

The Daily Tar Heel

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Democracy . . . In Our Time

A group of American students are debating a similar group from Russia. The debate has been heated and even, and neither side seems to have achieved victory. One of the Americans, however, suddenly realizes he has the point which will clinch the victory. He jumps to his feet and says to the translator:

"Tell them this. That the reason Russia will always prevent freedom throughout the world is that she will not allow free elections in her own government. She will not allow a man who favors capitalism or democracy to compete."

Satisfied, he sits down. The translator recites the speech to the Russians. There is a pause, and then one of the Russians rises, looks at the Americans, and says in English:

"Fella . . . in America, can you vote for a Communist?"

This is a true story; and the truth of the Russian student's remark is so biting as to be devastating.

This is the land of the free, home of the brave and sanctuary of the fearful. Americans, who talk and write daily of the fear that exists behind the Iron Curtain, who shout unceasingly of the freedom to be found in this land where opportunity knocks not once, not twice, nay say a thousand times, who complacently accept America's "superiority"—these Amer-

icans are as embroiled in fear as are the Russians.

For a nation which has so long told the world of the freedom that exists within its borders, the United States is doing a very poor job of demonstrating this freedom on a national basis. We have sought, through governmental action, to protect the fear-ridden American people from "Communist infiltration." And in the process we have destroyed all that we wanted to be when we signed the Constitution or proclaimed our independence.

If America truly believes that the majority of Americans do not approve of Communism, then why have we been refused the opportunity of proving this at the polls? To deprive segments of the population of their right to express their opinions and to vote for men who most closely approach their own beliefs is as undemocratic as vodka, communes and Strelka and Belka.

Our self-righteous slander of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is extremely hypocritical: how can we curse another nation for a fault which glares as sorely within our own boundaries?

The United States is a great nation; it is not, however, quite as free as the State Department would have us think. Let us be a little less self-righteous, and a little more realistic. As a result we might be a little greater.

Exercise Your Responsibility

On Thursday and Friday the League of Women Voters is sponsoring a booth in the YMCA building, the primary purpose of which will be to inform students of voting procedures in North Carolina.

Because most students know nothing about their chances of voting, and fewer seem to care, this service is an excellent one. It is also excellent because it serves to heighten the effect of a lesson every student should learn as he passes voting age.

The vote is our one guarantee of freedom, despite the reservations expressed in the above editorial.

It is through the vote that what remnants of democracy still surviving in the United States are able to be perpetuated, and it is through the vote that the still small voice of every American can be expressed.

Students will not find it easy to register in Chapel Hill unless they are residents—and it will be found that a dormitory or fraternity is not considered legal residency by the stern eye of the law—or unless there is some strange aspect of their residency which makes it possible for them to vote.

Some of the more backward states do not allow absentee balloting, which of course will eliminate a few potential student voters, but for the most part a student who is of age and lives somewhere will be able to trot down to the polling place come November 8 and mark the name of the man of his choice.

For the information of students who may have been misguided in the past,

the candidate list will not include such luminaries as Pogo, Alvin the Chipmunk, Lar Daly, Alfred E. Neuman or Dwight D. Eisenhower. Voters with senses of humor are permitted to write in their names, however.

Candidates' religion will not be on the ballot, because the Republican Party says it is "building a better America" and this utopian vision does not include religious prejudice. There is nothing in the voting booth about qualifications or quotations, nothing about World War II bravery, nothing about Venezuelan rocks or Polish cheers; there is no one in that box except the voter and his choice, and it is here that the American version of democracy goes to work.

Students who are unable to vote for one reason or another should not feel that they are totally disenfranchised; they still have the privilege of speaking and working for the man, or the party, in whom they believe. They still have the right to try to convince those who have the vote to do this.

It is to be hoped that every student who feels that he needs information about voting regulations in his home town, in North Carolina or in other states will take advantage of the services offered by the League of Women Voters.

Voting is a privilege not to be taken lightly. It is in its own way, the keystone of America, and each vote makes the stone firmer. Do not be among those who would let the stone crumble.

Laurie Holder

Children's Hour

And so it goes . . . another season of sorority rush. Rosie Rushee is at rest in the collective bosom of her selected circle of sisters. Betty Blackballed has recovered from her initial overdose of sleeping pills and is resigned to her fate. And a mass sigh of relief goes up from all those living around sorority houses.

Take, for example, three gents who share an apartment across the street from one such house. For several nights they endured the songs, the skits, the greetings. These rush activities bothered them, but they laughed it off good-naturedly and told themselves that a little nonsense never hurt anybody. Life went along at a fairly normal pace.

