

A Presidential Endorsement

With this, the 12th issue of the UNC News, Vol 2, 1960 edition, we close up shop for the summer.

It's been a summer filled with a dearth of news, a dearth of staffers and an overabundance of heat.

We've managed, in our 12 weeks as editor, to get Terry Sanford elected, solve most of the world's problems and put the campus at the forefront of liberal academic institutions.

In our last issue, we'd like to do one more great service for the state and for the nation.

We'd like to elect Richard M. Nixon President.

This no doubt comes as a shock to many, this being the so-called Democratic South. But, being one of these creatures who belongs to neither the Democratic nor the Republican party, we feel that a little enlightenment would do the South some good.

And we feel that Richard Nixon will do the whole country some good. It follows only naturally that he should be the

man to head this country for the next eight years.

Now some may think it strange that we should wait until the last issue to take what so many will consider an "out" step. But this is not a cowardly move. It was not saved until this issue solely so that we won't receive long, harsh letters condemning us.

But it was done at this time because, with both conventions over, people will have had time to consider both candidates. And thus, for those who have not yet decided, the choice is clear: the Nixon-Lodge ticket is the one to vote for come November.

And, too, after seeing and hearing Mr. Nixon in Greensboro last week, we are more convinced than ever before that he's the man for the Presidency of this country.

We'd also like to point out that the editor's opinion is shared by his associate editor. But the managing editor dissents. He has (may his vote rest in peace) chosen the other candidate.

Thanks To The Faithful Few

As exams loom darkly on the nearby horizon, and as the summer grinds to an exhausted halt, a great exodus is about to begin.

Students will soon be departing for just about every part of the country and the world. The purpose in all this is, of course, to get as far away from The Hill as is possible in the short period of time allowed.

The beaches will no doubt be covered with prostrate bodies, lying in all manner of positions. Some of them will be dead tired, others dead drunk. Some will be imbibed with a curious combination of the two.

But no matter what kind of dead, it will be a feeling second to none.

At least a few of the above-mentioned prostrate bodies could well be members of the UNC News staff. Said staffers have not had an easy time of it for the past 12 weeks.

For in addition to having one or two courses—often at the unbearable hour of 7:30 a.m.—they've had to help put a paper together once a week.

The unbearable, incomparable, incontestable, incompatible heat drove many prospective staffers underground—or at least into air-conditioned cellars.

But, nevertheless, there have been a faithful few.

Among these few faithfuls have been: Associate Editor Joe Medlin, who dug up more stories than the editor thought existed during such a news-dead summer—and got them published in virtually every daily newspaper in the state;

Harve Harris, who survived the edi-

tor's many tirades and managed to put a paper together, often out of all but no copy. But without him there would have been at least 10 less issues.

Then there's the omnipresent D.B.Y.—better known as Davis Beeken Young, who scraped up enough ads each week so that we could at least meet our deadline;

And last, but certainly not least, are the non-titled staffers, without whom there would have been many a large white hole in the paper. Among these are Ron Cunningham, Phil Graham, Gina Hardison, Jo Anne Harriss, Pete Ness, Walter Williams and Barry Startz.

And then there's Charley Campbell and the boys at the shop, who put the paper together for 12 weeks with much lead and imagination and (often) little copy.

If we have omitted anyone, it was unintentional, but we thank them too for their help this summer.

All things considered, it's been a fairly successful summer. We've managed to stay clear of libel suits, received no scathing letters, and have, we think, offended a surprisingly small number of people—students included.

So, with one last glance back into the mess in which we left the office, we depart for a short vacation from the world of newspapering.

It's a small world.

The unfortunate thing about this world is that good habits are so much easier to get out of than bad ones.

—Somerset Maugham

'The Boy Friend'

About a month ago on the second floor of Graham Memorial on a hot July night a group gathered to watch an evening of tryouts for an upcoming musical comedy. Sitting in the room, each with a notebook and pencil, were Bruce Mooney and Dot Silver quietly writing their impressions of those auditioning for "The Boy Friend."

At the end of the evening, a cast was posted. The next day and each succeeding one, Mooney and Miss Silver worked long hours with the eager, but sometimes inexperienced, players. Day by day, week by week they patiently went over the acts, the songs, the dances, the positioning, until Saturday, Sunday and Monday nights of this last week they pushed the birds out of the nest to fly on their own.

Mooney, Miss Silver, the cast and all connected made one of the positive contributions of the summer. Our hats go off to them in praise of their efforts.

A Blonde In The Night

By PHIL GRAHAM

It was the late hour of a typically wet, dismal afternoon. Full of young enthusiasm, I was out for a walk to relax my heat-oppressed mind. The rain was not heavy, and I had my new Lenoir Hall umbrella. With a gleaming eye, I was about to encircle the girls' dorms for the tenth time. But unfortunately, the pathway had steadily become sloshy, so I turned into the Arboretum where the walking is easier.

Into this haven of nature I wandered slowly, aware of the strange departure from reality. The rain was heavier, and the wind stronger. Ahead, through the watery blur, I was amazed to see a girl standing alone and motionless, her face looking upward to the sky.

She heard me coming, and her head arched delicately in my direction. Ah, what a beauty! Her wet clotsack hung on her like the wet veil of a Greek goddess. And her hair! Golden and flaxen it fell down her back in beautiful little threads. Whose lost nymph was this? I worshipped even the mud that oozed between her sandals and her lovely feet.

We stood face to face. The wind tore mysteriously through the trees, and its enchanting whine nearly set up apart from the world into some tranceful ecstasy. Our eyes met, and for a brief moment I found meaning in all of life. There seemed to be a glow of radiance upon her face, and the raindrops that trickled down her nose reminded me of the tears I would shed if she were not mine.

At last, I could not refrain from speaking. "Dare I hope," I said, "that you will join me in my little promise?"

She laughed. She laughed so hard and so long that slowly I became annoyed. My face turned livid, and firmly I asked, "What is so funny?"

"Like man!" she cried. "Are you crazy?"

I do not know what happened afterward except that I ran. I left the Arboretum. I ran over the sun dial. I ran past Dean Johnson. I ran and ran until finally at the base of Silent Sam, I collapsed to the grass, an utterly pitiful heap of exhaustion. Desperately I gasped for breath.

For a while, I lay here, thinking nothing, caring less. Out of my dazed eyes, I looked at the huge statue near me. Silent Sam stood peering over the campus, his stony expression one of eternal vigilance.

"Sam, am I beat!" I cried up to him. And for the first time since the Civil War, Silent Sam fired his gun; but in complete, utter, ominous disapproval.

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Like Jericho, Man

By BARRY STARTZ

He always smoked a Kent, Then a Kool, then a Kent in his cigarette holder.

That order—never changing. It was as habitary as eating. I didn't listen to his lectures. I just watched him, and watched Him and watched. Sometime, He's got to break the order.