

It Wasn't Confidence Vote: Just A Great Deal Of Fear

... the enthusiastic vote for the Pearsall Plan amendment was also a resounding vote of confidence for public school officials throughout the state for the fine work they are doing."—Attorney Charles G. Rose Jr., speaking before the regional School Board Work Conference.

Perhaps Rose was right; perhaps the Pearsall Plan vote was also a vote of confidence for Tar Heel school officials.

But we never thought of it that way. We figured it was merely the ballots of a scared state, a state that had been led to believe several things, all of them untrue:

1. The Pearsall Plan, which provides for the closing of the public schools in case of "intolerable" situations (integration), would not mean the end of the state's system of free public schools. Rather, its proponents said, it would strengthen the system. This is untrue.
2. The Tar Heels who voted against the Pearsall Plan would be voting for immediate integration in the public schools. They would be lined up with the National Assn. for the Advancement of Colored People in asking for desegregation. While newspaper advertisements said this, it is untrue.
3. There was no intelligent opposition to the Pearsall Plan. This is untrue, and here is how the people were led to believe wrongly:

Gov. Hodges, with all the political know-how of a seasoned vote-getter, lined up the state's General Assembly long before it met in special session last summer. The bill which carried Thomas Pearsall's name was actually passed in secret sessions of the General Assembly in country cabins and private homes throughout the state.

The state used many of its resources in drafting the Pearsall Plan, then used its television station (WUNC-TV) to explain the plan to the people. Then the governor asked his opponents to deliver a better plan or quit criticizing him.

The opponents didn't stand a chance. Those who were large enough in number to organize themselves were either too skeptical or too scared to organize. A few strong, honest men, like Win-

ston-Salem's Irving Carlyle, spoke in opposition to the plan, then quieted down before the election last month. But most of the opponents were too scared to speak.

The state, on the whole, was scared. Its white people were afraid that voting against the Pearsall Plan would mean their children would be going to school with Negroes. In reality, they were voting their public school system down the drain.

No, we doubt that the people were giving their public school officials a vote of confidence when they voted for the Pearsall Plan. They were voting out of fear, a fear of what their state officers had told them would happen if they didn't vote for the plan.

Now the people have something else to fear.

For Charlie: Installation In The Hall

Good old Charlie Peterson has come back to Carolina.

Charlie, if you aren't a billiards-shooter, is the nice gentleman who drops by Graham Memorial's pool room a couple times every year. He makes fancy shots, does a lot of talking, and instructs Carolina Gentlemen in the art of putting English on billiard balls.

Charlie is getting to be a tradition at Carolina. He's getting to be like Polgar, who is practically a student. It's no longer a surprise when we see Charlie Peterson walking around the student union's halls.

The Daily Tar-Heel nominates Charles Peterson, Billiards Expert Tremendous, as a member of Chapel Hill's hall of tradition. He looks good here.

A Split Would Be Ruinous

University Party Chairman Mike Weinman is getting himself in trouble.

He has called on the members of his party to form a "little group" to deal with the current parking and traffic problem.

Normally, this would be good. But student government already has a group to handle such a problem—the student traffic commission. It is the group appointed by student body President Bob Young, and it is the group which is now dealing with the town of Chapel Hill on the problem.

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Prospect & Retrospect

Neil Bass

So you'd like to know the difference between the Student and University Parties.

Or to put it more aptly, so you'd like to know if there is any difference between the SP and the UP.

Are the basic philosophies of the two parties different, or do they stand for basically the same things?

ANSWER

Some feel that the two political groups implant themselves on practically the same foundation, but this is a fallacy. Here, in the words of a battered ol' political reporter is the answer to the above question concerning similarity or difference.

The University Party is composed primarily of fraternity men while the Student Party has a membership composed primarily of dormitory residents.

Both parties will probably deny that they represent any particular segment of the campus which is good. The campus should not be compartmentalized. There should be unity of action. Not unity of thought, mind ya' (Heaven forbid) but unity of action.

But the fundamental remains that the SP tailors its doctrines to fit the dorm man's needs, while the UP patterns its actions to suit the needs of the fraternity man.

(But, UP Chief Mike, you'd better not put all your eggs under the pledge classes and look for an abundant incubation.)

The success of a campus political party lies in its ability to have intercourse with the entire campus community and conceive diverse ideas and opinions.

Then it must take the diversified opinions and crystallize them into a comprehensive policy which will be satisfactory to all segments of the campus.

