

# The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publication Board of the University of North Carolina, where it is published daily except Monday, examination periods and summer terms. Entered as second class matter in the post office in Chapel Hill, N.C., under the act of March 8, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.00 per semester, \$7.00 per year.

The Daily Tar Heel is printed by the News, Inc., Carrboro, N.C.

EDITOR Jonathan Yardley  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Anthony Wolff  
ASSISTANT EDITOR Ron Shumate  
MANAGING EDITORS Larry Smith, Loyd Little  
NEWS EDITORS Dee Daniels, Henry Mayer  
BUSINESS MANAGER Tim Burnett  
ADVERTISING MANAGER Barry Zaslav  
SPORTS EDITOR Ken Friedman  
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS Frank Crowther, Davis Justice, Norman E. Smith, John Young, Judy Walden  
Night Editor

## Don't Knock the Mock

We will be extremely interested to see how well the student body turns out for the Mock Democratic Convention this weekend, inasmuch as this is exactly the sort of event that Carolina students like to ignore, in their infinite and incomprehensible capacity to ignore the things they could get the most out of.

This convention, of course, is not going to determine the fate of the nation and it really isn't anything more than a bunch of students getting together to have a little fun. But the fact remains that it is going to be a valuable, educational and instructive experience.

Today is the big day for the convention, with nominations, a speech from Tennessee's outstanding Senator Gore, and the choice of the campus of its nominee for President of the United States.

And it might be well to mention that the choice of our student body will not go ignored by the state, though it may go ignored right here at the point of its genesis. Radio and television will carry the convention throughout the state, and there will be a great

many people listening, watching, and taking note. We are voters, or many of us are, and the politicians would like to know how we are going to vote - they know, despite the fact that we may not, that our votes count and could elect a President.

The Mock Convention was instituted with the idea not only of giving students a chance to have a good time and blow off some political steam but also of giving all of us a chance to learn something about the inner workings of a national party convention. Whether or not we need to be reminded of it, it is well to bear in mind the fact that these conventions, on the national level, decide whom the two men will be from whom we are going to choose our next President. And there is little need to stress the importance of their decisions.

We will not be casting votes in a national convention. But this should not keep us from casting our votes in a thoughtful, concerned manner. And it certainly should not keep us from attending the convention. That would be ridiculous.

## The Other Side of NSA

The disturbing element about the National Student Association is that it has two sides. This dual characteristic makes it very difficult to say whether or not the NSA should be kept on this campus.

On one side we have the NSA as it is publicly revealed; a somewhat hotheaded, eccentrically liberal organization which passes resolutions and leads movements that are by no means the wish of all the students enrolled in NSA affiliates.

And on the other side we have an organization that is working quietly and effectively to promote international relations, trying not to turn its way into the headlines but to accomplish the much more difficult task of making our fellow humans throughout the world realize that America is a great and good country populated by people who, for all their petty prejudices, are great and good as well.

This characteristic of the NSA can be seen in the Foreign Student Leadership Project, a program limited to some 18 of the more than two thousand colleges and universities in the nation. The University of North Carolina has been honored the past few years by being included among these 18.

This is a program which transcends the normal foreign exchange arrangement, for herein are brought students from foreign nations who are acknowledged leaders in their communities. These are the cream of the crop, and they are coming to America, under the aegis of the National Student Association.

The purpose of the program is to acquaint these students with our country so that they will carry a favorable impression of America back with them upon their return. These young visitors are the leaders of the future, and this program is giving them a favorable impression of the country which is diametrically opposed to the principles of the Soviet Union, the other great power from which they will be receiving overtures.

We may have in our midst a future Prime Minister, President, Secretary of War or Ambassador,

These students are not mere cohorts and companions; they are exceptions to the rule, and they are exceptional exceptions. They need and deserve our support.

On the campuses which they have visited these students have proved to be leaders of the first order. They have taken active and conscientious part in student affairs, seeking not only to gain but to give, to make us aware of their heritage and the problems which their countries face.

This is, for us students, the most valuable aspect of the program and a good reason for retaining membership in the NSA. We need desperately to rid ourselves of the creeping provincialism which has swept over the American college scene, and in order to do this we need to meet and know people our own age from other countries. We need to accept them into our groups and to teach them our customs and foibles. They must learn that the America of the machine age is human too; and we must learn that we are not the only nation in the world with anything of value.

We tend to think of the National Student Association as a unit which is almost useless in its proximity and narrowminded, high-minded pseudo-liberalism. But it also must be recognized as an organization which has elements of the same in it, which can contribute greatly to our campus and national awareness.

We cannot with a clear conscience advocate the retention of the NSA on this campus at the moment, yet neither can we, in light of this Foreign Student Leadership Project, reject the NSA. The problem is a disturbing one, because neither side has a total rightness to it.