Then came the last night—when pledges were to be announced. The three scholars wondered at the serenity of the house across the street, and opened their books, anticipating at last a quiet night of studying.

One of the gents sat at the window overlooking the street. He wasn't alarmed when a few of the girls came out the front door and started milling around gnashing their teeth, and pulling at their hair. Emotional strain, he told himself.

Then more and more sisters came out on the porch. It was quite a sight—sweatshirts, blue-jeans, Bermudas, pincurls, cigarettes. They talked quietly to one another. The three scholars studied away.

Then one of the girls came out of the door with a sheet of paper in her hand. She began to call out a few names.

She didn't get far. A chorus of screams rang out from the assemblage—they could have heralded Judgment Day or the outbreak of World War III. "What in hell—" moaned one of the scholarly gents, shaking his head in disbelief.

Then it dawned on him. The high priestess across the street was calling out the names of the new pledges. "QUIET! SHUT UP!" she screamed at the wailing mob. "DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR THE REST OF THEM?" This brought temporary quiet. But she started calling names again, and each name was followed by squeals, groans of sheer bliss, and hysterical laughter.

Finally she finished the list, and the sisters reached an emotional fever pitch. "AHEEE—WE GOT MILLIE MADRAS!" one of the ecstatic sisters yelled, "IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!" She ranted on, but soon other rants drowned her out. "I tell you, dahlings," said the Tallulah Bankhead of the chapter as she waved aloft her Winston, "we have a pledge class to be PROUD of!" Some were simply speechless; they threw their arms around one another and thumped up and down on the porch with their sneaker-clad feet.

The terror-stricken scholars gazed in disbelief as the turmoil continued. Pretty soon they heard a distant rumble, and up the street galloped the new pledges—into the arms of their new big sisters, who spilled out into the yard and on into the street, halting all traffic. There was much crying and laughing and screeching. When all the girls were exhausted, they went inside, and there they sat around on the floor and sang sorority songs until the new pledges, delirious with joy and quite carried away with the esprit-de-corps of it all, had to go back to their dorms.

"Not That I Really Approve Of It"



HERBLOCK ©1960 THE WASHINGTON POST

Carroll Raver

A New Campus Magazine

In introduction to a new campus publication, PARLANCE, and a prelude to the articles which will appear in this magazine, the Editor presents this article.

High in the mountains of Norway, hugging in rocky pinnacle, rest the derelict ruins of an old castle. Many years ago there lived within these walls a huge family who had found a new manner of living. So long did they enjoy the warmth, security and luxury of this great framework that they began to take it for granted. It did not occur to them that the structure of their home might crumble if they failed to attend to it—to strengthen and repair it. Only the severe master, Experience, could teach them that a creation of man does not remain strong simply because man believes in it. The ruins of their once magnificent dwelling now stand as a monument to those who would live in careless neglect of the essentials of life and progress. Any structure, be it a home, a levee, or even an institution, cannot long stand strong against the forces of time and mutability if it is not constantly reinforced.

We, like this ancient family, are confronted with the problems of existence; we, like them, have refused to recognize that we must individually exert a great effort to maintain the freedoms implicit in our domestic way of life. The question which I have too long delayed to ask is: What can we, as college students, do to buttress the foundations of this precious structure called DEMOCRACY?

Before considering the potential ability we have for strengthening our heritage, we must first investigate our weaknesses. The remarks of two of our foreign students may best illustrate our deficiencies. During our regular Orientation period, one of our counselors was explaining the function of campus political parties in our student government to a Canadian student. This new student expressed a desire to participate in both campus and national politics. He was astonished to discover that campus activities are far more important to students than national politics and that the great majority of Carolina stu-

dents has no concern for any kind of political activity. "Why," he asked in confusion, "are students in the United States oblivious to what is happening on the national and international scene?" Political inactivity seems concurrent with student apathy and ignorance concerning the plight of our country in the world situation. As a student from England remarked, "Students here don't talk about the newspapers because they don't read them."

These foreign students have recognized our malady. We will, as American students, acknowledge their observations? We might even make several observations of our own: that (in spite of the interest displayed in the Mock Democratic Convention last spring) approximately 50 Carolina students of a possible 9,000 are active in our national parties, that a student interested in an intelligent discussion of international affairs had better look for a foreign student . . . Yes, it does seem ironic that the college students of the nation which shouts democracy and freedom of political choice the loudest do not participate actively and vigorously at the time of their country's greatest political activity.