DORM ELECTIONS

Dorm men turned out in surprisingly low numbers to pick their officials for the coming year.

How can efficient government and social facilities be acquired and maintained without thriving and prolific interest?

RUSH

Hand pumping was the order of the day for one solid week. So were strained smiles. But what the heck! Can you blame fraternities for smoothing off the rough edges for just one week? No tidy housewife likes for visitors to see dirty pots and pans.

It is only hoped that freshman prospects looked in the pantry too before they sat down to the table permanently!

INTEGRATION

There is probably no student on campus who doesn't advocate the type of integration which took place on campus the first of this week.

(The Independent Women's Council packed its drawers and filing cabinets and moved into the Men's Interdormitory Council office.)

The situation appears to be this: Weinman, and students who live in Big Fraternity Court, are dissatisfied with the outcome of last Monday's Town Board of Aldermen meeting. Weinman wanted the aldermen to repeal an order limiting parking on part of S. Columbia St. to two hours. They didn't.

Now, Weinman wants a small portion of the student body to form a "little group" to do what the Monday meeting didn't do.

This means trouble. The students couldn't do anything right now that would lessen their effectiveness with the Board of Aldermen more than to split up into small groups. The aldermen would notice the confused campus condition, then promptly ignore all student sentiment.

However, if the students stick together behind the student traffic commission, they will have a louder voice at future Board of Aldermen meetings.

Weinman's suggestion that part of McIver lawn be used for parking automobiles, however, does have validity.

We, like many organizations and individuals on the campus, would hate to see a beautiful place like McIver's lawn torn up and replaced with shiny car-tops. But the time is coming when such sacrifices will have to be made for student parking.

Further restriction of automobile privileges will not do the trick; more parking spaces will.

But the McIver lot, according to Weinman's own words, would hold only about 100 automobiles. That wouldn't be much of a solution to a problem in which thousands of cars are involved.

Perhaps we should use the McIver lot. But we also should start looking to other parts of the campus for parking space.

The future is not far away.

'I Don't Know If He's Running Scared, But He's Not Running Sacred Any More'



THE LIVESPIKE:

Hillsboro, Road For Relaxation

Fred Powledge

About this time of year, students need a balm. Fraternity and sorority rushing is over, first quizzes are impending. We are getting tired of staying up until 2 a.m., then getting up for 8 a.m. classes.

Lenoir Hall food has lost 90 percent of its flavor, and drinking mid-morning coffee in Y-Court isn't as pleasant as it seemed Sept. 21.

I needed a balm last Sunday, so I went to Hillsboro.

Hillsboro, you may know, is the seat of Orange County. It isn't a very modern place; the new courthouse, with pink and blue walls, is about as modern as Hillsboro gets.

Hillsboro is the political center of the county, seconded only by Chapel Hill. It also is the prettiest place in Orange County.

Part of the beauty of Hillsboro is the trip over there. Fall is coming to the dairy farms and the cornfields of Orange County. The trees have turned a rust color in some places, and in some places they have just turned a deep, translucent green. There are many dead, brown leaves on the ground under the trees.

North Carolina's red mud heritage doesn't look as bad in the fall as it does in the late spring.

There are some fields between here and Hillsboro where the earth is nearly black.

The highway twists and rolls between here and Hillsboro, but somehow you don't seem to mind it. You drive 40 and 45, not 55 and 60, because the scenery is worth slowing down to see.

In quiet Hillsboro there is a church, a red brick church that has a quiet graveyard behind it. There are large oak trees, with leaves still green, in the graveyard. The autumn sun shines at a low angle through the oak leaves and makes the whole church and graveyard take on a greenish cast. It all looks calm and meditative.

Some of the tombstones are old, and they tell the story of the Civil War silently, yet powerfully. Some of them are new;

they complete a family chain that started under a short, now crumbling headstone.

A 17-year-old boy is buried there. He fought in Wheeler's Cavalry during the Civil War. Under his name are the simple letters, "C.S.A." He belonged to an army that no longer exists.

The numbers on a tiny headstone record the birth and death of a three-year-old. Below the numbers there is the inscription, "Thy will be done."

There were tiny children playing in the graveyard last Sunday. They were having fun, running up and down the gravel walks between the graves. They were aware that fall is coming to Orange County, and they were having as much fun as possible before it gets too cold to play outside.