The Student Legislature will decide whether we are going to vote on the NSA; we will decide whether to keep it. And we can only recommend that all factors of the organization be taken into account by each student who rouses himself from his lethargy long enough to vote.

## Bob Stokes Guinness Stout

The question is, not "Who dunnit," but who could do it. No one but Alec Guinness, that's who.

"Our Man In Havana," Carol Reed's screen production of Graham Greene's hilarious novel by the same name, finds the British funnyman at his side-splitting best, grinning and grinning in the zaniest bit of antics since "The Horse's Mouth."

Only Guinness, as Mr. Wormold, the mealy-mouth vacuum shop owner, could make a shambles of the British Secret Service, leave three corpses in his wake, and find a pretty mate (Maureen O'Hara) in one fantastic sweep!

Starting out as typical spy-in-cheek comedy, an observant audience soon begins to read between the lines of Guinness & Co., and discovers the reasons for political unrest in Cuba.

Mr. Wormold, a widower with a sweet daughter (Jo Morrow) of expensive taste, seeks to end his financial problems by accepting an offer, from a dapper British spy agent (Noel Coward), to be their secret agent in Havana. The spoof begins in earnest when Wormold tries, without success, to recruit additional agents in his superior's ethnic fashion.

Confused with the futile results of his methods, Wormold creates fictitious fellow-agents and even draws imaginary pictures of hidden military installations (which by some strange coincidence, resemble his vacuum cleaners) for data to send to the home office.

The ingenious farce comes to a chaotic and daffy climax, as the craziest scheme since Orson Wells' Martians landed on Pulaski Highway backfires on Agent Wormold, and cadavers start appearing with more regularity than cross-burnings at Father Devine's revival meetings.

To help this mysterious comedy to its ridiculous conclusion, Wormold's trusted friend, Dr. Hasselbacher (Burl Ives) comes out of retirement as a German spy to plot against him, along with Cuban Police Captain Segora (Ernie Kovacs), who proves superior at checkers, but inferior at absorbing his victory.

The story, although fast moving under Mr. Reed's able direction, was so satirical at times that the audience needed a special delivery pun to make them laugh. The transitions of the scenes were also a slight deterrent in the overall effect, as they sometimes left the audience in more confusion than the actors themselves.

Alec Guinness' wit was at its razor-sharp peak, so much in fact, that many times he left his viewers scratching their unperceptive heads. Noel Coward was a superb counterpart at the spry age of 60, and provided some of the most clever quips of the performance.

Ernie Kovacs seemed naked without a cigar, but was in fact excellent in his role as a straight man for Guinness' suits, as was Burl Ives, the second-hand dealer, who gave Guinness a first-rate idea, Maureen O'Hara was on stage, but just added to the confusion.

"Our Man In Havana" has success written all over it in big G's. In fact, it couldn't be much funnier unless Fidel Castro took the part of Ernie Kovacs, the Cuban Police Captain. But then the Cuban's might run it as a news-reel.

## Edward Neal Riner

# The Coffee Club Complex

Coffee clubs are as much a part of America as Dixie, "Wagon Train" and the DAR. Of course the English have their coffee clubs, but they drink English coffee so that's different grounds.

Coffee clubs are for business men, pseudo-business men (the kind who have to borrow a dime to pay for the black brew), professors and students.

The biggest coffee club we have heard of to date is the one in Lenoir Hall. This club is usually called to order about 9 a.m. and adjourns late in the afternoon. (Sometimes there is a recess so members may switch to the Pine Room; however, in our brewing this is a different club entirely.)

So the club is in session for hours, but members continuously enter and exit. The coffee stays the same. Well, almost the same. Actually it gets worse as the hours pass, but this is incidental to the Lenoir Coffee Club.

In fact the taste of the coffee, the number of days it has been brewed, the acid test and the number of inches of grounds in the cup usually start each day's conversations.

Although Lenoir and its coffee could never get the Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" nor a 21-gun salute from the League of Honest Coffee Lovers, the two are responsible for many long friendships and new romances.

