

The Daily Tar Heel

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Weep No More

In an article in the December 12 issue of "The Trinity Tripod," Henry Eckford, II made the following statements in his column, "The Fetid Air:"

"... there are some intelligent Southerners. The sad part of it is, however, that they are few and far between, and what ones they have down there are usually limited to such knowledge as telling time.

"Yet, for some inexplicable reason, it has become fashionable among the collegiate set to display Confederate battle flags, wear ties with Stars and Bars printed on them, and now, worst of all, to dress themselves in Confederate army hats.

"The New South is the same thing as the antebellum model, because no one down there has made any attempt to grow up since 1865 . . .

"You stand accused of representing a completely decadent and vulgar society, raised in ignorance and proud of it. Look at the Southern writers: Faulkner, and his morbid interest in idiocy, corncocks, and necrophilia; Capote, and his fascination with homosexuality; Caldwell, and his general vulgarity. Look to the morals of the South; the sniggering over the practice of mysogony while publicly it is deplored in the most vehement tones; the Georgia chain gangs; the lynchings. Look at the politics, rampant with graft. In comparison, Boss Tweed was an angel.

"Dorothy Parker once asked, "What did they ever do in Gammorah?" She has but to look south of Washington."

Here is an answer to Mr. Eckford:

Dear Mr. Eckford,

I am sorry for you.

I am glad that I know enough about the North to know that you are not representative of that section of our country. I am sorry that you do not know more about the South.

I am glad I am a Southerner.

I am glad you are a Northerner.

We have good people in the South; we have bad people in the South.

You have good people in the North; you have bad people in the North.

We have good writers in the South; we have bad writers in the South.

You are the best myth-writer in the North.

We have good politicians in the South; we have bad politicians in the South.

You have good politicians in the North; you have bad politicians in the North.

You should never run for any political office in the North.

We have stupid people in the South; We have smart people in the South.

You have stupid people in the North; you have smart people in the North.

You are a stupid person in the North, "raised in ignorance and proud of it."

We have good spellers in the South; we have bad spellers in the South.

You have good spellers in the North; you have bad spellers in the North.

You are a bad speller in the North. The way to spell Dorothy Parker's word is, GOMORRAH, not GAMMORAH, as you spelled it.

Northerners and Southerners carry on Southern spirit by waving banners, wearing hats, and singing "Dixie" in a harmless fashion.

You defend the North by making faulty accusations, ignorant references, and gigantic generalizations.

You had better stick around Trinity College and take several post-graduate courses. May I suggest History, Sociology, Literature, Political Science, Psychology, and Spelling.

Weep no more, young man.

—Beverly Baylor

On Campus

Coed overheard in Y court: "I've got no use for sixty-minute men; I only have ten minutes between classes."

Not Guilty

Belgrade, Nov. 5—This was the day I'd been dreading. I had to make a speech before the student body of the University of Belgrade and I was afraid I'd say the wrong thing, lay a rhubarb, and jinx the whole campaign.

Mitka, who translated my every syllable into Serbian, was sitting beside me on the speaker's rostrum and as the crowd began to stream into the hall he leaned over and whispered, "What would the folks back in America say if they knew you were addressing a meeting of communist youth?" he chuckled. I didn't.

Mitka rapped for order and proceeded with the introduction. "Mr. Farber comes to us as the representative of the United States National Student Association."

I shivered. My own mother wouldn't trust me to represent our branch of the Farber family at a reunion barbecue and now, I was supposed to speak for the students of America.

Mitka went on to say that I was a great thinker, a lover of peace and freedom, and, in general, the greatest blessing

ever to hit the Balkans. The masses applauded and I began to get cocky. "After all," I figured. "Nobody here can understand English and if I say the wrong thing I can always blame it on Mitka."

The human brain is a wonderful thing. It starts working the minute you're born and doesn't stop until you get up to make a speech. I rattled off a prepared statement loaded with flowery phrases, meaningless mumbles, and popcorn platitudes. Then I sat down, and again everybody applauded politely. I lit a cigarette and collapsed into my easy chair when Mitka, with a Slavic sneer, declared, "Mr. Farber will now be glad to answer any and all questions relating to American foreign policy and internal affairs."

That did it. I panicked. My prepared statement fluttered helplessly to the floor. From here on out it was strictly ad-lib; and I couldn't ad-lib a belch after a Hungarian dinner. The first question came from a Croat near the window. "What is your conception of democracy?"

I said that democracy means different things to different

people. (That's always safe.) I said that, to me, democracy means I can look any man in the eye and tell him to go to hell. It means nobody cares where I go on Sunday and it means nobody's going to throw me in the cooler because I called Truman a nasty name.