A NORTHERN VIEW:

Women In News Pages

Cortland Edwards

Just ran across an item that might be of interest to Carolina Coeds... who aspire for bigger and better things. It seems that Alice Denham, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate from Carolina a few years ago, has finally made the front page. Well, not exactly the front page... for she was selected as Miss July in the Playboy magazine. In the addition to making a three page spread in the nude, she also had a short story published in the same magazine. This is the kind of sex-

cess story I like to see more often. That's the July issue men.

The other day I ran across two very interesting news items. One tells about a woman in New Jersey who was granted \$50 damages from a man who broke three of her ribs. In Los Angeles, a heart balm suit was settled out of court for \$25,000. The moral is obvious: if you want to break off with a girl, don't break her heart, kick her in the ribs. It's cheap, er!

Pogo



Li'l Abner



OMINOUS RUMBLINGS:

Unity Big Factor In Movement

Woody Sears

Rumors are hard to pin down.

They ooze about like droughts of cold air seeping under doors and working their way through inconspicuous spaces in window sills. They go from person to person in whispered, secretive undertones, mushrooming like a column of smoke, rising often from almost insignificant sources.

And rumors are running across the campus now, and they have passed the stage of being secretive. What has been an ominous whisper is now a muffled roar.

And it is good! For the voice you hear is that of the student body. The voice you hear is that of several thousand students, talking together, thinking together, willing together the end of a series of oppressions.

And the voice may grow and get louder, until it becomes the sound of the entire student body. And it will be a fearsome sound to the oppressors.

From all these rumblings, one word is clearly distinguishable... Boycott!

The word boycott bears evil connotations to many due to the recent splashes of unfavorable publicity in which this word has been used to the point of becoming hackneyed.

But as with all other words, the connotation is derived from the usage.

POWERFUL WEAPON

The boycott is a powerful weapon, for it reflects the opinions of many if it is successful. If, on the other hand, it is the action of only a few, it will go unnoticed and die of its own impotency. Strength is in numbers, and the potential for strength to serve the purpose at hand is here.

If this once the student body could pull itself together to work for a common goal which would benefit every single man and woman on his campus, it would be a memorable occasion indeed.

There is a problem to be confronted, to be met in a head-long rush. Everyone is aware of it and everyone feels its pressure where it hurts the majority of us the most.

Each of us is to some degree responsible, for we have stood idly by and watched this malignant growth. We are, quite literally, paying for our years of reticent passivism.

Something should have been done a long time ago, but a lack of unity of purpose or any type of unity has kept the student body helpless against the onslaughts of any and every type of oppression that the students can be subjected to.

We are constantly eating crow for losing battles which we never wage.

If we were told that from here on out all lab courses would hold Saturday night labs we would moan and groan and gripe, but that's as far as it would go. If we woke up one morning and found out that cigarettes were fifty cents per pack and that we could not appear on Franklin St. during certain hours of the day to accommodate the hoards of people who commute from out of town to do their shopping, we would cuss and fuss and yammer at each other, but that's as far as it would go.

How long must this continue. There is no disgrace in losing a battle, but it's positively shameful not to try. It is funny to hear the students complain, but they never do anything about the source of their complaints.

It is laughable except for the fact that those who can see the ironic humor are caught in the same mesh of circumstances.

One of the hardest working men on this campus at this time is Student body President Bob Young. He is doing everything that anyone could possibly do to serve the students and defend their rights, such few as remain unquestioned.

He and those who are working with him are laboring under the assumption that Student Government is a working proposition. They believe in unity of purpose, and they are working under the name of and in behalf of the Student Body.

SUPPORT NEEDED

It is therefore necessary that they get the support of the student body. It should not be so much a question of necessity as a question of gratitude for a job that is being done well. If they succeed in their endeavors every student on the campus will benefit from their efforts.

If they don't succeed, the fault will rest largely on the shoulders of the people they are working for.

Think of what seven thousand determined people could accomplish under the calibre of leadership we have. Think too of the precedent that could be set, and the power which would be vested in the student body and its government as a result.

To think of these things is nice, but doing them is altogether something else. To be filled with enthusiasm is a beginning, but there must be the fortitude to persevere to the end, whether it be victory or defeat.

Therefore, before the rumors get everyone inflamed with crusading zeal, it must be established that the fight will continue to the end. For if the students go off half-cocked and start something they cannot or will not finish, it will destroy completely any good that President Young and his co-workers have accomplished, and the "esprit de corps" of the student body will be reduced to an even lower ebb. It will reduce the power of the students to nothingness.

Student unity, or the lack of it, will be the decisive factor.