

THE CAROLINA JOURNAL

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1936

Dear Mr. Moore

We should like to take this opportunity to welcome you to our campus. We would also like to address a few remarks and questions to you while you are here. The subject which we would like to concern ourselves with is, as you have probably already guessed, the speaker ban issue.

Mr. Moore, just where do you stand on the speaker ban issue? We remember your comments on the necessity of academic freedom during the warm summer months, and now we have been exposed to your comments on this same academic freedom during the cooler winter months. Hot and cold may be a desirable feature for running water, but it doesn't impress us too much when it concerns basic freedoms guaranteed every U.S. citizen under a grand old document called "the Constitution". You see, Mr. Moore, we just don't understand you.

As the top-ranking member of the board of trustees, and alumnus of our sister campus at Chapel Hill, and as Governor of our great state, we feel that you, of all people, should aid us in our fight against the enemies of intellectual freedom. Your recent actions, however, lead us to fear you as a foe.

Have you really fallen prey to all of that malarkey about our young innocent minds not being strong enough to withstand the onslaughts of alien ideas? We hope not, for our faith is strong. It is your faith that we are not certain about. We have faith in our democratic institutions, and we had faith in the leaders elected to serve them. But your actions, Mr. Moore, have raised grave doubts among our democratic society.

We have always been told that our form of democracy was based on tolerance, and that it was this tolerance which made us both great and strong.

You will have a chance, Mr. Moore, while you are on our campus today to reaffirm our faith. You can do this by assuring us that your actions and behavior concerning the Aptheker controversy were merely lapses in your powers of judgment and that disgraces such as this will not occur in the future. If you do assure us of this, Mr. Moore, please mean it this time. We are tired of double talk.

Once again we would like to welcome you to our campus and we hope that your visit will be a worthwhile one for all concerned. We hope you will receive cordial treatment. But, the respect you receive today will be for your position, and not necessarily for the man.

Leaders Needed

Are you a leader? Do you think you have something to contribute to our school? Do you refrain from fainting when someone mentions the word work and follows it with "without any monetary compensation"?

If you can answer yes to the above questions, the student body needs you.

With student body elections coming up soon there have been NO announced candidates as of yet for any of the fifty plus student body offices.

If you are a leader please come forward. Your services are badly needed.

Keep Up Good Work

Congratulations and thanks for a job well done are in order for the student and administration departments which have done such a great job of lining up top rate entertainment for student enjoyment. We refer to the appearance of Sabicas, and the booking of The Alpacas, the Knights of Music, The Shirrelles, and The Zodiacs for up coming appearances.

Most responsible for this all star line up are the University Union and the Student Affairs office.

Thanks group, you're doing great.

Red Honeybees Ruin Writer's Faith In Scientific Method

By KEARNY SMITH
Journal Staff Writer

Conclusions of experience may be misleading. Even in the field of science point of view must be reckoned with.
A quiet student who sat by me

in Psychology 201 utterly and completely destroyed my faith in the scientific method one day in a matter of minutes.

The textbook (the one used in 1963) described an experiment

with honeybees, hoping to show how these busy insects communicate — assuming that bees tell one another where the sweetest nectar is to be found. (Obviously they haven't learned to be piggish about goodies yet).

The experimenting Ph.D. and his assistant set a saucer of sugarwater in the field not far from the beehive. The assistant stood at the saucer and marked with red paint all the bees that found the sugarwater. The doctor (having the more important task) stood at the hive and observed the behavior of the returning bees, splotted with red paint.

Hopefully, these painted bees would tell their fellows where the sugarwater was. And sure enough, the bees in red buzzed in a certain pattern: facing all one direction, doing a certain number of circles, and a dainty little backflip.

Quite ingeniously our psychologist had noted these maneuvers and their meaning. The bees had given the azimuth in degrees from the sun's angle and the distance in the number of rotations. The backflip had been from all indications an emphatic gesture.

