

Let's Write Some Letters To The General Assembly

The upcoming resignation of Dr. Reuben Hill should shake the University to its foundations.

Dr. Hill, it is understood, is resigning because another educational institution offered him more money than he could possibly get here.

This is no condemnation of the University administration; on the contrary, informed sources say the University bent over backward to match the salary offered Dr. Hill. But the University's treasury is just so deep, and deep for us is shallow for many other universities.

It will not be a protest resignation; the University has done all it can to make excellent scholars like Dr. Hill want to stay here. The whole thing, in most cases, boils down to a matter of finances.

The state's General Assembly does not appropriate enough money to the University to keep good professors and administrators here. Around the middle of each academic year recruiters from other institutions start enticing our faculty members away. They usually hold promises of large salaries. They usually get their man.

In this manner the University has lost several good faculty members in recent years. And it is losing Dr. Reuben Hill in the same manner.

There is one conclusion, one answer to this: The state's General Assembly, which meets next month in Raleigh, must appropriate more money for faculty members here and at other state institutions.

First, the General Assembly must be convinced that those faculty members are worth keeping. The University is currently involved in a campaign to do just this.

But after the General Assembly is convinced, pressure must be placed on it until the Consolidated University gets what it needs.

To do this, legislators are going to have to stand up to the critics of the University, stand up to those who believe money should be used elsewhere, stand up to those who would slash the University's appropriations just because they know there would be no

How To Beat Book Racket

We urge all students who want to sell their books at the end of the semester to sell them through Alpha Phi Omega's non-profit book exchange.

The service fraternity has announced it will again sell used texts at the end of the semester on a non-profit basis.

By now, most students have found that they get robbed when they sell books at the University's

The Daily Tar Heel

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A Man Named Kasper Came To Town And Clinton Turned Inside Out

STUDY IN IRONY

David Halberstam
 In The Reporter

Kasper is a study in irony: a 27-year-old firebrand overpowered by a sense of history and his own relation to it but still going against one of its strongest currents; the militant anti-Communist writing a tragedy that can give complete satisfaction only to the Communists; the political crusader with a states' rights pin on his lapel who interrupts his pleas for local sovereignty with prolonged attacks on Tennessee's governor and all of Clinton's elected officials.

"There are a few sincere segregationists in his group," says Buford Lewallen, the mayor's son, "but I'm afraid that they're mostly people opposed to anyone who has achieved a little material success. I guess this is latent in any community, and it just took an anarchist to bring it out. These people aren't so much for segregation as they are against something. It happens to be integration, but they're against authority and looking for excitement."

"Kasper talks to them about Blackstone's commentaries, about Ezra Pound, and about his own interpretation of the Constitution, and they love it, even though they never heard of the first two and don't understand the third."

Occasionally, during the tedium of Kasper's trial, I would slip out and talk to his supporters. "John'll show 'em," they said. "He's just as smart as Buford or any of them."

I asked two of them what had happened in Clinton. "The trouble was, a lot of people thought they were better than we are. When one bunch rules the roost too long that's bad, and history shows... The sentence was not completed. Kasper's followers almost never mention Negroes except indirectly in the epithet "nigger lover."

"He's a modern Thomas Jefferson," another said of Kasper. "He wants us to have a university so we can all learn how to have a government and run it."

On the night of Nov. 5 Kasper spoke to his followers on temperance, since, aside from an election, there was to be a liquor referendum the next day. Kasper said he favored temperance because alcohol was a part of the Communist conspiracy.

"If you scan some of the lesser known writings of the top Communist officials you find that youth should be encouraged to wealth and luxury and alcohol so that they can be easily manipulated and enslaved," Kasper went on to attack Buford Lewallen for drunkenness and to charge that Lewallen had an interest in setting up a liquor store 150 feet from a church.

Kasper had in his hand a petition that would set up a minimum of 1000 feet between the two. Then the college graduate who says he distrusts all educated men told his audience that "the people who can afford to go to college are out to get the people who haven't been and can't afford to go," and that this, too, was part of the Communist conspiracy.

Then came the peroration: "I want to tell you people that you have made history here, that people all over the world are watching what you do and applauding it, and that you have built a great record and a great history. But I don't want you to stop. I want you to make Anderson County the leader for the entire Southland."

