

# THE SUNDAY TAR HEEL

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## The Big Ten Minus One

Ah, sweet victory. The Tar Heels gave 'em hell like everyone hoped, and now we are on the way.

And a special mention to some of the participants. Of course, Danny Talbott, Ken Willard and Chris Hanburger were magnificent. But, then, they always are.

And what about Eddie Kesler? When he was hurt the team just didn't move, perhaps proof of his value to the club.

The cheerleaders were great, the fans yelled their hearts out and the band, despite a lack of numbers and the need for a bit of sprucing up, played like they had been together all their lives.

But, of course, everything is right when we win. Especially over a Big Ten team.

## A Benefit To The Nation

The 45-13 vote by the Senate in approving the Appalachian area development bill Friday was a pleasing one. We sincerely hope that the bill's fate in the House will be as acceptable.

The heart of this program is a five-year, \$840 million highway construction program designed to ease the area's isolation by rugged mountains. Plans call for a network of 2,500 miles of highways and 500 miles of access roads in the 165,000 square-mile area to open it to industrialization and recreation. Several Western North Carolina counties lie in the area to be affected by the program, and anyone who has made frequent visits to that portion of the state can attest to the need for new roads.

In addition, North Carolina can expect to benefit from appropriations for hospitals, development of water and mineral resources, vocational education and similar purposes.

At the present time North Carolina receives about \$1 in appropriations for every 86 cents it sends the Federal Government. Our state's poor, many of whom reside in the heavily forested, remote western reaches of the state, will be able to further lift themselves up into a period of industrial growth and prosperity through the grants which the Appalachia bill will provide.

Our Senators, unlike those of neighbor Virginia, backed the bill because they saw the immediate benefits for North Carolina. It is often true that we do not receive our share from Federal appropriation bills. In this case, however, we will frankly receive more than our share. And lest that be taken as a selfish reason for urging the bill's passage, we should remember that an entire 11-state region will be aided by the bill directly, and that the economy of the entire nation will receive a boost by these attempts to partially eradicate a huge pocket of poverty.

Thus, for the good of a majority of Americans, as well as for the good of North Carolina, we sincerely urge our Representatives to back this bill.

## Nothing Like A Good Party

It is not very easy to write editorials or lay out a front page when Little David and the Wanderers are blasting away beneath our window, but we are glad they are there.

Walking back from the game yesterday afternoon, we saw three combo parties going full swing in quads and at Graham Memorial. We cannot recall seeing any last year.

The emphasis the Men's Residence Council and Student Government is putting on Residence Hall social life is laudable. And the parties are going a long way to blow apart some misconceptions a lot of people have held about hall life.

In all the parties this year, we have not heard of any incident which would reflect badly on the student body and the University.

We hope the MRC and SG will continue their drive for better parties, better social rooms and more of everything.

# Housing Rule Hit Education

By PETE WALES  
Associate Editor

We have always believed in the total education of the student at the University.

We believe that the educational process involves an opening of minds to the people and ideas around us in the University community.

The discriminatory housing policy adopted last year by the University administration is contrary to these principles of total education.

By rooming the few Negroes

there are at the University in the same rooms, the University was drastically cutting down on the possibility for all students to attain an education.

Negro students suffered the most. It became clear to them immediately that the University intended for them to keep to themselves and not to mingle with other students outside the classroom.

White students who came here expecting a free and open atmosphere in which to learn were not given the opportunity to meet an

entire segment of the community. Last Thursday the administration rightfully abandoned this policy.

The administration is necessarily a political animal. Pressures last year on the racial front indicated that a compromise had to be made to quiet irate parents. Housing was the choice.

Students, however, cannot afford to be so political about their education. This week they demanded that the policy be changed.

# The Anti-Philosophy

## Extremist

(Fifth in a Series)

By FRED SEELY  
DTH Co-Editor

Richard Hanna thought he looked real good. His boots shined, his uniform crisp, he stood in the street in the sleepy little town of Arlington Heights, Ohio, and told the small crowd what his philosophy of life was.

"I'm against Jewism, race-mixing and communism," he cried.

Richard Hanna's philosophy is always against things—he never makes a positive statement, excepting an occasional remark on his own virility.

Richard Hanna is a member of the American Nazi Party, a strange assortment of people who wear the swastika, believe Adolf Hitler was a great man, and live in fear of a great international Jewish conspiracy.

He is a chubby kid, and if you look close you can see the baby fat on his neck. Richard is 21, and he quit school after he failed the eighth grade for the third time.

He says he is an "unemployed maintenance man," and that's about the lowest you can get, except, perhaps, an employed Nazi.

When you talk to Richard you hear the same thing, over and over.

His large brown eyes flash as he speaks shrilly of Jews, and Negroes, and Communists. When he notices a camera aimed in his direction, he stops talking, assumes the Nazi salute, and does his best to look defiant.

He isn't too successful. "Race-mixing will be the end of the world, and the Jews are doing their best to promote it!"

"The worst Jew of all is Goldwater—if he gets elected you can get ready for slavery!"

Richard said he would vote for George Lincoln Rockwell on Nov. 3. Rockwell, the leader of the American Nazi Party, is Richard's hero, and his eyes shine even more when his name is mentioned.

"He's a great man. He knows what the solution is to the Jew problem—either kill them or send them back to Israel where they belong."

Richard said he would defend Rockwell with his life. His other heroes are Dr. Billy James Hargis, Gen. Edwin Walker and Gov. George Wallace.

Did he have any political ambitions?

"I'm too young to get involved in politics," he said. "I don't know much about it, and I just want to watch out for Communists, Jews, and niggers."

Richard Hanna was arrested that night. The cops came after him when he raised his voice and screamed, "Jews are taking over the world!"

And off he went, his medals glistening in the light of the television cameras.

Richard was booked at the Arlington Heights police station. Mayor Howard N Cook looked at the boy and said the Nazi Party was the most un-American thing he had ever heard of.

It looked for a minute as though Richard was going to start his spell again, but instead the defiant look drained from his face and he began sobbing.

He pleaded with the mayor—"My mother needs me at home, and if you lock me up she may die. Please let me go."

His mother bailed him out the next morning, and Richard was seen pulling the adhesive-tape swastika from his steel helmet as he left the jail.

Three days later he was back in his uniform, which he dearly loves. He only has one outfit, because he cannot afford another and anyway, "the Army surplus store doesn't carry khakis any more."

He said his lawyer would win his case. Indeed, the charge of Disturbing the Peace was a shaky one. Among other things, a train was passing a block away when he raised his voice.

But you really couldn't blame the policemen of this small, peaceful town for hauling Richard Hanna off to jail.

Somehow, Nazi don't belong in small, peaceful towns.

We Won!

