

The Daily Tar Heel

The official student publication of the Publications 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 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.00 per semester, \$7.00 per year.

The Daily Tar Heel is printed by Colonial Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Editor	JONATHAN YARDLEY
Associate Editor	WAYNE KING, MARY STEWART BAKER
Assistant Editor	RON SHUMATE
Managing Editors	BOB HASKELL, MARGARET ANN RHYMES
News Editors	HENRY MAYER, LLOYD LITTLE
Feature Editors	SUSAN LEWIS, ADELAIDE CROMARTIE
Photography Editor	BILL BRINKHOUS
Sports Editor	KEN FRIEDMAN
Asst. Sports Editor	FRANK W. SLUSSER
Contributing Editors	JOHN JUSTICE, DAVID B. YOUNG
Business Manager	TIM BURNETT
Night Editor	BILL FACKERT

Beat State -- With Diplomatic Reserve

The word is out—"Beat State." Certain contingencies have been attached to this proposed victory, however, which we feel should be noted by all students planning to make a scene after the game.

The following rules of behavior have been suggested:

1. The winning school will be allowed to tear down the goal posts. The losing school will be asked to remain in the stands.
2. The Chapel Hill police will be informed and asked not to interfere.
3. Fights will be discouraged.

Now, for the sake of those who do not understand administrative language, the following translation is sup-

plied:

1. After you tear down the goal posts you have the problem of how to saw them into equitable pieces. Iron saws are recommended by the editor, but he also suggests that you keep them somewhere where you aren't likely to be tempted to go after some member of the enemy camp with them.
2. If a cop starts to clobber you, recite the fact to him that he can't do it. If he doesn't stop—beat him to the punch.
3. Do your fighting in a private place.

Hip hip, North Carolina. Vanquish State College.

WCHL -- Back To The Roots

When Radio Station WCHL was first established a few years ago Chapel Hillians rejoiced at the taste and judiciousness employed in the selection of music played on the disc jockey programs.

Recently, however, the station showed signs of drifting into a state of depression: taste began to vanish and the music lost a great deal of fascination for local listeners. They turned off their radios.

Then, last summer, a small but vociferous complaint was registered by some of the area's more vocal jazz aficionados. The words took effect;

now it is possible to turn on the radio in the afternoon and be spared such inanities as children's pop choruses and pseudo-rock 'n' roll balladeers.

Occasionally, now, the tones of Count Bassie shake the air waves joyously; Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald are once more king and queen of the local soundboxes; Johnny Mathis breaks hearts hourly.

All Chapel Hillians have reason for happiness in this development. Once again this town has proved that culture in Chapel Hill extends far beyond the University boundaries.

Religion -- An Issue?

It is hard to realize that America has not grown up since 1928. We have made a great deal of noise since then, and we have made a great many missiles and bombs and air-conditioners and records and television sets; but we have not ceased being narrow-minded, self-centered children.

We are intolerant of anything that differs from the norm, and we are intolerant of anything that seems the slightest bit foreign to our hallowed Constitution.

The Constitution is a great document and deserves the support of all Americans, but it should not be taken as a religious document. It is a set of rules for the life of men and women in this country, and should be treated as such.

But because we place the Constitution on a plane with the Ten Commandments — though the framers would be appalled by this—we refuse to accept the possibility that some of our citizens may wish to conduct their private lives according to the suggestions of their church, and that they may wish to accept its moral standards.

We do not approve of the manner in which the Catholic Church attempts to guide not only American Catholics but all Americans, but neither do we approve of the way in which the good, red-blooded American approaches the Catholic Church as a foreign power bent on destruction of the "American Way of Life."

What it is that makes Senator Kennedy despised by many Americans is beyond our comprehension. Senator Kennedy is an American citizen, and

should be treated as such.

Religion is not an issue. It is the concoction of bigotry, prejudice and pure political opportunism. It worked in 1928, and the opposition—or at least some of its members—is determined to let history repeat itself.

Every time Mr. Nixon mentions his desire not to discuss the religious issue he makes the issue more potent. The art of subtle suggestion has achieved some apex of perfection here.

It has been suggested that faintly disguised Republican efforts to keep Kennedy's Catholicism foremost in the public mind will backfire on the party. A recent survey by the New York Times indicates that New York Catholics, who voted Republican by a slight majority in 1956, are turning to Kennedy not for political reasons but because of the insult they are suffering as a result of the prejudice:

"They are deeply troubled by the Protestants who have challenged the fitness of a Catholic to be President—and to the extent these attacks become identified with the Republicans they will desert the Republican Party."

It will be to the continual disgrace of this nation if Senator Kennedy is denied a large bloc of votes because of his religion.

The unfortunate aspect of the election is that the only way it can be said that Kennedy was not discriminated against would be as the result of his victory. This is rather unfair to Mr. Nixon, who as president would inherit the scars that Herbert Hoover has so long worn.

Letters Art Show

To the Editor:

As the object of your unfortunate article, "Wanders into the Morehead," I feel a few words in my defense could not be out of place.

