

# The Daily Tar Heel

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## On Being Right

The Daily Tar Heel can be wrong, but it feels much better to be right. So when a stand taken by this newspaper is proven to be a good one in retrospect, a little crowing may be in order.

A while back, a lot of people were out after Coach Carl Snavely's job. We, who had been storming against too much football in the wrong places since early summer, came out big and bold on page one to stick by the Carolina coach.

The Chicago Tribune the other day printed a conversation between Snavely and Coach Ed Price of Texas, in which the two men agreed that football is overemphasized. Snavely had said so once before, for the benefit of Life magazine.

According to the Tribune Price said, "The scoreboard is the reason for overemphasis on football when thousands of people come out for games every Saturday all over the country." Which was a close as he got to what we believe is the real fly in the ointment—the alumni.

Even so, he also agreed with Price that "Overemphasis is not on football but on the victory."

"If victory is all that counts, it boils down to who's got the best boys—or, who's doing the best job of recruiting."

Snavely also thought that some emphasis could be taken off football by abolishing the two platoon system, as it puts more pressure on the coach to develop winners because the system requires bigger squads and bigger squads require more money for football scholarships.

Snavely disagreed with Price, who said that footballers should receive help only from parents and the school. The UNC coach liked the way it works at Carolina, with help coming from alumni or other interested people, by methods under control of the university.

The only trouble with alumni-supported football is, as we have found out, that it rapidly becomes alumni-controlled football. We admit that football at this university depends on dough from the alumni—but we have confidence in Carl Snavely.

We feel certain that he will not allow the football program here at UNC to be controlled by the alumni regardless of the support that they might wish to give. We are still for Snavely and will remain with him as long as he adheres to the fine policies he has set forth and carried out.

by Bill C. Brown

## Tar On My Heels

People from Western North Carolina are ignorant. People from Eastern North Carolina are ignorant. People from the South are ignorant. People from the North are ignorant.

It all depends on who you are, with whom you are arguing, and where each of you are from. Some of the most tragic cases, all true, can be cited to prove that people from every section are the most ignorant, backward people in the world.

Being from Eastern North Carolina, I can look down my long, biased nose at the ignorant mountain people. My roommate can, and does, point to the backward tenants and Negroes of Eastern Carolina.

Collectively when talking to a South Carolinian we say, "Thank God for South Carolina." The South Carolinians find some retort but remember our words to throw at the Mississippians. The Mississippians can probably find some dirt to throw at people from other states.

Once again collectively, the people from South Carolina, North Carolina, and Mississippi forget their accusations at each other and curse the Northerners. We say they are trying to oppress the South. The Northerners have always tried to oppress

the South. The Northerners will continue to oppress the South. We seem to forget we try our damndest to oppress the North.

The Northerners' most frequently slung mud is at the Southerners' treatment of the Negroes. Those poor people on whom we inflict every possible hardship. The Northerners forget that they inflict great hardships on the Jews. They also overlook their Harlems.

It is so easy to forget the Harlems. It is so convenient to forget the Harlems.

Some people have said the Daily Tar Heel is a poor substitute for a newspaper. They would be the first to howl if they didn't get their DTH each morning.

If I write on a non-controversial issue, then I have said nothing. If I write on a controversial issue, I am a sensationalist. If I speak to people on the streets, I am a politician. If I don't speak to people on the streets, I am "stuck-up."

Regardless of what you do, there is someone to find fault with it. People have got to be able to find fault with others. You, as a reader, have to find fault with my column because when I write a column that hits home, you must have some retort. I, as an Eastern North

## Not Guilty

NOVI SAD, Nov. 6—You've heard a lot about the communistic collective farms where singing comrades merrily till the soil, work to build the State, and live and love in a radiant atmosphere of Joy, Happiness, Friendship, Sunshine, and Health. Today it was my good fortune to visit one of these "Bliss Plantations" located up on the Serbian flatlands so close to the Iron Curtain you can count the rivets.

A fifteen minute hike from the train station brought us to a sign which read, "You Are Now Entering The Yanko Shmelik Peoples' Cooperative Farm. Workers of the World, Unite!" John Clews and I united to help a young peasant push his tractor out of the mud and we proceeded across the meadow toward the frame white buildings.

"The wheat fields may seem rather poor to you," warned Mitka, "as this section of Yugoslavia is suffering from a slight drought."

Slight drought! There're frogs in Serbia that haven't learned how to swim yet. And the wheat was so low you'd have to lather it before you could mow it. Later on I think we ate fourteen acres of corn at one sitting.

We were met by the "freely elected farm advisor," a wispy

little Serb named Mashie Shipitsa who punctuated his warm greeting with a fresh jug of warm brandy. Mashie proudly told us that his 5,000 acre Utopia employed 380 families and led north Serbia in wheat production. Other crops were corn, sunflower seed, potatoes, and wine.

Mashie was quick to point out the "vast differences" between life on his farm and that of a Russian collective. (Yugoslavia violently divorced the Soviet Union in 1948, at which time Uncle Sam suddenly became a "good kid" and everything Russian became slightly less popular than cancer of the kidney.)

