

The Daily Tar Heel

In its sixty-eighth year of editorial freedom, unhampered by restrictions from either the administration or the student body.

THE DAILY TAR HEEL is the official student publication of the Publications Board of the University of North Carolina. Richard Overstreet, Chairman.

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A Reader Discusses The South, Calling For A Fair Judgement

We received the following letter yesterday, and were particularly struck by the sincerity of its expression. Since we would like to comment on it briefly, we reprint it in this column.

To the Editor:

First of all, allow me to state that I am a southerner and I am proud of being a southerner. But, had I been born a northerner, I would be equally as proud of the North. Now that this point has been established—so that you will not consider me to be prejudiced, I shall state my argument.

Being from the South, I am grieved to think that there is a race of people here that is underprivileged and discriminated against. Just as you and Davis B. Young, I believe in the equality of all men — socially, academically, and economically. However, it exasperates me greatly when I incessantly read articles depicting the obnoxious attitudes that southerners have toward the American (including Southern) Negro. You and some members of your staff seem to take great pleasure in attacking the southerner—no matter who he might be.

You seem compelled to condemn a whole section of this country—that being the South—because of the prejudices, bigotries, illiberality, and narrow-mindedness of a minority of its inhabitants. To me, this seems to be a derogation because it is not equitable. Maybe it would help if you were to remember that your hometown of Chatham is a southern city in Virginia, which is a southern state. Therefore, if you are able to entertain the views and convictions that you undoubtedly have toward integration and social racial equality, is it not possible that other southerners may share the same opinions?

If, in the *Daily Tar Heel*, you have to give utterance to southern ignorances and prejudices, please be more explicit to whom you are talking, because, as can be summed up in what I have previously stated, the South (as a whole) should not have to bolster up the burden of its more intolerant citizens.

Hoping that you will take some action on this request, I am

Sincerely yours,
William Brake

We feel that Mr. Brake has misinterpreted our approach to the South and southerners, but we also feel that he has stated, extremely well, the case of the southern liberal.

He is absolutely right in saying that the South cannot be crucified because of the disturbances and attitudes of a few. To be sure, the screaming women of New Orleans or John Kaspar or the men who murdered Emmitt Till do not represent the South; we have never claimed that they do—in any way.

What we are saying, however, and what conscientious southerners are saying, is that these people are a disease that permeates almost every sector of the South, and that we, as so-called "liberal" southerners, must act to eradicate the disease.

Certainly this disease is not universal, but it surely is in vocal evidence. The press, particularly the wire services and large non-regional newspapers, have exaggerated the problem, but this does not mean that it does not exist. If the South has become characterized to the world as bigoted and provincial, then we cannot waste time trying to talk the world out of this idea.

Only through action can we hope to clear the name of the South, and it is action for which we are calling and have called in the past. It is to people like Mr. Brake that we are issuing the demand for action, and it is on these people that we rely for the development of any hope that the South may have for progress toward all of the equalities that Mr. Brake cites.

No, the South is not moving backward. But, in comparison with the rest of the nation, it is not forward-looking either. It is caught between the movement of the rest of the world and the nostalgia of a past that, viewed from more than a hundred years' distance, seems to have been terribly delightful and easy.

The South is looking for a way to move ahead, yet is hesitant. Men like Mr. Brake will help it move.