The whole approach to the exhibit by your unappreciative spectator is so naive that I hardly know where to begin to state my case. What point is there to using a gimmick such as a coed who does not understand nor appreciate any art as a critic? This is the easy way to condemn the show without mental effort of any kind. Far more enlightening would be the question, What is it all about?

My purpose is not as negative as yours—for I do not wish to dismember your article as you did my show; but rather to cast very briefly a few rays of light upon the real intent of the creation in the South Gallery of the Morehead.

With a definite attempt to blend sculpture and painting into a space created by canvases in an architectural scale, I have introduced the observer into an entirely unique environment in which he loses for the first time his physical identity and is engulfed and directed by painting and constructed movements, flowing forms and interrelated three dimensional spaces.

The individual sections have no titles. The overall exhibit has no theme or purpose other than to create an environment to evoke an aesthetic experience, not naive condemnation.

My purpose in presenting this exhibit would have been clear to the "author" had he even taken the trouble to read the brief statement accompanying the show at the planetarium.

My only hope is that the readers of your article will reserve their judgement until they have seen the exhibit for themselves.

William E. Minschew, Jr.

To the Editor:

How can a respectable paper such as the Daily Tar Heel stoop to such total incompetence? I am referring, of course, to your recent article on the new show in the Morehead Planetarium. Sending that particular reporter to that particular show would be equivalent to sending Miss America to the next summit conference. No one could have been more out of his (or her) element than that poor misguided creature who obviously knows nothing about art but who, nonetheless, attempts to write an amusing and sarcastic article at the expense of the artist which, in turn, backfires and makes him the fool.

If this article expresses the sum total of the reporter's reaction to the show (and one must assume that it does), then I feel terribly sorry for him. He has missed the entire point of the exhibit which is to present the viewer with a unique aesthetic experience by the use of all three arts: painting, sculpture and architecture. Here the canvas no longer hangs on the wall but it has become the wall and as a self-supporting structure creates a space, something a painting has never done before. In this space the observer moves and, if imaginative and receptive, becomes a part of this painting and architectural entity.

I think the Tar Heel should send another reporter to the Morehead—one with an open mind, and objective curiosity and some criterion for judgement who could then proceed to enlighten the public about a most worthwhile exhibit.

An Art Lover

"I've Got Sort Of A Domestic Problem Myself ...!"



A Coed's View

On Sororities-II

It's hard to explain the difference. I mean why once above the Mason Dixon line the seekers of knowledge in the institutions of higher learning rush in from all walks of life to be molded into the 'Ivy' pattern.

Up there where you go is the rating service. It's always "try for the top ten" (or at least the top twelve) and if all else fails, compromise by keeping up the tradition and buy all of your clothes at Lord and Taylor.

So all you have to do to find the complete story is simply ask "what school?" and the answer gives a thumbnail sketch of our girl.

But in the South it's not the same. Actually one school is practically like another—with the exception of such ready labels as 'party school' and the like. But even then, if you get the right crowd you can always make a party. So even the label's not that important.

The important thing is to start early. It can be at State or the University or Junior College No. 65. You and I know that few can achieve much on mere personality and looks. It takes brains and summer rush parties (naturally not under this label because that would be dirty rush) and P-L-E-N-T-Y of recs.

So it all boils down to the old game of fraternity-sorority and the little side plays like "do you know," and "when I was in Europe" (or Canada or South America — it doesn't make too much difference where as long as it's out of this country.) And if you're really good and make the team — then you're there. Or almost.

Sometimes it does stop there. I mean if you lived in a radius of ten miles around the college town and never met a single person from the day you graduated until you departed this earth. Then you'd be safe.

Because now the really hard part comes. If you're lucky and have already gotten the tip, well, then you don't have to worry. You already know and rush is just a formality that must be endured.

It makes little or no difference if you like the girls in Sigma Sigma. Those Greek letters just weren't meant to go together as far as you're concerned. It's just that,

well, they aren't rated so high by the Zeta Zeta Zeta's (who date only Nu Chis, by the way) and so you couldn't possibly . . .

The little merry-go-round can't stop here either. Just because the Nu Chis are rated number one by the Zeta Zeta Zeta's doesn't mean that the Alpha Kappa's are so frantic about them.

So it's the bit decision. Who do you want to impress—the ZZZ's or the AK's? Well, maybe you'll be lucky and get a bid to Gamma Gamma. Practically everyone goes for them. (Unfortunately you don't have any inside contacts in there, and it's almost hopeless to even dream that you can make it alone!)

And have you forgotten that there are such little facts as the Nu Chis being good at State but definitely OTL in Florida. And, sad, but true, not many Floridians have the inside dope that Nu Chis is best at State.

This brings up the deal about after college. You know, the alumni of the old frat. (Whom national sends around representatives at least once a week to remind you of.)

Well, ten years from now you'll probably meet a lovely lady who is a Chi Chi and it'll be simply dreadful because chances are you won't know if Chi Chi's were good at Texas. So you won't know whether to admit her into the bosom of your friendship.

Unfortunately, there's still more. Do you realize that Delta Chi could have been number one when you were in school but through some twist of fate have gone down-down-down, and you give your first born the old legacy rec (and it turns out she's one of those who can't make it on her face and personality alone.) So she joins up with the gang—national sisterhood, and all that. And then, one fine day you wake up to the BAD NEWS that Peter Wetzel down the street won't date her because he's a Zeta Zeta Zeta (who date only . . .