Masterfully concealing my enthusiasm for the march of science, I patiently explained to my classmate the revelations of the experiment.

"Why is there any reason to support that the bees were talking about sugarwater?" he asked, "They may have been saying, 'don't go over there cause a man will put red paint on you'".



Now, are you sure your talk will serve "an educational purpose," Mr. Moore? Have you ever belonged to any organizations which seek the violent overthrow of the U.S. Government? Have you ever pleaded the 5th Amendment in any . . .

—Letters To The Editor—

Reader Satirizes Campus Progress

After driving down the four lane, well-lighted driveway to U.N.C.-C., I parked in the two level parking lot; flipped the attendant a dime, to guard my 1926 Edsel, and entered the covered walkway, on my way to see The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, and Tennessee Williams, reading William Shakespeare.

I noticed that we were having a water show in our catfish pond. There were twelve lovely water nymphs cavorting in the slimey slue. There is nothing more enthralling than to gaze in awe at the glimmer of the moon in the mud of catfish flats.

The parking lot was ablaze with the glow of our basketball victory bonfire. We had lost more games than any school in the United States. It seems that our coach had flunked out of school, and we'd been awarded the booby prize . . . a solid gold deflated beach ball.

Our recently completed College Union (1978) was rocking to the strains of the four Mongolians, while three students were doing the frug, forty-two were in a pile in the corner doing something else, and the guardians of virtue present at every dance were chasing three students who were using the school bell for a beer mug.

To better view the situation, I gazed into my U.N.C.-C. class ring, better known as "The Thing." It was mailed to me three years after my graduation: with a rocket ship blasting through a bunch of pine cones, zooming through a bell, flanked by two C's. all on a slime green and white background. Face appeared in the stone to try to speak to me, but alas, before he could utter a word, nine trustees led by the governor swooped

down from the clouds, protected my mind, and silenced the voice forever. After all, I'm still very impressionable. I'm only 79. Good-bye for now.—BATMAN

LBJ Criticized

Dear Editor,

I have kept inside of me a feeling of utter resentment and disgust for so long that I feel I cannot actually go on calling myself a human being unless I voice.

We as people in the United States are so very worthless that we deserve everything that we are now enduring. By this that I say we are enduring I mean to start with the poor excuse we have for a decent government—especially the head there of—and go all the way down to the gigantic farce we are running in Vietnam. We have grown so apathetic and lazy that I pray our fore-fathers cannot see the shame that we are bringing on the ideas they died fighting for. You can now see why I am so concerned. While our great and proud leader tools around the country in his big jet speaking so very eloquently, our brothers and friends are in Vietnam dying so that he can speak and we can be bored by it. Is this what we and the rest of the "great society" are supposed to agree with, or is it that we are just too lazy to actually do anything about it. But before you laugh this little article off it would be best to remember that we are part of the available youth. Maybe before long some of us may wind up dead over there.

What is all this actually accomplishing? In the way of

good, nothing. The only accomplishments are the depletion of material resources, increasing of the national debt and the senseless death of America's young men.

If we are going to be the champion of freedom, then let us shine our armor and climb on the white steed of freedom. But if not, let us get out of Asia before China or North Vietnam decides to set this paper tiger on fire.

As for myself, I am for fighting in Vietnam, for the reason that anything worth living for is worth dying for. Most of us know this. But do you know our war has to send men in to kill or be killed and then after a few have been killed and wounded then turn around and pull them out. Who was our great military mind who figured this strategy? This is the first time since the dawn of history that there hasn't been some type of front line in a war and we are actually fighting a war.

Well, now comes the best part. What are we going to do about it? Some of our United States senators are discontent, but they need our backing. Do you think we are the only college students who do not want to die for something worthless? Our country is full of them.

Now I have done all I can. I am willing to start the ball rolling, but I am only one. I need help. Lots and lots of help and you are the only ones who can help me. Please, now is the time for us to act before it is too late. Let's unite and start acting like Americans before we end up dying for nothing.

Ronald R. Martin