It seems that collective farms in Russia are controlled by the State and workers are forced to eat in the community mess hall and live in standardized dwellings. Mashie explained that the Yanko Shmelik Co-op is run by the "People" and each peasant is free to set up housekeeping to suit his own tastes.

Then Mashie asked us if we'd care to hear the workers sing and we said we'd love to. He barked a few commands and a dozen peasants filed out of the wine pressery, joined hands to express solidarity, and then went into their routine which Mashie

by Barry Farber

"Not Guilty" continues with Farber's delayed reactions to his visit with Tito in Yugoslavia last Fall. By March or April we expect to be bringing you his thoughts on the Christmas season.—Editors.

described as "a harmonious selection of Serbian folk ballads."

It sounded like a band of gypsies trying to hang a billy goat but just the same we applauded and begged for more. When the concert was over Mashie's wife rolled out a barrel of spicy vino and invited us to play a traditional Serbian folk game. The rules are simple. Everybody says something nice about Tito, then drinks and drinks and drinks and the last man standing has to take the others home and put them to bed.

Fifteen minutes and eight mugs later Mashie noticed that poor Clews was purple so he tactfully remarked, "Perhaps you'd like to go over to the Community Reception Hall and hear some of the history behind the Yanko Shmelik Peoples' Co-op."

Clews woke me up and off we trotted.

(To Be Continued)

by Rollo Taylor

## Rameses

The Queen City Coach Company is a failure as a public carrier. Fie upon it. Dogs, vile infidel dogs.

Until you have ridden the old 11:15 express from Raleigh you can't appreciate the gripe against the aforementioned, alleged bus company. Until you have walked from the deserted bus station on the western frontier of Chapel Hill, (at 1 a.m. in the rain) can you appreciate the sadistic personalities of the bus drivers.

One night last week I was bouncing along in a creaky, pre-war (Battle of Hastings) model of the Carolina Coach Co. It was the express bus and those boys just naturally won't stop except at the bus stations. But—a fella dressed like a marine pulled the cord and the bus wheezed to a stop. A Negro woman with two small children jumped up from the rear and asked politely if she could get off there also.

The bus driver uncoiled his whip, gave a high-pitched laugh and said, "Hee hee, only company employees can stop an express bus, Hee hee."

What kind of trifling bus line is it that won't let people off the bus? When the Negro woman wanted off when the bus was at a complete stop and the door was open. Could she get off? Nope. Express bus. Stops only at stations.

When we got to Chapel Hill at 1 a.m. the bus station was at its usual dark location—a full mile from any of the University dwelling facilities.

I've seen the time I could spit on my dorm room window. One night I called up from the bus and told my roommate to come and get me at the bus station. Could I get off? Nope. Express bus. Stops only at stations.

Now the gist of this is why in the h--- can't this alleged bus company make two stops in Chapel Hill. I reckon the other passengers wouldn't mind; in fact, the regular patrons would like it. They wouldn't have to hear heart tearing plea and wild threats to kick emergency door.

## Letters To The Editor

Again, I call attention to a matter of public manners, which has been discussed in your paper before. I refer to the conduct of certain people in local movie houses. I refer more specifically to these certain people in the audience at the Carolina theater the past Sunday night. Among the breaches of public manners to which I allude are, first of all, the incessant talking during the show, as well as the whistling, booing, not to mention the

gaucheries of pop-corn and gum chewing.

I once thought that these lapses of good taste were limited to the bobby soxers, freshmen, and sophomores. But after several years in Chapel Hill (the cultural center of the New South—and don't forget the "new"), I find that at least one of these violations of good manners is indulged in by some people who would not hesitate to call themselves Chapel Hillians. These enlightened people feel obliged to furnish along with the movie a running, vocal commentary. As you would expect, such commentary is on a very high critical plane, obviously intended to show the sophistication of these cosmopolitan people. The opposite results when their ignorance is too obvious to ignore. The Sunday night movie is a case in point. One might expect that such educated people would know enough about the history of their own country to recognize it when dramatized, but perhaps that is expecting too much. It is not too much to expect, however, that these same cultured people should have good breeding enough to remain quiet and let others be "mised." Such, however, is not the case in Chapel Hill.

Although whistling, booing, and its related gaucheries may be more juvenile than this sophisticated "criticism," those evidences of progressive education are more easily forgiven. If these self-appointed critics are so aesthetically pained by the plebeian movies, they can easily whip up a concert, symphony, or even a play to amuse themselves, and leave the movies to those people who chose to pay good money to see them and to decide about their artistic merit in SILENCE.

Name withheld by request.

## On Campus

The Ka Lea O Hawaii, University of Hawaii, tells of a bright freshmen coed, who, when asked what devices were used to liven up a certain article, promptly answered, "De Vice-president."

Carolinian, have to be ready with the most recent citeable data of the ignorant Western Carolinians so I can protect myself from the most recent citeable data about the ignorant Eastern Carolinians. We of North Carolina have to be ready with "Thank God for South Carolina" when an accusing finger is pointed our way. We of the South have to be able to point to the persecution of the Jews and the Harlems of the North when the Northerners start shooting off their mouth about the way we persecute the Negro.

The only way I can prove I am not an ignorant Eastern North Carolinian is by proving the Western Carolinians are most ignorant. Great proof that. But surprisingly it works.