You have the best people in the world to do it. People would come from all over the world just to see Anderson County as a tourist attraction just because they have heard what a Utopia it is. This is not a pipe dream. This can be done."

When you ask Buford Lewallen what Kasper has done to his life, he says: "I'm no different from anyone else here. He's shattered it. You start up the street and you don't know whether you'll get there or not. He's set up animosity between people and groups, and thrown the whole town off its center..."

When Kasper was acquitted after his seditious trial in November, the wounds were reopened and Kasper's followers began talking tougher than ever. "Things are going to be different around here from now on!" one shouted as the verdict was announced.

The next step for them was simple and direct: A chapter of White Youth for America was formed to start an anti-Negro campaign within the school, where up to then racial incidents had been infrequent. It was this campaign that put Principal Brittain in his most difficult position. How does a man who does not have official backing discipline or expel some forty students? The egg throwing and pushing kept increasing until the Negroes refused to go to school. Pressure also increased against Brittain.

"We wonder how long the people of Clinton," wrote H. V. Wells Jr., editor of the local weekly, "are going to continue to sit idly by and see their elected officials kicked around merely because they insist that peace be maintained."

At this point Brittain became the main target. A native Tennessean and the principal of Clinton High for ten years without

incident, he is a thin, bespectacled, hunched, and slightly balding man. "D. J.'s taken more pressure than you or I could ever imagine," a friend said. "He's surrounded and submerged by it, wakes up with it, and goes to bed with it—I don't see how he keeps going."

Perhaps it was a kind of hopeless desperation that made Brittain resist the pressure with such determination. "Right now," he said at the height of the riots, "the only thing between that mob and those Negro children is me."

Brittain has received so many threats that he has changed his unlisted telephone number four times. "But now they're trying to hurt me not only by threatening me," he said, "but by boycotting the stores where I do business, and threatening the faculty and trying every other means of intimidation they know. It makes a man feel terrible when he sees his friends hurt because of him."

As the crisis increased Brittain became more and more outspoken. His bitterness extends not only to Kasper and his followers but to the law-abiding citizens of the whole community, including the Anderson County School Board: "How can I feel the same way towards people I knew all my life as friends when they refused to stand up for what is right and found the nearest hole and said, 'I hope it doesn't hurt business?'"

Brittain feels that he has learned some lessons from his painful experience. "There are two things about this desegregation," he has said. "Integrate on a wider basis when you start in the community, and in the state if possible. We were the only school in Tennessee, aside from Oak Ridge, and the only school in the community which desegregated."

It allowed the segregationists to concentrate all their efforts and attention here—and remember the people south of us consider Tennessee a key state in which was the trend goes. So they've thrown in a lot here. We're not fighting these people for Clinton or Anderson County. We're fighting for the entire South. The Citizens' Councils are trying to show the South that desegregation will be so unpleasant that no place will want to try it."

"The other thing," he went on, "is that before you go into it, be sure you have your board clearly behind you and know where they stand and where you stand. Otherwise it just isn't worth it."

For until the second series of outbreaks, no group in the community assumed a more neutral position than the school board. Then, when Brittain and half his staff threatened to resign unless they got help and when the Negroes refused to attend school unless they got some guarantee of protection, the board was forced to take a position.

At first it offered to pay the Negroes' transportation and tuition to Knox County schools, an offer the Negroes quickly rejected. Then it revealed a deep dilemma that many Southern communities may have to deal with in the future: Each of the six board members favors segregation, but each suddenly found himself the reluctant agent of desegregation.

Unlike Brittain and others who had been compelled to take public stands, the board members had never taken any stand at all. But when the chips were down, the board announced that it would support Brittain completely.

