

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 8, 1870. Subscription rates: \$4.00 per semester, \$7.00 per year.

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

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John F. Kennedy—Leadership For The 60's

When the nation's political parties gathered this summer for their nominating conventions, both avoided nominating their best, most capable men. To many Americans, the ultimate choices seem poor substitutes.

Countless articles have been written citing the similarities between the two candidates. Taking youth, brains, ability and personality into consideration, pundits have found much to make the point seem valid.

There are differences, however, that are as valid as the likenesses, and it is on these differences that we base our choice of Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy for the presidency.

In the past we have written many harsh words about Kennedy, attacking what seems to be opportunism and a willingness to take advantage of the expedient. These accusations may still have more than a grain of truth to them.

If, however, Kennedy seems opportunistic, he is a mild offender when compared with Vice President Richard Milhous Nixon. The latter's history will bear this out.

We are not concerned with such inanities as opportunism when choosing a President. We are concerned with capability and with ideals; and it is here that the edge goes to Kennedy.

Throughout the campaign the Senator has concentrated not on character assassination but on forceful suggestion, not on innuendo but on direct statement, not on the past but on the future.

Kennedy follows in the mainstream of the Democratic Party, and this is a far more commendable path than that established by the Repub-

lican Party; as Kennedy himself has pointed out, it is a path of progress, of refusal to rest on the past.

Kennedy would not say "You never had it so good." He is aware of the present strength of the nation but will not be led into believing that this is enough. His "New Frontier," hackneyed though the name may be, is a symbol of the hope of progress. This is an admirable hope.

The nominee has displayed a sincerity during the campaign which can only be construed as genuine. He has not strayed from his original statements, but has elaborated and built on them. He has won the grudging admiration of this writer.

The Kennedy program is one of progress, and it also seems to be one of honesty, of realization of the problems of America. And these are not merely problems incurred by the Republican administration; they are the problems of a people growing faster than they know how and growing in a world that is growing just as fast as they are.

Kennedy seems to be realizing that these problems must be met with strength. He does not take his opponent's position that, really, Eisenhower has been a great and good leader and who has done no wrong. He looks to the future. He realizes that whatever has been done in the past cannot solve the problems that lie ahead.

We support John Kennedy, then, with great enthusiasm. He is the best of these two men, and the man who may, with the help of the American people, lead us out of some of the holes we have fallen into these past twenty years.

Moving From Positive To Negative

We have become quite disturbed recently at learning of the University's plans to build two new dormitories and a new fraternity court in locations which are so far beyond the campus as to be totally out of reach.

The new dormitories will be built in the wooded area beyond Kenan Stadium, at a distance approximately equal to that from the middle of Victory Village to the main campus. The fraternity court will be built near The Pines Restaurant.

Our concept of a university includes, among other things, the idea that it is a basically central unit, easily reached from all corners of living and playing activity. With the classroom buildings in the center, nothing is more than a ten-minute walk from the focal point.

At present the campus of this University fulfills this ideal. Although the Health Affairs Center and the three new dormitories are a good trot away, they are not unreachable. They are still very much a part of the campus.

The administration, in presenting this request to the Budget Committee for the new dorms, argued—and apparently effectively—that the stu-

dents living in these monstrous structures will be oriented to believe that when they leave their dens of isolation they will be coming to work.

After leaving the dorm, this well-oriented student will prance off to class, lunch at a downtown restaurant, study in the attractive, pleasant library, play in the student union, take part in campus affairs, eat dinner, and go home happily exhausted by the day's business.

This sounds about as appealing as a regiment of robots. Well controlled by South Building, these students will become thoroughly ordered and regimented.

They also will lose all sense of belonging, since they will have no place that means "home" in Chapel Hill. Their dormitory will become a stopping-off place.

We do not approve at all of the idea of this University spreading farther and farther from its center, losing as a result its small college feeling.

The University of North Carolina is moving rapidly toward becoming a mid-western university, huge and impersonal. We do not want this.

Bob Silliman

Willie Stark

Way back in 1946, just about the time both Jack Kennedy and Richard Nixon were getting their start in national politics, author Robert Penn Warren wrote a novel about a backwoods politician named Willie Stark. The book, *All the King's Men*, was a lightly veiled account of Louisiana's bayou kingpin Huey Long and how he controlled a state.

Willie Stark really didn't start out as a demagogue, he was just a poor redneck farmer who happened to tangle himself up in state politics, and hit upon an issue that the poor people of Louisiana were excited about. And after awhile, Willie got the idea in his head that he wanted to be governor. He had a CAUSE.