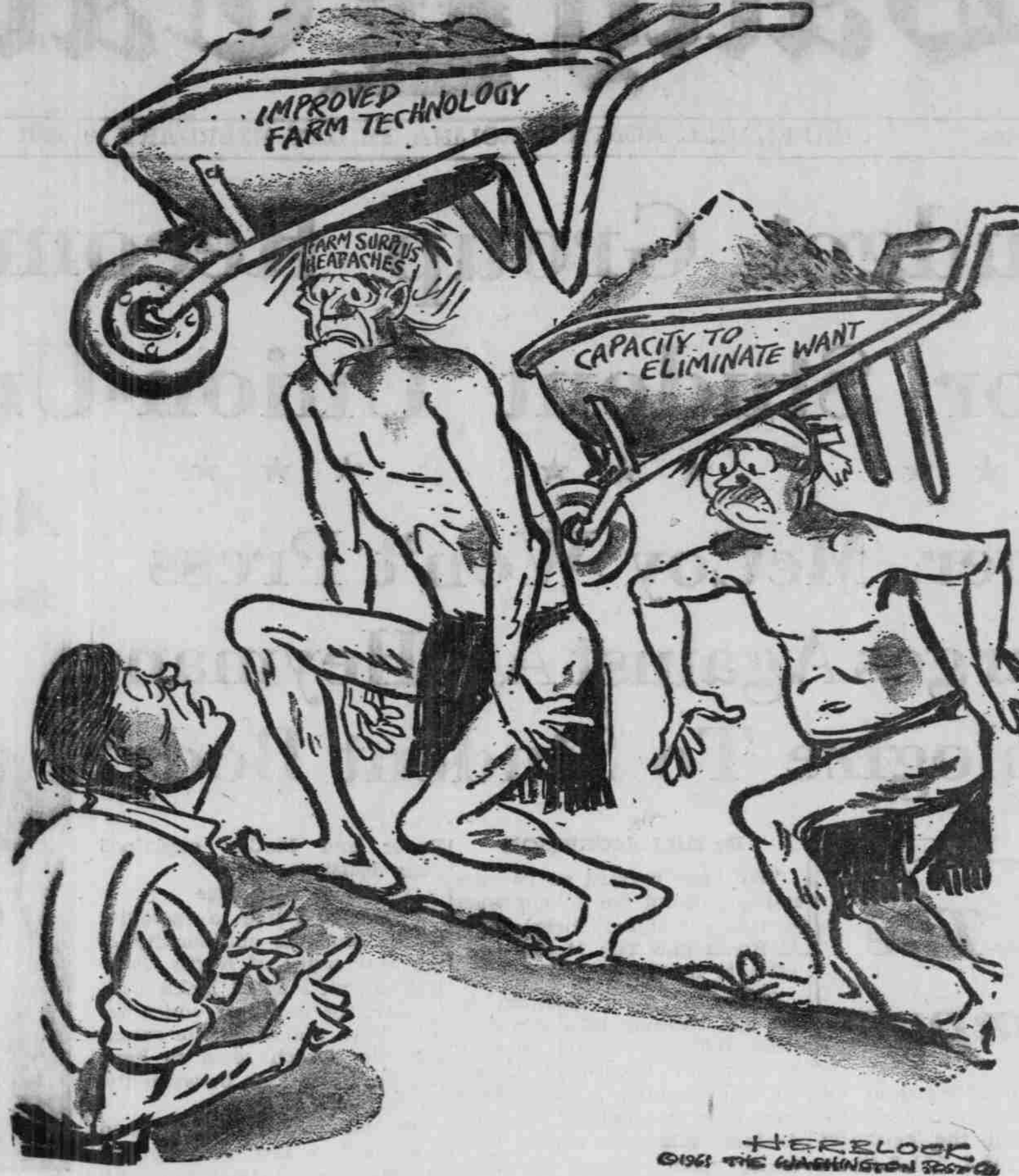
An Apology

We would like to express, in public, our apologies to students Al Roper and Tim McCoy and to Durham Attorney Blackwell Brogden for the manner in which we commented yesterday on their action against Duke basketball player Art Heyman.

We do disapprove of the action itself, feeling it perhaps warranted but certainly not necessary, but we also must, in honesty, disapprove of the manner in which we expressed ourselves. In no way was the comment intended to reflect on the abilities of Brogden as a lawyer, which we do not question, nor on the personalities of Roper and McCoy, students whom we have always liked.

We sincerely hope that our apologies will be accepted, and we will try in the future to avoid such unnecessary statements.

"Men, I Think There's A Better Way To Use Them"



Laurie Holder

Sascapows Sing A Song Of Southern Segregation

Wouldn't you like to come along with me this year to the meeting of the Sascapows?

You probably never heard of this group because it's pretty select. Only the most fervent segregationists can get in, and even if you're a fervent segregationist you must be able to sing along.

S.A.S.C.A.P.O.W.S., or simply Sascapows, is the Southern All-Star Choral Assembly for the Preservation of Our White Supremacy.

The group was organized a few years back, immediately following the Supreme Court's fateful

decision. Sascapows meets every December, and the proceedings take the form of a musical variety show. It's really something.

I attended last year's session. We convened in a crumbling old ante-bellum mansion that was covered with moss and smelled highly of magnolia blossoms. It was quite warm; this was in the deep part of the country.

Since I was a prospective member only, I just sat, spectated, and took notes. Each Sascapows delegation took its turn upon a stage which had been fashioned in the mansion's ballroom. Each group presented a sort of skit. I man-

aged to jot down a few of the high spots.

First on the program was the Little Rock delegation. A girl came out on the stage and sang a ballad about how she couldn't cha-cha in gym classes anymore because her boyfriend had dynamited the school, but she admired his courage and pledged her undying devotion. Then the entire Little Rock group came onstage and sang this number: "The Little Rock Fight Song" (To the tune of "Hark the Sound!"):

Hark the voice of good old Orval,
Singing loud and strong!
Shouting: "Stay out, all you black kids;
Stay where you belong!"

Hail to the whitest schools of all!
Truly they are grand!
And with Orval we'll e're be
The Whitest in the Land!

(Rousing chorus):

For I'm a bigot born, I'm a bigot bred,
And when I die I'm a bigot dead!
So it's RAH! RAH! Dear Orval,
RAH! RAH! White Citizens Council—
RAH! RAH! Sheer Prejudice—
RAH! RAH! RAH!

As you can well imagine, this number nearly brought the house down. But there wasn't much of that house left to be brought down.

Next on the program came the Mississippi faction. Their act was truly spectacular. They came out in white robes and hoods, bearing flaming crosses, and brandishing bullwhips which they cracked to accentuate the beat of their song. They marched back and forth across the stage, singing:

"Hymn to the KKK"
(To the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"):
Onward, Ku Klux Klanners!
Marching as to war! (CRACK!)
With the stench of Emmitt Till
Wafting on before! (CRACK!)