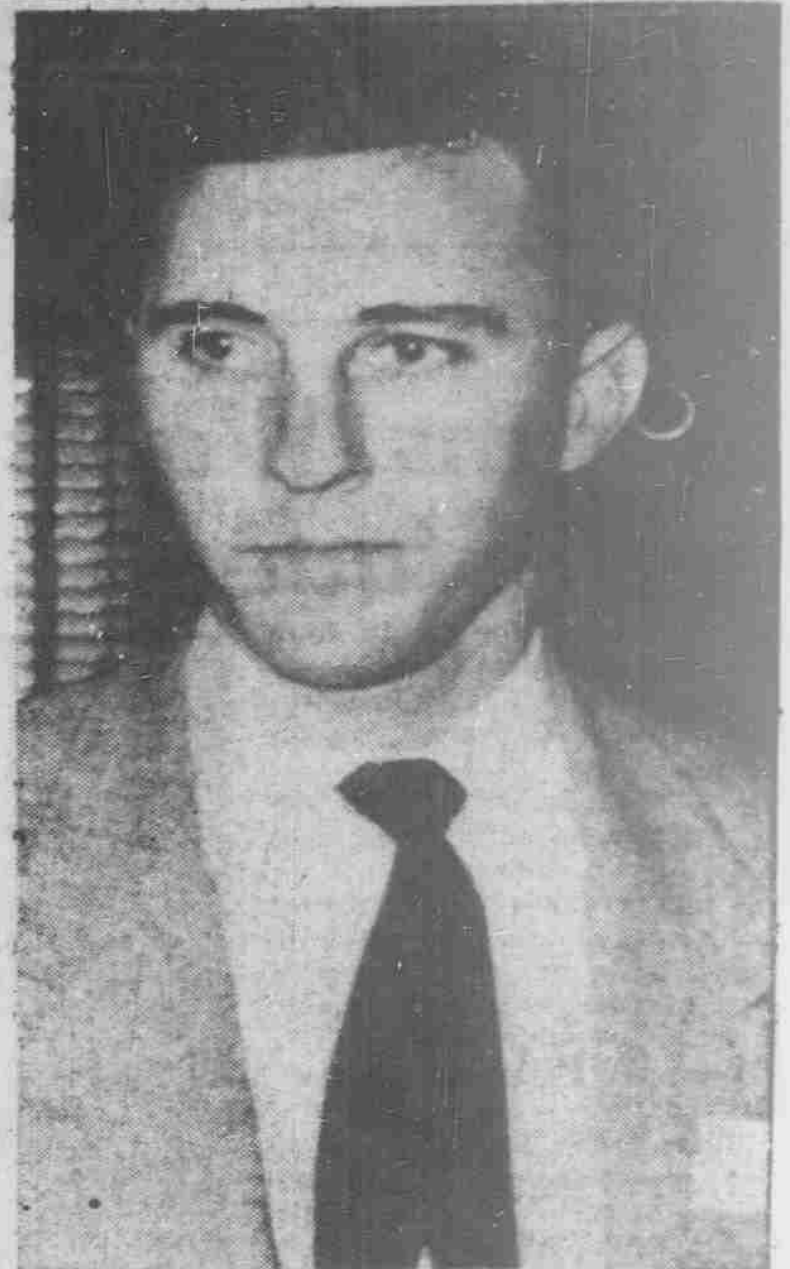
But how do you support a man completely at this point? Give him power to expel the students and get himself beaten up? Since the school was under a Federal order and there was an injunction preventing anyone from violating that order, the board met and asked for Federal aid. "The board's position," it wrote to U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell, "is that it has complied with the law in opening the school to all children and that it is the responsibility of others to enforce the injunction if it is to be enforced. The board feels its duty is to obey orders from the Federal government, not to enforce them."

"Look, we're in a tight spot on this," said J. M. Burkhart, a hardware dealer and board member. "We need help on it. It's just too controversial and too hot for us. The government told us what to do, but it didn't tell us how to do it. We're just a little town with no experience in this and we need someone who has the experience. I don't know what kind of Federal assistance we can get—but I know we need it. It's too hot for our local police to handle."

Brownell answered that the Federal government would arrest "all persons" who blocked integration at Clinton, although at the same time he said that primary responsibility for the protection of students rested with local and state officers.

The next day Anderson County officials met with Federal officers in nearby Knoxville and drew up a list of sixteen anti-integration leaders, who were promptly arrested and charged with contempt of court. Officials also served notice that the injunction would apply to students using any sort of pressure against the Negroes within the school.

