, interest and pleasure of the governors are the sole end and motives of their administration."

This new memorial is the tribute of newspapers throughout the country. But it is for all to visit who cherish freedom.

WASHINGTON—Behind all the furor over the dismissal of Dr. Allen V. Astin as head of the Bureau of Standards are some interesting maneuvers hitherto unknown to the public.

These quiet tactics center around the bureau's vital development work on fuses for bombs, shells, and guided missiles. For years several large corporations have been eager to take over the bureau's fuse program. Naturally if a private company gets in on the ground floor in designing fuses, it would be in the best position to get subsequent multi-million dollar fuse production contracts.

As far back as March 2, little more than a month after Sinclair Weeks was sworn in as Secretary of Commerce and as boss of the Bureau of Standards, Moorehead Patterson, president of the American Machine and Foundry Co., paid a visit to the Bureau of Standards. As head of the huge AM&F Co., and a good friend of Secretary Weeks, Patterson was given a warm reception.

"I understand," said Patterson, "that this whole research and development program on fuses will soon be taken away from the bureau. I want you all to know my company will be happy to pick up the pieces. In addition," he told the startled scientists, "I'm ready to move the whole operation, including personnel, to my Boston plant."

This was well before Sinclair Weeks fired Dr. Astin.

It was also the first inkling the scientists had that the nation's vital fuse program was to be put

on the auction block. In fact, they were skeptical about Patterson's prediction and went ahead with their work. Patterson, however, was so sure of his information that, before leaving Washington, he made attractive financial offers to several key scientists.

The following week, Fred K. Powell Jr., vice president of American Machine and Foundry, arrived in Washington. Powell went so far as to tell Pentagon and Commerce Department officials that his company was ready to absorb the whole fuse program "on a moment's notice."

Then, on March 25, Secretary Weeks wrote a confidential letter to defense boss Charlie Wilson urging the Pentagon to remove the fuse program from Weeks' own Bureau of Standards. Weeks' letter to Wilson was disguised in official double-talk, but its meaning was clear. He wrote:

"I bring this (fuse program) to your attention in case you wish to delegate someone to check these expenditures and, perhaps, suggest an examination and even a re-evaluation of the research program."

At first this proposal got no favorable response from the Defense Department. Armed services knew the amazing job the Bureau of Standards had done on fuses. When others failed, bureau scientists had developed the proximity fuse during World War II, the fuse which explodes when it approaches its target, and which causes the amazing guided missile to steer a course toward its target.

In fact, Army-Navy experts wrote a confidential memo to Sec-

retary of Defense Wilson warning against danger to the guided-missile program if Dr. Astin was not reinstated.

Later, however, Secretary of Commerce Weeks got his way. His colleague, Secretary of Defense Wilson has now issued instructions to curtail further military research funds for the Bureau of Standards.

Note: Assistant Secretary of Commerce Sheaffer, the fountain pen manufacturer, told friends that one of the first things he would do in Washington was shake up the Bureau of Standards. He claimed they had been unfair in testing one of his pens.

Comptroller General Lindsay Warren has ordered his accounting sleuths to audit the huge "mail payments" the government is lading out to the airlines. It was a similar investigation that led to reform of the Maritime Commission. . . . It's a neat trick if he can do it, but Congressman Miller of Nebraska has promised to make daylight saving time retroactive for the nation's capital. In other words, D. C. residents can turn their clocks ahead an hour beginning last Sunday. This proposal was made in all seriousness by Miller, after Congressman Bender of Ohio urged quick action on the daylight saving bill. . . . "I suppose we might try to make it retroactive," offered Miller. . . . The Chinese Communists are quietly withdrawing a full division from the Korean front. Captured prisoners say it is on its way back to China. This may be evidence that the latest Chinese truce bid is genuine.

'Dear Mom'

Ron Levin

November 15, 1957 . . . ne yanked the sheet from the typewriter and reached for another. But he knew that it was no use. There would never be enough paper for this letter. Oh God, help me, help me. Dave glanced at his hands under the humming fluorescent light and they were glistening with sweat. He held them out and they shook. His eyes felt like they would drop from their sockets. He'd been up for two days trying to write this letter, and it just wouldn't come. Maybe a few minutes rest would do the trick. The light switch answered with a click and the soft darkness seemed to reach out and lay him on the small bed next to the window.