I had knocked a base hit but I still wasn't home yet. Next question. "Korea?" I explained that Uncle Sam finally wised up to the fact that it doesn't pay to sit in the grandstand while the little nations get flushed down the drain one by one and if Joe Stalin or anybody else wants to cross a free borderline in the future he'd better have his passport duly checked and stamped. I also pointed out that our campaign in Korea is untarnished by imperialistic claims. All we ask of Korea is enough ground to bury our dead.

After that the feathers flew. "Is Marxism taught at your University?" "Can poor boys go to school?" "Are you in a fraternity?" "How many negroes does your fraternity lynch every Halloween?"

I somehow managed to counter jab.

Riff . . . by Joe Raff

Every once in a while a few of my closest enemies get together and begin sounding off about their pet peeves. Then they urge me with broken bottles and poison-dipped darts to present these little frustrations to the student body hoping that they will be improved.

First of all, there is a unanimous cry for more girls. This, I have explained to them, is unconstitutional and I referred them to the by-laws of the state concerning admittance of females to Carolina. It hasn't phased them much, and the only solution they can offer is that the laws be changed or for residents of Chapel Hill to get busy increasing the population thereby making college life here better for future generations.

And now, from the sublime to the ridiculous. Some other acquaintances complained of the loud cursing rising from travelers on the Raleigh Road last quarter. It seems that once the Naval ROTC unit and another time the Air Force ROTC unit were out in full force briskly counting cadence and marching in front of the cars enroute between Raleigh and Chapel Hill. They were not only concerned about the verbal castigations, but these perplexed individuals wished that travelers would not be spurred to shout them at the military boys.

Several others left unsigned notes on my desk saying that they desired ABC Stores in Chapel Hill. The reason being that the daily cost of a trip to

Durham was too high and they couldn't get too high if the overall cost were too high for their pocket-books. Some other billets-doux that were left ungraced by signatures suggested that Chapel Hill have a pool-hall and a bowling alley. That reminds me of the forty Duke students who were left homeless last week when the place where they had been living burned down. The Pool Hall.

Someone contended that Chapel Hill has too much rain, but that solution takes care of itself. Meanwhile The Daily Tar Heels wants staff members, the Chess Club wants members, and I just received another letter from a male undergraduate that he still wants more girls.

by Bill C. Brown

Tar On My Heels

Charles Duval, in a letter to The Daily Tar Heel (January 8), said, in so many words, that the students should be allowed to take the courses they want to take, and the instructors should give everyone good grades because, after all, the student is the "teacher's mealticket."

Mr. Duval states that many courses were required so as to give employment to members of the faculty. If, however, the students had no requirements, can't you imagine the scramble for each department to make its subject the biggest "crip" so the students would take that subject and thereby keep their faculty from the bread line?

Suppose, if you will, that under such a set-up, the English Department was especially hard. Would anyone take English? Even if the department was moderately difficult, would there be an adequate enrollment in this most important school? And, then too, would anyone here have a knowledge of mathema-

tics? Mathematics being perhaps my worst subject, I purposely chose this one, because I would particularly have welcomed such a situation as Charles Duval outlined as far as Math is concerned. But although I didn't enjoy my two quarters of math, I realize it was a necessary part of a college education.

Last year, undoubtedly, I would have had sympathy for what Mr. Duval said. However, over the holidays, I had a chance to read some of the best sellers, and found some of the writing over my head. Is that what a college graduate would want to admit? A man with a BS should be able to read the current best sellers and understand them adequately. If we were allowed to pick our own subjects, and if the teachers had to live with the constant remembrance that the students were their mealticket, I doubt if college graduates would be any better equipped than high school graduates.

Mr. Duval states, "The elective system should prevail one hun-

dred percent at the University of North Carolina. Only under the elective system is the student assured of justice. Also, . . . the attitude of many teachers would change."

If the elective system had been in effect my first two years at Carolina, I would have taken the following subjects: Psychology 25, Social Science II, and Economics 31 and 32, and probably not all of these. I would not have taken English courses, because of the necessity to do so much theme writing. I wouldn't have taken math simply because I hate the subject, and I wouldn't have taken BA 71 and 72 because of the "eight-hours" and Friday tests.

So with the four subjects mentioned above, and any "crips" I could find out about, I am to suppose I would be a well-educated person. Let me hasten to say that I do not suppose myself a well-educated person as it is, but somewhat better than I would have been under Mr. Duval's elective system.