The challenge of this century is a broad one. It is no longer merely military; it is economic, educational, scientific, and cultural. Our success in meeting the demands of this challenge is dependent upon our desire to use freedom and wealth afforded by our country to fulfill goals which supersede private satisfaction, to uphold the ideals upon which our democracy is founded. Our freedom and our system of democratic government are not likely to survive simply because we believe in them and enjoy them. We shall have to prove that with them and through them we can satisfy the needs of our people and fulfill the challenging demands of the times in which we live.

The question has been asked; the weakness has been observed; the answer lies within our grasp. May we not leave the ruins of a crumbled democracy as a token of our neglect and a monument to the peoples of the world.

Bob Silliman

JFK In LA

Long before the opening of the convention in Los Angeles, the Kennedy organization had moved in and made extensive preparations for that one, dynamic week in which the Junior Senator from Massachusetts successfully gained the Democratic nomination. In truth, should Kennedy gain the Presidential nod, one of his outstanding virtues will be his organizational abilities.

Campaign headquarters were centralized in downtown Los Angeles, in the Biltmore hotel. On the first floor of the hotel, all of the candidates had rented large suites where tourists could meander about and see all of the campaign paraphernalia: moving slides of the candidates in action, pamphlets extolling candidate virtues, and free Coca-Cola for the thirsty.

In addition to this, Senator Kennedy had rented many rooms in the Biltmore for the different parts of his organization. On the second floor, for example, was a room for the "Kennedy Girls"—college coeds attired in patriotic red-white and blue dresses who stood around and looked lovely for the Kennedy Cause.

The Purpose of this extensive planning was, of course, to woo delegates, influential Democrats and newsmen to the side of Brother Jack. I had an opportunity to view an example of the latter on Sunday afternoon, three days before the nomination.

I had been occupied that morning with entertaining an influential Kentucky newspaperman. This had mostly consisted of driving the Kentucky editor and his wife through the busy streets of Los Angeles in a bright red Kennedy convertible! The senator had rented approximately sixty automobiles for the L.A. venture, and this particular morning, after I had reported bright and early to the Transportation Center, and had been issued the convertible, I spent the morning as a sort of glorified chauffeur.

About noon, it was becoming warmer downtown, and as I drove up to the front door of the Biltmore to leave my illustrious riders, I looked forward to a cool lunch in the Biltmore snack bar. No such luck. As the editor and his wife departed, four new photographers jumped in. "They told us upstairs that you'd take us out to the party in Beverly Hills," one of them said rapidly, "And we're late, so you'd better hurry." Having no idea which party they referred to, or where it was, I was forced to follow the photogs rather confused directions.

At length, we arrived at a large house of Spanish design, and proceeded in through the gate to a rambling back yard, where the festivities were already in progress. The party was being given by a nouveau riche Californian named Bart Lytton, who owned a chain of banks in Beverly Hills. Most of the guests—delegates, for the most part—were gathered around the two large swimming pools.

Although the gathering was ostensibly a brunch, I noticed that there were four strategically placed bars in the yard. Rather un-brunch-like, I thought to myself. During the time that I was at the party, Drew Pearson stopped in, and also Governor Brown's wife.

About 40 minutes had passed when one of the photographers rushed up to me and said they had to leave: Kennedy was supposed to make an appearance, but word had just arrived that he was staying in Los Angeles. The implications of this fact for the newsmen were enormous: they had just lost a scoop, and if they did not get back to L.A. post-haste, they would lose many important pictures.

Thus, since time was of the essence, the photographers made a command decision: take the Hollywood Freeway back to the city. For those of you not familiar with this area of California, the Freeway is like the Indianapolis 500—without the bricks. A vivid impression still remains with me of speeding along the highway on that busy Sunday afternoon, with four impatient newsmen urging faster and faster speeds.

Yes, Kennedy catered to those elements of the convention that could help him, and the press was monumental in achieving the nomination. In fact, some elements of the Los Angeles press were conceding Kennedy as much as a thousand-vote margin on the first ballot. For some reason, the press took a liking to Kennedy, and it was not only the glamour that attracted newshawks to the Massachusetts Senator. Perhaps they, like everyone else in the hectic city of Los Angeles, thought that he had too much of everything for anyone to stop him: too much money, too much publicity, too many hard-nosed politicians. Maybe the press were a bit misguided in their speculations, but they helped gain Jack Kennedy a presidential bid.

POGO



PEANUTS



by Walt Kelly



by Schulz