Wade Wellman

Flying Saucers-II

During 1944 and 1945, American fliers over Europe and the Pacific had frequent encounters with rapid-flying, bright-glowing disks and spherical objects which followed them on bombing missions and scrutinized them on landings and take-offs. Suspecting a secret German or Japanese device, U.S. Intelligence carefully scrutinized Axis records after the war. They found that Axis fliers had been perplexed and troubled by these weird mechanisms and had taken them as Anglo - American inventions. The mystery never cracked, the Intelligence report was never published.

But the present cycle began in 1947 with the celebrated report of Kenneth Arnold, a businessman who, flying his private plane in the area of Mt. Rainier, Washington, saw the first of the modern "saucers." Arnold reported that he saw nine brilliant disks, roughly 50 feet in diameter, racing in reversed echelon past Rainier and weaving among the mountain peaks.

He compared their motion to that of "saucers skipping across water"—hence the absurd name, which has caused so much bull-headed skepticism in America. Arnold's report became a classic, and it quickly gave way to scores of accounts from civil observers, fliers, radar operators, engineers and, admittedly, dopes and drunks. Air Force investigators scrutinized the mounting evidence. Something was around, certainly, but what? Mass hallucinations? Secret Russian or American devices? Or interplanetary space vehicles?

On January 7, 1948, police officers in Kentucky were notified of a huge object about 250 feet in diameter slowly traveling across the sky. They sent the description to Godman Air Force Base, and Godman Tower, after spotting the UFO, diverted four F-51 Mustangs on training flight to identify the mystery object.

Captain Thomas Mantell, World War II veteran took the lead. His voice came through over radio: "I've sighted the thing. It looks metallic and its tremendous in size—now it's starting to climb. I'm going to 20,000 feet." The tower heard nothing more from him. A few minutes later his F-51 was found wrecked, with Mantell's dead body inside, and nothing to account for his death or for the identity of the strange machine that had lured him, wittingly or accidentally, to his doom.

Such cases are, fortunately, exceptional. Only a few collisions between UFO's and aircraft have been recorded and these could be accidents, as witness the crashes in our own airways. In the months following this tragedy, pilots on night flights saw mysterious objects with bright blue lights that sometimes blinked or pulsed. The strange vehicles displayed phenomenal speed and geometrical dexterity; they often performed ninety-degree turns and straight-line reverses.

Rates of acceleration were incredible, sometimes increasing by several thousand miles an hour in a few seconds. Publicly, the Air Force dismissed the sightings as weather balloons, astronomical bodies, atmospheric phenomena and light effects. Privately, they began an investigation which Edward J. Ruppelt recounts in *The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects* (1956), probably the best-known of the serious works concerning UFO's.

Formal USAF investigation began in 1948 as Project Sign, later known as Project Grudge and, finally, Project Blue Book. In this unpublicized probe, the Air Force had one principal motivation—to discover if the saucers were a threat to American security. Any suspicion that they were Soviet inventions quickly evaporated. The Russians, terribly damaged by World War II, could never have developed such revolutionary mechanisms by 1947. American inventions were likewise ruled out—the U.S. would not be spending billions of dollars on conventional aircraft to conceal a machine which could win the cold war overnight. With furrowed brows, the Air Force investigators sifted piles of reports, and gradually concluded that only two possibilities remained open. "If the saucers exist, they're interplanetary," Ruppelt said flatly.

As head of Project Blue Book, Ruppelt had frequent contact with Donald Keyhoe, who took a strong interest in the saucers from the first. Keyhoe, too, had many helpful contacts in civil and military defense posts. In 1950 he published his first study, *The Flying Saucers Are Real*. Based on several famous sightings and on all the evidence then available, the book proposed that the saucers were intelligently controlled vehicles of extra-terrestrial origin.

Later, as the sightings continued to pile up, Keyhoe worked with Project Blue Book and persuaded Albert M. Chop, saucer consultant for the civil press, to declassify some of the most impressive reports. For two years Keyhoe gathered information for the book which would, he hoped, bring the facts to the people. Privately, the Air Force investigators discounted the specious explanations of Donald H. Menzel, a Harvard astronomer who tried to explain away all the sightings as light effects and weather phenomena. The evasiveness of the Air Force statements was becoming almost painfully obvious.

Under direction of Captain Ruppelt, Blue Book studiously analyzed hundreds of reports from civilian and military observers. During 1952 the "saucer business" reached an all-time high. The most publicized activity in UFO history took headline space from the Democratic convention on the night of July 19, 1952, when eight bright saucers, visible from the ground, flew into the restricted lanes over the White House and the Capitol. Radarscopes clocked one blip at 7,000 mph, a speed frequently excelled in other sighting reports. Civilian fliers and ground observers at Washington National Airport watched them loaf along in the sky, then accelerate to fantastic speeds. But when interceptors arrived to identify them, the perplexing machines were gone.

POGO



PEANUTS



by Walt Kelly



by Schulz