It hadn't always been like this. He could remember his first year at college. He had been happy, really happy. Everybody was. There were those Saturday afternoons in Kenan and the wild parties later. It wasn't like that now. Yeah, you could go down to the local hangouts for a beer, but it just wasn't the same. The beer didn't taste right or something. Maybe it wasn't the beer. It's funny how you remember those things. He used to sit on the steps of South and drink that lousy coffee they made over in the Y building. He'd sit there and look at the girls. Ugly ones, tall ones, fat ones, some pretty, some with sweaters, but what did that matter now. Nothing mattered anymore. He remembered how the bell would ring and everyone would get their books together sort of slow like and head off toward class. He'd always wait for the cute girl who sat beside him in Religion and they'd go over to Caldwell together. Wonder what ever happened to her. He remembered how everybody walked right past the two large waste cans and then threw their empty cups on the cement walk.

But now the steps were empty and bare and cold and gray in between classes. The walk was clean, and when the bell would ring everybody would already be in class. You had to be on time. "They" didn't like it when you were late. Dave remembered one day he was late and had a good excuse, but it didn't do any good. There were no excuses . . . for anything . . . for anyone. You just weren't late.

It had all happened so fast with the surprise bombing attack, and the invasion, and then after the formalities of surrender were dispensed with did it seem like there had been a war. But wars changed everything especially when you were on the losing side. Dave wondered would the steps ever be crowded again.

"They" had come in and taken over everything. Everything was different now and just the way "they" wanted it done or taught, or anything else. "They" never said anything but just stood there in mute testimony of their strength. It was though their tongues had been cut out, and when "they" spoke it was always that same coarse monosyllabic utterance. Then it got so bad that he had to do something. So he and a couple of his buddies got together one night and made up some pamphlets and put them out around the dorms. They did it again and again until two nights ago. That was the night Dave was caught. Dave could see the circle of glaring lights and staring faces, and the questions one after the other, as though there were no end. But they did stop, and "they" told him he could go back to his room until the trial. Sure, trial. Dave knew some other fellows who had gone to these "Trials" and somehow were never heard of again. Dave wondered would anyone miss him later.

Suddenly he was aware of a light. His eyes focused and then saw the shaft of light from the street stab the darkness of the room momentarily and then move on somewhere down the street. The clock said a little after twelve and he knew it was the midnight security patrol. Just routine. Everything was routine. Everything was that horrible sickening routine, and what killed Dave was how "they" could keep quiet through it all. He wondered if "they" could talk at all.

Dave got up and went to the table and the machine. The light blinked once then caught, and he reached for a fresh piece of paper. The small portable responded to his touch, and when he had pushed the carriage back he just sat there staring at the three words. November 15, 1957 . . . They seemed to stare back, and the harder he stared the larger they grew until the black type seemed it would leap at him from the printed line, and sear his brain with its heat. What could he say? What was there to say? Where do you begin? How do you go about telling someone that . . . his fingers were shaking so hard that he had to begin . . .

Dear Mom . . .

Independent \$\$\$

Charlotte Davis

Among the amendments that will be offered to the student body Tuesday will be one concerning independent student publications. The amendment is designed to enable publications not under the Publications Board to receive funds up to \$1,000 from the student legislature. This money is designed to relieve a deficit only, and not to constitute the publication's total support.

To place either of these publications under the Publications Board would require them to be supported totally by the legislature, which, figuring on Tarnation's annual budget when it was under the Publications Board, and an estimate from Charles Wolf, the Quarterly's business manager, would come to a total of about \$8,000 a year. This is a lot more money than the possible \$1,000 a year student government would spend in helping them out as independents.

This does not mean that the independent publications will automatically receive \$1,000 a year from the student legislature. The \$1,000 figure is simply an outside limit to the amount that could be requested. The Student Legislature would be no more obligated to accept the request than it is obligated to pass any bill that is presented to it.

The passage of this amendment will give the independent publications on the campus a legal status at less expense to the general public, and it will give them recognition from the campus that they are a part of the extra curricular life of the University.