So Willie—chubby, round-faced, rather ridiculous in his shiny ill-fitting suit—took it upon himself to stump the state and tell all of the common folk of Louisiana about his CAUSE. And so, on Saturday afternoons, Willie would roll up his sleeves and mingle with the farmers, and the grocers, and all of the previously ignored voters in the state. He would stand there and tell them that he was a man of the people. He was just like they were. He was poor. But, by God, if they elected him, he'd go to the Capitol and get rid of all the graft and corruption and do things. Oh yes, Willie Stark was a man of the people.

And so the voters elected Willie. They elected him because Willie was just like they were, and because Willie had a CAUSE, and because Willie's opponent represented all of the evil, and graft, and corruption that all of the voters thought existed up there in the Capitol. Willie Stark did his job very well. Yes, when the smoke cleared away, there was poor, uneducated, grinning Willie Stark, Governor of the State, Champion of the Cause, Representative of the Masses. Hurrah!

And after Governor Stark had been in one term, you couldn't very well get rid of him. Because Willie did some good—the kind of good that all of the redneck voters saw, like fancy roads, and school houses, and lower taxes. And conscientiously every few months, the Governor would have his picture taken in front of the two-room cabin where he was born, and show all of the voters his fine family and his common home. And he'd have it published in the paper, and all of the hicks would say to themselves "That Governor is jest fine, and he's doin' things. He ain't no politician."

It didn't really matter that after the picture had been taken, Willie would drive off in his Cadillac, and leave his wife in the poor home, and go straight to the arms of his current mistress, and booze it up a bit. But oh no, the voters never saw all of that. What they did see was an image. Willie gave them the image they wanted to see: the fine, upright citizen, with a CAUSE. And no one in the state dared tell the voters just what was going on in the capitol, because Willie had something on everyone in the state. For Willie knew an uncomfortable fact about humans: once, no matter how perfect a man, he yields to temptation and makes that one mistake that can ruin him, if anyone knew. In many cases of successful Louisianians, no one knew. No one but Willie.

Great Debate



Davis B. Young

Gavin, Ike & Jack

Two weeks ago we wrote that Terry Sanford would be indeed fortunate to poll any more than 55% of the total vote in his gubernatorial clash with Republican Bob Gavin. At that time, we stated this was to be the first of many predictions between now and November 8—Election Day.

Our latest revision of this race would give Sanford a wider margin than 55-45. It is not at all improbable that the Fayetteville gift to big time politics will hit the 60% mark, which to say the least, would be a comfortable margin of victory.

Republican Gavin has suddenly in the past few weeks come forth with a barrage of low blows. His campaign reeks of certain California campaigns of 1946-48 and 52. The charge about "grifters, grafters and bosses" was unfounded, unfair and as Governor Hodges put it "un-North Carolinian."

One of the things which has distinguished this state's government in the past half a century is the lack of any major scandal. We join the editorialists around the state who have asked Gavin to substantiate these charges or retract what are obviously questionable statements.

Largely due to President Eisenhower's unwillingness to meet with Soviet Premier Khrushchev while the latter is in New York, we are losing badly in our fight at the United Nations.

In one of his better columns, Drew Pearson has pointed to this as another blow to our prestige among the uncommitted nations. What is apparently Eisenhower's reluctance is easily interpreted to mean our failure to meet the Russians half way.

Is it not natural for the Afro-Asian bloc, or any bloc, to look upon Khrushchev's presence in this country as a wonderful opportunity for serious talks. In a time of great international peril, when the future of the United Nations hangs in the balance, the President of the United States owes it to his own people and to all nations to do everything within his power to alleviate the tense situation.

He may do what he did in Little Rock; i.e.

let the situation get out of control needlessly, then resort to desperate measures.

The latest issue of Time Magazine has an interesting survey of 1960 voter trends among the 50 states. The Luce publication does a state by state rundown.

It is apparent if one is to believe what he reads, and there is no reason not to, that Nixon is ahead as of this date. However, the most important feature of the story shows Kennedy gaining in each of the key states.

In California, Illinois, Michigan, New York, Massachusetts (exempted for obvious reasons) and Ohio, Kennedy is surging to a peak. In New York, Massachusetts and possible Ohio, he should be favored. In the other three, the contest will be a toss-up by Election Day if the Kennedy forces are able to approach their usual crescendo.

Even though the smart money is still on Nixon, don't count out Kennedy. Although his campaign is having some difficulty, particularly in the South and Farm Belt, a continued domination of the television debates will reverse this.

We still predict a Nixon victory. Whichever way it goes though, you are apt to see the closest race in modern history.