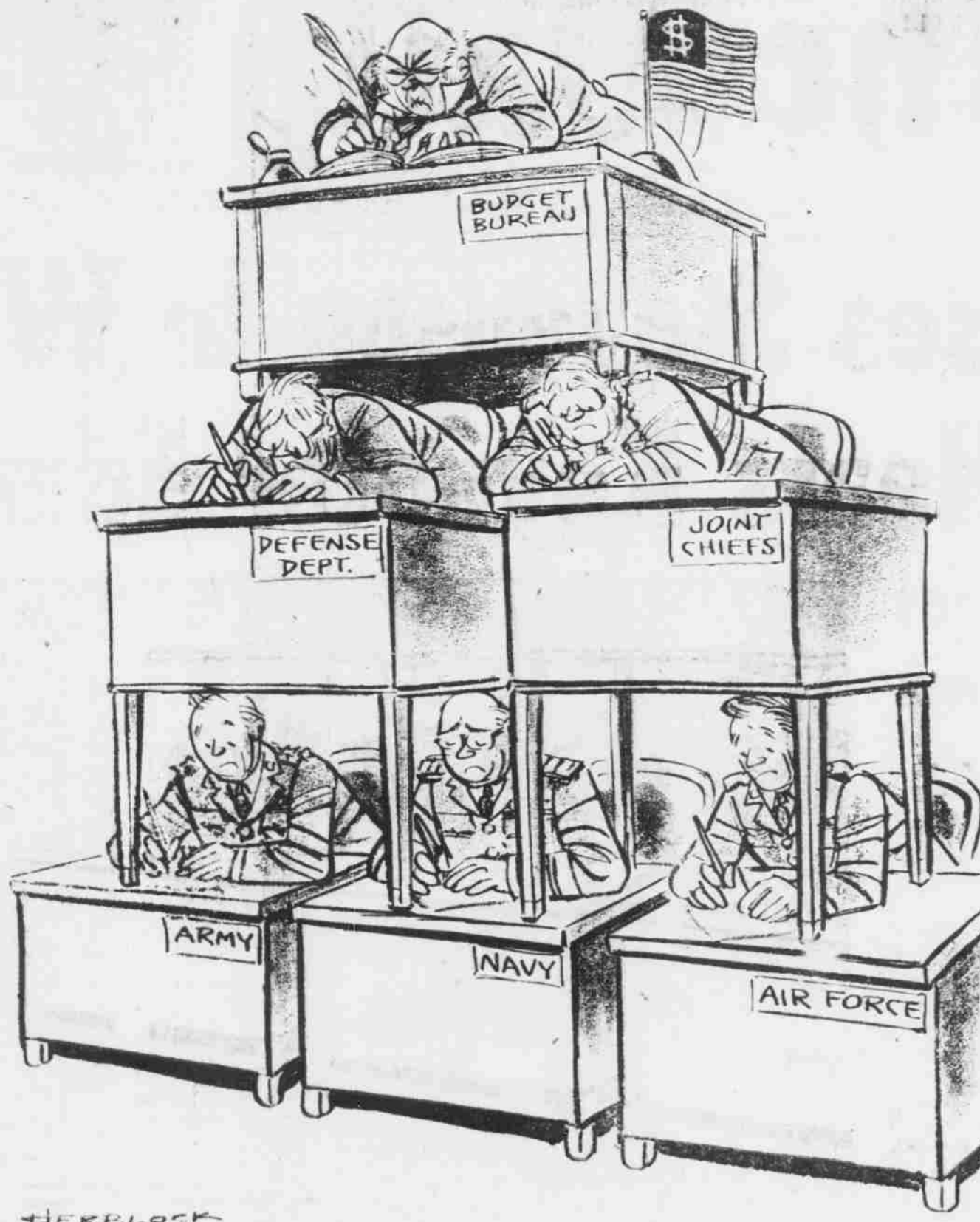
Only in Lenoir Hall would a mating call be "Would you like another cup of coffee?" with the following reply, "Yes-s-s, I'd love one; black, please." After this beginning the romance turns to spooning. He offers her his spoon to stir her coffee. Then to climax the affair (that is, as far as they dare go in Lenoir), he offers her a cigarette and lights it for her.

However, love is not the only thing involved in the vapors from the steaming DJ (drive juice). Intellectual pursuits flow throughout the hall as coffee spills into saucers.

Conversations go from drops of "why the Democrats must win" to drops of "Camus was a symbol of his time" to drops of "big business and socialism don't mix." No matter the discussion, each person's opinion is as bitter to his partner as the coffee which both are guzzling.

But all talk is not serious. Tall tales pile up to equal the stacks of cups on the table. Some jokes are funny; some are hilarious; some are terrific. However, all jokes rival the liquid black death for potency.

## Chain Of Command



HERB BLOCK  
Copyright © 1960 by the Associated Press

## Letter To A Friend

# A Word From Mars

DEAR GEORGE,

As you know, I have just returned from a sort of exploratory trip to Earth; and I think you will be really amazed at what I have to relate: I decided before I left Mars that since this was my first trip to our neighboring planet; and since my time was limited, I would visit what has been represented to us as Earth's most culturally advanced country — the United States. They do have a fairly high degree of culture down there, Amazingly enough, beyond all of their industrialization, organization, and efforts to place all humans in categories; there do remain certain individuals who possess understanding, and true aesthetic values in spite of the general stagnant and unfeeling majority. The majority, my friend, will be the main topic of my letter — and don't laugh, because I'll swear to you I saw it with my own eyes.