Just as Gov. Clement's decision to send the National Guard into Clinton was the first invocation of state power to protect an integrated school, this was the first use of the Federal contempt-of-court power to stop agitation against desegregation.



SEGREGATIONALIST JOHN KASPER
 "...a modern Thomas Jefferson"

NORTH CAROLINA 1970—PART 3

Facts Concerning N.C.'s Progress

Gordon W. Blackwell

What about 1970?

Perhaps I have taken too long in getting around to a more detailed look at 1970. But this has been intentional. Not being a soothsayer, I can merely develop the facts which suggest alternative courses of action, given certain goals for the state in 1970. Some of these goals may be suggested.

(1) To keep more of our most capable young people in the state.

(2) To improve the education of all our people, young and old. Our educational system at all levels must rank with the best in the nation. We cannot afford to be mediocre in education, much less 40th or 42nd among the states. Furthermore, educational opportunities for adults are essential in a democracy.

(3) To improve the health and health services of all the people.

(4) To provide more adequately for the unfortunate among us through increasingly skilled professional techniques and more adequate financial assistance.

(To be continued)

Sportsmanship Asked By Staffer

Bill King

King is a Daily Tar Heel sports writer who was present at Tuesday's game.

Here is a plea to the Carolina student body. When the State College basketball team comes to Chapel Hill Feb. 19, let's show it the courtesy that was denied us by the Wolfpack fans in the Coliseum Tuesday night.

In the opinion of this writer the attitude of the State fans was downright disgusting. The Tar Heels were booed and jeered at every turn and this type of support can hardly be considered inspiring to any team. The Wolfpack will never take any sportsmanship awards with that attitude.

It is certainly a shame that the State fans had to show themselves in such a revolting manner since their ball club played such a great ball game against the Tar Heels. This type of verbal jeering can bring nothing but the most infamous publicity to a school.

When the two Carolina cheerleaders tried to get in a yell during the game, the State fans began to stomp their feet. This wasn't so bad in itself, but the climax came when a State cheerleader got up and implored the fans to continue stomping. This is sportsmanship?

The referees also received more than their share of the jeers. The Wolfpack partisans booed practically every decision that went against them, even the most obvious ones.

Whenever a Carolina player stepped to the foul line for a shot, the gym was practically rocked with jeers and cat-calls. With 6:18 remaining in the game, Carolina forward Pet Brennan was fouled. When he went to the free throw line he was booed so loudly that the referee permitted him to step off the line and wait until the noise had subsided. Knowing that bedlam would continue to grow, Brennan received a signal from the Carolina bench to go ahead and shoot.

When he stepped back up to the line, he was greeted with the loudest round of boos of the night. Brennan, however, dropped in both of his shots.

The home fans finally gave their visitors a break when big Joe Quigg, the Carolina center, fouled out at the 2:36 mark. Quigg received a reluctant and modest round of applause and there were still a good many jeers and waving handkerchiefs.

Evidently the Wolfpack fans were feeling sorry for themselves over their recent misfortunes (Moreland, Pond, Richter, and McGillivray) and decided to take offense with the Tar Heels. Too bad they can't realize that in all their basketball splendor, they too must face the breaks of the game.

So once again this scribe urges the Carolina student body. Let's don't let this same thing happen in Chapel Hill. Let the poor sportsmanship remain in the confines of Reynolds Coliseum.

L'il Abner

Pogo

By Al Capp

By Walt Kelly

Gracious Living: Number 12

One of the most gracious things this university town has to offer is its tradition.

There is a tradition about honor, one about stopping by the Old Well, one about re-laying the Old East Cornerstone. And there is a tradition about snow and foul weather at exam-time.

This year, however, the snow came a little bit early. It came while students were still attending class, trying to get their professors to

1. Spot their exams.
2. Deliver a capsule summary of the course the students have been sleeping through all semester.

While an obvious oversight on the part of the weatherman, we think it is quite unfair of the weather to start so soon. Snow and sleet and mud and frozen sidewalks and streets are for the exam period.

Gracious Living in Chapel Hill has suffered an abrupt and ill-timed change. The only way the weatherman can correct himself is for him to deliver some more snow, along about the middle of next week.