We are not divided—
All one faction we. (CRACK!)
We take pride and comfort in our
Gross stupidity! (CRACK!)

Onward, Ku Klux Klanners!
Marching as to war! (CRACK!)
With the stench of Emmitt Till
Wafting on before! (CRACK!)

This was a real crowd-pleaser. They sang it again, with the entire Sascapows membership chiming in.

After Mississippi got through and the pounding applause subsided, an expectant hush fell over

It's about time that we recognized the appalling conditions of North Carolina's public schools. New Governor Terry Sanford has, and if he sticks to his "second to none" promise, the state's educational woes should be on the road to repair.

Just how bad off are our schools in relation to other Southern states? About as poor as they can get. Statistics dug up by the North Carolina Advisory Committee on Civil Rights show that North Carolina schools rank at the bottom in comparison to eleven Southern states. This shocking fact is based on a percentage of students attending schools accredited by the influential Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. This organization has rated North Carolina last in percentage of white students in accredited schools, seventh in number of Negro students and ninth in the combination total.

The Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools holds great prestige nationally. Colleges use its evaluations to determine qualifications of students seeking higher education. A North Carolina student has a much better chance of gaining admittance to any college or university if he graduated from an accredited high school.

How can North Carolina pride itself on being a leader in public education when we are rated

near the bottom among other Southern states in the number of students accredited? We have assumed a false pride, because we have been satisfied with the ratings given by the State Department of Public Instruction. Why don't we depend upon the judgment of the influential Southern Association, pay heed to its disturbing reports and do something about our situation.

Obviously Terry Sanford recognizes the deplorable conditions of our educational system and intends to do something about it. We had good cause to be leary of the Governor's promises during his campaign, but the encouraging remarks in his inaugural address make us feel certain that the Governor wasn't "fanning the air" about improving the schools.

Not only are our schools downright poor, but also they are unequipped to handle the growing enrollment. Governor Sanford's plans for improvement and expansion will require a great deal of money; if present taxes can't be expanded, North Carolina taxpayers had better be prepared to pay more.

The Governor said North Carolina must "move into the mainstream of America." We must support Governor Sanford's school improvement plans, taxes or no, if we expect our students to move into the mainstream of American higher education.

M. S. B.

Schools, Deplorable; Solution, Money

the ballroom. New Orleans came next on the program. In view of the excellent material they had to work with, we were expecting the greatest thing since "My Fair Lady." A low murmur started. The curtains opened.

The setting was a slum section. Two women, backed up by a female chorus, were on the stage. They began:

"The New Orleans Rock"
(To the tune of that current rock-and-roll hit, "Let's Go, Let's Go, Let's Go"):
(Women and chorus):
There's a school they're integrating—
Let's go, let's go, let's GO!
We'll keep 'em segregating—
Let's go, let's go, let's GO!

(Everybody):
There's a school they're integrating—
Let's go, let's go, let's GO!
We'll show our brand of hating—

Let's go, let's go, let's GO!
A few more choruses and that crumbling old mansion was really swinging. We rocked until the wee, small hours.

But all good things must end. As the sun was coming up, somebody got up and demanded silence. It was time for us to adjourn. But before we did, we all joined in singing the "Sascapows National Anthem" (To the tune of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"):
Sascapows, 'tis of thee,
Champions of purity,
Of thee we sing,
Land of magnolia tree,
Land of the lynching spree,
To sweet democracy
Our praises ring.

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's lustrous light.
Let justice reign!
Justice for whites, that is—
Niggards that thinks they is
Half as good as we is
Must be INSANE!

Thus terminated another successful gathering of the Sascapows—a unique group, a talented group, a group with a purpose. Could we interest you in our little group? Study the songs above if you'd like to join; learn them well. We'll let you know when addition time comes. If you're white, if you're a fervent Segregationist, if you can sing—Sascapows wants YOU!

Chapel Hill After Dark

With Davis B. Young

The life of a dorm adviser isn't always the soft routine pictured by the average student. There are a few tense moments from time to time, such as the total darkness during Tuesday night's two-hour power failure.

It was truly Chapel Hill After Dark in the area of the Lower and Upper Quads during that stretch. And as always, the clowns were making their presence known.

From the second floor of Stacy came a four freshmen type chorus of "Everett can go to hell" among other choice obscenities.

One of the high points of the festivities occurred when 20 or so Lewis residents charged the hallowed halls of Aycock Dorm, snow balls in hand, sounding the time honored carion call to a duel. Aycock failed to respond.

Then there was the freshman who came charging into the room where I was sitting and announce-

ed, "C'mon you guys, we're gona have a huge snowball fight out in the quad. . . . Whadyna mean I can't go out, Davis? We're not gonna do anything, just raise a little hell.

Ya.
Wednesday evening, Bernard Kilgore, president and publisher of the Wall Street Journal delivered the eighth of the Journalism Lecture Series in Howell Hall.

In a question and answer period following, Susan Lewis asked the visitor from the north: Mr. Kilgore, I've noticed you never use photographs in your paper, but sometimes use charts and drawings. What do you have against photographs?

And what's that we hear about somebody planning to hang a sign over the KD House saying "Welcome to Disneyland."

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