In spite of the fact that more people in the United States are getting an education than ever before, and in spite of the fact that art and understanding are supposed to be on the upswing, and in spite of the fact there is a growing concern that they might blow themselves up (for certainly what blows up must come down); in spite of all these facts to show that man is probably truly advanced; there is retained an institution which he proudly calls (and even boasts to be) the wonderful backbone of his whole existence. It is the belief in witchcraft. They call it religion.

Now when I visited the mountains and saw snake handling, I excused it as a joke because these people were not educated; and when I visited a big tent where one of the witchdoctors was trying to heal a cancerous woman by praying to his god, I felt it to be some sort of entertainment; and when I toured through a high school and saw students assembled once a week to view a priest who was talking of morals, and love, and dirty communism, and hell all in the same breath — and, generally repeating the same thing another priest said the week before; I thought it was probably some sort of lecture on the Dark Ages.

But . . . when I visited what they call a Sunday School, and saw children no older than five years, being taught about ghosts, and virgin births, and crosses, and some sort of garbage about roasting in hell if you're bad and walking on gold streets if you're good — with true love and compassion for fellow men (no matter what their country or color) barely mentioned; and when I walked around a college campus and saw what was supposed to be the educated men — I didn't believe my eyes and ears, George, I swear this is true.

Everywhere I looked there were temples of sacrifice (sacrifice of all true reason of those attending). In almost every dormitory room there was a book of myths called the Bible which was read periodically, the myths absorbed as history, and its true value almost completely disregarded. On Sunday mornings the students go to the temples and sit with blank, bored, and pseudo-emotional faces while the priest goes through the high school routine again. In certain of the sects; holy water is sprinkled, latin is babbled, markings are put on the face to remind one of the death and the roasting he is libel to face, the "blood and body" of the virgin-offspring is eaten in some sort of Pagan, kneeling ritual — and humble prayer to the gods is universal.

This humbleness to the gods is quite the thing in all their ceremonies. It seems that God made man and woman (out of mud, string, glue, and with all manner of omnipotent power thrown in) and he took these two and set them down in a beautiful garden where they yielded to temptation and were cast out, thus man was forever condemned — until this other god came along and allowed himself to be hanged on the cross to "save" mankind. But I won't go into all this George, because you've probably already read it somewhere yourself.

Anyway, modern man insists on calling this priest Jesus a god. He is no longer a man to them. Why aren't they satisfied in letting him stay a man, and doing good because he is one? I don't understand it. Anyway, they go around making signs of the cross about themselves, and fingering beads, and whispering lots of "Mother Marys" and "Praise Jesus" like it was a thing quite mechanical, quite moral, and (to me) anything but holy.

Before I wrote you I sat for a long while trying to figure out what made men on Earth act in this strange manner. Children outgrow believing Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny, why don't they outgrow their gods in a like manner? I suppose religion, apart from ethics, gives them ease when they think of death. At burials there is always a priest to mumble over the deceased and make everyone feel generally uncomfortable. The soul then descends to heaven, supposedly, or a great realm of indcision, where he will rest in bliss for the rest of his natural infinity. In the case of important men (especially of the church or politics); great, gaudy, awe-inspiring, and mechanical rituals are performed — complete with latin, incense, candles, beads, "Mother Marys", colored lights, flowing robed priests and morbid organ music — in general — a circus.

I could imagine no more disrespectful way to bury the dead. And the people who attend the burial go back to their college anthropology class and sneaker at primitive tribes because they worshiped trees, and rocks, and evil spirits, and paint their dead . . . How sad it is that Americans in the 20th century, religion-wise, have advanced no farther than the Neanderthal.

Well George I guess I'm certainly no judge of it all, but it seems to me lots of men on Mars who never went to Sunday School as a child are much more satisfied than any holy man I saw on Earth. And our ethics are cleaner. It seems that man on earth keeps looking at nature as some sort of immoral thing and invents god to lift him from it. How absurd, nature is neither moral or immoral — it is non-moral. Man on Earth has let ritual replace deed; fear replace love. They all seem to have the idea that there is a loving spirit outside themselves. I wonder why they won't put it inside themselves and take responsibility for their own actions? It would make them much more like the Christ they worship. At present, they seem to be only hypocritical, humble worms. Really George, I thought it was a joke at first — but now I don't know whether to laugh or cry.

As ever,  
Philip Fraley



POGO

BY WALT KELLY

PEANUTS

BY CHARLES M. SCHULZ