One of the results of the first Kennedy-Nixon debate is the sudden willingness of southern leaders to be associated with the Massachusetts Senator. Unlike Terry Sanford, a number of Dixie politicians have not shown a great affinity to Kennedy.

Suddenly, the Southern Governor's Conference dispatched a telegram of support, and a number of lesser lights are falling into line. Everybody likes a winner, and Kennedy is closing the gap every day, drawing record crowds, continuing to lash out at the Administration's record.

Hurrah for our side!

One last political note: Currently, The Daily Tar Heel office closely resembles the Democratic National Committee Headquarters. Drop by for your Kennedy pep talk.

Jim Brown, Jr.

On Coeds

Last Saturday, the Tar Heel printed a story on "Coed Hypocrisy" which I read with interest and amazement. The writer referred to the Carolina Coed with such phrases as: "repugnant hypocrite," "sickening goody sweet-talk, and 'counterfeit presentment'." If nothing else, this guy has guts. Good luck on him dating on this campus anymore.

This attitude will especially shock the new, unaware coed. After all, there is a four to one ratio at Carolina. There should be plenty of dates for the coeds at the snap of a finger. But this ratio is deceptive.

Of the 6,000 boys attending Carolina, a small percentage go "out-on-the-make" when the sun goes down on the weekend. Around twenty percent of the males can be seen hitch-hiking home. Another forty percent are non-daters who are either out drinking beer with the boys or are in their rooms with the door locked. Then there are the twenty percent who either date in Greensboro or bring in an import. Sorry gals, but this knocks the hell out of this large ratio. The available males are few and far between. Lets face it—it takes a smooth girl to grab anything at all.

The attitude a coed takes and the things she says play an important part in her role. She won't get far, for instance, if she thinks a Pika is a type-writer. To solve this problem, Max Shulman and I combined our wits to obtain some workable ways to be smooth. Any young lass can have a line as big as any male. There are certain things any young male likes to hear. For instance:

"No Jonathan, it doesn't make any difference when we get home tonight."
"My, but I'm cold, Rip."
"Let's do something different and daring tonight."

"No Melvin, I've never seen the golf course at night."

"Why bother? There's no one home."
"Housemother, what housemother?"
"Oh, I just love apartments."
"I get high as hell on one beer!"

Throw a few of these out this weekend. You will be amazed at the results! Of course you might step out of line if you're not careful. He might have a good comeback.

Georgia: "I nearly fainted when the fellow I went out with last night asked me for a kiss."

Frank: "Baby, you're gonna die when you hear what I have to say."
Or this might happen:
And if I refuse Frank McSwain, will you commit suicide?

"That's been my usual custom."
Then there is always the chance you might talk too much.
"Frank."
"Yes, Georgia."
"I'm having such a wonderful time. I'm so glad you asked me to the dance. And the orchid, it's so lovely. I feel as if I'm in another world. Don't you feel different too Frank?"
"Yes Georgia."

"Look at the moon Frank, Isn't it romantic out here on the balcony. And the beautiful music coming from the ballroom. It's so beautiful. And listen Frank—it sounds like a waterfall out there. Isn't it lovely. The music and the waterfall. They mix together almost like a cocktail. Why it's the grandest cocktail in the whole world."
"Georgia, you're standing in front of the men's room."

The attitude of a young lady will definitely change as she matures. As a freshman she will be convinced that "Mother knows best." By her sophomore year: "Death before dishonor." When a junior: "Nothing ventured, nothing gained." As a senior: "Boys will be boys."

Even with the right attitude and knowing what to say, your date is no dope. He knows that the difference between a Northern gal and a Southern gal is that a Yankee will say "you may" and a Southern belle will say "you all may."

He also knows well enough to have something hard for you to drink. Beer is cheap, but he knows you will probably get sick before you get drunk. Unless he'd rather clean up than make out, he'll avoid it.

If, after throwing out your line, things are still not going your way, try something different. Why doesn't someone try to advertise? Advertising is the backbone of American commercialism. Why not apply it to obtain a date? It would be especially effective with a group such as a sorority.

KAPPA DELTAS
Rounder, Firmer, More Fully Packed
Out-Performs Even The CHI's
1960 Models Just Out
Liberal Trade-In Allowance
Packaged Deals Can Be Arranged
Several Models and Colors
To Choose From
Now Showing at 219 East Franklin

As for the fellow who cut the coed to pieces, I have only this to say:

"I hope that I shall never see
A girl who's filled with hypocrisy
For as it stands, I've no complaint;
I much prefer the ones who ain't.
Girls are loved by jerks like me
'Cause who the hell wants to make out with a tree."

POGO



by Walt Kelly

PEANUTS



by Schulz